

The Legendary Man Chapter 541 - 542

Chapter 541 Tragedy At The Chancer Family

Since it was noon, Xenhall felt scorching hot to Jonathan despite being surrounded by hills and greenery.

As he took the trail ahead based on his memory, Jonathan swiftly arrived in Xenhall.

A gentle sigh was heard when the sight of the giant elm tree greeted him.

Perhaps only a secluded paradise like Xenhall can escape the calamities of the world.

When Josephine and I are older, we must seek out a village like this to live in seclusion.

Free of any worries, we will spend our days tilling the land and farming poultry. That would be a wonderful way to live out our elderly years peacefully.

In the midst of fantasizing about his retirement, Jonathan walked toward the center of the village.

Despite arriving in a semi-conscious and grievously injured state two years ago, his habit of surveying maps meticulously allowed him to easily recall every single detail about the route.

Upon turning into a winding path, he could finally see the clinic.

At that moment, Jonathan straightened his clothes, as he was, after all, going to see his savior. Despite not being dressed in formal wear, he still wanted to maintain a sense of decorum with respect to the occasion.

However, he was slightly stunned when he heard someone wailing in tears.

The sound seemed to have originated from the direction of the clinic in his memory.

Hurrying forward, Jonathan was greeted by a familiar sign at the end of the winding path.

It read: Xenhall Clinic.

Staring at the huge signboard, Jonathan furrowed his brows, for he had noticed the funeral wreaths that lined up both sides of the entrance and the solemn atmosphere of the scene.

At the same time, a group of more than ten burly men had gathered on the street outside the clinic. Armed with metal batons, they were glaring fiercely in the direction of the clinic.

“D*mn it, what an unlucky day. Until the Chancer family pays up, there’s no way we’ll allow the funeral to proceed. Guys, why don’t we join in and liven the atmosphere?”

No sooner than the group’s leader spoke than two men behind him used lighters to set the funeral wreaths ablaze.

In the blink of an eye, the raging fire had spread across all the wreaths due to how flammable they were.

Nevertheless, all the villagers could only look on helplessly from afar—no one dared to come forward to stop them.

Meanwhile, at the clinic’s entrance, there was a woman on her knees, groveling in despair.

“I beg of you, please allow my dad to be buried. I’ll definitely pay you back the money, so just give me more time to sell the house—”

“Fck you!” Before the lady could finish, the burly man kicked her on the shoulder, sending her crashing onto the ground. “Dmn you, are you using the same script your father did? Let me remind you that your debt, including interest, has reached four hundred thousand. How is selling your house going to help? That dilapidated house of yours is worth a hundred thousand at most, so where are you going to find the rest of the money?”

“Four hundred thousand?”

The woman looked up at the burly man, her voice quivering.

“How is that possible? My dad told me that he had only borrowed one hundred and fifty thousand. Hence, how did it balloon into four hundred thousand? Aren’t you guys just trying to kill me?”

*“Stop wasting our f*cking time.” Staring at the woman crying her eyes out, the burly man was suddenly filled with greed. “When your dad signed the loan with us, the interest was clearly stated. In fact, we’re being understanding by only collecting four hundred thousand from you. However, if your family refuses to pay, we’ll have no choice but force you into debt bondage.”*

The moment the topic was mentioned, the burly leader chuckled salaciously.

“Lynn, come with us. Not only do you not need to pay us the interest, but we’ll also make sure that you enjoy a lavish life. One that’s certainly much better than the one you’re living.”

The burly leader had hardly finished when the rest of his hooligans burst into a loud guffaw, their intentions obvious to everyone present.

“You...” At that moment, the woman had fallen into utter despair. “Today is my father’s funeral, so don’t you cross the line. After forcing him to his death, what more do you want? Fine. Since you leave me no choice, I’ll choose death instead!”

Just as she spoke, she got up to her feet, turned around, and attempted to smash her head on the coffin.

Within the same instant, a figure flashed past and pulled the woman back by the collar before her forehead hit the coffin.

The crowd—expecting to see Lynn’s bloodied head—was suddenly surprised by her rescue.

