

The Legendary Man Chapter 473

Chapter 473 Suffer The Same Fate

“Yes, Mr. Goldstein!”

Hades hesitated for a while but still did not dare to speak in the end.

The decision made by Jonathan was not something he could change.

Forget him, not even God could change Jonathan’s mind!

“After I leave, Asura’s Office will be handed over to you,” Jonathan said as he glanced coldly at Hades. “At the same time, you can use this opportunity to pluck out all the weeds in Asura’s Office!”

“Weeds?” Hades was taken aback and only responded after a while. “Mr. Goldstein, are you saying that there are traitors in Asura’s Office?”

“What do you think?” Jonathan shot him an icy stare. “Did you think that the Gomez family from Lumonburg would dare to attack me without anyone backing them up? Of course, there are people helping them.”

“That’s impossible, Mr. Goldstein.” The expression on Hades’ face darkened at once.

Asura’s Office was single-handedly built from the ground by Jonathan. With an impregnable defense, every person in Asura’s Office was meticulously chosen. They were the cream of the crop. How could there be a traitor?

“There is no such thing as impossible.” Jonathan smiled coolly. “Remember this, there are no eternal comrades in this world; only personal interests matter! Unless I die, how can anyone replace me? It seems that someone has noticed my weak legs and wants to seize the chance to take over the throne.”

Jonathan shook his head and headed outside while he continued, “Remember, no matter who it is, as long as you find the weed, you must make sure it is completely removed! We will deal with the aftermath when the time comes.”

“Yes, Mr. Goldstein!” Hades said with a glint of killing intent in his eyes.

Asura’s Office belonged to Asura, but it was also Hades’. Hades was the leader of the Eight Kings of War. Yet, right under his nose, there were actually people who were in cahoots with outsiders and planning to kill Jonathan.

This felony alone was enough for the culprit to be punishable by death!

“It seems that some people really don’t know how good they have it.” Hades sneered as a cold gleam flashed in his eyes.

It seemed that in the last few years of tranquility, someone had forgotten just how Hades had risen to become the leader of the Eight Kings of War back then.

The night passed by in the blink of an eye.

As the sky slowly lit up, Jonathan was already sitting comfortably on a plane.

The flight ticket was booked by Hades, so he was ushered right into the VIP lounge, where he then sat on a massage chair, enjoying this short relaxation time that he rarely had.

However, just as Jonathan was about to get some shuteye, a flurry of noisy footsteps was heard coming from the distance.

“Get out! Everyone, out!”

“Clear the place!”

At the exact moment the words sounded, a beautifully-dressed woman was seen hurriedly walking into the lounge while surrounded by a group of men.

At first, there were a few people in the VIP lounge. After the woman barged in, those people were all chased out of the room.

Jonathan frowned but paid them no mind.

Unfortunately, that did not mean that they would let him go!

“Hey! Wake up!”

At that moment, a burly, middle-aged man dressed in a black suit stepped in front of Jonathan and impatiently woke him up.

“You, get out!” shouted the suited man while pointing at Jonathan.

“Why should I?” Jonathan’s expression was a little unsightly. “You’d better give me a good reason. Otherwise, you’ll be sorry for disrupting my rest!”

“Reason? What reason do you need?” The man sized up Jonathan and noticed that he was dressed in cheap clothes. Not a single article of clothing on him was expensive. Disdain was evident on the man’s face as he continued, “Get the hell out of here. You’re such an eyesore!”

“And if I don’t?” Jonathan asked as he stared coldly at the brawny man.

It was this stare that made the man instantly feel a chill run down his spine.

Nevertheless, knowing that he had his men backing him from behind, the man remained unfazed and said, “Then, don’t say that I didn’t warn you.”

As soon as the words fell, the man's hand reached out to grab Jonathan's collar.

Snap!

"Ah!"

Jonathan swiftly caught hold of the man's extended arm. Following the sound of bones cracking, the man in the black suit fell to the ground with a thud.

"Hasn't anyone ever told you that you should speak politely when you're outside?"

"Stop right there!"

Hearing the blood-curdling scream, a group of men in black came rushing over. They then saw the man kneeling on the ground before Jonathan with a pained expression on his face.

"I said stop! Do you hear me?"

The leader of the pack dashed forward to Jonathan with a bleak expression.

"He was impolite, so now his arm is broken. Do you want to suffer the same fate as him?"

Jonathan raised his leg and promptly kicked away the man at his feet. Then, he glared coldly at the other man with his fists clenched.

As for the man who was kicked, the moment he was released by Jonathan, all he felt was the agonizing pain of his broken bones. It was so painful that he passed out on the spot.

