

The Legendary Man Chapter 407 -

Chapter 407 The Legendary Hunters Guild

"Mr. Goldstein, I'm just doing this to keep trouble away from you," George explained in a low voice.

He knew that Jonathan, a man who established himself as a big shot in just three years, didn't need his protection.

However, the Police Tactical Unit existed for the sake of minimizing trouble for Jonathan.

After all, it would be inconvenient if ignorant ones came bugging and offending Jonathan.

"There's no need for that." Jonathan nonchalantly lit up a cigarette and continued, "I'll be leaving Gronga soon."

"Leaving?" George was surprised. "Mr. Goldstein, are you done settling your matters in Gronga?"

"Almost."

Jonathan looked down at his watch. It had been four to five days since the last time he saw that young lady. If his guess was correct, they would soon contact him.

After dealing with the Hunters Guild's matters, it was time for him to return to Jazona and meet Josephine.

Just then, Cecilia walked into the living room with a platter. "Master, please have some tea."

Upon seeing George, she nodded at him as a greeting.

"Are there any news from Hunters Guild?" asked Jonathan calmly.

Cecilia shook her head. "Not yet."

Right after she said that, the phone started ringing.

Cecilia's expression changed drastically. "Master, she's calling!" she exclaimed.

"Give it to me!"

Jonathan took the phone and answered it.

"Hello? Is this Ms. Hansley?" The young lady's charming voice sounded from the other end of the line.

"This is Jonathan Goldstein speaking."

"Oh, Mr. Goldstein!" The young lady was surprised to hear Jonathan answer the phone.

"Mr. Goldstein, I was just about to ask for you. I have received news from Hunters Guild. Tonight, Waxon will personally appear and welcome the new members. Would you be able to spare some time to attend the gathering?" she asked respectfully.

She had no other choice.

Even Cecilia, the third daughter of the Hansley family, is merely a slave to Mr. Goldstein. An unpopular celebrity like me is obviously even more insignificant than Cecilia.

"I have time." Jonathan put out the cigarette butt and continued indifferently, "Time and

place?”

“Eight o’clock tonight. Please come to the place we met last time. I’ll pick you up there.”

“Okay. See you later.”

With that, Jonathan hung up.

He had been waiting for this day for so long.

“Mr. Goldstein, was that an update from Hunters Guild?” George looked at Jonathan cautiously.

“Yeah.” Jonathan nodded.

He then ordered, “Pass on the Decree of Asura. Nelson Carter, the commander-in-chief of Gronga Special Force, shall be on standby for my orders with fifty thousand Special Forces soldiers tonight. Whoever disobeys shall be killed!”

“Got it, Mr. Goldstein!”

The moment George heard the words “Decree of Asura,” he shot up from his seat.

He was very well aware what those three words meant.

There was only one thing in store for whoever went against the Decree of Asura—death.

At eight o’clock sharp in the evening, Jonathan arrived at the café where he had met the young lady before.

Compared to last time, the young lady looked even more alluring and seductive.

Unfortunately, her looks had no effect on Jonathan at all.

“When do we leave?” He went straight to the point.

“Don’t rush, Mr. Goldstein.” The young lady sashayed her way to Jonathan and stopped in front of him. “Mr. Goldstein, is Hunters Guild more appealing than my body? Don’t you want to enjoy this romantic night and have a drink with me?”

“No.”

Jonathan didn’t want to waste any time with her. “I’m not a tad bit interested in your body. I’m only interested in Hunters Guild.”

“Mr. Goldstein, you’re so…”

The young lady wanted to say something, but she didn’t dare to voice them out.

Helplessly, she walked out of the café and clicked the car key in her hand. Following that, the headlights of a black Lexus nearby flashed. “Let’s go, Mr. Goldstein. I’ll lead you to our conference center.”

Jonathan raised his brow. “Conference center?” he echoed.

“It’s actually the place where we gather,” explained the young lady. “Usually, Hunters Guild’s members meet once a week, but Waxon rarely shows up. He only makes a brief appearance when there are new members or during month-end. So it’s impossible to see him at other times.”

“Really? I guess I’m quite lucky.” After saying that, Jonathan got into the back seat of the car.

The car sped off, making countless turns along the way.

They went from the bustling city center to a deserted area where even stoplights were nowhere to be seen.

After two hours of journey, they finally stopped at a remote and desolate place. The place was surrounded by wilderness, but one would find a whole new world if one ventured deeper into the woods.

At the end of the dense forest was a luxurious mansion that spanned thousands of square meters.

Its gate was heavily guarded with armed security.

