

The Legendary Man Chapter 111

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Chapter 111 The Ximenez Family Of Jazona

A food deliveryman?

Upon hearing Kyson's words, the crowd burst into peals of laughter.

It was abundantly evident that he was deliberately insulting Jonathan.

"Why are the lot of you laughing?" At their hysterics, Kyson snorted before retorting, "Tell you what, don't look down on the food deliverymen in my production team. I pay them over seven thousand a month! If it weren't for Josephine's sake, I wouldn't have offered him such a cushy job."

As his words rang out, the crowd's laughter grew in volume.

Over seven thousand! It might be an astronomical sum to others, but it's nothing to us! We effortlessly get paid over ten thousand a month without having to stand in the sun or rain. All we've got to do is to tap away on the keyboard. Unlike us, he's only getting five or six thousand a month when he's running errands for someone else!

In a thrice, contempt brimmed in their eyes.

"You think it's a cushy job?" Jonathan threw Kyson a chilly look.

"Of course! It's far better than you having to stand in the scorching sun at the construction site yet making less than seven thousand a month, no?" Kyson sneered.

"Since you think that is a cushy job, I'll pay you ten grand to deliver food to my house every day!" Jonathan eyed him coldly, drawing, "What do you think about that?"

"What are you implying?" Kyson's expression instantly darkened when he saw that the man actually dared talk back to him. "Do you think I look as though I'm short of ten thousand?"

"Then, do you think I look as though I'm short of seven thousand?" Jonathan riposted in a glacial voice.

"That's the truth, isn't it?" Kyson couldn't help guffawing after hearing that. "I really don't know where you got the courage to act all high and mighty before me when you've only got a monthly salary of five or six thousand. If it weren't for Josephine, do you think you've got the right to sit here with us? Every one of us sitting at this table has a net worth of a couple hundred thousand except you. Even the worst of us here makes more than ten thousand a month! You've

probably never even been here in Empyrean Palace, have you? Actually, have you ever been to such a high-end restaurant or had such an expensive meal?"

"What an idiot!" Jonathan scoffed at the man's pompous attitude, not in the mood to bicker with him.

He's no different from an idiot! He thinks Empyrean Palace is considered a high-end restaurant? Then, he must not have seen any high-end restaurants in his life before. Back when I was in Yaleview, a dozen state banquets chefs cooked for me, but I didn't find anything special about the food either. What's a mere Empyrean Palace in comparison?

"Who are you calling an idiot?" Seeing that he actually dared to call him names, Kyson slammed his hand on the table, seemingly on the verge of flipping his lid. Judging from his posture, he was going to get physical right away if Jonathan were to say a single word that displeased him.

"I said you're an idiot!" Jonathan enunciated coldly.

"How dare you?" In a flash, Kyson grabbed a beer bottle and swung it at Jonathan's head. If the bottle were to find its mark, the man would certainly end up with his head bashed in.

By then, the timider women had already screwed their eyes shut in fright.

Conversely, many of the men had their gazes fixated on Jonathan with anticipation shining brightly in their eyes, fervently hoping that he would be beaten up badly.

He's just a gofer at a construction site, yet he dares to act brazenly at such a place? Does he have a death wish?

"You asked for it!"

Harrumphing, Jonathan lifted his right hand slightly. A mere second before the beer bottle in Kyson's hand hit his head, he grabbed the man's wrist.

As he applied a smidge of force, the snapping sound of bones breaking split the air.

"Ahh! My hand!"

In an instant, Kyson's agonized wail echoed in the private room. While he was howling in pain, Jonathan lifted his hand and struck him across the face.

The slap was so forceful that one of Kyson's teeth was almost knocked out.

"You're too noisy. Keep it down!"

Then, Jonathan kicked him in the stomach, bringing him to the ground on his knees with a thud.

"How dare you get physical with him? Do you know who he is?" Right that moment, Clay shot to his feet and pointed an accusing finger at Jonathan.

"Does it matter?" Casting him an indifferent glance, Jonathan murmured, "I only know that he disrupted my peace."

"How dare you!"

Clay pointed at Jonathan, yet he didn't dare do anything.

At the end of the day, they were mere students who had only graduated a few years ago. They had no qualms picking on ordinary people with no power or influence, but in the face of a ruthless man like him who almost killed someone, they were so frightened that they hardly dared to breathe.

"Just you wait! How dare you hit me? You're done for!"

Kyson, who was lying on the ground, had struggled up at some point in time. Blood trickled out the corner of his mouth, and he couldn't even remain steady on his feet, yet he didn't forget to threaten Jonathan.

"Are you going to make a call and have someone come to back you up?" Eyeing him apathetically, Jonathan ordered, "In that case, make it quick. My patience is limited, and I don't have that much time to waste with you!"

"Just you wait!" Kyson shot him a furious glare before he tremblingly picked up his phone and made a call. "Hendrick, someone beat me up at Emphyrean Palace! Come and save me!"

"What? Someone beat you up?" A man's harsh voice drifted out of the other end of the phone. "Hang in there! I'll come over with some men right away!"

Subsequently, a beep sounded as the man hung up the phone.

Gritting his teeth, Kyson pointed at Jonathan. "You're dead! Just stay if you've got the guts and see whether I'll send you to meet your maker later!"

"I won't be leaving. I'll just stay and wait right here." To Kyson's surprise, Jonathan didn't flee. Instead, the man snagged a chair and sat down, even pouring himself a cup of tea.

Meanwhile, Kyson was so livid to see the scene unfolding before his eyes that he almost burst a blood vessel.

Hmph, go ahead and continue acting all high and mighty! You'll be getting it later, you punk!

“Josephine, is Jonathan usually t-that v-violent?” Tanya stammered softly, tugging at Josephine’s sleeve.

Oh God, he almost gave me a heart attack!

“He doesn’t usually act in such a manner.” Josephine felt a headache coming on.

I only wanted to bring him to a class reunion with me. I never thought that he would end up brawling in mere minutes! While Kyson’s words were rather nasty, he was still too impulsive!

“Josephine, you should really advise Jonathan to make a run for it quickly. I heard that Kyson’s brother is a notorious ruffian in Jazona and has dozens to a hundred lackeys! If he continues to tarry, it’ll be too late!” Tanya urged, whispering into Josephine’s ear.

“Make a run for it? Is that even possible?” Although Tanya’s voice was barely audible, the conversation was still overheard by a woman with heavy makeup beside her. The woman curled her lips and drawled, “How could anyone take off after beating Kyson up? The Ximenez family is not to be trifled with, you know? Do you know how powerful they are in Jazona?”

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Chapter 112 Showing Off

“Oh? How big is it?” Jonathan asked plainly when he heard the remarks made by the lady in heavy makeup.

“Hmph, how big? You might pee your pants if I tell you,” the lady sneered. “The Ximenez family owns businesses in every corner of Jazona with assets worth billions. Even the governor of Jazona, Kingstone, has to personally receive Kyson and his father. Furthermore, his brother, Hendrick Ximenez, dominates both legal and underground circles. Have you heard of Hendrick the Terrible?”

Hendrick the Terrible is Kyson’s elder brother?

The moment they heard the name, the students’ expressions drastically changed.

I heard Hendrick the Terrible is a famous gangster in Jazona. He is someone ruthless and has taken many lives throughout the years.

All this while, they were aware of the moniker Hendrick the Terrible. It was just that they didn’t know he was Kyson’s brother.

“I have not heard of him before.” Jonathan took a sip of his coffee. “Are you done? Is that all there is to the Ximenez family? What’s the big deal?”

