

The Legendary Man Chapter 206

Chapter 206 You Meanie

“We’re done, you hear me? I have nothing to do with you or your family anymore, so leave. Leave right now!” Josephine chased him off without hesitation.

Ever since Hugo kicked her out of the Smith mansion, she lost what little love she had left of him.

“Josephine!” The old man didn’t want to give up just like that. He gritted his teeth and eventually kneeled before her. “Josephine, I’m not getting up unless you forgive me. I don’t care how long it takes.”

“Then you can kneel here forever. I couldn’t care less.”

It irked Jonathan to see Hugo pestering Josephine with his usual shameless routine. Since the Smiths would stop at nothing to take her back despite their blatant betrayal, Jonathan saw no reason to show them any more courtesy.

“As-” Hugo caught himself before he blurted Jonathan’s other name right in front of Josephine. The murderous glare from his grandson-in-law sent a chill up his spine, and he immediately corrected himself. “Jonathan, I-”

“Piss. Off.” If looks could freeze, the elderly would have turned into a human-sized popsicle right there and then. “I want you out of my sight in ten seconds. Your time starts now,” Jonathan said imperiously.

“Y-Yes, sir! Right away, sir! Right away!” Hugo’s legs turned to jelly the moment he met Jonathan’s gaze. Miraculously enough, he managed to get up and run away despite having jelly legs.

The thought of staying a moment longer terrified him.

After their father scurried off to save his own skin, Ezra and Miguel knew it was their cue to leave as well. They looked at Jonathan for a moment before turning around to stumble off. They were frightened, but they wanted to save their skin too.

A moment later, silence descended upon the living room once more. However, it did not last long.

“Jonathan, am I seeing things here? They seem to be scared of you.” Josephine looked at her husband curiously. After all, she couldn’t believe Hugo could ever look that terrified.

“Who knows?” He shrugged. “They’re not afraid of me, I guess. They’re scared of the King of War.”

“The King of War actually stepped in?” She stared at Jonathan in surprise after hearing about that. Jonathan actually got Zachary to help? The King of War?

“Yep.” He nodded. “How else did you expect me to save the entire Smith family? I couldn’t have done it alone.”

“And the Turners?” Josephine had more questions, but she was hesitating to talk about it. She was still worried about whether the Turners would keep exacting their vengeance on them.

“Gone. Erased. Wiped off from the map of Jazona.” Jonathan smiled.
“They foolishly enraged the King of War, and it incurred his wrath. He pulverized them. So now you’re free of their threat. They are no more.”

“Really?” Josephine’s eyes widened in surprise. She had a look of disbelief on her face, and it was understandable. Even the governor had to tread lightly around the Turners. However, the King of War snapped them out of existence as if they were just a group of inconsequential insects.

That is just so unbelievable. The King of War is an absolute powerhouse!

“Yes. I have no reason to lie to you, do I?” Jonathan smiled at her, then he looked at Margaret and Connor, who were still hiding outside the door.
“Don’t just take it from me. Ask those guys over there.” They were still too afraid to come in, but they had no choice after Jonathan called out to them.

“I-It’s true. It’s all true. Jonathan did not lie to you.” Connor had mixed feelings about calling Jonathan by his name so casually. Ever since he found out who the latter really was, he never dared to say his name out loud.

I must be absolutely insane to call him by his real name. That’s Asura right there in the flesh! He can wipe my family out anytime he wants to. Of course, I’m not gonna say his name out loud. This is like that villain in that super famous franchise!

“Jonathan!” Josephine suddenly called out.

“Yes?”

“Thank you.” She stared at the ground and kicked the table’s edge lightly. “And sorry you had to clean my mess up for me.”

She couldn’t even bring herself to look him in the eye when she said that. After all, she had done nothing except cause a series of problems for him lately.

Jonathan wasn’t angry. “What did I tell you about saying thank you? You don’t have to do that, you know?” He smacked her head. “This is what you get for ignoring what I said. Stop saying thank you to me.”

“Ow, that hurts!” She covered her head and shot a nasty glare at Jonathan.

