

The Legendary Man Chapter 416 -

Chapter 416 A Lucrative Offer

The person on the other end of the phone spoke out hesitantly. "But Ms. Hansley, Yuliana is just a third-tier celebrity..."

Why would the company offer the top contract to a mere third-tier celebrity?

Furthermore, the company will pay her based on the rates for the top female celebrities in Gronga. What kind of joke is that?

Cecilia interjected, "No buts. Just do as I say. Who's the chairman of Hansley Group? Is it you or my dad?"

Ever since Wilson's death, the entire Hansley family, including Hansley Group, had been taken over by Cecilia's father.

"Yes, Ms. Hansley. I'll do it right away."

Inside a small hotel in Gronga, Yuliana stared blankly at the ceiling with a look of despair.

Ever since Anson's accident, everyone had been avoiding her like the plague.

In half a month, Yuliana went from being a promising celebrity to a street rat.

When she tried to leave Gronga, someone intervened by stealing her passport.

"Why is it so difficult to live a peaceful life?" Yuliana let out a sigh of exasperation before tying a white rope to the beam of the room.

Since some people don't want me to live, then I'll grant them their wish. I wonder if Jonathan will be dragged into this mess and suffer the same fate as me.

The figure of Jonathan inadvertently flashed across Yuliana's mind at that moment.

After that fateful night, Yuliana contacted all the people she knew in Gronga. However, the other party immediately hung up on her upon learning that she had offended Anson. Some of them even severed ties with her.

"I don't want to be a celebrity in my next life!"

Standing on the stool, Yuliana gritted her teeth and placed her into the loop of the rope.

Just as she was about to kick over the stool, her phone suddenly rang.

"Who's calling me right now?" Yuliana muttered under her breath.

Everyone had shunned her for half a month by either turning off their phones or blocking her number.

Why would anyone call me at this moment?

After hesitating for a moment, Yuliana decided to answer the last phone call before she ended her life.

“Hello?” Yuliana greeted in a raspy tone.

A woman’s voice came from the other end of the phone. “Hi, are you Yuliana Smith? I’m Brianna Yardley, the general manager of Hansley Group’s entertainment department.”

She’s the general manager of Hansley Group’s entertainment department? Why would anyone from that company want to look for me? Could it be that even the Hansley family wants to humiliate me before I die?

“Yes, that’s me. What’s the matter?” Yuliana replied stiffly.

“Ms. Smith, do you have time for a meeting?” Brianna asked politely. Nevertheless, Yuliana rejected the offer flatly, “No, I don’t have the time. Besides, I don’t want to meet anyone!”

“Ms. Smith, please don’t get me wrong!”

Perhaps sensing the hostility in Yuliana’s tone, Brianna immediately explained, “I’m not calling you today to poke fun at you. Our company wants to offer you an S-class contract. Once you signed this contract, you’ll be the top artist of Hansley Entertainment Group. After that, we’ll use the company’s resources to turn you into the next superstar.”

“S-class contract?” Yuliana was confused.

As a celebrity, she naturally knew the meaning of an S-class contract.

Once she signed this contract, she would not have to worry about not being able to make money or not having anyone to support her in her career.

In other words, this S-class contract was worth a hundred million.

Why would Hansley Entertainment Group offer me a lucrative contract like this for nothing? Could this be a trap?

Yuliana inquired, “Aren’t you guys afraid of offending the Wagner family?” Everyone in Gronga knew about her issues with the Wagners.

Aren’t the Hansley family worried about p*ssing off the Wagners by offering me an S-class contract?

“There’s no longer a Wagner family in Gronga. Moreover, Anson is dead,” explained Brianna.

“What did you just say? Anson is dead?” Yuliana shuddered in shock.

“That’s right.”

Brianna continued, “If you don’t believe me, feel free to search online.”

Yuliana was slightly hesitant.

She subconsciously picked up her phone and typed Anson’s name. The most prominent news read: Anson and Samuel of the Wagner family died in their wards from suspected revenge murder.

Yuliana was so shocked that her hand trembled, and her phone almost fell to the ground.

Is Anson really dead?

After some hesitation, Yuliana probed, “I have one final question. Why is the Hansley family being so kind to me?”

I’m merely a third-tier celebrity. I don’t deserve to be offered an S-class contract by Hansley Group.