What's the big deal?

In response, the lady looked at Jonathan as if he was an idiot.

How can the Ximenez family, who owns billions of assets and is extremely well-connected in Jazona, not mean anything to Jonathan?

She wasn't alone in her sentiments.

Everyone else looked at Jonathan as if he was a fool.

In fact, some of them even thought that he was crazy.

How dare a gofer at a construction site trivialize the Ximenez family? Does he have a death wish? Does he know that they can squash him like an insect anytime they want?

"Hah, I hope you can still maintain the arrogance you have right now for later," the lady sneered at Jonathan's words. "Please make sure you don't end up begging on your knees later. Or else, I will look down on you!"

"Stop it!" When Josephine heard the lady's sarcastic comments, she couldn't help but snap, "Are you done yet?"

"What's wrong? First, your husband beats up someone, and now, you refuse to let us criticize him?" the lady retorted with a sarcastic tone. "Look at how badly your husband has beaten up Mr. Ximenez. How is he going to join the film crew for work tomorrow?"

At that moment, someone from the crowd questioned the lady, "What has that got anything to do with you?"

"I'm sure none of you are aware that Lily is the female lead in Kyson's new movie," another lady remarked with a smirk. "If Kyson can't continue filming, her role would naturally be jeopardized."

"Oh? Lily is the female lead? Does she and Kyson have some sort of clandestine arrangement?"

The crowd gazed suspiciously at both Lily and Kyson, causing Kyson to blush in response.

Obviously, someone had struck her nerve. "Shut up and stop making wild speculations. Mr. Ximenez has a girlfriend, for goodness sake."

"So what if he has one? That's doesn't stop both of you from cheating together."

"Exactly, but don't worry, we will not tell Kyson's girlfriend about it."

The crowd began cracking jokes at Lily and Kyson's expense. Of course, if they could ridicule Jonathan, they naturally wouldn't hold back against Lily.

Given what a slut she was, there were plenty of narcissistic women who were ready to humiliate her.

"All of you, shut your trap!" Lily was infuriated by the snide comments made by the other ladies.

Amidst their quarrel, Josephine furrowed her eyebrows. She was in no mood to care about whether Lily was in a relationship with Kyson.

Instead, she was more concerned about what was going to happen when Hendrick arrived.

After all, they were in Jazona and not Jadeborough.

In Jadeborough, Jonathan had a wide network to rely upon. Either Randall, Harrison, or Andrew was capable of resolving any problems Jonathan had.

But we're in Jazona right now, where his contacts in Jadeborough are of no use here. What are we going to do?

Josephine was consumed by anxiety. Although she went to university in Jazona, she didn't have any friends there.

Within the entire Jazona, Tanya was her only close friend.

"Josephine, calm down. Perhaps, Jonathan has a way to solve this problem?" Tanya couldn't resist comforting her when she saw how distraught Josephine was.

"How can I not be worried?" Josephine retorted with a frown.

After all, Hendrick was about to arrive with his men, and yet, she was still at a loss.

"What should we do? Why don't I give my dad a call?" Tanya, too, was stressed out by Josephine's nervousness. "But, but my dad is powerless against the Ximenez family."

Her family's background wasn't a particularly influential one. In fact, they were even less illustrious than Josephine's.

Her parents were just employees in an ordinary company. Hence, there was no way they could stand up to the Ximenez family.

"Josephine, why don't you get Jonathan to apologize to Kyson?" Left without a choice, that was the only thing Tanya could come up with.

After all, admitting one's fault was certainly better than being beaten up.

"Apologize? Does Jonathan look like someone who is willing to submit?" Josephine's frown intensified further.

Ever since he disappeared three years ago, Jonathan seems to have changed into a different person. Apologize? Back at Phoenix International Hotel, he refused to submit even at gunpoint. Hence, there's no way he is going to apologize now.

"In that case, what should we do?" Tanya gave Josephine a frantic look.

"Forget it. I'll give Grandpa a call." Having no other choice, Josephine decided to give Hugo a call even though she had never been fond of him since she was young.

After all, Jonathan did help the Smith family once. Therefore, she felt that it wasn't too much to ask for Hugo's help in return.

However, she wasn't sure if Hugo, who was based in Jadeborough, had the capacity to resolve a problem in Jazona.

With that thought in mind, Josephine picked up her phone and prepared to dial Hugo's number. Unexpectedly, the moment she took it out, Jonathan stopped her. "There's no need to give anyone a call. I can solve a trivial problem like this myself."

"Solve? How are you going to do that?" When she heard Jonathan's response, Josephine suppressed the raging anger in her and replied, "Jonathan, when will you ever grow up? Can you stop being so impulsive all the time? This is Jazona, not Jadeborough. Your network there can't save you here!"

Josephine was someone who never liked to beg for help ever since she was young. However, she was so infuriated by Jonathan that she didn't even know what else to do. Given how things stood, she was even willing to do so for his sake.

Why doesn't Jonathan know better? Why must he insist on showing off still?

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Chapter 113 Lady Of The Family

"To me, it makes no difference whether we're in Jadeborough or Jazona," Jonathan replied calmly.

The Ximenez family is nothing but an insignificant family. If I wanted it, they would disappear from the face of Jazona the very next morning.

“Jonathan, enough with that attitude!” Josephine could no longer hold her anger back when she heard Jonathan’s response. Just when she was about to say something, the door to their private room was kicked open.

The next moment, a bald man in a black short-sleeved shirt with dragon tattoos on his arms barged in.

Behind him were tens of lackeys standing ready.

All of them had their hair dyed in a colorful manner, and it was obvious to everyone that they were street hoodlums.

“Hendrick!”

The moment Kyson saw the bald man, his face lit up as if he had seen his savior. He was so relieved that he didn’t even bother to wipe off the blood in his mouth. “Hendrick, save me!”

“Who did this to you?” Hendrick was incensed when he saw the terrible condition Kyson was in.

“Hendrick, it was him!”

Kyson raised his hand and pointed at Jonathan. “Kill him!”

Trailing his gaze to where Kyson was pointing, Hendrick asked, “Are you the one who beat up my brother?”

“So what if I am?”

Jonathan glanced at him indifferently. “Why have you brought so little men?”

“They are more than enough to take care of the likes of you!” After glaring coldly at Jonathan, Hendrick waved his hand at him. “The few of you, break his legs!”

“Yes, Boss!”

Upon Hendrick’s orders, the few hooligans chuckled insidiously. Grabbing a couple of beer bottles, they walked in Jonathan’s direction.

“Kid, I’ll give you one last chance. If you want to keep your legs, kneel and bow to me for forgiveness. If you do that, I’ll let what happened today slide. Or else, you can kiss both of your legs goodbye!” Hendrick threatened with a smirk just when his lackeys were about to strike Jonathan.

The most thrilling part about beating someone up isn’t in how badly they are beaten, but watching them grovel at my feet begging for mercy. That is certainly more entertaining to watch than seeing both his legs broken.

"I, too, can give you a chance." Jonathan's gaze turned frosty suddenly. "Before I get angry, you had better kneel on the ground and beg me for forgiveness. After that, you will break your brother's leg, and I will pretend none of this ever happened."

"It seems you have no interest in saving your skin!" Upon hearing Jonathan's words, Hendrick's expression drastically changed. "In that case, don't regret the choice you made!"

"Attack and break his legs!"

On his cue, the hooligans grabbed the beer bottles and smashed them toward Jonathan's head. When she saw what happened, Josephine couldn't help but scream, "Jonathan, be careful!"