“That is quite literally the point.” He rubbed her head happily. “It wouldn’t be a lesson otherwise.”

“Hmph!” Josephine rolled her eyes and looked at her parents. “You guys must be hungry, right? I’ll make something for you to eat.”

She was about to get up and go to the kitchen, but her mother—who was still hiding behind the door—was horrified. “It’s alright, sweetie.” She quickly stopped her daughter. “Just stay right there. Let me handle this!”

Josephine was about to refuse, but Margaret would give her no such chance. She hurried into the kitchen right after she told her daughter to sit down in case anything else happened.

“I-I’ll help your mother too.” Connor scuttled into the kitchen after his wife.

Once again, only Jonathan and Josephine were left in the living room.

Josephine was shocked when her mother actually offered to cook instead of letting her do it. “W-What’s wrong with my mom?”

Margaret would never even step into the kitchen to do the dishes, let alone cook. Her father handled most of the house chores, while Jonathan would pick up the rest of the slack. She wouldn’t even lift a finger to help, no matter how busy they were.

What was up with that? Why’d she suddenly wants to cook? Did something happen? Something I don’t know?

“Who knows? Maybe she’s starving. Hunger can change people, you know,” Jonathan made up a random excuse, but his real goal was to huddle closer to Josephine. Once she was within reach, he quickly held her in his embrace.

He could feel her warmth on his skin, and she could feel his arms envelope around her. Josephine’s breathing turned quicker the moment he hugged her, and her face started turning red. A moment later, even her ears were scarlet.

“W-What are you trying to do, Jonathan?” She struggled to break free of his grasp, but it was futile to try to escape from him.

“I’m hungry.” He gazed deep into her eyes.

“M-Mom’s going to whip up something soon.” She gulped nervously.

“Oh, I’m craving for something else.” Jonathan stared down and inched closer to her face, eventually getting close enough to feel her breathing.

Josephine was as helpless as a lamb in front of its predator, but still she asked a stupid question nervously, “W-What do you have in mind?”

“A snack.” Jonathan beamed at her and shut her mouth with a kiss.

Josephine grunted in protest as he kissed her. She even tried to struggle and resist, but to no avail. It was impossible for her to free herself.

The crimson hue of her face became even darker. “L-Let me go, Jonathan. Dad and Mom are gonna see us!” Josephine tried to push him away, but the harder she did, the tighter he hugged her.

“Oh no. I don’t think they will.” He slowly pried her mouth open with his tongue and stopped her completely from talking.

Despite her protests, she couldn’t even say a word, no matter how much she tried. In the end, she could only make muffled sounds to tell him she wanted it to stop.

Jonathan didn’t do as he was told. He kept the kiss on until Josephine was almost suffocating from the lack of air a few minutes later.

“Jonathan, you’re such a meanie!” She stomped his foot angrily. That was my first kiss! And he took it away from me just like that!

“Yep, but I’m mean to you, and only you.” He looked down again and shut her up with a kiss once more.

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Chapter 207 The Path To Death

Goldstein Residence, Yaleview.

A gust of cold wind blew across the residence, enticing the wind chimes to sing their silvery song. It was supposed to be a beautiful melody, but only hauntingly so given the situation.

An old man in a grey robe sat in the center of the main hall, his forehead tightly knit into a frown. He had a dignified look on his face that inspired fear from his enemies, but courage to his allies.

He was reading *The Beast Hunter's Bizarre Adventure* with a cup of freshly brewed tea in front of him. Its steam was billowing quietly in the air.

Just when he had finished the page and was about to flip to the next, a person in servant attire suddenly barged in.

He seemed panicked and terrified. The moment he came in, he quickly knelt before the old man and reported, "W-We have received u-u-unsettling news in Jazona, sir. A-An extremely unsettling piece as well."

"What seems to be the matter?" The old man put his book down and glanced at the servant with a gaze as calm as the deep blue sea. "And catch your breath. Do not panic. You are in no hurry."

When he heard the news, he understood why the servant came in such a hurry. "Sir, the Turners... the Turners are wiped out! Every single one of them!"