“There’s a big shot who said that you’re his friend before he departed,” Brianna answered.

Yuliana was flabbergasted by her reply.

A big shot? When did I know someone so powerful? If I did, I wouldn’t have been pushed to the edge like today.

Yuliana asked gingerly, “Who is the big shot you’re talking about?”

“I’m sorry. I can’t tell you his name!” Brianna cut her off abruptly before adding, “However, I can tell you that his last name is Goldstein.”

Goldstein?

The figure of Jonathan flashed across Yuliana’s mind at that moment.

How is that possible?

Yuliana shook her head vigorously in denial.

How can Jonathan be some sort of a big shot? If anything, he looks like a student!

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Chapter 417 Back To Jazona

Brianna must be talking about Jonathan, but he had nothing to do with this.

How could Jonathan have gone out of his way to tell the Hansley family about Yuliana when he almost forgot about her?

Hence, it wasn't Jonathan, but Cecilia.

After Jonathan left, Cecilia deliberately informed Brianna, the manager of Hansley Group's entertainment team, that Yuliana was Jonathan's friend.

That had changed the trajectory of Yuliana's life.

However, this had little to do with Jonathan, who was blissfully on a plane to Jazona right now.

A few hours later, the plane arrived at Jazona airport on time.

He hadn't told anyone, not even Josephine, about his trip here.

When the black limo slid to a stop in front of No. 1 Villa, Josephine's eyes widened when she saw Jonathan emerge from the vehicle. "Jonathan? W-Why are you here?"

She hadn't expected him to appear before her after he told her over the phone last night that he wouldn't be able to return for a while.

"To see you, of course!" He advanced toward her with a grin and enveloped her in his arms. "It's been too long since we last saw each other. Did you miss me?"

"Not even a little." She bit her lower lip and continued, "Why didn't you tell me before showing up? I could have picked you up at the airport."

"Pick me up? It's not my first time here." Jonathan's hands slid to her waist. "Besides, you're pregnant. What if you trip and fall?"

"No, I won't." Josephine rolled her eyes and removed his roving hands from her waist. "Keep your hands to yourself, Jonathan Goldstein! Don't you dare forget that I'm pregnant. What if we hurt the baby?"

"Darling, I heard that during the early months of pregnancy—" Jonathan began, but Josephine cut him off before he could finish his thoughts. "Don't even think about it! I'm sleeping on the bed while you'll sleep on the couch tonight."

Never would Jonathan have expected that he would have to spend his first night back in Jazona on the couch, let alone the next two weeks banished from the bedroom.

It was as if the bed had severed all ties with him since his return.

During the half month since he was back, he spent every waking moment with Josephine, accompanying her on shopping sprees or check-ups at the hospital just like a chaperone.

He followed wherever she went, but he wasn't salaried, of course.

However, Jonathan didn't realize that during his time in Jazona, all hell broke loose on an island offshore.

"What? The Hunters Guild on Gronga was wiped out entirely?"

A dozen high-ranking foreigners with blonde hair and blue eyes sat around a table in an opulent mansion safeguarded by guards outside.

The exterior of the mansion was heavily guarded by tanks and military helicopters.

"Yes, the mainland Hunters Guild has been obliterated overnight."

"We completely lost contact with Chanaea's Hunters Guild half a month ago."

"What happened? Who did it?" The foreigner, referred to as the Commander, slammed his hand on the table. He had spent more than ten years devising a layout for the guild in Chanaea, but it had all been destroyed in one night by someone else. How could he not be furious?

"It was someone named Jonathan Goldstein," one of the subordinates answered quietly. "And he's the son of Daniel Goldstein, whom we got rid of back then."

"Daniel Goldstein? That traitor from twenty years ago?" The Commander's face fell. He remembered Daniel vividly and almost planted Daniel to be his pawn in Chanaea. Unfortunately, Daniel stabbed them in the back, and the Commander could never let him get away with that.

The subordinate nodded. "Yes, that's him. We've looked all over Chanaea and couldn't find any information about Jonathan Goldstein. All we know is that he is the son-in-law of the Smith family in Jazona. I suspect he has connections to Asura's Office."

"Are you implying that Asura's Office is involved?" The Commander's face changed at the mention of Asura's Office.

