

The Legendary Man Chapter 425 -

Chapter 425 Beg For Mercy

“Our boss?” The leader of the men in black frowned upon hearing the former’s words. He questioned, “You know our boss?”

“Get him over here to talk to me.” Logan could not be bothered to talk to them. He curtly added, “Tell your boss that someone named Logan wants to see him!”

Following that, the leader froze in hesitance. He then scrutinized Logan’s imposing presence, feeling the latter was not an ordinary person. Hence, without saying a word, he whipped out his phone to dial his boss’ number.

Minutes later, Wesley Lambert’s elderly voice spoke on the other end of the call. “Yes?”

“Boss, there’s a man named Logan outside the casino. He says he wants to see you,” the men in black’s leader uttered. His tone was full of caution for fear of upsetting his boss.

“Who? Come again. Who was it?” Wesley’s tone took on a sense of urgency.

“H-He said his name was Logan.”

“Give him the phone at once!”

“Yes, Boss!”

Upon receiving that order, the men in black’s leader frantically handed the phone to Logan, whose frosty tone now had more of a bite. “Gosh, it’s difficult to meet up with you, Wesley. What’s up with that? Do I have to make an appointment like everyone else just to see you?”

“No, Commander Griffin, there’s no such thing. If you want to see me, all you need to do is ask.” It was evident that Wesley was buttering up to Logan. He added, “Why have you graced my casino with your presence today, Commander Griffin? You could’ve told me about it, and I would’ve gone over to welcome you in person!”

“I wanted to drop by for some fun, but your subordinates stopped me at the door. Mr. Lambert, I think you owe me an explanation. If you can’t give me a good reason why this happened, you can forget about running this casino! I’ll have it shut down!” Logan thundered at the top of his lungs.

“What? Those punks stopped you at the door? Who was it? I’ll end his worthless life right away! Wait right there, Commander Griffin. I’ll be right over!” Wesley uttered.

His eyes reddened with rage upon learning that his subordinates had prevented Logan from entering the casino.

Shortly after hanging up, a man with a head full of white hair rushed out of the casino. As soon as he arrived, the group of men in black frantically greeted him, “Boss!”

“Shut up, all of you!”

Wesley ignored them and focused on Logan instead. He walked over to the latter, asking, “What exactly happened, Commander Griffin?”

“It’s not a big deal. Your subordinates merely stopped me from going in, had an argument with my distinguished guest, and threatened me!” Logan’s head whipped around as he glowered at the kneeling Lennox.

As Lennox met Logan’s gaze, all color drained from his face and he began trembling uncontrollably.

I’m doomed!

That was the only thought in Lennox’s mind at that moment.

After all, the elderly man that arrived was none other than the casino’s owner, Wesley Lambert.

“He did it?” Wesley glanced downward at the kneeling Lennox. In seconds, he charged ahead, and his palm struck the latter’s face.

That slap instantly made blood splatter from Lennox’s lips.

“Take him away and feed him to the fishes in Goda River!” Wesley ordered while wiping his hands.

Following that, the men in black hurriedly grabbed Lennox, wanting to throw him out. The latter’s legs turned to jelly as panic filled his voice. “P-Please spare me, M-Mr. Lambert! I’m begging you!”

“Hold on!” Wesley yelled all of a sudden.

Hearing that, the men in black froze in their tracks.

“M-Mr. Lambert...” Lennox muttered with relief, thinking that Wesley had forgiven him. However, the next second, Wesley mercilessly kicked Lennox’s knee, forcing the latter into a kneeling position.

“Don’t you know who you just offended?” Wesley bellowed, his eyes piercing into Lennox like daggers.

“N-No, I don’t...” Lennox instinctively lowered his head.

“His name’s Logan. He’s the highest-ranking commander here in Durbaine. Even the governor of Durbaine has to show him respect! How dare you offend him? Do you think you have nine lives like a cat and can get away with crossing this god-like killer?” Wesley sneered at Lennox before adding, “Get on your knees! I want you to give three bows before them! I’ll spare your family if you do so. Otherwise...”