"What did you just say?" The old man's face fell when he heard the news, and the calm gaze he had a moment earlier was replaced—for once in ages—by a storm of murder. "The Turners are annihilated? The Turners? The ones in Jazona? Where did you hear about this?"

The Turners are the most powerful of the four prominent families in Jazona. The people there dub them as the vice governor's office. Even the real governor has to stay away when they're involved. Such is their power.

But now they're completely and utterly annihilated? Who or what possesses that much power to accomplish that feat? Not even the King of War himself could perform that act on a mere whim! I require more answers.

"Sir, we received this news from the governor's office in Jazona." The servant looked at the old man carefully and answered, his voice little more than a whisper, "The staff there said they saw the Cardinal King of War himself led a hundred thousand Fang Dragon Guards and caused a bloodbath in the governor's office. They arrested every single person who's connected to the Turners and shot them dead on the spot!"

"Terrence?" The mention of Terrence made the old man frown again. "That cannot be. The Cardinal King of War and his army of Fang Dragon Guards should be stationed in Kingshinton. What made them leave their duty to go on a crusade in Jazona?"

The Kings of War were stationed in four different regions of the nation. They were not to leave their stations under any circumstances, unless Asura himself issued the command.

Anyone who broke the creed would be treated as rebels and have extreme violence used on them.

And that begs the question: why did Terrence suddenly show up in Jazona with his army? And why did he shed so much blood in the governor's office? No. It cannot be... That is preposterous.

It was at that moment when a terrifying idea occurred to the old man. He had a look of terror etched on his face for a moment, then he felt a chill run down his spine.

“Did they say anything else about the matter?” The old man picked his cup of tea up casually and blew on it. He might look as calm as a cucumber, but his hands were slightly trembling, and his tea almost spilled out of the cup.

“Yes, sir. The Cardinal King of War not only led his army of Fang Dragon Guards on a crusade against the governor’s office, they even killed a lot of the people in the Vanquisher King of War’s residence. Because of his actions, Jazona is still in a state of lockdown. Not even a single soul could get into the province.”

He even did that? When the old man finally absorbed the shocking information, he could no longer maintain a firm hold on his teacup. It fell on the floor, smashing into pieces. Some shards even crumbled into a small heap of dust.

“I see. This must be the will of Asura himself.” The old man looked horrified as he recalled the dark days of Asura’s reign.

If it weren’t for Asura letting his family off the hook by accident, they would have drowned in the annals of history when the Four Asura Guards led their army on a war.

“How many of the Kings of War are in Jazona now? Besides Terrence and his army.” The old man tried his best to look calm, but his trembling hands betrayed what he truly felt—terror.

“Dorian, the Excalibur King of War.” The servant hung his head low. “He led his army of Anima Dragon Guards and locked the city down, forbidding anyone from going in or out of Jazona.”

“What? Even the Excalibur King of War is there?” The old man thought he couldn’t be more shocked, but he was wrong.

Ever since Asura led the Kings of War to cull the nation's enemies and brought peace, the Excalibur King of War had never taken even one step out of Mysonna, the place where he was supposed to be guarding.

On top of that, Mysonna was home to the legendary Northern Crimson Prison. It was a notorious place that imprisoned the foulest of criminals, including top killers and terrorists from all over the world.

A serial killer who had killed at least a small village's worth of people would be locked up in a maximum-security prison elsewhere. However, a criminal of that magnitude was on the lowest rung of Northern Crimson Prison's hierarchy.

But now the Excalibur King of War actually left Mysonna, and he brought his army along as well? What if a riot were to take place in his absence? Is he not worried about the possibility of an event like that occurring?

"Yes, sir!" The servant hung his head even lower. "Jazona is still on lockdown as we speak. Rumors have it that the Fang Dragon Guards have culled countless aristocrats."

"Who else is there?" the old man asked coldly.

"The Thunder King of War's lieutenant, Reaper. He leads an army of fifty thousand Eagle Dragon Guards. They, too, are locking the city down."

The Thunder King of War? Kane Dunst? The old man had just picked up a new teacup, but the mention of Kane being involved in the matter made his hand shake. He dropped the second teacup, too.