Staring at the young man in front of them, the flabbergasted crowd just couldn’t imagine how Jonathan managed to appear out of nowhere.

Ready to die, Lynn began to struggle vehemently when she was being lifted up, thinking that it was one of the hooligans who had captured her.

“Let go of me! I’d rather die than leave with you.”

“Lynn, when did Mr. Chancer die?”

The grim-looking Jonathan allowed Lynn to hit however she wanted.

Even though Shane ran the clinic in the village, he barely helped at all when Jonathan was grievously injured two years ago. After all, it was Jason who was responsible for Jonathan’s treatment.

Nevertheless, he had provided Jonathan with some basic but essential medical necessities. Even though it was just alcohol and antiseptic, which didn’t cost much, Jonathan would have met his maker in Summerbank without them.

As a result, Jonathan didn’t forget the debt of gratitude he owed Shane.

Unfortunately, he not only returned to learn that Shane had passed away but also saw the latter's daughter being humiliated at his funeral.

Consequently, Jonathan felt a burning rage swell within him.

Meanwhile, Lynn was briefly stunned by the sound of Jonathan's voice. The moment she opened her eyes and saw who it was, she stopped struggling.

"You... From two years ago..."

"That's me," Jonathan answered plainly as he put her down.

As nursing was Lynn's specialty, she and Shane had assisted Jason when he operated on Jonathan back then. That was how she recognized the latter.

"Lynn, how did Mr. Chancer lose his life?"

While asking, Jonathan turned around and bowed at the coffin to pay his respects.

As Asura, he had never bowed or kneeled to anyone before.

However, now that the person lying before him was his savior, it was only right for him to do so.

At the sight of Jonathan kneeling beside the coffin, Lynn desperately suppressed her tears as she got on her knees to reciprocate with a bow.

Kneeling on the ground, Lynn related in a choking voice, "Jonathan, I know that you're someone powerful, so I'm begging you to help me. All I want is to give my father a proper burial, please."

Back when Jonathan first arrived, he was escorted by Hades and more than ten heavily armed guards. Therefore, despite not knowing Jonathan's identity, Lynn could still tell that the young man was someone important from how respectful Hades was to him.

As a result, Jonathan's appearance had caused her to grasp desperately at straws.

Gradually getting to his feet, Jonathan turned toward the group of burly men on the street.

"Don't worry, Lynn. With me here, no one will get in the way of Mr. Chancer's last journey!"

Chapter 542 Mount Vista Cumulus

Following what Jonathan said, the few burly men who were blocking the way appeared slightly stunned. After that, they burst out laughing.

"Darn it! Who let this *dck out of their pants?*" *"That's right. Who the hll does he think he is?"*

"Get out of our way! Otherwise, you can die with him!"

There was a fuss before the group of men wanted to attack with metal batons.

Only the leader of the group hesitated.

He stopped his men and eyed Jonathan warily.

"Brat, Shane Chancer owed us money. It's written very clearly on the IOU. We have the right to get our money back. Mind your own business. If not, don't blame me for being ruthless."

"That's rubbish!" shouted Lynn Chancer as she held back her tears.

"My dad loves to play poker. That's all. Two months ago, my dad met two new friends who always asked him out for poker games. Each time, my dad would return home with

some winnings. But after that, they met someone who didn't know how to play poker. So, those two friends discussed it with my dad, and they planned to cheat that man of his money. Ultimately, my dad lost hundreds of thousands and even owed one hundred and fifty thousand. When my dad returned the next day, they had beaten him to a pulp. It was so bad that he couldn't stand up. They just tossed him out of the car. All of you had set him up! You had tricked my dad! My dad told me that when he was in the cave, he was forced to play even when he didn't want to. When he lost all his money, all of you beat him up and forced him to borrow money. This is all your fault!"

With Jonathan around, Lynn had the courage to reveal the truth.

Jonathan could not help but feel sad when he heard the entire story.

That was obviously an old trick. Yet, Shane still fell for it.

In the end, it was his greed that killed him.

"Let's have some respect for the dead. Please allow the burial to be completed first. I shall settle his debt with you," said Jonathan indifferently.