Even though she was furious at Jonathan, she still didn't want to see him beaten up by a group of men.

"Don't worry, this group of thugs won't be able to lay a finger on me." Jonathan was a sea of calm. The moment the hoodlums struck, he dashed forward and slammed his fist onto the nose bridge of the front-most gangster.

His nose was broken with a loud crack that rang out through the room.

The next moment, Jonathan's victim crashed onto the ground after being struck.

Before the rest of the hoodlums realized what was going on, Jonathan had launched a kick into their stomachs.

Bam!

Instantaneously, the thugs dropped to their knees with a thud. Just like a dead animal, they were unable to get up anymore.

"What's going on?" Hendrick was given a shock when he saw his lackeys being taken down by Jonathan in less than a minute. Without a second's delay, he pointed at the rest of his followers and yelled, "What are you spacing out for? Attack him right now!"

"Yes, yes!"

Regaining their senses, the hoodlums grabbed some beer bottles and charged at Jonathan.

Smash! Crash! The sound of breaking beer bottles caused the girls inside to scream in fear.

Their screams consequently caught the attention of those outside the private room.

Suddenly, the doors to the private room were pushed open. It was followed by the entrance of a man in a black suit. With his gold-rimmed glasses, the middle-aged man dashed in frantically.

When he saw the hoodlums with colorful hair holding beer bottles in their hands and ready to strike, the middle-aged man couldn't help but yell, "What are you doing?! The lot of you, who let you in here? Get out at once!"

As the manager of Emyrean Palace, he wasn't afraid of a bunch of small-time gangsters.

When Hendrick saw the manager criticizing his men, he berated him in return, "You have no place here. Get lost!"

"Are you their boss?"

When he saw Hendrick, the manager quickly understood that the bald man had to be the hoodlums' leader. "Do you know whose turf the Emyrean Palace is on? How dare you cause trouble here? Do you have a death wish?"

"In that case, do you know who I am? How dare you stick your finger into my business?" Hendrick was already enraged by the fact his lackeys had been beaten up by Jonathan.

And now, the manager fanned the flames of Hendrick's fury by sticking his nose into Hendrick's business.

Consequently, Jonathan was utterly incensed.

"I don't care who you are. Why didn't you think about whose turf Emyrean Palace is on before causing trouble here?" The manager pointed his finger angrily at Hendrick. He obviously didn't see him as a threat at all.

Are you guys kidding me? How dare a group of street hoodlums like you disrupt the peace at Emyrean Palace? Do you think the boss of Emyrean Palace is someone to be trifled with?

"You b*stard, get out of my sight!" Infuriated by the manager's attitude toward him, Hendrick gestured with his hand and ordered his men to throw the manager out.

"How dare you lay a finger on me? Just you wait!"

The manager of Emyrean Palace was furious that he was being kicked out of his own place by a couple of hooligans.

Without another word, he turned his head and left.

After he was gone, one of Hendrick's lackeys murmured, "Boss, I heard the Empyrean Palace belongs to the Hansley family. Will something happen to us for causing trouble here?"

"Nothing is going to happen."

Hendrick squirmed his lips and replied, "The Hansley family wouldn't dare hit me just for beating someone up here."

"But Boss—"

Before the lackey could continue, Hendrick cut him off. "Enough, stop this f*cking nonsense! If you say another word, I will beat you up myself!"

The lackey was terrified into silence. Just as Hendrick had spoken, the doors of the private room were pushed wide open.

Next, tens of burly men in black suits swarmed into the room holding security batons.

Behind them was the manager who had just been thrown out. Lowering himself in a servile manner toward a young lady, he spoke, "Ms. Hansley, this is the brat that is causing trouble in our establishment."

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Chapter 114 Ingratiation

Ms. Hansley?

The moment Hendrick heard the words, he looked to the door subconsciously. However, the sight that greeted him caused his knees to buckle in fear.

Luna Hansley? Why did it turn out to be her?

It had never crossed his mind that the boss of Empyrean Palace was Luna.

Luna Hansley!

Also known as Dark Widow, she dominated both the legal and underground worlds of Jazona. Despite both circles having their own unspoken rules, Luna danced around them with ease. Even Hendrick's boss had to show her respect, let alone Hendrick.

"M-Ms. Luna, why are you here?" The moment he saw Luna, Hendrick lowered himself.

The air of arrogance he had earlier was now gone.

"Do you know me?" Luna looked at him indifferently, as she had no idea who he was.

After all, she only socialized with important figures such as Randall, who was a mayor, and Harrison, the most ruthless man in Jadeborough.

Hence, there was no way she would know Hendrick, who was nothing but a street hoodlum.

"I do!" Hendrick nodded. "Ms. Luna, I work for Mr. Gary."

"Little Gary?"

Luna knitted her eyebrows as if she could vaguely remember.

"That's right."

Hendrick nodded awkwardly. If it were anyone else who referred to Gary in such a disrespectful manner, he would have slapped the person without hesitation.

However, in front of Luna, he didn't even dare utter a single word of protest.

"Ms. Luna, I wasn't aware Emphyrean Palace belongs to you. If I had known earlier, I wouldn't have the guts to cause any trouble at all."

Hendrick realized it was not the time to behave arrogantly. Insisting on maintaining his pride would only get him killed.

After all, everyone in Jazona knew how ruthless Luna's methods were.

Whoever dared to cause trouble on her turf would be fed to the fishes in the Goda River. Even that was considered getting off lightly.

"Tell me, why are you causing a ruckus at my place?" When Luna took out a cigarette, the manager who was standing behind her lit it subserviently.

After she took a puff, Hendrick explained, "Ms. Luna, I am not actually trying to cause any trouble on purpose. It's just that my brother was beaten up."

Just as he spoke, Hendrick pulled Kyson over. "Ms. Luna, look at how badly injured he is."

Luna shot Kyson an indifferent glance.

Nevertheless, she couldn't deny that he had been horribly beaten, to the extent his mouth was filled with blood.

In fact, he had even lost a couple of teeth.

"Today, I'll let the matter slide on Little Gary's account if all of you slap yourselves ten times." The way Luna talked about it sounded as if she was doing Gary a big favor.

Even then, Hendrick didn't dare murmur a single retort.

Without any hesitation, he began to slap himself forcefully.

After multiple slaps, blood was oozing out the corners of his mouth.

"Ms. Luna, we have finished slapping ourselves." When he was done, Hendrick forced an awkward smile at Luna.

"What about him?"

Luna shifted her gaze to Kyson, which infuriated him.

Why do I need to slap myself when I am the one who has been beaten badly? What rights does she have to demand such a thing?

"I'm not going to slap myself!" Kyson rebuffed with gritted teeth.

"Hmm?"

When Luna's gaze suddenly turned frosty, it sent a chill down Hendrick's spine. Raising his hand, he gave Kyson a forceful slap. "How dare you speak to Ms. Luna that way? Apologize at once!"

"Hendrick, why did you hit me?" The sudden slap had stunned Kyson.

"So what if I did? Admit your mistake now!"

"Why? Why should I apologize to her?" Kyson retorted defiantly. "Isn't it obvious that I'm the one who was beaten up? What gives her the right to insist that I slap myself? And that I should apologize? I didn't do anything f*cking wrong!"

Gritting his teeth, Kyson refused to relent.

"Do you f*cking want to die?" Stunned by Kyson's words, Hendrick stepped forward and grabbed his hair. After that, he slapped Kyson ten times consecutively.