Each of them held a black submachine gun as they kept a sharp eye on the people going in and out of the place.

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Chapter 408 Here Comes Waxon

“Just so you know, Mr. Goldstein, you’d be denied entry if you were found to possess any kind of weapon,” reminded the young lady.

She knew Jonathan’s temper inside and out. Previously, he had broken Anson’s limbs in a heated argument. There would only be trouble if the guards were ignorant enough to get on his nerves.

“Right.”

Jonathan bobbed his head and strode toward the mansion at once.

He had no weapons with him, after all. He had even left his one-an-only Heaven Sword in the hotel room.

From his perspective, it would make no difference whether or not he was equipped with a weapon.

“Please cooperate with our security check.” The guards swept all over Jonathan’s body with a black-colored device before letting him inside. As he set his foot in, he noticed a parade of people was already in there.

The crowd consisted of both men and women, young and old. There was also a group of people with blond hair and blue eyes.

Yet, when Jonathan stepped forward, he instantly attracted the attention of the public.

He was, evidently, the only stranger among the myriads of individuals.

However, he wasn’t one bit bothered by their stares. Scanning around the vicinity, he casually found a spot to take his seat as he awaited Waxon’s arrival.

Just as Jonathan sat down, the young lady approached him with two glasses of plain water. “Would you like a drink, Mr. Goldstein?”

“No,” replied Jonathan while waving it off.

The young lady then placed the glass down and took a seat beside him. “Look at them, Mr. Goldstein. Some of them have made a name for themselves, while some of them are from affluent families; there are even some A-list celebrities here. But they have all been fooled by Waxon like a bunch of morons to join Hunters Guild, only to get brainwashed by him.”

She paused for a bit before adding, “Mr. Goldstein, is this what they say—Earth provides enough to satisfy every man’s needs, but not every man’s greed? Humans

would never be contented. When they have wealth, they will yearn for power; but once they're in control, they'd try to rake in more fortune. It's like a vicious cycle."

A hint of surprise flitted across Jonathan's eyes when he heard her statement. "Oh? So, you, too, are in the know of the propagandizing?"

Why, isn't this lady a clear-headed one despite being in Hunters Guild?

"Well, of course!"

That young lady let out a chuckle at that. "Every one of us here is well-aware, to be honest."

"If so, why did you still join Hunters Guild?" questioned Jonathan. His curiosity got the better of him.

"Huh? I'm after their resources, obviously," was the young lady's revelation. Her smile reached her eyes. "To me, Hunters Guild is merely a trading hub. Prominent figures are abundant here. If I didn't get in, I don't think I'll ever be given the privilege to get acquainted with these big shots. Everybody's making use of each other to reach our own objectives. I offer my body to them in exchange for their resources. What do we call it? An equal exchange, isn't it?"

"You actually surprised me with your well-thought-out life," came Jonathan's remark with a grin as he lit up a cigarette.

"I guess I don't have a choice. Without relying on tricks, unknown starlets like us would never survive in Gronga." The young lady shook her head while wearing a bitter smile.

"Don't tell me you'd despise me because of that, Mr. Goldstein?"

"Of course not."

Jonathan waggled his head at that. It's their freedom to choose how to live out their lives.

"A question for you, Mr. Goldstein. What business are you running on the mainland?" It was a rare sight seeing Jonathan not being his usual aloof and concise self, which gave the young lady all the courage she needed to pose the query.

Prior to that, she had been baffled when Cecilia addressed Jonathan as her master. Not only that, but Cecilia even acted like a scaredy cat in front of him.

It was as though her fear toward him was already engraved in her bones.

"I'm not into business, nor am I any good at it." Jonathan flicked the cigarette ash and went on in a placid tone, "As for my identity, you'll know soon enough."

He gave her the cold shoulder upon dropping his words. Simultaneously, light footsteps were heard coming from outside the door all of a sudden.

Immediately afterward, a blond foreigner clad in a black suit was escorted by several bodyguards as he entered the mansion.

The second he made his appearance, pin-drop silence ensued.

Following that, a burst of thunderous applause echoed throughout the mansion.

A series of ear-piercing screams were also heard coming from the onlookers.

"Waxon!"

The horde of people began cheering out loud as if they had seen the embodiment of God itself.

Amid the high-spirited atmosphere, Waxon ascended to the highest spot on the stage and lifted his hand. "Please quiet down, everyone!" he piped up in broken Chanaean.

"I'm very happy to see you all again today. As the core members of Hunters Guild, I bet you guys have been contributing your all in light of our guild's development. On behalf of Hunters Guild, I thank you all."

Upon finishing his speech, Waxon bowed humbly.

