

The Legendary Man Chapter 484

Chapter 484 Reward

Xiara froze when she heard Jonathan's words.

When the ruffians dragged her into the alley before that, it was to lure Jonathan in so that he could be killed.

However, Xiara immediately knew her plan had backfired when she saw Jonathan walking away without turning back.

From her outfit to her facial expressions, Xiara kept trying to figure out what she had done wrong. After all, as an assassin, it was extremely dangerous to have her identity exposed before she could assassinate someone.

That was why she followed Jonathan for that long. She wanted Jonathan to reveal her mistakes so that she could reflect on them.

However, she didn't expect Jonathan to say her name out loud.

After all, assassins were meant to live in the dark their whole lives.

As predators, they would find their targets from all around the world and get rewarded by carrying out assassinations.

It was because of this that assassins were bound to have a lot of enemies.

Quite a lot of the parties who had been targeted would then pay a third party to kill the assassins in return.

Hence, assassins had to be constantly looking over their shoulders because not only could they be killed when they were hunting, but they could also become prey themselves.

That was why it was said that once a professional assassin got exposed, they were as good as dead.

The moment Jonathan called her out, Xiara slipped a pistol from her sleeve down into her hand.

"If I were you, I wouldn't put too much hope in that pistol of yours," Jonathan uttered coldly. "Besides, I promise you that the moment you point that thing at me, you'll die before me. If you don't believe me, try it."

The smile on Xiara's face froze. How? My pistol was under my sleeve this whole time. It's like Jonathan can predict my moves! This ability of his reminds me of the top assassin on Heaven List, GOD! That guy could predict all the moves his counterpart made!

Xiara could only stare at Jonathan in puzzlement.

"I don't get it. Three years ago, Punisher, ranked third on Heaven List, came to kill me. I sent him to prison, and he had only gotten out a few days ago. Also, a few days ago, Scorpio, ranked tenth on Heaven List, had also tried and failed. Now, I shouldn't be on the bounty list anymore, right? Why would you risk your life to assassinate me? Are you sick of living?"

Right then, they arrived at a long bench by the side of the road. Xiara whipped out her pistol and put it on the bench. With a sigh, she sat down. "Well, I'm sure it's better to live than to die. Why would anyone be sick of living?"

Xiara curled up on the bench, hugged her legs, and leaned her head on her knees. "Although I don't know Punisher and Scorpio personally, I think it's rather easy to know their personalities by looking at their assassinations. Punisher never shied away from creating a loud bang with his assassinations. There was once, he blew up a fifty-two-story tall building just to kill a member of a prominent banking family. Obviously, it was a crazy act in the eyes of the public. At the same time, it was quite talked about among the assassins as well. That guy was a brute, and he would often act on his emotions instead of knowledge. I wasn't surprised when you caught him. Prior to this, I even thought you've killed him. As for Scorpio, he was a coward. He would only kill his targets with a sniper from afar, and he never dared to fight someone face-to-face. Frankly, I'm ashamed because I'm on Heaven List with him."

Upon hearing Xiara making comments about her two counterparts, Jonathan couldn't help but chuckle.

Back when he had a bounty on his head, he would bump into an assassin every few days. Hence, he had some understanding of the profession. Some people might think that assassins are all in suits and sunglasses, and they're all cold-blooded and ruthless killers. These characteristics are often shown in movies. In reality, assassins are all top-class actors and actresses. They could disguise themselves as students, white-collar workers, beggars, and even poor sods who are getting beaten up. However, once they're presented with their targets, they'll act swiftly and kill. Although I've met plenty of them before, I've never ended up having a conversation with one.

While listening to Xiara grumbling, Jonathan turned to look at that adorable face of hers. "One of them is a brute, while the other one is a coward. What about you? What are you?"

Xiara smiled smugly and answered, "The wise one. If you had entered the alley, you would've died."

"How so? Have you set up some booby-traps in there?" Jonathan smiled.

"Of course." Xiara's face was red with excitement as she added, "I buried three grenades in there to blow you to pieces."

Jonathan nodded slightly. "All right. I'm sorry to have wasted your effort and time. Since you didn't attack me, it's only fair that I let you live. I have other things to attend to. Stop following me, okay?"

With that, Jonathan turned around to leave.

Xiara jumped and landed in front of Jonathan. "Where are you going, Jonathan? Could you bring me?"

"Why would I do that?"

"So that I can look for an opportunity to kill you," Xiara answered matter-of-factly. "The reward for killing you had just gone up to five hundred million. For that price, I would willingly risk my life."

