

## The Legendary Man Chapter 449

### Chapter 449 You Are Next

Instantly, Angela's legs turned to jelly, and she collapsed onto the floor, her eyes filled with horror.

Emmeline's heart went out to Angela when she saw the defeated look on Angela's face. Emmeline lifted her head and gazed at Jonathan pleadingly. "Jonathan, Angie is my bestie. Can you forgive her this time for my sake? I'm your sister-in-law..."

"Oh, so I'm your brother-in-law now?" Upon hearing Emmeline's plea, Jonathan casually waved his hand. "When you need my help, you treat me as your brother-in-law. If not, I'm just a stranger?"

"No... T-That's not what I meant!" Emmeline became agitated.

"All right. I'll let it slide this time." Jonathan waved it off, completely unfazed.

No matter who the Sanderson family and Angela were, they were all ants in his eyes.

He didn't even bother to spare them a glance.

"Thank you, Mr. Goldstein..." Like a prisoner who had been granted an amnesty, Brad thanked Jonathan profusely. "Thank you for your mercy. Once I get back home, I'll definitely teach this brat a lesson. I promise this kind of incident will not happen again." Jonathan was not interested in listening to Brad's words, so he shooed them away.

"Scram!"

Brad hurriedly dragged the bloodied Hector out of the place and scurried away without looking back.

Jonathan looked toward Emmeline, asking casually, "Where do you want to go next?"

"I plan to stroll around Durbaine with Angela. Durbaine has a lot of nice places I haven't been to," Emmeline replied in a hushed tone.

However, when Angela heard that, the color drained from her face instantly. She shook her head fervently. "Emmeline, forget it. I'm not feeling well. M-Maybe next time..."

With that, she wheeled around and scampered away as though she was escaping from something scary.

A hint of helplessness emerged on Emmeline's face when she saw that.

"Forget it. I'm pretty much done with my affairs here. Stop running around. Just follow me!" Since Angela was gone, Jonathan naturally wouldn't let Emmeline stroll around Durbaine by herself. "If something goes wrong with you later, I won't be able to explain it to your sister."

"Okay."

After that incident, Emmeline no longer had the mood to visit the places in Durbaine.

Besides, now that Angela was gone and left Emmeline behind, the latter was worried that she might encounter something dangerous.

Walking beside Jonathan, Emmeline asked in a low voice, "Jonathan, who is that guy

beside you? He looks so fierce.”

The entire time, Jonathan did not say much, and it was Logan who gave off a menacing aura.

“Is he fierce?” Jonathan looked back and glanced at Logan before remarking casually, “I think he’s quite docile.”

Docile? He almost kills the father-son duo of the Sanderson family. How is he docile? Emmeline twitched her lips, not wanting to waste her time on this. She knew even if she continued to probe, Jonathan wouldn’t tell her anything.

After such a fuss, they no longer had the mood to continue dining at the hotel. However, when Logan wanted to call Josiah to ask the latter out for lunch together, Logan realized he couldn’t reach Josiah.

“What happened? I can’t reach Josiah’s phone.”

Logan’s heart sank. He had the gut feeling that something was off.

With Josiah’s character, no matter how busy he was, he would still answer Logan’s call unless something had happened to Josiah.

Just then, a black car came from afar and soon came to a stop in front of them. Then, they saw Josiah’s secretary get out of the car.

“Where’s Josiah? Why didn’t he answer my call?” Logan asked.

The secretary adjusted his glasses, walking toward Logan. Just as the secretary was about to speak, his gaze changed as he suddenly took out a knife and aimed it at Logan’s abdomen.

This kind of despicable sneak attack was extremely insidious, but Logan was an experienced fighter, so the sneak attack couldn’t harm him.

With a flip of his hand, Logan grabbed the secretary’s wrist and twisted it forcefully. With a crack, the secretary’s wrist was broken.

“You’re gutsy. You even dared to attack me.”

“Haha.” Even when his wrist was broken, the secretary still sneered, “I even had the guts to kill Josiah. Why wouldn’t I dare to finish you off? Logan Griffin, be smart, and you’d better not ask for trouble. Otherwise, you won’t live until tomorrow.”