He then continued, "In addition, we have another agenda for our meeting today, which is the induction of our new guild members."

Waxon raised his head and swept his gaze across the crowd. In a gentle tone, he announced, "Let us give a round of applause to welcome our newest members!"

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Chapter 409 Out Of Your Depth

Clap! Clap! Clap!

Clap! Clap! Clap!

Once again, applause sounded like thunder. Several middle-aged men in suits made their way to the stage. From the looks of it, they were all elites.

"Huh? That's odd. One person is missing." Waxon smiled at Jonathan who was below the stage and asked, "Young man, are you shy?"

He continued, "Perhaps you aren't used to being in front of so many people. That's all right. From today onward, you are one of us. We are all your family!"

Beaming, Waxon announced, "Now, let us put our hands together once more to welcome him on stage!"

Below the stage, the sound of applause could be heard from all around.

At the same time, everyone looked toward Jonathan.

Under everyone's gazes, Jonathan headed toward the stage. As he got closer, a flash of surprise surfaced in Waxon's eyes.

Regardless, he didn't pay any mind to it. After Jonathan got on stage, Waxon turned to all of them and said, "Once you go through the sacred ceremony, you will be an official member of Hunters Guild!"

He paused before adding, "However, there is something I must tell you all before that." Having said that, Waxon turned around to look at the Hunters Guild members below the stage. He shouted, "Why don't you guys tell them the purpose of Hunters Guild?"

"To overthrow Asura's Office and save Chanaea!"

A chorus of cheers erupted from the crowd below.

What? Overthrow Asura's Office?

When Jonathan heard this, he almost burst out laughing.

Do my ears deceive me? Do these idiots think they can overthrow Asura's Office?

"As you all know, Asura rules Chanaea from Asura's Office. Every day, he takes lives

like they mean nothing. Our fates are all under his control. If he doesn't like someone, that person will die at his hands the next day. If they want to do something, they don't care how many people they have to sacrifice! Asura is a tyrant! Asura's Office is nothing but a corrupted organization. Our purpose is to overthrow Asura's Office and rebuild Chanaea!"

In an instant, everyone in the hall was riled up. The crazed members raised their hands like a bunch of brainwashed fanatics and yelled, "We will overthrow Asura's Office and rebuild Chanaea!"

"Overthrow Asura's Office and rebuild Chanaea!"

As he stared at the wild crowd below, a cold smirk appeared in Waxon's eyes. However, he did not let it show. Instead, he waved his arm in the air and said, "As long as we take down Asura's Office, all the beautiful women, fancy mansions, and riches will be ours for the taking! What reason is there for us not to overthrow Asura's Office?"

Influenced by Waxon, the members below the stage started getting even wilder. They gazed at Waxon like they were looking at a god.

Witnessing all this before him, Jonathan could not help but shake his head and laugh. What era are we even in right now? I can't believe people still fall for this nonsense. It had been several hundred years, yet the idea was still the same as always. If they took down Asura's Office, they could have all the women, money, and mansions that they could dream of!

This method of brainwashing dates back centuries. Jonathan was surprised people still fell for it.

"You there. What are you laughing at?" Just as all the members were getting riled up, Jonathan was the only person laughing.

In his smile, there was a clear look of contempt.

Seeing his scornful smile, Waxon could not help but look toward Jonathan.

"Nothing much. I just think it's funny," Jonathan replied with a chuckle.

"Funny?"

When Waxon heard Jonathan's reply, his gaze turned icy. "Do you think our actions are funny? Or do you find our goal to take down Asura's Office funny?"

"All of it is funny."

Jonathan laughed and added, "You guys think the lot of you are enough to take down Asura's Office? I'm afraid you guys are way out of your depth here."

As he glanced around the room, he continued, "Are you all aware how many soldiers Asura's Office has? The four Kings of War alone have four hundred thousand soldiers under their wing. That's not including the four elite teams hidden in Asura's Office. They have an even bigger army that consists of about five hundred thousand soldiers.

Altogether, that makes their military force consist of roughly one million soldiers."

With a scoff, Jonathan asked, "Do you guys think the bunch of you that make up the Hunters Guild is enough to take down Asura's Office? Can't you all see how ridiculous that sounds?"

Just as Jonathan finished speaking, the crazed fanatics below stage shouted at him.

"You're the ridiculous one. Get down from there!"

“Get off the stage!”

The members below were close to jumping on stage and ripping Jonathan to shreds. Yet, Jonathan didn't even bother to take another look at them.

They were nothing but a swarm of ants in his eyes.