The thunderous smash made the servant bow his head in fear, and his legs were shaking violently.

“I see. Three of the four Kings of War are there, then I assume the Vanquisher King of War is present as well?” the old man asked the servant coldly.

“Yes, sir. Zachary led a hundred thousand Divine Dragon Guards and wiped out all the families who have connections with the Turners. All in one night. The Turners are completely annihilated, and it’s all thanks to Zachary.”

I knew it. The old man was not surprised when he heard that Zachary rained down destruction on so many families. In fact, he was already numb to it. Since all his other comrades were there, it was a given that Zachary must be present. However, he was still wondering why all Kings of War were in Jazona. Are they really there just to punish the Turners and their affiliated families? To show Jazona their strength?

The Turner family was the strongest out of the four prominent families in Jazona, but they were nothing in front of the Vanquisher King of War’s strength. So why were all four kings summoned? The Turner family is nothing to them.

“Listen and listen well. Cut off all connections with Jazona, and warn everyone in the family to never step into Jazona. At the very least, never to step into that city for the next three years. If anyone breaks this rule, they shall be met with the most agonizing punishment.”

It took the old man an instant to decide that he’d cut off his family’s ties to Jazona. Even though they had been setting up the perfect stage for their rise in Jazona and planted countless pawns, it was for nothing.

It was obvious that all the Kings of War rained down that wave of destruction at the behest of Asura. The old man was smart enough to see through that, or he wouldn’t have been capable of leading the Goldsteins.

“Yes, sir!” The servant got his orders and got up. However, before he left the room, he skidded to a halt and turned his head around. “What about the Turners?”

“They brought this fate unto themselves. They have only themselves to blame for this.” The old man’s face fell. If looks could freeze, the whole room would have turned into a freezer. The servant shivered. “They crossed Asura himself. That is no different than signing a death warrant. Asura could have destroyed us easily as well if we tried to cross him, let alone the Turners.”

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Chapter 208 Please Come Back

The foul stench of blood lingered in the air of Jazona as the Kings of War rained down death and misery to those who crossed their master. On that very night, the Turner family, leader of Jazona’s four prominent families, was eradicated.

The news took the whole city by storm, shaking everyone. None of them had expected a giant like the Turners to be wiped out so quickly. After all, they held an obscene amount of power in their hands.

More importantly, the citizens of Jazona wondered who was behind the massacre. They thought the Turners must have crossed someone terrifying, but they had no clue who that mysterious character was.

All they knew was that the Turners were no more. They were wiped out in a single night.

While the citizens were speculating and coming up with their own theories about the Turners’ fate, the lockdown on Jazona lifted, and the

army of Anima Dragon Guards left the city, allowing it to reopen to the public.

The army of Fang Dragon Guards massacred everyone in the governor's office and disappeared without a trace when dawn broke through the horizon. It was as if they had never appeared before.

The Divine Dragon Guards, who led the crusade against the rebels in Jazona, went back to their military base under the leadership of Zachary.

The guards retreated silently, as if the bloodbath that happened the night before had never occurred.

Even though the whole city's lockdown was lifted in the end, one region remained on lockdown—Jadeborough.

Lieutenant Reaper and his army of Eagle Dragon Guards were still standing sentry before the gates of Jadeborough, forbidding anyone from going in or out of the city.

Because of their actions, they isolated the city from the rest of the world.

Military commander's residence, Jadeborough.

Jonathan was seated in the middle of the living room while Terrence, Zachary, and Dorian stood before him. None of them dared to sit in his presence. Not before he told them to.

Randall—the mayor of Jadeborough—was not even worthy to be in the presence of the Kings of War and Asura himself. He had to stand guard by the door. He didn't even have the privilege of being their errand boy.

Back in the room, Jonathan took a little sip of the tea and waved the Kings of War down. "Sit."

“Yes, sir!”

The Kings of War obliged and sat down fluidly, as if they had practiced it a thousand times before. It was perfect, and not a single one of them sat down slower or faster than the other.

“How is that situation in Beshya?” Jonathan asked.