Wesley did not finish his words, but the implied threat in his words was evident. It was so much so that Lennox turned a hideous shade of green from fear.

Durbaine’s highest-ranking commander?

Doesn’t that make him the true powerhouse behind Durbaine? Dang it! I can’t believe I offended him!

Fear engulfed Lennox’s senses, causing him to pee his pants and kneel while begging for mercy, “I’ve made a grave mistake! I understand that now. Please! I beg of you to spare my worthless life! Think of me as nothing more than a fart, and let me go. Please!”

“I’ve already given you a chance earlier. Since you didn’t cherish it while it lasted, don’t blame me for what I’m about to do!” Logan waved dismissively, a flash of irritation appearing in his eyes.

He had never been one to show mercy, especially not to anyone who dared to affront Jonathan.

“Take him away!” Wesley waved dismissively, and his subordinates instantly escorted Lennox out. After that, the former spoke once more. “As for these few, throw them out too!”

He pointed at the group of men in black that had physically assaulted Logan earlier.

Immediately after, the men in black got kicked out of the casino before they could even beg for mercy.

In that instant, the once rowdy area outside the casino’s doors fell into a tense silence.

That was also when Wesley rushed up to Logan and asked, “Commander Griffin, what brings you to my casino today?”

“I’m just here to have some fun,” Logan curtly replied, not wanting to waste his breath on the former. He then turned toward Jonathan and said, “Mr. Goldstein, now that the troublesome pests have been exterminated, shall we enter the casino?”

“Sure.” Jonathan nodded before striding into the casino. The sight of that was enough to make Wesley’s eyes pop out of their sockets.

He could not believe that the powerhouse of Durbaine would behave with such respect toward a twenty-something-year-old youth.

Wesley would have never believed it if he had not witnessed the scene with his own eyes.

Inside the casino, numerous people swarmed every corner.

Some gamblers’ lips twisted into a deep sneer. They clutched onto their cards like it was their last chance to win.

At the same time, some tycoons made massive bets worth hundreds of thousands.

Some lackeys wandered back and forth between tables, hoping to seize the chance at earning a quick buck.

All sorts of people were present in the casino.

It was then that Wesley snuck over to Logan’s side and whispered, “Commander Griffin, who’s that guy?”

“Don’t ask unnecessary questions.” A frosty look shrouded Logan’s face as he snapped, “Curiosity kills. You might lose your life for wanting to know more.”

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Chapter 426 One Million

“U-Understood!”

Intimidated by that threat, Wesley did not dare utter another word.

Casinos were the best place to witness the true nature of people.

That was what Jonathan believed.

There was no regard for things like familial bonds or love here, only a group of gamblers. They either dreamt of becoming rich overnight or had lost too many games and hoped to turn the tables.

Among the two groups, the latter was the worst.

They would do anything to change their fate, even if it meant selling out their wives and children or even offering their blood as payment in a gamble.

There was nothing those vile gamblers would not sacrifice.

“Would you like me to exchange some casino tokens for you, Mr. Goldstein? What do you say?” Wesley politely asked while cautiously inching closer to Jonathan.

“Since we’re here, we might as well try our hands at a few rounds.” Jonathan nodded while taking out his card.

As soon as Wesley saw the black card in Jonathan’s palm, he instantly waved his hands frantically. “It’s an honor and blessing to have you in my casino, Mr. Goldstein. How can I allow you to purchase casino tokens? How about this? I’ll personally gift you ten million tokens. Do have a good time, and I’ll deliver more should you use them up.”

Wesley would never dare to accept Jonathan’s card.

It did not matter if Jonathan wanted to play for free in the casino. Given his identity, Wesley would willingly gift him ten percent of the casino’s shares.

However, it would be a joke to assume Jonathan, someone that Durbaine’s highest-ranking commander treated with such respect, would care about a mere casino like this.