“What did you say?” The moment he heard the news of Josiah’s death, Logan’s expression turned grim. “Josiah is dead? You killed him?”

“That’s right!” The secretary snorted coldly. “Logan, do you think Durbaine still belongs to you and Josiah? Let me tell you something. There is going to be an upheaval in Durbaine soon! From now onward, Durbaine belongs to the four prominent families!”

“F\*ck you!” From the moment Logan knew that Josiah was dead, Logan was vexed. He abruptly grabbed the secretary’s neck and snapped his neck.

After that, he turned toward Jonathan and said, “Mr. Goldstein, it looks like something bad is going to happen!”

"I heard that." Jonathan sounded as if he was neither irritated nor agitated, but the look in his eyes was ice-cold.

Just as he said that, sounds of car engine roaring were heard. Dozens of minivans sped down the road, rushing toward them.

Soon, the doors to the cars were opened, and a group of sturdy, black-clothed men lunged at them right away.

Go to h\*ll!

Logan's expression darkened as he also rushed toward the men head-on.

"Stay away, and don't get injured!" Jonathan turned to look at a startled Emmeline, who was hiding behind him. She was obviously terrified as her face turned pale and her eyes widened in fear.

"Jonathan, b-be careful..." Emmeline reminded softly.

"Don't worry. This group of losers is no match for me!" Jonathan smirked, undaunted by those brawny men in black. However, right as those words came out of his mouth, another group of men in black suits joined the fight.

Holding a gun in his hand, Misalov charged toward Jonathan menacingly with several well-built lackeys behind him.

"Are you surprised that we meet again so soon?" Misalov sneered, a trace of resentment glimmering in his eyes. "Seems like I didn't beat you up hard enough this afternoon!" Jonathan shot a nonchalant look at Misalov, and his gaze became frosty.

"D\*mn you!" Hearing Jonathan's defiant reply, Misalov flew into a rage. "Don't think that no one in Durbaine has the guts to lay a finger on you just because you have Josiah on your side. We, Salonus Corporation, are not afraid of you! Josiah has died, and the next one will be you!"

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### Chapter 450 Incapable Of Killing Me

"Is your company responsible for Josiah's death?" Jonathan asked while glaring at Misalov, his eyes blazing with murderous fury.

He added, "Did your country's people not tell you that you Jetroinian mutts have no right to behave insolently here on Chanaean grounds?"

"F\*ck you! Who are you calling a mutt?" Misalov flew into a rage.

"No, you're worse than a mutt!" Something flickered in Jonathan's eyes just then. A frosty killing intent manifested in the space, making it seem like everything had frozen in time.

"Go to hell!" Misalov roared.

Suddenly, a deafening bang broke out as a golden bullet shot ahead.

The bullet seemed slow when described, but at that instant, it pierced through the air ferociously.

All one could see was Jonathan's hand flicking. Then, the bullet punctured his palm, but it lost control immediately and flew upward to the ceiling.

“Kill him now!” Misalov thundered at the top of his lungs.

“Yes, sir!” The burly men in black did not waste a second after receiving the order. They whipped out their weapons and charged at Jonathan.

Whoosh!

A piercing sound filled the air as the Heaven Sword swung in one swift motion.

Following that, the bodyguards fell one after the other onto the ground, blood gushing from their necks.

Jonathan held his sword, standing tall with overwhelming pride and dignity, just like he did when defending Chanaea in the past.

“Remember this for the rest of your life. Don’t ever parade around as you please here in Chanaea again! This country isn’t a place where you heinous Jetroinians can cause trouble!”

Those words struck fear in the wide-eyed Misalov. He gulped anxiously, knowing that those burly men were elites trained by Salonus Corporation. An ordinary person could never best them in combat.

Yet, none of them managed to resist Jonathan’s attack, and all of them had now turned into corpses.

A chill crept into Misalov’s heart. At that point, he knew he had messed with the wrong person.

Glancing around warily, he then turned around in hopes of escaping.

However, another whoosh sounded as the Heaven Sword sliced through the air.

The noise resembled a roar from a bloodthirsty and starved dragon, the kind that one would hear in their nightmares.