Consequently, Kyson's face was swollen all over, making him look just like a pig.

"Ms. Luna, my brother is still young and doesn't know any better. I hope that you will not hold it against him." Once he was done slapping Kyson, Hendrick still had to apologize to Luna.

"Since he isn't sensible enough, you should drill it into his head till he is. Or else, it won't just be ten slaps the next time we meet." Luna shot Hendrick a fearsome glare. "Get lost!"

"Yes, Ms. Luna!"

The moment he heard Luna's words, Hendrick felt as if he had managed to escape the jaws of death by a hair's breadth. Stricken by fear, he dragged Kyson and fled at once, not daring to linger a second longer.

In fact, he had even forgotten about his lackeys.

Meanwhile, everyone couldn't help but catch their breath in fear after watching what had unfolded.

No one had expected the fearsome Ximenez brothers to flee like cowards in the face of Luna.

In fact, they were utterly terrified of her.

Just when everyone was letting Luna's terrifying aura sink in, a voice suddenly rang out from the crowd. "Stop! Did I say that both of them could leave?"

"Hmm?"

At that exact moment, Luna felt a chill down her spine.

As for the crowd, they quickly turned to where the voice came from.

Jonathan! That idiot again!

The instant the crowd saw that it was Jonathan who had spoken, everyone looked at him with disdain.

Idiot! An absolute idiot! Can't you see how powerful Ms. Hansley is? Even the Ximenez brothers were forced to slap themselves ten times and run like dogs. And yet, how dare you offend Ms. Hansley when you're nothing but a gofer at a construction site? Do you have a death wish?

"Didn't I warn that they had better kneel before me and bow for forgiveness ten times before I get angry? Only then will I look past what happened today. Therefore, how dare they leave without doing so?"

Amidst everyone's condescending stares, Jonathan walked out from the crowd. The moment Luna saw him, her haughty expression instantaneously turned into one of panic. "M-Mr. Goldstein?"

Jonathan? Isn't he in Jadeborough? Why is he here in Jazona?

"Mr. Goldstein, when did you arrive in Jazona? Why didn't you let me know?"
Luna regained her composure the very next instant.

"I decided on a whim to come during the afternoon," Jonathan replied.

"I wasn't aware that you were coming. If I had known, I would have personally welcomed you." In front of Jonathan, Luna's aura unconsciously suppressed.

In fact, she even sounded as if she was ingratiating herself toward him.

From everyone's perspective, the scene that had just unfolded in front of them felt like a bomb that blew their mind.

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Chapter 115 The Rules

What's going on? Why is Ms. Hansley, the powerful scion of the Hansley family, behaving obsequiously in front of the gofer? How is this possible?

Stunned by what they saw, no one could believe their eyes.

"There's no need."

Jonathan gave Luna a frosty glance before returning his gaze toward Hendrick and Kyson, who were already at the door. "I want both of them to stay. Do you have any problems with that?"

"No, not at all."

Luna shook her head quickly. There was no way she even dared to protest.

Even Andrew, who was Asura's guard, greeted him as commander. Compared to him, she was a nobody.

Hence, she naturally didn't have the courage to go against Jonathan.

"The both of you, come over here!" Turning around, Luna stared at Kyson and Hendrick. With a cold glint in her eye, she turned into someone else all of a sudden.

She was no longer as amiable as when she was facing Jonathan.

"Ms. Luna..."

When he saw how Luna treated Jonathan with deference, Hendrick began to panic. There was no way he could have imagined that poor-looking Jonathan was somehow involved with Luna.

Furthermore, given Luna's attitude toward him, it felt as if Jonathan was someone more influential than she was.

"Come over here!"

When Luna narrowed her eyes, it sent a chill down Hendrick's spine.

He had no choice but to obey and walk back.

After all, the burly men that Luna brought were standing guard by the door.

"Ms. Luna, didn't you let us go just now?" Hendrick looked at Luna fearfully. The servile manner he was behaving was just like a cowardly dog.

"That was in the past, and it has nothing to do with the present," Luna remarked with an icy glare. "Just now, I didn't realize that you had offended Mr. Goldstein. If I did, do you think you can even walk out of here?"

"In that case, Ms. Luna, what do you want from us?" Cognizant that he was unable to leave, Hendrick's expression turned grim.

"Now, it's not a matter of what I want. It depends on what Mr. Goldstein wants!" Luna wasn't even bothered to look at Hendrick. Instead, she turned her attention toward Jonathan. "Mr. Goldstein, how would you like to punish them?"

"Have them bow on their knees ten times to me and break one of their legs each!" Jonathan plainly reiterated.

That was what Hendrick had threatened him with earlier. And now, Jonathan was simply returning the favor.

"Impossible!"

The moment he heard Jonathan's words, Hendrick rejected his demands outright.

What sort of joke is this? Kneel and have my legs broken?

"Impossible, is it?" Jonathan's gaze turned icy cold in response to Hendrick's words. In a blink of an eye, his right leg stomped on Hendrick's kneecap.

Upon impact, the loud crack of fracturing bones was heard.

The next moment, Hendrick collapsed onto his knees in front of Jonathan with a thud.

"Now, does this make it possible?" Jonathan stared coldly at Hendrick before turning to look at Kyson. "It's your turn now. Do you want to kneel by yourself, or do you want me to help you?"

"I..."

After glancing at Hendrick, who was on the ground, Kyson shifted his gaze toward Luna's gloomy expression. Gritting his teeth, he dropped to his knees with a thud in front of Jonathan.

"I'll kneel by myself!"

Meanwhile, the crowd gasped in shock the moment Kyson fell on his knees.

No one had expected that Hendrick and Kyson would have to grovel at Jonathan's feet in the end.

"Goldstein, don't you dare assume that I'm afraid of you just because Luna has your back." Hendrick glared intently at Jonathan with his bloodshot eyes. Gritting his teeth, he threatened, "Don't you f*cking know who I work for? If you dare touch a hair on my head, don't you expect to leave Jazona alive!"

Given how matters had escalated, there was no need for him to show Luna any respect anymore.

"I don't know who you work for, and neither am I interested to know." In the face of Hendrick's threat, Jonathan gave him an indifferent look. "The only thing I'm sure of is that even if Zachary was here, he wouldn't be able to save your legs."

Just as he spoke, Jonathan raised his leg and stomped it down.

As another crack rang out, Hendrick's other leg was now broken.

The next moment, an agonizing cry reverberated through the private room.

However, no one present dared to interfere at all.

Even Hendrick's lackeys averted their gaze as if they were oblivious to what was going on.

After watching Hendrick have both of his legs broken, no one in their right mind would dare stick their nose into Jonathan's business.

"Your turn!" Amidst Hendrick's deafening cries, Jonathan turned to look at Kyson. The moment his gaze met with Jonathan's, Kyson felt a chill down his spine. Dropping to his knees, he prostrated in front of Jonathan. "Mr. Goldstein, I-I'm sorry. It's my mistake to not have recognized your stature and for looking down on you. I shouldn't have offended you, and I realize my mistake now. Please, show some mercy and let me go, alright?"

Compared to Hendrick, Kyson obviously had no backbone at all.

At that moment, he had lost all the bravado he had earlier when he threatened Jonathan while pointing his finger at him.

“You truly have no guts at all!” Watching Kyson prostrate himself on the ground, Jonathan didn’t feel any pity for him.

Some people just need to pay the price of their mistakes before the lessons they learned are seared into their minds.