Their numbers didn't even require Asura's Office to mobilize their military force. Nelson could take them out on his own.

“Stop!”

Just as the members were in a frenzy, Waxon stuck out his hand surprisingly. He gestured for everyone to quiet down.

“Everyone, let's settle down for now. Since this man dares to say we're out of our depth, then we should show him otherwise!”

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Chapter 410 Do You Know Daniel

Waxon looked faintly at Jonathan and stated, “So you think we're out of our depth, huh? I don't think so. Every member of the Hunters Guild is the best of the best. Those good-for-nothings in Asura's Office could never compare. Any member here has the potential to become a prominent leader. They just need to be given a chance! As long as we overthrow Asura's Office, they will be the new founders of the country. You are looking at the future leaders of the country! When that happens, you will see who's the one that's out of their depth here.”

“Is that so? Very well. I'm looking forward to it!” Jonathan smirked. He was too listless to say more.

It didn't matter because this group of ambitious members trying to overthrow Asura's Office would become Nelson's prisoners in another hour or so.

Since the outcome was set, what was the point of wasting his breath?

“It seems like he still doesn't believe us. That's all right. Time will tell!” Waxon smiled as his gaze swept over Jonathan. However, the more he stared at Jonathan, the more surprised he felt.

Eventually, he couldn't help but ask, “Hey, why do you look so familiar to me? Have we met before?”

“No, we haven't!” Jonathan lightly shook his head.

“Is that right?” Waxon frowned slightly. “Why do you look so familiar to me? Oh, I remember now. You look like a very old friend of mine!”

“Old friend?”

Jonathan raised his eyebrows.

“Yes!”

Waxon nodded his head. “A long time ago, he was my most loyal comrade. Unfortunately, he ended up betraying me and Hunters Guild by going against our mission. I can’t deny you two look very similar, especially the look in your eyes. Frankly, if I didn’t know any better, I’d say you two were the same person.”

“Oh, is that so?” Jonathan looked at him faintly. “What’s the name of your old friend?”

“His name is Daniel Goldstein.” Waxon glanced at Jonathan and started, “A long time ago, we were comrades in battle. We made a pact to change this world together. We wanted to make the world kneel before us. I never expected him to betray me halfway! In exchange for his betrayal, I took his life. Not only that, but I also buried his wife with him. If time had allowed it, I would have done the same to his son. It’s too bad I only had one chance, so his son lived. The son is probably about the same age as you right now.”

Waxon’s tone suddenly turned frosty. A cruel light shone in his eyes. “Do you know Daniel by any chance?”

“Of course, I do!”

Within seconds, Jonathan’s eyes turned cold. The atmosphere in the room seemed to drop by several degrees. “If I didn’t know him, how could I be standing here before you? Isn’t that right, Waxon?”

“Hah! Looks like my guess was right.” Hearing Jonathan’s reply, Waxon confirmed his suspicions. “You are Daniel’s son, aren’t you? The one I didn’t manage to kill.”

“Apart from me, who else would come all this way just to take your measly life?” At this point, Jonathan didn’t bother to waste any more time.

The reason he came to see Waxon was very simple.

He intended to kill Waxon and take revenge for his father!

“Take my life?” Upon hearing this, Waxon burst out into laughter. “You think you can take me down alone? Young man, you’re too naive, just like your father. Back then, he wanted to get rid of me too, but what happened in the end? He died. Meanwhile, I’m still standing here. I thought you would be smarter than your father. Unfortunately, it seems like you’re even more foolish than he was. Do you think you have the capabilities to kill me by yourself?”

Just as he spoke, Waxon clapped his hands together lightly. Instantly, a group of guards rushed in from every corner of the mansion. They were all armed with submachine guns, and they were all aiming at Jonathan.

“Do you think these men are enough to stop me?” Despite being aimed at by countless guns, there was no fear on Jonathan’s face.

Rather, he stared calmly at Waxon.

“Well, I guess we’ll find out if they can stop you or not.” Waxon raised an eyebrow and ordered firmly, “Get him!”

“Yes, sir!”

With that order, dozens of guards charged toward Jonathan. The rest of them stood firm with their submachine guns aimed at Jonathan.

If he dared to act rashly, they would not hesitate to open fire.

“Don’t bother. None of you are getting out of here today.” Looking at the guards coming his way, Jonathan didn’t even bother giving them a second glance. Instead, he looked down at his watch. “It’s almost time. They should be here by now.”

Just then, a loud bang was heard from outside of the mansion.

Soon after, a loud explosion shook the entire hall. Then, a frenzy of footsteps could be heard.

The
walls and the ground were even shaking.