Misalov’s calves got chopped off then and there. The cut was precise, leaving no bumps or jaggedness. It all happened so fast that Misalov could barely react, falling straight onto the ground.

“F\*ck! How dare you hurt me? Salonus Corporation will never let you get away with this!”

Misalov bellowed while raising his fists. His dark eyes emitted a fiery hatred.

At the same time, Jonathan’s finger remained coiled around the sword’s hilt while his piercing gaze fixed on the former. “Salonus Corporation? That company is nothing in my eyes. Has no one told you how your fellow Jetroinians ran like cowardly mutts when I kicked them out of Chanaea back then?”

“Y-You’re lying! How could we, Jetroinians, be kicked out of here? They obviously left of their own volition, but you took credit for making them leave!” Even at a critical moment like this, Misalov insisted on his stubborn beliefs.

A loud scoff came from Jonathan. He did not want to waste any more time talking to Misalov.

Yet, just as he spoke, a loud rumbling sounded from outside. Dozens of black sedans immediately drove to the hotel, surrounding it and blocking off all access points. Being the head of the four prominent families, Benson led his elite subordinates as they rushed to the scene.

“Don’t waste any more of my time, Logan. Kneel and surrender right now because it’s your last chance. If you comply, perhaps I’ll even leave your corpse untouched!” Benson stood at the forefront of his men, looking down on Logan while speaking.

“What did you say? Did I hear that right?” asked a bloodied Logan. With a cleaver in hand and dead bodies surrounding him, he looked like a demon coming straight out of hell. “I, Logan Griffin, will only kneel to the gods above and to Asura, but not you b\*stards! Even if I die, I’m going to die standing proud!”

“Hah! Since you insist on dying, I shall grant your wish!” A grim look shrouded Benson’s face at that moment, the corner of his lips twisting contemptuously. “Kill him!”

With that, countless bulky men in black charged at Logan. Besieged, Logan was ready to fight a bloody battle. Still, no matter how good of a fighter he was, there was no way he could defeat all those men. He was outnumbered.

Not to mention that one would eventually become sloppy in a long, high-intensity battle. No longer as alert, Logan got stabbed in the leg, and his blood kept oozing. All of a sudden, the group of bulky men swarmed over like piranhas that had gotten a whiff of tantalizing blood.

Logan could not hold them back any longer. Blood kept pouring down his calf, but he turned to look at Jonathan with only an unwavering thought.

“Mr. Goldstein, I’d like to continue fighting by your side in my next life!”

With that, he snatched the cleaver from the ground and forced himself to stand upright.

A soldier of Asura’s must die with pride!

However, a loud whoosh sounded in the next second.

The sharp noise resounded in the air, rising above the sky and trembling the heavens. In the blink of an eye, the blood-red Heaven Sword swept past and slit the throat of the man in black, who ran toward Logan.

Immediately after, Jonathan strode over with his Heaven Sword in hand.

Blood dripped from the Heaven Sword’s sharp blade. With every drop, the floor got stained into a gruesome shade of vermilion.

It was then that surprise flickered in Logan’s eyes.

Back then, Jonathan had led their troops into sweeping past the battlefield and emerging victorious.

The brimming confidence he had exuded then was the same at present.

“Mr. Goldstein!” Logan yelled out in awe.

“Don’t say a word. Stay alive because you’re still of use to me!” Jonathan interrupted the former. He then raised his chin to glare at the Chanaeans behind Misalov. “Is it that hard to be a good person? Why do you insist on serving others like a mutt?”

Those words mercilessly plunged into Benson’s ego like a spear. In response, rage overwhelmed his senses, causing his features to contort hideously. “How dare you behave arrogantly even on the brink of death? Men, finish him off!”

The men in black behind him instantly darted toward Jonathan.

Despite that, Jonathan did not seem to care. All he did was blankly glance at Benson, asking, “Finish me off? You think a measly group like yourself is capable of killing me?”

“Why? Are we not enough to take you down?” Benson scoffed.

“Not at all!” Jonathan shook his head.

“Well, how many men would it take to defeat you then? A thousand?” Benson jeered at Jonathan as though the latter was an idiot.

“Nope!” Jonathan shook his head and added, “It’ll take at least a hundred thousand!”