“Sir, the rebels in the West Region have retreated. Kane is still chasing them down.” Zachary stood up. No matter what he did, it would smell of discipline and the military.

“Sit!” Jonathan frowned at him. “You do not have to stand when you talk to me here. We’re in Jadeborough, not Asura’s Office.”

“My apologies, Sir. It’s... a habit at this point.” Zachary scratched his head.

However, if they were in Asura’s Office, he wouldn’t even dare to stand before Jonathan, let alone sit. He’d kneel before his master.

“Tell Reaper and his army to return to Beshya. I want the rebellion in the West Region culled in one month. Fail me, and Kane shall serve time in the Northern Crimson Prison.

“Dorian, you shall be on guard duty should that come to pass. If he leaves the prison without my orders, break his legs.”

Jonathan looked calm when he said that, as if he was just telling everyone to get him a Frappuccino at Starbucks. It sounded like the devil’s whisper to the Kings of War, and their legs turned to jelly.

There was nobody in Chanaea who’d boast about breaking a King of War’s legs. Nobody but Asura, although he issued it as an order.

“Yes, Sir!” Dorian stood up immediately, apparently learning nothing from Zachary’s lesson earlier.

“I told you, you don’t need to stand up? What part of that do you not understand?” Jonathan shot him a glare, and Dorian quickly sat back down in shock. He had no doubt Jonathan would put him through the wringer if he didn’t.

“All of you will return the first thing tomorrow morning.” Jonathan looked at them calmly. “Your business in Jazonais done.”

“But, Sir...”

The Kings of War looked at each other, and they saw hesitation in each other’s eyes. Obviously, they had something on their minds, but they hesitated to talk about it.

“What is it? Talk!” Jonathan frowned. “Don’t dawdle around. Are you men or not?”

“Yes, Sir!” Dorian was the first one to respond. He wasn’t someone who could hold much in, and everyone in the troops knew he was grumpy. He quickly shot up, only to fall on his knees before Jonathan. “Sir, we wish to ask for your return to Asura’s Office. We need you to lead us into battle once more!”

After Dorian made his request, Zachary followed suit and knelt before Jonathan. “Me too, Sir! Please, we humbly request for your return to Asura’s Office!”

“And me too, Sir! We humbly request for your return to Asura’s Office!” Terrence also knelt before Jonathan like his colleagues.

After Jonathan led them on that epic crusade one year ago and brought peace to the land, he stayed behind in the Northern Crimson Prison until recently.

They had never even talked to Jonathan once over the last year, let alone meeting up with him.

The Northern Crimson Prison was an independent institution, free of the Kings of War's command and rule. They only obeyed Asura's Office and no one else.

Even the Kings of War must possess Jonathan's seal and gain the warden's approval if they wished to step into the prison's gates to meet their commander.

"Is that all you want to talk about?" Jonathan looked at them calmly.

"Yes, Sir!" the three of them answered in unison. "We humbly request for your return to Asura's Office, Sir!"

"If that is the request, then..." he rejected their request without even thinking, "Then there is nothing more to say."

"Sir-"

Zachary wanted to persuade Jonathan, but the latter stopped him. "That is my decision. I shall brook no further attempt at persuasion from any of you. This is what I was prepared for when I made the decision to leave one year ago."

The year before, he led his Asura Guards on a crusade to cull all the rebels and threats within and without the nation, bringing peace to the land. After assigning the guards as Kings of War to protect the nation, he made a decision that would shock everyone.

Jonathan left Asura's Office, cutting off all ties with the institution.

When the news reached the Kings of War, they left their armies of Asura Guards and knelt before his residence for three days and three nights. Even that failed to make Jonathan change his decision.

Not a soul knew why he made such an abrupt decision, nor did they understand why he left. All they knew was that Asura had disappeared without a trace ever since that day. Nobody knew where he went or what he did.

Until a few months ago.

The warden of Northern Crimson Prison told them that Jonathan had been living in the gaol for the past year.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door. Randal came in with a tray decorated with a teapot and some cups. "S-Sir, the tea has gone cold. Allow me to change them for you."