Five hundred million? Jonathan frowned. Before this, the bounty was set at one hundred million. However, Scorpio failed, and the bounty was taken off. How did it suddenly go up to five hundred million? No wonder Xiara was willing to try to kill me, even though she knew she was no match for me. Who wouldn't risk their lives for that price?

"Well, you have the freedom to go wherever you want. However, if you try to attack me, I'll have to kill you!" Jonathan uttered.

Jonathan was walking down the street under the moonlight, and Xiara just kept following him from behind.

Meanwhile, Philip and Zane were standing outside the infirmary in the Gomez residence.

At that moment, a group of specialists from all the top hospitals in Lumonburg was standing before them.

An old professor said to Philip, "Mr. Gomez, we'll try our best to treat Mr. Quinton. However, his injuries are too severe. The bone in his right arm is shattered. Besides, the shattered bones had penetrated his flesh. We can't separate all the bones from his flesh..."

Philip's expression turned grim. "Dr. Shaw, you're the expert. Please do whatever you can to save my grandson."

Terry Shaw nodded slightly and said, "In order to avoid infections and blood loss, we need to amputate your grandson's right arm!"

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Chapter 485 A Twist Of Events

"Amputation?" Zane shouted and immediately grabbed Terry's arm. "I won't agree with it! Quinton is only nineteen! How could you amputate his arm? Give me the best solution possible. The Gomez family is rich enough to pay for anything—"

Slap!

Zane wanted to add more comments, but he was sent crashing onto the floor with a slap.

The person who slapped him was none other than the person next to him, Philip.

"Zane, do you even want Quinton to live?"

"But, Dad—"

"Shut up!" Philip roared and turned toward Terry. "Dr. Shaw, proceed with your suggestion. As long as you can save his life, I'm willing to pay the price."

With that, Terry brought his subordinates away and entered the infirmary.

After that, Zane got up from the floor and asked, "Dad, do you think we can pull it off?"

"Don't worry." Philip looked out the window and added, "Quinton mostly kept to himself. I doubt there are many who have seen his true appearance. Besides, Arnold had already injured the face of the man in there. Apart from the people who knew Quinton well, no one else could tell. Before I sent that man in, I had already damaged his arteries. That imposter will live less than ten minutes on the operation table. I didn't get Arnold to send Quinton to the place we've set up. I don't even know where they are heading to. It's safest if we don't know his location."

Upon hearing that, Zane was on the verge of crying. "Dad, we—"

"Wait." Philip inhaled deeply and said, "I would like to see who would win. Will it be the Osborne family or Jonathan?"

Philip then kept silent while staring at the garden outside the window. A few minutes later, everyone in the infirmary burst into exclamations.

“Get the epinephrine injections!”

“Bring me the defibrillator!”

“Hemostatic forceps!”

Philip and Zane glanced at the entrance to the infirmary and breathed a sigh of relief. With the death certificate, Quinton is now finally completely safe.

Meanwhile, all the workers on the highway of Lumonburg were removed because armed soldiers had taken over the highway.

“Get out of the car! Open up your luggage and show your ID card!”

“Didn’t you hear me? Get out of the car!”

“Leave now! You’re blocking the road! Next! Show your ID card. This is an inspection!”

The scene was chaotic, with soldiers screaming and shouting everywhere. All the vehicles exiting the city had to be inspected.

Besides the highway, the roads, airports, and bus stations were all guarded by soldiers.

Even the minor roads leading out of the city were guarded by soldiers with dogs.

After finding out that Finley was the one who attacked Jonathan, Hayes uploaded Finley’s message into their database.

At that moment, all the soldiers and police officers in Lumonburg were after Finley.

Hayes himself was also on the highway, carrying out inspections. After sizing up the driver in front of him, he shouted, “Go! Next!”

After gaining permission to leave, the driver smiled, took his ID card, and sped off.

“Commander, you should just let us do the hard work! Why don’t you rest in the car?” one of his subordinates suggested.

“Bullshit!” Hayes fumed. “If you guys can’t manage to catch Finley tonight, you six division leaders are going to get punished severely! Fck you guys with your advanced technology! Fck your infrared scanners and trackers! You can’t even locate a person! You guys are fcking useless!”

Hayes was getting very anxious because Jonathan had only given him till midnight to apprehend Finley. However, it was almost nine, and they still couldn’t find Finley. Asura had been attacked in my territory by my subordinate and the weapon I issued. If I don’t

get this right, I won't even mind losing the title of the King of Lumonburg because I would be too ashamed to face Mr. Goldstein!

Based on the location of the attack, that highway was the fastest way Finley could escape from Lumonburg. That was why Hayes had decided to guard that highway personally.