"It's purely speculation." The subordinate hesitated for a bit before continuing, "After all, only Asura's Office is capable of eradicating the Hunters Guild overnight."

"We lost all intelligence and connections in Chanaea after the Hunters Guild was exterminated."

"Presently, I haven't found anything about this Jonathan Goldstein."

"None of this matters." The Commander waved his hand. "He shall pay for wiping out the Hunters Guild. It makes no difference whether he is a member of Asura's Office or not."

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Chapter 418 A Hundred Million Bounty

“Circulate word that I’m placing a hundred million bounty on Jonathan Goldstein. Whoever brings me his head will be instantly rewarded with a hundred million. Remember, that’s one hundred million!”

“What?” Everyone was stunned by the exorbitant amount of money.

The bounty was thirty million for a country’s president, yet the bounty for this nobody, Jonathan Goldstein, somehow amounted to a hundred million.

“Commander, is a hundred million a little too steep?” the subordinate questioned.

“I don’t think so.” The Commander gave a firm shake of his head. “Do you know how much I spent on devising a layout in Chanaea? A few billion! And he ruined everything in one night! I will not rest until he’s dead. I’ll gladly reward anyone one billion if they can get rid of him, let alone one hundred million.”

“Yes, Commander. I’ll send someone to spread the news now.” The subordinates had no reservations after hearing the Commander’s words.

The news shook the entire nation overnight.

Who would have known that an insignificant Chanaean guy whose name no one had heard of would jack up the price of hiring an assassin to unprecedented heights for the first time in nearly ten years?

Who is this guy named Jonathan Goldstein? Why would he warrant a bounty of one hundred million? These questions had every hitman in and out of the country scratching their heads.

The highest assassination bounty ever recorded was merely fifty million in these few years.

A hundred million was enough to send every assassin into a frenzy.

However, while everyone else was clamoring over it, the unwitting target of said bounty was cooking up a storm in the kitchen with an apron tied around his waist.

Those powerful assassins wouldn’t believe their eyes if they witnessed this domesticated side of him.

He was a walking ATM at this point, but he wasn’t the least bit afraid, nor was he aware that he had become the most wanted target of all assassins.

“Dinner’s ready, darling!”

Josephine took the dish from Jonathan's hands when the latter came out of the kitchen. She was still in disbelief while looking at the man before her who was wearing an apron. I can't believe this man is the legendary Asura!

"Leave these to me next time, Jonathan." She untied his apron while handing him a drink.

"This isn't a trifling task." He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her into his embrace, murmuring in her ear, "The doctor said you're still in the first trimester of your pregnancy and need lots of nutrition. He advised you not to take a step into the kitchen for the remainder of the pregnancy. It's not good for you and the baby."

"Are the baby and I that delicate? While my mom was pregnant with me, she played poker every day, and my dad smoked every day," she teased coyly.

"I don't care. You and the baby are the most precious thing to me." Jonathan sank to his haunches and pressed his ear against her belly. Josephine didn't know how to react to his actions. "What are you doing, Jonathan?"

"I'm listening to what our baby is doing and if he's up to no good," he replied matter-of-factly.

"I'm only two months pregnant. The baby isn't even old enough to misbehave," she said in exasperation.

"It doesn't matter. I'll throw hands with the baby if he dares to upset you." He waved his clenched fists in the air and wore a vicious glower.

Josephine rolled her eyes.

"You're an adult, Jonathan. Why are you acting like a child?" She tugged on his hand ruefully and led him to the dining table. "How will you be a father when you're a child yourself?"

"I'll beat him up if he's disobedient. A few more times, and I'll have parenting down pat."

"Don't you dare beat our child up." She glared at him after hearing that he would resort to violence if things didn't go his way.

"I'm only kidding. He's my son. How could I hit him?" Jonathan immediately backed down.

"Would you prefer a son or a daughter, Jonathan?" she suddenly asked.

He smiled and said, "I don't mind in any case. I'll love the child as long as he or she is ours. But if it's a boy, I'd want him to grow up to be a gentleman just like me. If it's a girl, I hope she looks like you—beautiful and gentle."

“I’m not that beautiful.” Josephine’s cheeks grew warm from embarrassment.

She was still bashful whenever Jonathan complimented her like that even though she was no longer the young woman who had just met the man.