Randall's legs turned to jelly when he saw the Kings of War kneeling on the ground. It tied his tongue and made it difficult to conjure a coherent sentence.

Gods. The Kings of War! They're practical gods! We're nothing but insects before them. Now they're kneeling? To Jonathan? And they aren't even looking up?

"There will be no need for that." Jonathan stood up and looked at the Kings of War calmly. "I will be holding my wedding in Jadeborough soon enough. All of you may attend if you wish, but if any of you try to persuade me again, then heed my words: you are not welcome."

Jonathan left the room without saying another word, leaving the Kings of War still kneeling on the ground.

They sent him off loudly, “We wish you a safe journey, Sir!”

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Chapter 209 How Dare You

Right after Jonathan had departed the military commander’s residence, a mysterious guest came to Edenic Heights.

A black Rolls-Royce slowly rode into the neighborhood to No. 1 Villa. A short while later, the car stopped before the villa’s gates, and someone opened the door.

A middle-aged man who was wearing a black suit came out of the car. He had a dark look on his face which only turned darker when he looked at No. 1 Villa. Then he rang the doorbell.

The sound shattered the silence, and Josephine came to open the door. “Hello. How may I help you?”

“I am here for Jonathan Goldstein.”

“Jonathan?” She looked at him suspiciously. “He’s not in right now.”

“No matter. I can wait for him.” The man barged into the villa rudely and ignored Josephine’s attempt at a protest.

When she tried to stop him, a few burly men in black quickly stood before her, blocking her way.

“W-What do you want?” She thought the men in black were dangerous, and her mind was screaming at her, telling her to chase them out. “Leave my house right now, or I’m calling the police.”

“Worry not, lady. I shall not harm you.” The man looked at her calmly as he waved the men in black down. They obliged and quickly retreated away from Josephine.

“W-Who are you?” She went to a corner and held her phone with her right hand quietly. If the man or his lackeys gave her any reason to believe they would harm anyone, she would call the police immediately.

“I am also a Goldstein. Tommy Goldstein. I’m Jonathan’s relative.” The man sat on the sofa casually, as if he was the host instead of Josephine. “In other words, I’m technically your uncle.” He lit a cigar up.

Uncle? He’s a Goldstein? He shares Jonathan’s last name! It was then, realization struck Josephine, but she asked hesitantly, “Are you Jonathan’s family?”

“You might say so, yes.” The man nodded, still acting as calm as ever.

“If that’s the case, then why have I never seen you before?” A frown furrowed her forehead.

She had been married to Jonathan for four years, but he had never brought up his family. Not even once. And she had never seen his family either. Even when they got married, not a single person from his family came to the wedding.

“Despite what you might think, that is quite normal actually,” the man answered flatly. “Jonathan hasn’t seen me in ten years, either. This is the first time we meet.”

Jonathan hasn't seen him in ten years? The frown on her forehead deepened, and what little trust she had for the stranger was slowly getting lesser and lesser.

Naturally, Josephine started feeling alarmed. "H-How can you prove it? How can you prove that you're telling the truth?"

"I do not have to. You shall know if I was lying once Jonathan returns." The man put his cigar out and looked at one of the men in black. "Have you found him yet?"

"Not yet, sir."

The burly man shook his head. "Our tracker lost him."

"Useless fools. All of you!" The man's face fell, and he looked at Josephine. "Call Jonathan and tell him to come home immediately. I do not have time to waste with him."

"I can't find him," Josephine refused without hesitation. She was not sure if the man was being truthful, so she would not do as he asked.

"Do not try to do anything funny, girl. I know exactly what you're thinking." The man snorted at her with a disdainful look. "It is best you do as I say, or else..."

Once the man gave them their cue, his subordinates stepped up to surround Josephine. If the man gave his orders, they would no doubt harm her.

"Or else what?" a voice reached them from outside the villa. A moment later, a young man stepped in to rescue Josephine from her the imminent threat.

“Jonathan!” Josephine quickly went to her husband the moment he appeared.

Jonathan gave her a hug and patted her head. “It’s alright now, Josephine. I’m here. I’m here,” he cooed.