While Hayes was still thinking about the consequences of his failure at capturing Finley, an ambulance slowly came to a halt in front of him.

A soldier standing next to Hayes pointed his gun at the driver and shouted, "Open your car door! This is a compulsory inspection!"

Upon hearing that, the driver rolled down his window. The driver was an old man wearing a face mask and a paramedic uniform. After whipping out his ID card, he said, "Commander, I have a patient in the back. He's heavily injured, so please be gentle."

"Cut the crap!" Hayes snatched the ID card from the soldier's hand.

"Norman Cooper? Since the patient is heavily injured, why isn't he receiving treatment from the hospitals in Lumonburg? What are you guys doing leaving the city on the highway this late at night?" While talking, Hayes waved his right hand, and his subordinates ran toward the back of the ambulance to open the door.

Right then, the driver handed a cigarette to Hayes and said, "Commander, how would I know? They paid me to bring the patient, so I'm just doing what I'm told. However, I was told that the patient's family is too poor to pay for treatment. That's why they're bringing him back home to die peacefully."

"If they're so poor, why did they pay for an ambulance?" Hayes sneered.

"You're very suspicious!" he exclaimed and went to the back of the ambulance.

When he leaned in to see the inside of the ambulance, he saw two medical practitioners with their face masks off.

Meanwhile, there was a young man with an oxygen mask on the stretcher.

Hayes frowned and glanced at the young man's right arm. Right away, he knew how serious the injury was.

Hayes ordered one of the medical practitioners, "Take his oxygen mask off! I want to take a look at his face!"

"Commander, the patient had just stabilized moments ago. I can't take it off—"

"I told you to remove the oxygen mask! Do it now!" Hayes yelled.

Upon hearing that, the soldiers next to Hayes immediately pointed their guns at both the medical practitioners inside.

The medical practitioner was so scared that he stammered, "O-Okay..." He then hurriedly reached out his hand toward the patient's oxygen mask.

Right at that moment, a gunshot was heard from the left side of the ambulance.

Everyone at the scene turned toward the sound and saw a figure running and jumping over the barriers at the side of the road.

"That's Finley!" the wounded soldier shouted.

In an instant, Hayes jumped on top of a car nearby and rushed in the direction where Finley had disappeared.

After that, a series of gunshots were heard at the scene.

Since there were other cars on the highway, all the civilians were watching as the event unfolded before their eyes.

Seeing that Finley had shown himself, a military officer shouted at the civilians, "Leave! There's nothing to watch here! Leave, or you'll be punished by law!" Just like that, the cars were chased away by the soldiers.

The ambulance was one of the vehicles seen leaving the scene.

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Chapter 486 A Dark Night

Soon, an ambulance pulled up alongside a bridge near Highway 908.

The driver promptly stepped out of the car and opened the rear passenger door.

As soon as they saw Norman Cooper in the backseat, the two doctors got up to greet him, "Mr. Cooper."

Norman removed his face mask, a weary smile tugging at his lips. "How's the young Mr. Gomez doing?"

"Don't worry, Mr. Cooper. We've already helped to stabilize Mr. Gomez's condition. He should be able to hold up till we reach the hospital," one of the doctors said with a reassuring smile.

“That’s good,” Norman muttered as he stared grimly at the young man on the stretcher.

As it turned out, the latter was none other than Quinton Gomez, whose fight with Jonathan had left him severely wounded.

The elderly Norman Cooper, on the other hand, was the owner of several chain restaurants in Lumonburg’s Petalgrove county.

Even though Norman and Philip seemed completely unrelated, the truth was that they were bosom buddies some twenty years ago.

After Philip had built his business from the ground up, he wanted nothing more than to rope Norman in to share the fruits of his labor. However, the latter refused to have anything handed to him on a silver platter, so the final consensus was to have Philip loan him some cash to start a small restaurant.

Surprisingly, Norman was quite an astute businessman and subsequently built a good reputation in Petalgrove.

Later, when the Gomez family became a branch family of the Osbornes, Philip erased all traces of his relationship with Norman out of fear that the Gomezes might one day get overturned.

That way, even if their family were to get into trouble in the future, he could always depend on Norman to lend a helping hand.

There was no doubt Philip was a shrewd visionary, but not even he had expected that he’d need to call on his old friend so soon.

“Anyway, I’m sure Philip has already told you, but everything that has happened today must be kept strictly confidential,” Norman uttered as he glanced at the two doctors.

“Of course,” one of them replied. “We’ve received Mr. Gomez’s money, so you can rest assured that we’ll keep our lips sealed.”