"F*ck you! Who do you think you are?"

One of the men charged toward Jonathan with his metal baton when he heard what Jonathan said.

The flash of the weapon was enough to scare most people.

Everyone instinctively shut their eyes when they saw Jonathan standing still.

However, just as the pole was about to hit his head, the attacker let out an agonizing cry.

Boom!

The young man flew and crashed into a van behind him. The van was completely deformed because of the impact.

What's going on?

Everyone present stared in disbelief and confusion.

Jonathan was so quick in his moves that no one actually saw what he had done.

"F*ck! I told you to mind your own business, but you insist on interfering. Now, I don't think you should blame me for this! Guys, break his legs!"

The leader of the gang had learned some martial arts before. After he saw how fast Jonathan was when he rescued Lynn, he was cautious about Jonathan.

Then again, he was in illegal business. Forcing others to take loans and going after them to collect their debt was something he had done for a long time. As time went by, he had taken many lives as well. That made him bolder.

Now that his subordinate was beaten by Jonathan, he had to retaliate. If he did not, there was no way he could continue his business in Summerbank anymore.

Following his orders, his subordinates charged toward Jonathan with metal batons.

However, they were no match for Jonathan.

In a matter of seconds, most of those men ended up lying on the ground. Only the leader of the gang remained standing.

"W-Who exactly are you?"

The burly man started to panic when he saw all of his subordinates lying on the ground. Sweat began pouring down his forehead.

Jonathan walked up to him and grabbed hold of his weapon.

"I will settle Mr. Chancer's outstanding debt. But, I will also go after all of you for killing

him. Today is Mr. Chancer's funeral, and it's inappropriate to kill, so get lost!"
With that, Jonathan turned and walked back to Lynn.

As for the leader of the gang, he looked at the metal baton that had already been deformed, and he trembled in fear. He got into his Mercedes-Benz and sped off without caring about his subordinates.

Together with Lynn and the others, Jonathan proceeded to bury Shane at the back of the mountain in Xenhall.

The entire affair only ended in the evening.

Back in the courtyard, Jonathan was seated at a table with food and wine and the Chancer family facing him. Their eyes were reddened with sorrow, and no one spoke. Breaking the ice, Lynn got up, poured Jonathan a glass of wine, and said, "Jonathan, thank you for what you did earlier on. If not for you, my dad would still be lying in this courtyard. I'm really grateful to you. Please accept my toast."

With that, Lynn was about to down her drink when Jonathan stopped her.

"Lynn, wine is not good for you. It's best not to drink."

As Jonathan was talking, he took out a bank card from his pocket.

"There's three million in here. I wanted to give it to Mr. Chancer myself, but I didn't expect him to... Anyway, this is a token from me. Please accept it."

Everybody's eyes lit up when they saw Jonathan's bank card.

Only Lynn reached out and pushed his hand away.

"Jonathan, I have no idea who you are. But, my dad and I had a vague idea two years ago. After all, back then, all of you came in your military uniform."

At the mention of her dad, Lynn's voice sounded hoarse.

"My dad even said that all of you have made Summerbank into a peaceful and safe haven. It's only right we should help. I cannot accept your money."

The people around Lynn looked disappointed when they heard what she said.

They were Lynn's aunts and uncles. Looking at their greedy expressions, Jonathan nodded.

He wanted his money to go to Lynn. It was likely that by the time he left, the money might be taken away by her relatives.

At the thought of that, Jonathan kept his bank card.

"You're right. After all, money is just pieces of paper. In a couple of days, I'll arrange for someone to send you to Summerbank and get you a job there. I hope you won't turn me down. Both your dad and you are my benefactors. This is the least I can do."

Lynn nodded slightly when she heard Jonathan's offer.

The dinner ended hastily. Just as Jonathan was prepared to leave, he finally revealed his real intention of being there.

"So, about the monk..."

Lynn gave his question serious thought.

"I recalled my dad being the one to send the monk his food when all of you locked him in the room where we kept the firewood. My dad told me before that during one of his conversations with the monk, the monk told him that he came from... Mount Vista Cumulus!"