"Brat, do you know who we are? You're looking for death if you dare mess with any of us." When the leader of the men in black saw what Jonathan did, he waved his hand and ordered, "Get him! Let's teach this little brat a good lesson."

"Yes!"

As soon as the order was issued, the group of tough men immediately charged at Jonathan.

"D*mn you!"

Jonathan shifted his gaze and sent out a flying kick on the chest of the man coming toward him. Just like that, the man's chest caved in from the impact of the kick. Following that, he spat out a mouthful of blood and flopped to the ground. Seeing this scene, the men in black who were surrounding Jonathan subconsciously retreated a few steps backward. The leader, who was just preparing to teach Jonathan a hard lesson, was stunned on the spot, not even daring to move a muscle.

Unexpectedly, someone dressed in a white suit came scurrying over right at that moment.

“What’s going on? What’s all the commotion about? Didn’t I ask you guys to clear the scene? What the hell are you doing?”

As soon as the man in the white suit came in, he furiously gave the men in black an earful.

“Baxter, someone is giving us trouble here. He hurt our men!” The leader of the pack quickly sprang forward and pointed an accusatory finger at Jonathan.

“Oh?”

The man named Baxter immediately cast his gaze at Jonathan upon hearing those words. As a sharp glint flashed across his eyes, Baxter couldn’t help but snicker. “No one has dared to cause trouble for me in so many years. I didn’t expect to meet a dumb fool today!”

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Chapter 474 Juliette

Pushing away one of the men with a hand, Baxter strode toward Jonathan. Jonathan, on the other hand, remained completely indifferent even after taking out two strong men in succession as he continued to rest on the massage chair.

Seeing such a scene, Baxter snickered and took a few steps forward. Then, he sat himself down right in front of Jonathan.

“Kid, you’ve hurt my men. Aren’t you going to explain yourself?”

“Explain? What for?” Jonathan said indifferently without even bothering to open his eyes.

As the Asura with the Eight Kings of War under his command, the whole of Chanaea was under Jonathan’s control.

Facing a nobody like Baxter, Jonathan did not even bat an eyelash.

However, some people just would not give up. In fact, they would take other people’s tolerance toward them for granted.

Baxter was that kind of person. Jonathan’s provocative words had successfully lit a flame of rage in him.

“What do you think? Brat, you beat up my men. Do you think this is over?” Baxter roared as he shot up from his seat.

Then, Baxter’s two palms balled into fists and swung at Jonathan’s face.

Bang! A crisp sound rang out as Jonathan's fist landed on Baxter's face and sent him to the ground.

"Baxter!" exclaimed the group of men dressed in black.

Once again, they gathered around Jonathan. However, they were all shrouded with fear when they saw the terrifying look in Jonathan's eyes.

As Baxter's subordinates, these men naturally knew just how vicious their boss was. Yet, at that moment, the guy in front of them had taken Baxter out with just one punch. Just who is this guy?

"Morons! Are you just going to keep looking at him?"

Baxter covered his arm in pain and yelled, "Hurry up and take care of him! Waste him! I want him dead!"

"I think you want yourself dead!" Jonathan shouted indignantly.

It was at that exact moment that a lazy voice suddenly sounded from behind the crowd.

"What's going on here?"

Jonathan followed the source of the voice and found that it belonged to the glamorous woman from earlier.

The woman was wearing a long, red satin dress which showed off her lovely figure. Her bright red lips accentuated her beautiful face, and she exuded an undeniably alluring charm.

It was just that the woman's eyes were cold and dead.

That coldness came from the depths of her soul. It was as if nothing in the world was worth her time.

When the group of lackeys saw her, they quickly lowered their heads and greeted respectfully, "Ms. Juliette."

With a cigarette sandwiched between her fingers, the woman walked toward Baxter and flicked the cigarette ash on him.

The ash fell and landed right in Baxter's mouth. Yet, the man did not even dare to flinch. While tolerating the pain in his arm, he could only stay still and remain silent.

Clearly, the mighty Baxter was terrified of this woman named Juliette.

“Useless piece of trash,” Juliette said softly. Her voice was charming yet eerily bone-chilling.

This was the moment Baxter’s countenance changed as he struggled to get up. With one hand on the ground, he kneeled before Juliette as he huffed and puffed.

“Ms. Juliette, please forgive me. Juliette, please spare my life.”

Even Jonathan, who was so used to witnessing scenes like this, frowned slightly.

It was evident from Baxter’s earlier actions that he was an arrogant and ruthless man. A person like him was sure to have some blood on his hands.

Yet, an outlaw like him was actually so afraid of this woman standing before him.

Who the hell is this woman?