Benson snorted like he had heard the world’s biggest joke. “Tsk! You f\*cking lunatic! Men, don’t waste any more time listening to his nonsense! Kill him!”

“I told you. Your itty-bitty group of men can’t defeat me!” While still shaking his head, Jonathan snapped his fingers.

Soon after, an earthquake-like trembling broke out on the once tranquil scene.

Darkness seeped into the clear skies above as countless helicopters approached. Then, they released several ropes, and fully armed soldiers descended.

Even on the street was an incoming convoy of armored vehicles and tanks. The metal studs on their surfaces were so sharp that they could easily rip an enemy’s flesh apart. The four prominent families that initially had a larger number of men got besieged. Every person on their side could not help dropping their jaws, a tinge of fear tainting their flabbergasted expressions.

The same went for Benson, who trembled so much that even his knees weakened. At that instant, his mind focused on only one question—Who the hell is that young man?

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 451**

### **Chapter 451 Traitors**

A tense and murderous atmosphere filled the main street outside the hotel. One could almost suffocate from how dense it was.

Just then, a tall figure emerged from the sea of fully armed soldiers and knelted on one knee.

He stated respectfully, “Mr. Goldstein, I’ve arrived as per your order.”

That man was one of the Eight Kings of War from Asura’s Office, Hades.

He was a legendary being, known for his mercilessness and the countless lives that

perished in his hands. Thus, the public nicknamed him "Hades."  
He was very much the human embodiment of Hades, the god of the dead.  
Such a god-like killer's presence made even the experienced Logan shudder in  
trepidation. Needless to say, everyone there could barely stand straight as their knees  
had turned wobbly.

Jonathan's eyes narrowed right then. Nothing, not even the smallest commotion,  
escapes the eyes of Asura's Office.

Hades had received the news before Salonus Corporation sent their men to disrupt the  
peace in Durbaine. Hence, he rushed over at once.

Jonathan condescendingly looked down at Benson, his sharp gaze piercing through the  
latter like a cold knife.

He stated, "A scumbag like you, who's in cahoots with Jetroinians and has harmed your  
fellow comrades, is a useless piece of trash! Your existence does nothing more but  
wastes our precious resources!"

A chill ran down Benson's spine, spreading throughout his body and causing his knees  
to give in. Following a loud plop, Benson fell to the ground and loudly muttered, "Please  
don't kill me! I'll gladly hand over all my family's assets and wealth. I can even  
disappear from your sight forever. I swear I won't ever set foot in Durbaine again."

"Oh? So, you regret your actions now? Well, it's too late! Why didn't you consider the  
consequence when siding with Salonus Corporation back then? Didn't you foresee this  
day would come?" A grim killing intent flashed in Hades' eyes.

He took wide strides over before his iron-like grip tightened around Benson's neck.

With a forceful twist, a loud snap resounded, and Benson's neck immediately broke  
before everyone's eyes.

A gory mixture of bleeding flesh and jagged bones soon came into view. Seeing that,  
everyone felt goosebumps rise on their skin.

Hades' reputation was no joke. There was indeed no trace of mercy from him when he  
took others' lives.

Everyone on the four prominent families' side was terror-stricken at that moment. They  
soon fell to their knees and begged in desperation.

However, not even a hint of pity showed in Jonathan's gaze. He felt it was necessary for  
wrongdoers to pay the price for their actions.

Anyone who joins forces with the enemy out of personal interests and betrays Chanaea  
can't be forgiven.

Suddenly, a vicious red glow flitted across Hades' eyes as he rotated his wrists,  
warming them up. At the same time, he sneered, "It's been many years since I killed  
someone. It looks like I'll have to take a few lives today!"

With that, all the armed soldiers made their moves. Chaos erupted outside the hotel as  
the soldiers were determined to make the four prominent families pay gravely for their  
despicable actions.

Jonathan covered Emmeline's eyes and brought her inside the hotel. He worried that such a gory scene would traumatize Emmeline, who was still fairly young. Behind them was Logan, who limped along, since he had sustained severe injuries.

Jonathan glanced at him and asked, "Shouldn't you get those wounds dealt with?" "It's no big deal." Logan pretended to be unbothered but immediately winced when he accidentally stretched the wound on his body. It hurt so much that he gritted his teeth. Jonathan's lips curled into an amused smirk. Haha. That guy's thick skin would make for a pretty invincible shield.