“Unfortunately, being a coward isn’t going to help you in any way.” Not wanting to waste any time, Jonathan stepped forward and slammed a kick in Kyson’s stomach.

The moment the kick landed, Kyson grimaced on the ground in pain.

“Whenever you make a mistake, you have to pay the price. That’s just how things work.”

Just as he spoke, Jonathan stomped his foot on Kyson’s right leg.

With a loud crack of fracturing bones, Jonathan had broken Kyson’s right leg.

“Argh! It hurts!”

Another horrifying scream echoed through the room.

The shriek was so sharp that it almost pierced everyone’s eardrums in the private room.

“Men, throw both of them out!” With a slight frown, Luna waved her hand. The next moment, a bunch of brawny men in black grabbed the two of them and dragged them to the door.

Along the way, the blood from their broken legs stained the entire floor.

“Goldstein, just you wait. Mr. Gary will never let you off!” Hendrick threatened with gritted teeth as he was dragged toward the door.

The moment he finished, Luna looked at him with disdain and scoffed, “Compared to Mr. Goldstein, Mr. Gary is just an insignificant insect. Go back and tell him that if he dares to butt in, it will be his funeral. If he has a death wish, there’s no need for Mr. Goldstein to be involved, as I will personally fulfill it for him.”

Mr. Gary my foot! He is nothing but a street hoodlum that doesn’t even deserve to be mentioned in the same breath as Jonathan.

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Chapter 116 Jealousy

After Kyson and Hendrick were dragged out the door by Luna's men, the controversy finally ended.

After that, the private room fell silent.

Those who had sided with Kyson and ridiculed Jonathan earlier were now pale in fright.

They were worried that Jonathan would hold them accountable for their actions.

However, Jonathan didn't look at them at all. Instead, he turned his attention toward Josephine. "Darling, did I frighten you?"

The entire private room was filled with a bloody stench. The floor and steps, in particular, were all stained with Kyson and Hendrick's blood.

"No." Josephine shook her head. "Jonathan, let's go home."

Looking at the blood on the floor made Josephine's stomach churn.

Not only did she lose her appetite, she even felt like puking.

"Sure!"

When he was speaking to Josephine, the ruthlessness he demonstrated when dealing with Hendrick and Kyson was no longer there.

Looking at the gentle expression he currently had, one would not believe that he had just decisively broken the Ximenez brothers' legs a moment ago.

"Mr. Goldstein, I'll walk you out."

Luna personally escorted Jonathan and Josephine out of Emyrean Palace. When they reached the door, Luna apologized again. "Mr. Goldstein, I'm sorry that your mood today has suffered because of the two pests. Please accept my humble apologies. The next time you come to Emyrean Palace, please let me know in advance so that I can personally welcome you."

Even though Luna still didn't know Jonathan's true identity, it didn't affect how she treated him at all.

Given that the mayor of Jadeborough and Andrew treated him with respect, Luna realized that she had to do the same given her inferior status.

“Sure!”

Jonathan nodded before walking toward the red Lamborghini with Josephine.

The moment its headlamps lit up, it attracted the attention of the crowd who were still trying to get a taxi.

“Lamborghini? Am I imagining things? Is Jonathan actually driving a Lamborghini? Furthermore, it’s a limited edition Lamborghini!”

At that moment, everyone turned their attention toward Jonathan and Josephine, who were walking toward their car.

None of them could believe their eyes.

How can a construction site gofer drive a Lamborghini?

“Josephine is a really lucky gal. During our school days, she had many rich guys pursuing her. Now that she has graduated, she even managed to marry someone ultra-wealthy,” Lily remarked with a salty tone after watching Josephine enter the Lamborghini.

In exchange for the role in Kyson’s movie, I had to sacrifice my body. As for Josephine, she didn’t need to do anything, and yet, many rich guys pursued her. Even the guy she is married to is ultra-wealthy. What gives her the right? Why does she have all the luck?

“It’s all because she is born pretty,” another girl sneered.

“B*llshit, am I not prettier or hotter than her? Regardless of looks or skill in bed, I am still ten times better than her!”

Lily gritted her teeth in frustration as she watch the red Lamborghini disappear from her sight.

As for Josephine, who was sitting inside the car, she wasn’t bothered by the comments of others at all.

“Tanya, where do you stay? I’ll get Jonathan to send you home.” Tanya had gotten into the car with them.

Initially, she refused to do so, but Josephine insisted.

“There’s no need to. You’re going back to Jadeborough. Hence, it is out of the way.” Tanya snuck a fearful glance at Jonathan. Until then, she was still terrified of him.

After all, watching Jonathan break the legs of the Ximenez brothers was a traumatic experience for her.

“Didn’t both of you not manage to eat anything just now? Why don’t I take you guys somewhere to grab a bite first?” Jonathan casually turned the steering wheel and didn’t drive in Jadeborough’s direction.

Just as expected, the school reunion did indeed affect his mood.

Also, he could sense that Josephine didn’t want to continue staying there. Hence, he decided to take her someplace else to have some food.

“Oh, there’s no need to.” Tanya waved her hands frantically. “You can drop me at any of the junctions in front. I’ll just take a taxi home myself.”

“But it’s getting late. Hence, it isn’t safe for you to take a taxi home by yourself. Moreover, you haven’t had anything to eat.” When she saw how anxious Tanya was, Josephine patted her on the shoulder. “Listen to Jonathan. Why don’t we grab something before you head home?”

“Josephine, I—”

Before Tanya could say anything, Jonathan interrupted her, “This restaurant looks popular. Why don’t we just get a quick bite here? “

“Yeah!” Josephine nodded.

Dragging Tanya along, she and Jonathan headed for the barbeque restaurant.

Business at the restaurant was indeed brisk.

Although it was only eight in the evening, the restaurant was so full that there were no available seats.

Squeezing through a gap in the crowd, Jonathan walked up to the counter. “Boss, is there a private room available?”

“No!”

The owner shook his head. “We don’t have any private rooms as we are just a small establishment. Why don’t you order first, and I’ll get someone to set up a table for you?”

“That works too.”

Nodding his head, Jonathan looked at Josephine and remarked, “Why don’t you have a seat outside while I order?”

“Yeah, okay!”

With that, Josephine headed out with Tanya in tow.

Just when Jonathan was in the midst of ordering, the staff outside had set up a table.

By the time both of them sat down, Tanya had managed to regain her composure. She was visibly distraught whenever Jonathan was around.

"Tanya, why do I get the feeling that you are scared of Jonathan?" Josephine couldn't help but ask when she saw how anxious Tanya looked.

"Well, h-he is just too violent!" Tanya cringed when she recalled the gruesome scene just now. "Josephine, did he ever raise his hand at you at home?"

"Never!" Josephine gently tapped Tanya on her head. "Jonathan doesn't hit a woman."

"That's good."

Tanya heaved a sigh of relief. "I'm sure you know how traumatized I was by what happened back then. The thing that I'm most terrified about in my life is a man who hits a woman."

Josephine sighed. "Let's not talk about that anymore. Let the past stay in the past." Evidently, Josephine was aware of how the past incident had left an emotional scar on Tanya's mind.

"Yeah!"

Nodding her head, Tanya changed the topic, "By the way, Josephine, didn't you tell me that Jonathan was poor back then? He was bankrupted by his failed business and had to become a live-in son-in-law due to that. Also, didn't you say that he was never serious in his work and would only stay at home and do chores all day? In that case, how did he become so rich and violent all of a sudden?"

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Chapter 117 Living Separately

Back when Josephine had just gotten married, Tanya remembered Josephine mentioning that Jonathan was not only useless but was also steep deep in debt.