Upon hearing that, Norman gave a slight nod.

“Good. Since Mr. Gomez’s condition has stabilized, you guys can alight here and return to Lumonburg.”

“Mr. Cooper, are you sure we can leave now?” the second doctor asked as he stepped out of the ambulance with a look of confusion. “The thing is, we’re in the middle of nowhere. How will we find our way back?”

“Make your way to the path by the river. We’ve prepared cars for you,” Norman instructed while pointing into the distance. “You’ll each get one. Take it as a bonus gift from Philip.”

Having heard that they’d be getting cars, the first doctor jumped out excitedly from the ambulance and looked toward the river. “Really?”

“Move forward a little more. You’ll see it when you’re on the bridge.”

Even though Norman was chuckling as he spoke, he had reached his right hand toward his back and pulled out a gun with a silencer.

“Where is it, Mr. Cooper? Why don’t I see any—”

Alas, when one of the doctors turned to look at Norman, all he could feel was the cold barrel of a gun pressed against his forehead.

“Mr. Cooper—”

Bang!

As a shot rang out in the dark, blood spurted from the back of the doctor’s head, staining the ground a deep crimson.

“Y-You’ve murdered him! Mr. Cooper...” the other doctor stammered as he fell to his knees.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

After three consecutive shots, silence filled the air.

With that, Norman tucked his gun away and mustered up all his strength to push the bodies into the river.

Splash!

Splash!

“I’m sorry, but only the dead can keep secrets...” he muttered, huffing and puffing as he watched the roaring rapids below the bridge.

When he saw the puddle of blood on the ground, Norman quickly fetched a large bottle of medical-grade alcohol from his car trunk while removing his shirt.

Having bundled his shirt with several combustible items he had prepared earlier, Norman threw it onto the blood puddle and doused it with alcohol.

Then, he whipped out his lighter and set the bundle on fire, the bright orange flames instantly illuminating his face.

After looking at the ID card in his hand for one last time, Norman tossed it into the fire and returned to his car.

Quinton, who had removed his oxygen mask by then, choked back tears as he asked, "M-Mr. Cooper, my family's done for, isn't it?"

Six years ago, Philip had deliberately cut off all contact with Norman, and when Quinton pressed for the reason, his answer had been incredibly solemn.

"If you see Norman Cooper again, it means the Gomez family is in grave danger."

Norman was somewhat perplexed as he turned behind to look at Quinton. According to my calculations, the amount of anesthetic used should be able to knock him out for more than twelve hours. And yet, he's already awake before the three-hour mark. Is that the difference between a martial arts cultivator and an ordinary person?

"Quinton, your grandfather will handle the Gomez family matters. You must remember that from now on, I'm Silas Leiter, your grandfather, and you're my grandson, Ryan Leiter!"

Meanwhile, the Gomez residence had descended into a chaotic mess as numerous servants scrambled to put up funeral decorations around the house.

The living room had also become a mourning hall, and Philip and Zane stood silently at the door while staring at the black-and-white photo of Quinton.

"Have you informed the Osborne family?" Philip asked.

"I have," Zane replied. "Their people are already on the way here."

Philip nodded in response.

"Good. I, too, want to see how strong the Osbornes are. Everyone aspires to become a respectable family like them, so I'm really excited to see how they'll live up to their name!"

At that moment, a taxi slowly pulled up outside the Gomez residence, and out came Jonathan and Xiara.

As the latter looked at the man, she couldn't help but sigh.

When they were in the taxi earlier, Jonathan had taken a nap in the passenger seat while Xiara sat behind him.

She had formulated dozens of methods in her mind to kill Jonathan, but in the end, she chose not to take action because of a strange feeling that kept bothering her.

For some reason, she knew that if she had made any move, she'd have been the one to lose her life!

“Jonathan, why have you brought me to a funeral in the middle of the night? Are you trying to make me uncomfortable?” Xiara grumbled as she stared at the wreaths at the entrance.

Alas, Jonathan merely ignored her and strode toward the door.

Just then, one of the guards at the entrance stopped him in his tracks. “Who is it?”

“I’m Jonathan Goldstein. I’m here to look for Philip Gomez.”

“How dare you! Who gives you the right to call Old Mr. Gomez by his name—”

Bam!

The next second, the guard was sent crashing into the door with a painful scream.

“No one can stop me from going where I want to go!” Jonathan thundered before marching into the Gomez residence.

Xiara, on the other hand, was bubbling with excitement.

“Well, well, well. It looks like it’s going to be a bloody night! Who knew tagging along with Jonathan would be so much fun?”