“That won’t be necessary. Since I’m here to have fun, I plan to enjoy the experience to its fullest. It wouldn’t feel as thrilling if I gambled using your tokens.” Jonathan handed his card to Wesley.

Still, the latter did not dare to accept and immediately waved in refusal.

Logan instantly shot a glare at Wesley. He barked, “Take the card if he wants you to! Do you seriously think Mr. Goldstein cares about getting free casino tokens?”

“O-Okay!” Wesley jolted in fear and immediately took the card from Jonathan.

Upon seeing that, Jonathan glared at Logan as he lectured, “Don’t startle the man. Be more civil when speaking.”

“Understood, Mr. Goldstein!” Logan nodded at once.

“Mr. Goldstein, how many tokens would you like?” asked a nervous-looking Wesley. His trembling fingers clutched the card as his heart pounded fervently. At the same time, he gestured at a scantily clad female dealer, sending her to fetch the tokens.

“Let’s do one million for now,” Jonathan casually replied.

He was not interested in gambling, nor did he care about winning or losing. However, he figured it was only fair to experience the fun of gambling since he was already there.

“You. Get over here!” After receiving the former’s response, Wesley immediately rushed to the dealer and ordered, “Exchange one million tokens with this card. After that, you don’t have to do anything else but accompany these two gentlemen, got it?”

“Yes, Boss!” The scantily-dressed dealer nodded.

“Allow me to show you around, Mr. Goldstein,” Wesley offered. After all, he was the casino’s owner, so he wanted to make Jonathan feel welcome.

“Sure.”

With Jonathan’s approval, Wesley personally showed the men around like he was a staff member. “This is the main hall, Mr. Goldstein. Regular tourists often hang around here, so we call it the scattered area. It has cheaper games for people who aren’t affluent but want to try out the overall casino experience.

“The second floor is our VIP casino. Usually, only guests with over ten million net worth can enter. They also need to verify their assets and exchange tokens worth a minimum of ten million before entering.

“The third floor is our special VIP suite, commonly reserved for billionaires. One’s net worth must be more than a hundred million, and they need a guarantor to go up there. It’s because the stakes are much higher. People who gamble there aren’t short of money, so the losses often reach hundreds of millions. There was even a guest that lost three billion in one night!

“However, Mr. Goldstein, your identity is enough to grant you access to the third floor. You don’t have to

verify your assets. Feel free to enjoy yourself to the fullest!"

That final sentence was the key message Wesley wanted to deliver.

He felt that holding Jonathan to the ten million net worth entry requirement was unnecessary.

Even if Jonathan did not spend any money that night, and Wesley needed to pay ten million out of his own pocket, he was still determined to let the former have a great time.

Not to mention, Jonathan's black card alone already had a credit limit of at least several billion.

It was even possible for the limit to go over ten billion.

As the owner of the casino, how could Wesley not recognize the black card in Jonathan's hand?

"I'll just toy around on the first floor," Jonathan casually stated.

He was not at all interested in joining a gamble worth billions.

After all, if he wanted to get more money, he could easily receive billions just by asking for it.

"I got the tokens, Boss!" Just then, the scantily clad dealer returned. Although one million seemed like a massive sum, it only amounted to about twenty tokens.

"Mr. Goldstein, here you go!" Wesley quickly picked up the tokens and handed them to Jonathan.

"Thanks."

Jonathan accepted the tokens and split them into two piles, handing one pile to Logan. "Let's split this one million, so we each get half a million. That way, it'll be fair and square."

"I probably shouldn't gamble." Logan shook his head before explaining, "I'm not at all interested in gambling. You're better off asking me to shoot someone alive."

"Jeez! Why are you so obsessed with killing others? Quit wasting time. Here's half a million for you and me each. Remember to pay me back once you lose everything!" Jonathan could not help frowning after hearing that.

"Doesn't that mean you're forcing me into a losing situation, Mr. Goldstein?" Logan instantly paled after learning he had to repay the money later.