Baxter kowtowed ceaselessly until his forehead began to ooze fresh blood. Meanwhile, Juliette had already slowly made her way over to sit in front of Jonathan.

“Raise your head,” Juliette smiled and said to Baxter.

Just as Baxter looked up, a cigarette butt was pressed right onto his forehead.

Baxter hissed through gritted teeth, suppressing the urge to yelp in pain.

Only then did Juliette grin from ear to ear with pleasure and turn to look at Jonathan.

“You actually managed to cripple my dog. Your skills are not bad. How about you work for me from today onward?”

Jonathan remained indifferent in the face of this enchanting woman. “There doesn’t seem to be much of a future working with you.”

“Ha! You’re a gutsy rascal.” Juliette shook her head with a smile. Then, she propped her legs up on the back of Baxter, who was still kneeling over, and continued, “Kid, since you’re in this terminal, I’m assuming you’re headed to Lumonburg?”

Seeing Juliette’s leisurely attitude, Jonathan turned around and went back to his seat.

“Don’t bother me again. Otherwise, you guys won’t be so lucky next time.”

Those were the words Jonathan left them with before he once again closed his eyes.

Opposite him, Juliette stared at Jonathan’s face with a burning gaze.

It was as if she was looking at a prey that had caught her interest.

“Enjoy your last moments of peace. You can’t escape me.”

The strange woman who went by the name of Juliette flew in first-class, just like Jonathan.

However, she did not bother to interact further with Jonathan on the plane.

The three-hour plane ride went by very quickly. Just as Jonathan was walking out of the terminal, he was immediately cornered by a group of men dressed in black.

Following that, a black Bentley slowly came to a halt in front of him. The car window rolled down, revealing Juliette’s smiling face.

“Little brat, I told you that you can’t escape me. Now, I’m giving you two options. Be good and follow me, or die!”

As soon as Juliette’s words fell, the men in black all moved their hands toward their waists.

“Do you know that the thing I hate most is being threatened by someone?”

Jonathan let out a cold snort before his whole body lifted into the air. Within seconds, his fist had already landed on the throats of the few men in front of him.

Jonathan nimbly dodged the blood that was spurting everywhere while his right hand tugged on the tie of one man, using him as a human shield to block the oncoming attacks.

“Protect Ms. Juliette!” Someone saw through Jonathan’s plan and shouted.

However, it was too late.

A distance of ten meters was nothing to Jonathan.

In the blink of an eye, Jonathan appeared in front of the Bentley.

Then, he smashed through the car window with his fist and violently grabbed Juliette by the hair.

“Stop!”

Juliette’s head was pressed against the smashed window by Jonathan while her wide-open eyes were filled with terror.

She was truly horrified.

After all, the window was made up of bulletproof glass. Even from a close distance, it could block the attack of gunshots.

Yet, this man actually broke through the glass with his bare fist. Juliette wondered if Jonathan was even human.

Fresh blood dripped down the side of the car door. For the first time ever, Juliette saw her life flash before her eyes.

“Please... I’ll give you whatever you want. Just ask, and I’ll give it to you...”

Juliette was utterly shaken to the core.

At that moment, she was being held by her hair and pressed against the car window. As if that wasn’t bad enough, she was looking directly at the body of her lifeless subordinate in Jonathan’s other hand.

Outside the car, her men were all pointing their weapons at Jonathan. However, Juliette did not feel a shred of security. When she saw the terrorizing look in Jonathan’s eyes, Juliette finally understood one thing.

She was going to die!

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Chapter 475 King of Lumonburg

“I have said this before, I hate being threatened!”

Jonathan casually threw away the corpse in his hand, but his grasp on Juliette grew even stronger.

Under his force, her face turned red, and she felt a sense of suffocation.

“Put the gun down now! Do you want me to die?”

Juliette shouted with a red face.

Hearing her words, the men in black suits put away their guns, vigilantly surrounded them, and prepared to charge at any time.

When Jonathan saw how the securities had blocked all the possible escape routes, he sneered in his heart.

It was apparent that they had been doing this regularly.

However, such tricks meant nothing to Jonathan.

Even when he was confronting thousands of troops at the border, Jonathan Goldstein had never been afraid, let alone facing those guards with some fancy ruse.

“What is your last name?” he asked with a cold face.

“Yaeger,” Juliette replied with a gasp.

She understood that her every word would decide her fate, so she dared not hesitate even for a second.

“Yaeger? Is there anyone from the Yaeger family in Lumonburg?”

“Yes, since two years ago,” she said in a pained voice. “My brother is the King of Lumonburg. If you kill me, you won’t be living either!”