Just like a coward, he would hide at home every day doing household chores, very much unlike what a real man should be doing.

In fact, she remembered pitying Josephine for marrying Jonathan.

But now, why is everything so different? Jonathan doesn't look like a cowardly piece of trash at all. In fact, he even beat up the Ximenez brothers and broke their legs on a whim. This was despite the Ximenez family's vast influence in

Jazona. Anyone rich who offended the Ximenez brothers would suffer the consequences, let alone someone like Jonathan. Not only did Jonathan break their legs, but Ms. Hansley of the prominent Hansley family also had to ingratiate herself with him. What's really going on here?

"I don't know either!" Josephine shook her head with her eyebrows knitted.

Compared to three years ago, Jonathan's changes were simply drastic.

In fact, she couldn't even tell when Jonathan was telling her the truth or lying to her.

However, one thing was certain. Within that three years, Jonathan experienced something big, causing his personality to change drastically. However, he refused to talk about it while Josephine never asked.

"Huh? You don't know?" Tanya's eyes widened in disbelief. "Aren't you a married couple who share a bed every day? How can you not know what changed him?"

"Who told you that we share a bed?" Josephine shot a glare at Tanya. "We sleep separately!"

"Sleep separately? Are you separated now?" Tanya was even more surprised. "You have just been married for four years, and now, you're separated?"

Tanya had heard of many incidents where married couples were separated. However, this was the first time she heard of one that happened just after a few years of marriage.

"We're not living separately."

Josephine explained with a frown, "Ever since we were married, we have been sleeping separately. I'm sure you're aware that our marriage was a sham back then. If it weren't for my parents forcing me into marrying someone I didn't love, I wouldn't have resorted to such tactics."

"Huh? Have you been sleeping separately all these years?" Tanya widened her eyes in disbelief. "Josephine, don't tell me that after being married for so many years, you haven't done it yet?"

"Done it?" Josephine blushed at once.

"Yes! That's precisely what I meant!" Tanya let out a mischievous smile.

"You naughty gal!" Josephine gave her the side-eye. With a reddened face, Josephine looked a little tipsy yet mesmerizing at the same time. "Didn't I tell you that our marriage was a sham? Why would I do it with him?"

Even though Tanya was her best friend, Josephine still felt embarrassed discussing the topic.

"Have both of you really not consummated the marriage?" Tanya was filled with disbelief. "How did you get by the past four years?"

"I didn't really feel any desire," Josephine replied with her face all red.

"But he does!" Tanya shifted her gaze toward Jonathan, who was standing far from them. "I heard that men his age are at the peak of their lust. How did he manage to keep it bottled up over the years?"

"How would I know?" Josephine shot Tanya a glance. At the same time, her mind couldn't help but picture Jonathan engaging prostitutes on the street, just as Ysobel had told her.

Could he have found someone to satisfy his lust?

"Josephine, to be honest, Jonathan doesn't seem so bad after all." When she saw that Josephine was lost in her thoughts, Tanya grabbed her hand and suggested, "Why don't you just accept him? After all, there's no way you can continue being a fake couple for life, right?"

"We'll see." Josephine changed the topic at once. In truth, she had noticed that ever since Jonathan returned, he had been constantly breaking all the misconceptions she had about him.

Nevertheless, it still took time for her to change her bias against him.

At least for the time being, she was still unable to accept the idea of sharing a bed with him.

"What are you gals talking about?" Just when Josephine was silent in thought, Jonathan returned after ordering.

"Nothing much," Josephine plainly replied.

As for Tanya, the tension she previously felt had eased with time. Hence, she wasn't as nervous as before. "We were talking about when you and Josephine are going to have a baby. Will you let me be the baby's godmother then?"

"Stupid gal, stop spewing nonsense!" When she heard Tanya teasing her, Josephine glared at her by reflex.

"I have no problems with you being the godmother. But, I alone can't decide on matters related to the baby." Jonathan looked at Josephine with a mischievous smile, "Darling, when do you think is a good time for us to have a baby?"

"Did I say that I want to have your baby?"

Josephine gave Jonathan the side-eye as she ignored his question.

Soon, the events at Empyrean Palace were quickly forgotten.

Tanya, in particular, was already wolfing down the food despite claiming not to be hungry earlier. Just when she was enjoying herself, a male voice suddenly called out to her, "Tanya?"

The moment she heard the voice, her actions froze abruptly.

Her hand, which was holding a fork, began to tremble violently.

"Tanya, is that really you?"

A young man in a black jacket stood in front of them. However, the moment Tanya saw him, she was seized by fear.

It was as if she had seen something exceptionally terrifying, to the extent that she was quaking in her boots.

"Josephine, it's a surprise to see you here too." At that moment, the young man noticed Josephine's presence. However, Josephine wasn't afraid of him at all. Instead, she replied in a scornful tone, "Nick, what are you trying to do?"

"What can I do?" Nick chuckled to himself as he casually took a seat opposite them. "Isn't it obvious that I ran into you by coincidence?"

"You're not welcomed here. Leave at once!" Josephine demanded menacingly.

"Josephine, how can you chase me away after having not seen each other for so many years?" In spite of Josephine's attempt at asking him to leave, Nick looked at Tanya with a cheeky smile. "Tanya, after so many years of not seeing each other, do you miss me?"

"Y-You, just leave! G-Get out of my sight!" Tanya was so stricken by fear that she was stuttering.

"What's wrong with you, Tanya?" When he saw how terrified Tanya looked, Nick stood up and reached out to touch her forehead. "You don't look too good. Do you have a fever?"

"D-Don't touch me!"

When Nick extended his hand, Tanya recoiled in fear and almost fell off her chair.

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Chapter 118 Still Deserves A Beating

"Tanya, why are you so afraid of me?" With a mischievous expression, Nick glanced at Tanya and remarked, "It's not like I'm going to eat you or something. Besides, aren't we supposed to be a couple? Having slept together more than once, we are tied together for eternity."

"I beg of you. Stop talking about it!"

With her reddened eyes, Tanya covered her ears while looking distressed.

"Nick, what do you want?" When Josephine saw how terrified Tanya was, she quickly gave her a hug and patted her on the back. Looking at Nick, she warned, "If you don't leave, I will call the police!"

"The police?"

Nick sounded as if he had heard the funniest joke ever. "Josephine, didn't Tanya tell you before that my dad works at the police station? Furthermore, he is the deputy police chief. Hence, do you think calling the police on me will work at all?" Nick answered with a smug expression.

As for Tanya, she curled up in Josephine's arms while her entire body was trembling in fear.

"You..."

Pointing her finger angrily at Nick, Josephine was powerless to do a thing. "Nick, what in the world do you want? Considering it has been so many years now, why can't you leave Tanya alone?"

"What do you mean by that?" Nick scoffed at Josephine's words. "No matter what, we used to be a couple. Even though we have broken up, there's no need to treat each other as enemies, is there? I just wanted to chat with her after having not seen each other for so long. Therefore, why do you have to treat me with such animosity?"

"She has nothing to say to you. Just leave!" As if she was chasing a pest away, Josephine's eyes were filled with scorn.

"How can there not be anything for us to talk about?" Refusing to leave, Nick stared at Tanya intently. "Tanya, after so many years, don't you have anything to say to me?"

"No!" Without waiting for Tanya to answer, Josephine stared coldly at him. "Nick, have you forgotten about all the unspeakable things you did to Josephine back then? How dare you continue to cling onto her?"