Seriously? It's fine that he's insisting that I gamble, but how can he force me to repay the money?

"You've got something to say about it?" Jonathan glanced at Logan, who instantly shook his head and said, "N-Nope. I wouldn't dare."

"Let's go then!" Jonathan urged before heading toward a table where people played bar dice.

Subsequently, Wesley frowned at the skimpily-dressed dealer behind him and snapped, "Why are you still standing here? Hurry up and follow him! I'm telling you, if anything goes wrong tonight, you'll be fed to the fishes in Goda River!"

"I understand, Boss!" the dealer squeaked.

She turned on her heels to join the two men, but she stopped after taking two steps. Her gaze cautiously met Wesley's. "Boss, who are these guys? You should tell me about their backgrounds so that I can mentally prepare myself."

"Don't ask unnecessary questions!" Wesley's nose scrunched up into a sneer. He repeated the exact words Logan used against him earlier, his tone more menacing. "Curiosity kills. You might lose your life for wanting to know more."

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Chapter 427 Placing Bets

"Yes, Boss!" the attractive dealer said. She stuck her tongue out, turned around, and immediately chased after Jonathan and Logan.

However, by the time she got to Jonathan, he had already started heading for a gambling table while clutching a stack of chips worth five hundred thousand. The table he was walking toward was a chuck-a-luck table.

Chuck-a-luck was by far the simplest game in the entire casino to learn and play.

"Going for a game of chuck-a-luck, Mr. Goldstein?" asked Logan, who was standing behind Jonathan.

Jonathan nodded. "Yeah, let's go for this."

He then took one hundred thousand worth of chips and gambled them all on the number three. "One hundred thousand on three!"

"Follow!" Logan called out without hesitation after seeing Jonathan placing his bet.

He took all of his chips and placed them on the table. "Five hundred thousand on three!"

After seeing Logan place all his chips, Jonathan could not help but turn around and stare at him in shock. "Are you sure you want to bet that much? Aren't you worried about losing?"

"That will depend on fate, I guess. In any case, I have no idea how to play this." Logan shrugged.

"Besides, Mr. Goldstein, how can I possibly lose after following your bet?"

Jonathan sighed helplessly. "It's not like I'm a pro-gambler!"

Meanwhile, the dealer, who was in charge of rolling the dice, had already begun doing so.

The dealer revealed the dice with a loud slap on the table. And as anticipated, one of the dice yielded the number three.

Logan couldn't help but chuckle when he saw the number on the dice. "I knew it! Following your bet will never go wrong, Mr. Goldstein!"

"Jeez..." Jonathan muttered. He couldn't think of anything to say. Thus, he shook his head and placed his next bet.

"What number should we bet on this time, Mr. Goldstein?" Logan, having tasted sweet victory, shamelessly questioned Jonathan about his bet once more.

The chips Logan started with, which were worth five hundred thousand, had been doubled to one million after the last bet.

"I'll go for five!" Jonathan exclaimed as he placed a two hundred thousand bet.

Logan, as usual, threw everything he had on the table. "One million for the number five!" And much to his favor, when the dealer revealed the dice, one of them indeed had the number five on it.

His one million instantly turned into two million!

"And you're telling me you're not a pro-gambler, Mr. Goldstein?" Logan remarked. But since it was only a dice-based guessing game, he wasn't really all that astonished by the outcome.

He thought back to the time when Jonathan had led them to conquer the lands and devised unflinching schemes—they were victorious in each battle.

Thus, as compared to an actual battle, chuck-a-luck was nothing.

“Luck is on my side,” Jonathan responded, laughing. He placed his four hundred thousand worth of chips on the dealing table. “I’ll bet on two this time.”

Logan promptly placed his two million worth of chips on the table and replied, “Same here.”

The dealer revealed the dice after a few seconds. And as expected, the number two appeared on one of the dice!

In just the blink of an eye, Jonathan’s four hundred thousand doubled into eight hundred thousand, and Logan’s two million became four million!