A minute passed before Hades, who was exuding an intense murderous aura, paced over with haste.

Emmeline felt an inexplicable terror. Her eyes were filled with fear as she noticed the approaching warrior, but she dared not look him in the eye.

Hades respectfully reported, "Mr. Goldstein, we've cleared out the pests. All traitors working with Salonus Corporation have been exterminated."

Hearing that, Jonathan slightly nodded. He knew that Hades was always cautious and precise when handling things. Hence, Jonathan was confident that this time would be no exception.

"Have you investigated Josiah's whereabouts?"

"I fear the odds are against his survival," Hades replied.

That elicited a sigh from Jonathan. It seems like Josiah became blinded by the vividness of life in Durbaire after leaving Asura's Office. The influence has made him less cautious than he used to be. He even hoped to get Salonus Corporation to invest in the businesses here. Alas, that backfired against him and bit him in the ass.

While Jonathan was deep in thought, a soldier walked in but was hesitant to speak.

Hades arched a brow at that. "Speak up!"

Every muscle in the soldier's body tensed up as he frantically reported, "There's a woman named Sandra Haberly outside. She claims to have information about the seal and demands to see you, Commander."

"Bring her in!" Jonathan ordered.

It was not long before the pale-faced Sandra entered. The dead bodies and gruesome slashes on them startled her with every step she took.

Jonathan was slightly surprised as he flashed a half-smile. "And here I thought every member of the Haberly family was a traitor."

Sandra forced a smile. However, her smile was tense and further emphasized her helpless and startled expression.

"I tried to dissuade my grandpa and father, but they were too far gone in their greed. They insisted on working with Salonus Corporation, so their demise today is no surprise."

Those words took Jonathan by surprise, as he did not expect Sandra to be the sanest among her family members.

“You have information about the seal?” he asked.

After calming herself down, Sandra took out a photo. It was a restored photo of some grooves caused by the seal on the side of the Heaven Sword.

“This photo was given to me by Mr. Zeimet. I once noticed this on the body of Elisa Salonius, the heiress of Salonius Corporation.”

Jonathan raised a brow while flashing a pointed look. One cannot avoid their enemy in this small world. Alas, it appears I’ll have to visit Jetroina to get the seal and unlock the Heaven Sword’s hidden secrets.

Sandra, who was standing beside him, asked cautiously, “Is this information of any use to you, Mr. Goldstein?”

“Very much so.”

That reply garnered a sigh of relief from Sandra, who instantly perked up with an idea. She hesitated before mustering all her courage to ask, “Mr. Goldstein, may I ask for something? The four prominent families deserve punishment for their crimes. However, someone will have to look after the families’ businesses that would get left behind. If I may, perhaps I can have a go at running them.”

“The four prominent families’ businesses span all over Durbaine. Do you think I’ll just hand them all over to you just because you’re asking me to?” Jonathan taunted with a menacing smirk.

To that, Sandra could not help but shiver and plop to the ground, kneeling for mercy.

“Mr. Goldstein, I merely wish to help you manage things as a servant. I swear I have no alternative intentions. Please don’t misunderstand.”

A faint smile appeared on Jonathan’s face right then. Although she says she’ll only manage things on my behalf, it’s pretty clear there’s more to her promises. After all, she’s quite the ambitious woman. Then again, there’s indeed a sense of emptiness in Durbaine now that the four prominent families have gotten exterminated and Josiah has perished. Being the Haberly family’s eldest daughter, Sandra knows Durbaine like the back of her hand. Hence, she’s the perfect candidate for running those businesses. Moments of silence passed as Jonathan pondered the matter. Eventually, he spoke with a low, gravelly voice.

“I could entrust the businesses to you. However, you saw what became of the four prominent families. If you dare to be in cahoots with foreign organizations like they did, I won’t mind unleashing another round of pest exterminations.”

Jonathan’s last few words appeared lighthearted, but the threat implied in his vicious tone was evident. It sent chills down Sandra’s arms as she remained frozen while kneeling, not daring to meet his gaze.