When Tanya heard Josephine mention the past, her mind was suddenly flooded with traumatic memories, causing her face to turn pale as a sheet while her eyes were filled with despair.

With a listless gaze, she looked as if she was about to pass out.

“Back then, I was young and naive. Moreover, didn’t I apologize to her already?” Nick casually glanced at Josephine before returning his attention to Tanya. “Tanya, it has already been so long. Haven’t you forgiven me?”

Just as he spoke, Nick reached out to pull Tanya over. At the sight of his approaching hand, Tanya avoided it by reflex. The next moment, Nick’s hand attempted to grab at Josephine instead.

However, before he could touch Josephine, he suddenly felt a massive force clamping on his arm.

All of a sudden, he felt as if his arm was about to be crushed.

It hurt so badly that he almost cried out in pain.

“When you were in school, didn’t your teacher teach you how to behave?” Jonathan gave Nick a frosty stare. Initially, he had wanted to stay out of Tanya and her ex-boyfriend’s affairs.

However, when Nick’s filthy hands were about to touch Josephine, he couldn’t remain on the sidelines any longer.

Nevertheless, he still showed Nick some mercy. Or else, Nick’s arm would already have been crushed.

“Who the f*ck are you? Why are you poking your nose into my business?” Nick was already fuming when his arm was grabbed. However, after hearing Jonathan’s words, he was utterly incensed. “Get your filthy hands off me. Can you afford to f*cking compensate me for dirtying my clothes?”

“Before I get angry, you had better disappear from my sight. Or else, you will no longer be able to use this hand of yours!” Not in the mood for words, Jonathan made a forceful twist with his hands, sending Nick crashing onto the ground.

Upon impact, Nick toppled a bunch of beer bottles on the floor.

“You brat, how dare you f*cking touch me?” Considering that he was the deputy police chief’s son, Nick had always been the aggressor. Never in his life had he been struck before.

“Since your parents have never taught you any manners, let me do so on their behalf!”

Just as he spoke, Jonathan walked up to Nick. Before Nick could get to his feet, Jonathan slammed a kick into his stomach, causing him to sprawl back onto the ground.

Then, Jonathan raised his foot and stomped it on the arm Nick reached out with earlier.

With a loud crack of fracturing bones, Nick's arm was broken by Jonathan's strike.

"Do you know how to mind your manners now?" Jonathan gave Nick, who was desperately holding onto his broken arm, an indifferent glance and warned, "I'll give you one minute to get out of my sight. If I still see you after this, I will make sure both your legs are crippled."

That was how Jonathan dealt with problems.

As long as he could resolve them directly, he wouldn't waste any time on words.

"What is happening?" When he heard the commotion at the entrance, the restaurant owner rushed out to see what was going on. The moment he arrived, he saw Nick crawling on the ground while crying out in agony.

"Nothing much. We just ran into a street thug trying to cause trouble." Jonathan gave the owner a look and declared, "Ignore him."

Just as he spoke, Jonathan sat back down beside Josephine without taking another look at Nick. "Let's continue!"

"Jonathan, w-why did you hit him?" When she saw Nick sprawled on the ground like a dead animal, Tanya didn't derive any satisfaction from the vengeance. Instead, she looked extremely worried.

"What's wrong with hitting him?" Jonathan replied blithely.

"His dad is the deputy police chief." When she saw the nonchalant look on Jonathan's face, Tanya almost burst into tears of anxiety. "His dad isn't going to forgive you for hitting him. What are we going to do?"

Feeling distraught, Tanya suggested, "Jonathan, you had better leave with Josephine at once. Or else, it will be too late."

"What will happen to you if we leave?" Jonathan asked.

"Don't worry about me." Tanya explained frantically, "I was the one who caused this. Hence, it is my responsibility to resolve it."

The moment she finished, Tanya began nudging Jonathan and Josephine to leave.

"How are you going to resolve it? Apologize to them? Or continue allowing him to cling onto you?" When he saw that Tanya was on the brink of tears, Jonathan relented and offered, "That's enough. Let me take care of it for you."

So what if he's the son of the deputy police chief? Even if Zachary's son was here, I would still have given him a beating.

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Chapter 119 Bring Them Back

"But—"

Before Tanya could say another word, Jonathan interrupted her. "Don't worry about it. I guarantee that after today, he will avoid you the next time he sees you."

"Josephine, please talk him out of it." Tanya felt so distressed that she was about to cry.

Nick isn't like Kyson, who is nothing more than a hooligan. His dad is the deputy police chief, for goodness sake. Given how badly beaten up Nick is, his dad is definitely not going to forgive Jonathan.

"Jonathan, when will you ever be more mature and less impulsive?" In response to Tanya's words, Josephine couldn't help but furrow her eyebrows.

Even though I, too, feel the urge to slap Nick, what comes after that? Did Jonathan ever consider the consequences of his actions?

"Do you think you can exact revenge on Tanya's behalf that way? Do you always believe that violence is the solution to every problem?" When she saw the nonchalant look on Jonathan's face, Josephine was further infuriated. "Yes, you might feel a sense of satisfaction after hitting him. But what happens after the dust has settled? You will be detained at the police station. Have you ever thought about how they are going to teach you a lesson in there?"

"Don't worry. No one can force me to go to the police station against my will." Jonathan's expression was a sea of calm as if he wasn't bothered at all.

Even the police chief wouldn't dare arrest me, let alone his deputy. To do so would be to seal their own doom.

"Jonathan, I really don't understand where you get your courage from." Josephine was outraged by Jonathan's words. "Do you think you own the police station? Where you can come and go at your own pleasure?"

"You can put it that way," Jonathan replied with a slight smile.

If he hadn't led the Four Asura Guards to bring peace to the nation, Chanaea would still be mired in war, and there would be no police station to speak of.

“What? Who do you think you are?” Josephine was further incensed by Jonathan’s answer. “Asura?”

After all, the only person qualified to talk that way was Asura.

Even the most powerful man in Jazona, Zachary, isn’t qualified to say such things. What makes Jonathan think that he is worthy?

“Josephine, stop quarreling.” When she saw Josephine and Jonathan beginning to argue, Tanya quickly tugged at Josephine’s sleeve. “It’s all my fault. I am the one who brought this upon you.”

“Tanya, I’m not blaming you.”

Josephine couldn’t help but sigh when she saw the guilt on Tanya’s face. “I just don’t like it when he tries to solve everything with his fists.”

After all, she hated those that always saw violence as the solution.

“Josephine, I’m sorry. Jonathan raised his hand because of me. So please, don’t blame him,” Tanya pleaded softly. When Josephine saw the tears in her eyes, she frowned. “Forget it. He has already been beaten. Hence, there’s no point crying over spilled milk. Instead, we should discuss what we should be doing next.”

With that thought in mind, Josephine was in a fix.

How are we going to solve this? Jonathan has beaten up the deputy police chief’s son! If it was just some street thug, we could have easily compensated them. But now, the deputy police chief isn’t going to let this matter slide easily.

“Josephine, both of you should leave quickly. Or else, it’s going to be too late!” When she saw that time was running out, Tanya urged them to escape.

“It is already too late!”

Jonathan saw the whirling red lights from afar. The next moment, a couple of police cars with wailing sirens screeched to a halt in front of them.

The next moment, more than ten members of the Police Tactical Unit surrounded the restaurant with their dogs.

Among them was a middle-aged man dressed in civilian clothing. The moment Nick saw the man, he sprang to his feet and ran over. “Dad, save me!”

“Who did this to you?”