“Your luck is insane, Mr. Goldstein!” the attractive dealer behind Jonathan exclaimed.

She had met a few other lucky players, but none could be compared to Jonathan, who was currently on a roll.

It was the first time she had ever seen someone place three bets and win them all.

“I suppose so,” Jonathan replied with a chuckle. Since he was just there to have fun, his winning streak really didn’t matter much to him. Nevertheless, he managed to catch the attention of the people around him.

The people instantly followed Jonathan’s call as soon as he placed his next bet.

“Eight hundred thousand on six,” Jonathan called out.

“One million on six!”

“Same here!”

“And here!”

After the others followed Jonathan’s bet, the table, which had previously only contained a few million worth of chips, was suddenly filled with ten to twenty million worth of chips. Immediately, the dealer’s face took on a bitter look.

If the dealer lost this round, he would have to compensate up to tens of millions worth of chips!

The dealer hesitated at that thought. After everyone placed their bets, he stealthily stepped on a pedal underneath the dealing table.

This pedal was used by casino dealers to specifically target those who had unknown tricks up their sleeves and managed to cheat and gain more than a certain amount at the casino.

And at that moment, the dealer immediately perceived Jonathan and Logan as cheaters.

A rattling sound was heard, and the dice were revealed.

The numbers revealed were different from what Jonathan had placed his bet on.

“The numbers are two, three, and four! I’m terribly sorry, but you gentlemen have lost this round,” said the dealer as he smiled and cradled the chips to his chest.

Logan’s expression darkened at the sight. “How could this be, Mr. Goldstein? Did this punk do something?”

It wasn’t that he was a sore loser.

It was merely a few million. To Logan, those few million were merely a drop in the ocean.

If he wanted to, he could waste tens of millions without batting an eyelash.

There were many people who wanted to offer him money in Durbaire.

The only thing was that he refused to believe that Jonathan would lose the bet.

“Did you see anything?” Jonathan asked indifferently.

“No,” Logan replied with a shake of his head.

He was just about to say something when Jonathan interjected, “Then let’s assume that nothing happened.”

“But Mr. Goldstein—”

“I said forget it!” Jonathan replied adamantly, a frown on his face.

Logan swallowed the rest of his words and remained quiet.

Meanwhile, buckets of cold sweat were rolling down the skin of the attractive dealer who was standing behind Jonathan as she witnessed the scene before her.

They’re the distinguished guests that Boss has personally asked me to serve well! How dare that dealer tamper with the game when the distinguished guests are playing! Is he sick of living?

“I’ll go for another round, and don’t follow my bet this time!” Jonathan turned around to give Logan a look before throwing his remaining three hundred thousand worth of chips on the table. “This time, I’m betting on any triple!”

The likelihood of the same number appearing on all dice was typically low. It might not even occur on a daily basis.

The expression of the other gamblers who followed Jonathan’s bet earlier darkened when they saw Jonathan using up all of his chips to bet on the same number.

They could not help but sneer at him. “And here I thought this guy is a pro!”

“Who knows that it was pure luck? Just a fluke!”

“I wouldn’t have followed his bet earlier if I’d known about this!”

“Same here. I wasted my one million on him!”

Right when the gamblers were making snide remarks about Jonathan, the dealer lightly knocked on the table as he said, “Place your bets and hands off the table!”

After saying that, he started rolling the dice once more.

However, he did not hastily reveal the dice after rolling. Instead, he stealthily used his right foot to step on the pedal beneath the table once again.

Even though Jonathan had only bet a small amount at that moment, it did not preclude the dealer from tampering with the game.

I've already decided on teaching that guy a lesson. Thus, I should tamper with the game until the very end and let him leave empty-handed!

The dealer sneered at the thought. However, his expression shifted just as he was about to call out the numbers.

The look on his face was as if he had choked on a fly.

He looked as if he was suffering but could not bring himself to say anything.