Jonathan was prepared to get rid of this arrogant lady after questioning her. However, after he heard her mention King Lumonburg, his countenance changed instantly, and the grip of his hand loosened a little.

If anyone dared to call himself the king in Lumonburg, it could only be Hayes Yeager.

And this Juliette is his sister?

Sensing the pressure on her neck began to dwindle, Juliette started to take deep breaths.

“Let go of me now, you brat, and I will ask my brother to let you off the hook.”

Juliette, who could finally breathe freely, thought that Jonathan was apprehensive because of her brother’s title. Hence, she opened her mouth and tried to bargain again.

But just as she did, his grip intensified.

Her neck was firmly pinned to the edge of the car window. Because of the force, she coughed and spewed out dark red blood.

“You can’t k-kill me. My b-brother will never let you go...”

She desperately grabbed his wrist, struggling to breathe in more air, but his hands were like cast iron. No matter how hard she tried, they wouldn’t budge.

It took more than ten seconds before he finally let loose of her.

Although Juliette wasn’t dead, she was extremely feeble. The arrogant and overbearing lady was nowhere to be found by then as she slumped against the car door and panted heavily.

Jonathan reached out and pulled the car door with a little force. Instantly, the door, which was supposed to be bulletproof and could withstand grenade explosions, was single-handedly ripped off.

As the door fell off, Ms. Cecilia, who was leaning against the door, collapsed straight to the ground.

Right as a cold light flashed, Jonathan raised his right hand.

A dagger was firmly caught between his fingers.

“Such a good servant you are!”

Jonathan turned to look at the middle-aged chauffeur in the car. With a flick of his wrist, the dagger shot straight through the latter, nailing him to the car door.

“Gabriel!”

Witnessing the murder of the chauffeur, Juliette howled in grief.

Before she could struggle to get up, a slap from Jonathan sent her back to the ground. “I shall give you a chance. Ask Hayes to come now and show me how he’s going to let me go,” Jonathan said coldly as he sat in the back seat of the car.

Right then, Juliette, who was lying on the ground, no longer had fear in her eyes as she looked at him. Rather, they were grim with a hint of madness.

“I will kill you! I will kill you for sure!”

She took out her phone and dialed a number while choking with emotion.

“Hayes, I’m at Lumonburg Airport... Gabriel has been killed. Help me...”

A few brief words later, she hung up the phone.

Enduring the severe pain in her body, she staggered to open the car door and gazed at Gabriel’s body.

In less than twenty minutes, there were loud buzzes in the sky as a helicopter rapidly approached them.

The airport was in view, yet the chopper landed directly on the lot outside of Lumonburg Airport.

Not only that, several military vehicles pulled up by the road one after another before hundreds of soldiers in camo uniforms jumped out of them and assumed control of the entire surroundings.

Right then, the helicopter hatch opened, and a middle-aged man dressed in training attire leaped out.

“D*mmit, who dares to lay a finger on my sister in Lumonburg? I think you have a death wish!”

Misnomer could happen but not misname.

Hayes, who was also known as Tiger, had a fiery temper as his name suggested and was exceptionally fearless in war.

A few years ago, when Jonathan was on an expedition in war, he encountered many bandits who terrorized the mountains, but only Hayes was spared from the lot. The main reason was that Hayes was loyal and abided by the rules. Although he took over the mountains and lord over the rest, he never harassed the people. In the previous landslide, despite the roads being blocked and the rescue teams couldn't reach the disaster area, he personally led the others to participate in the rescue mission.

That being said, bandits would always be bandits. After the extermination, Jonathan had sent him off to station in Lumonburg.

Looking at the corpses on the ground, Hayes strode toward the Bentley. By then, Juliette had ceased sobbing. She was in a daze as she held on to Gabriel's body.

"Juliette..."

Hayes felt a pang of sadness while looking at the scene before his eyes. His sister lost her parents since young. At that time, Gabriel was the butler of the family. Despite the accidental death of his employer, he did not leave. Instead, he was all the more dedicated to taking care of the Yaeger family. It was safe to say that Gabriel assumed the role of Juliette's father from then on.

As such, it was hard for her to accept his sudden demise.

"Who had the guts to do this to you? Tell me, and I will seek revenge for you!"

Standing in front of the car, Hayes barked.

Just then, a cold voice rang out from the back seat of the Bentley.

"Tiger, it has been two years since we last met. Are you more capable now? Show me how you will avenge her then!"

Following his plain words, dozens of guns were all raised at once, every single one aiming at the back seat of Bentley.

Only Hayes stood transfixed on the spot as if he had been struck by lightning. In the meantime, beads of sweat started to form on his forehead.