The middle-aged man’s expression drastically darkened at the sight of Nick.

How can my son be beaten so badly? If this gets out, how am I going to face the world?

"It was them!"

Nick pointed at Jonathan from afar, causing both Josephine and Tanya's hearts to sink.

It's over! There's no escape now.

"Hmph, you useless piece of trash!" When he saw the two ladies and man Nick was pointing at, the middle-aged man shot Nick a glare.

As the son of the deputy police chief, how can you be beaten up by a single man?

"Were you the one who hit my son?" The middle-aged man looked in Jonathan's direction.

"Yes, it was me."

Jonathan nodded with no intention of denying it.

"It's good that you admit it." The middle-aged man was in no mood for idle chatter. With a wave of his hand, he ordered, "Men, take the three of them back with us!"

"Yes!"

Upon his order, his men attempted to arrest them all.

"Wait!"

When he saw the police approach, Jonathan furrowed his eyebrows slightly.

"How can you order us to be arrested without finding out what happened?"

"Isn't it obvious?" the middle-aged man scoffed as he gave Jonathan a cold stare. "Let me ask you again, did you beat him up?"

"Yes, I did." Jonathan plainly replied.

"If you did, then there's no mistake." Knitting his eyebrows slightly, he waved his hand. "Arrest them!"

"Yes!"

The members of the Police Tactical Unit approached without hesitation.

Realizing that the police were about to make their move, Jonathan narrowed his eyes. "Why didn't you ask me why I hit your son? As the son of the deputy police chief, he has harassed an innocent girl on the street. Don't you think he deserves a beating?"

"Nonsense! Since when did I harass anyone?" Nick frantically denied Jonathan's accusation.

If his father found out that he had been harassing girls by throwing the name of the deputy police chief around, he would probably be beaten to death at home.

"I am telling the truth. You are not the judge of this." Glancing indifferently at Nick, Jonathan explained, "This restaurant has surveillance cameras. Why don't we check them to verify the truth?"

"No, there aren't," Nick denied immediately. However, when he saw the surveillance cameras by the restaurant entrance, he began to panic.

"Enough, stop arguing. Round them all up and take them back. Whatever it is, we will discuss it at the station." With a wave of his hand, the middle-aged man didn't give Jonathan a chance to explain.

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Chapter 120 A Terrorist

In fact, he wasn't even planning to give Jonathan a chance to explain himself.

After all, he knew what his son was like.

The surveillance cameras don't count. Jonathan will definitely have to give in at the police station!

"What if I refuse to follow you back?" Jonathan cast the middle-aged man a calm look. He knew what the latter had in mind.

They'll do whatever they want at the police station!

"You're resisting arrest?" The man laughed out loud at Jonathan's answer. "Let me warn you. If this was just a normal fight, you would be locked up for a few days and get fined. But if you resist arrest, that's a different crime altogether. We can shoot you to death if you do not comply!"

It was clear that he didn't take Jonathan seriously.

As the deputy police chief, he assumed he could teach Jonathan a lesson easily.

"Are you threatening me?" Jonathan asked. His gaze abruptly went cold.

"You can try if you dare!" the man sneered. "I'll give you one minute to think it through. You can either leave with us or resist arrest. Make your own decision! If things go out of control, you may get hurt."

Having said that, he waved and turned to the Police Tactical Unit. "One minute later, if he resists arrest, arrest him on the spot. If he fights back, shoot him in the head!"

"Yes, Sir!" the Police Tactical Unit officers responded loud and clear.

It was a serious matter, for an order to kill Jonathan was issued.

Everyone started trembling in fear.

"Looks like you've chosen to be unreasonable." Jonathan looked at him coolly. "That's fine. I'm not a reasonable man, anyway. I don't need one minute to think it through. I've already made up my mind... I won't return to the police station with you! However, I hate it when people point guns at me. The last man who aimed his weapon at me got both his arms broken. Try me if you don't believe me!"

"Oh? I'll do just that!" the middle-aged man replied with a mocking laugh. Jonathan's warning did not alarm him at all. "Arrest him now! If he resists arrest, shoot and kill him!"

"Yes, Sir!"

Following his order, the Police Tactical Unit rushed forward to take Jonathan down.

Alas, they were no match for Jonathan.

Before they could lay a hand on him, Jonathan had struck first, punching the nearest Police Tactical Unit officer in his nose forcefully. The sound of the officer's nasal bone breaking reverberated in the air. Before the officer could react, Jonathan gave him another punch. His vision went black, and he lost consciousness right away.

Jonathan was swift and deft, giving his enemies no time to retaliate.

In less than two minutes, half of the Police Tactical Unit officers had collapsed on the ground. They couldn't even climb to their feet as though their bones had been crushed.

The remaining Police Tactical Unit officers promptly whipped out their guns and aimed at Jonathan, fear evident in their eyes.

As they had received training at the police academy before graduating with flying colors, this was the first time someone had caused so much damage to their unit.

“Stop! Make another move and I’ll open fire!” one Police Tactical Unit officer warned, placing his finger on the trigger.

He was going to fire if Jonathan dared to take one step further.

“I’ve told you that I abhor others pointing guns at me!” Jonathan’s face was blanketed with a layer of frost. The next second, his figure appeared before the Police Tactical Unit officer in a flash as his fist swung out.

Crack! The punch landed on the officer’s nose.

Before he could pull the trigger, his figure had already fallen to the ground with a thud.

The impact caused him to black out on the spot.

“How dare you point a gun at me? Looks like you are ready to buy a one-way ticket to the afterlife,” said Jonathan coolly as he grabbed the gun from the officer, firing two gunshots without further delay.

Every bullet he fired hit the guns held by the Police Tactical Unit officers.

No matter how they tried to pull the trigger, nothing worked.

“How is this possible?”

The officers shared a look, shock visible in their gazes.

This can’t be possible! How can someone use a gun with such ease and precision? Even the drug dealers who are familiar with guns can’t do that!

“Everything is possible when it concerns me!” Jonathan’s gaze turned icy. He aimed the gun in his hand at the middle-aged man and uttered, “I told you I hate it when people point their guns at me.”

“W-What are you doing?” the man stuttered in fear as his expression changed drastically.

“What do you think?” Jonathan’s voice was cold. “Didn’t you say you want to shoot me to death?”

“I-I am a police officer. If you shoot me, your life will be over. Not only you, but your family, wife, and children will have to pay the price of your action!” the middle-aged man warned in a trembling voice. Sweat beaded on his forehead at the sight of the gun aimed at him.

Though he was used to guns, this was the first time someone had ever aimed a gun at him!

"Are you threatening me again?" Jonathan threw him a chilly look. "Do you think I won't dare to shoot you?"

Having said that, he pulled the trigger without hesitation.

Bang! The bullet whizzed past the middle-aged man's head noisily.

His legs instantly gave way as he collapsed to the ground.

"Don't worry, I won't take your life!" Seeing how the man went limp with fear, Jonathan shot him a frosty glare. "I just want to let you know that I can be more unreasonable than you!"

After a pause to let that sink in, he barked, "Get the police chief here! I want to meet him."

"You want to meet our chief?" the man repeated dumbly. His eyes lit up as he pulled out his phone to make a call.

"Chief Barnstone! I ran into a terrorist on Sunshine Street. I need backup!" the middle-aged man reported when the call was connected. He didn't hesitate in labeling Jonathan as a terrorist!

"He also requested to meet you in person.

"Yes, he's extremely dangerous. Remember to bring the Special Forces along when you come!"