However, when he looked at the man who was threatening his wife, his gentle demeanor was replaced by a cold, harsh look. “What do you want?”

“To take you back,” Tommy answered coldly.

“Take me back?” Jonathan sneered, as if he had just heard something ludicrous. “I’ll need you to be more specific about the location.”

“Yaleview.” The man looked at his nephew coldly. “The family has agreed to let you come back to the fold.”

“I am not interested.” Jonathan rejected his uncle’s invitation without even a second of hesitation. “They exiled me from the family, but now they want me back? I am not someone whom they can order around. Scum and b*stards, the lot of them.”

“Insolence, Jonathan.” Tommy was infuriated at the insult. “Do you really think it’s that easy to return? Giorno was involved in a car crash and remains in a coma even now. If it weren’t for that, you would never have the chance to return because of the sins of your actions alone.”

“Ah, so that explains the sudden visit. Your precious son got hurt.” Jonathan sneered again, apparently amused by his uncle’s lack of shame. “I see why you want me back. So, I can be his puppet, huh? Or do you want me to donate my organs to him?”

“That is nonsense, Jonathan! I shall do no such thing!” Tommy flew into a rage. “Your grandfather made this decision himself! Do you really think I want a piece of trash like you back? Do you really think you’re good enough to even be my son’s replacement?”

My son is the one and only heir of the prestigious Goldstein family in Yaleview, while you are just a poor sod who was exiled ten years ago. Someone of your caliber could never measure up to him.

“I do not care who made that decision.” Jonathan stared daggers at Tommy. “From the day the family exiled me, they have made their decision to cut off all ties with me. Whether your son lives or dies is none of my business. The same goes for your family’s survival.

“If you came here today to persuade me to return, then you can give up now. I do not have any interest in your family. Not even an ounce.”

That marked the end of the discussion, however short it might be. Jonathan did not want to waste his breath anymore, so he chased them out. “Josephine, send our guests off.”

“Jonathan!” The insult was the final piece of wood to stroke Tommy’s flames of fury. He pointed at his nephew with a trembling finger, his eyes filled with rage. “How dare you assume such a brazen attitude with me!”

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Chapter 210 Kill Him

“Tommy, the only reason you’re still standing there and talking to me is because I showed you mercy.” Tommy thought his fury would scare

Jonathan into submission, but that only fueled the latter's annoyance.
"You would have been dead if you hadn't been my uncle."

Jonathan was looking at Tommy as if he was nothing but a corpse. If it weren't because Tommy was his uncle, he would have been a dead man the moment he stepped foot into the villa.

"Are you trying to scare me, Jonathan?" Tommy sneered, thinking that it was just an empty threat. "You and what army? Even if I were to give you ten years, you would still be too weak to stand up against me. Just because you know some thugs in Jadeborough do not mean you can rule the place.

"All I have to do is make some calls, and you will lose your backup in seconds."

Graham Group's chairman? The most ruthless man in Jadeborough? The mayor? They are all nothing in front of the Goldsteins. I can wipe them all out whenever I want to.

Even the most powerful, prominent family in Jazona is just our pawn. These thugs can do nothing in the face of the Goldsteins.

"You have until the count of three. If I still see you in my house, I shall show you no mercy." Jonathan gave him an ultimatum, for all negotiations had broken down.

Ever since they exiled him ten years ago, they were already dead to him. If it weren't because they were related, he would have flattened them when he led his guards on the crusade in Yaleview three years ago.

He had allowed the Goldsteins to survive the bloodbath in Yaleview when every single aristocratic family was wiped off the surface of the world. Do they really think I'm scared of them?

“No mercy ? Well, I would love to see it for myself then.” Tommy dismissed Jonathan’s threats. He sneered and looked at the burly men in black. “Teach him a lesson, but make sure he stays alive. He is of no use to me if he is dead.”

“Yes, sir!” The men in black obliged and charged toward Jonathan. They were obviously trained, judging from how they moved. Every time they attacked, they went straight for Jonathan’s vitals.

If it were not for Tommy’s reminder, they would have gone for the kill right from the start.

“Very well then.” Even though the men were charging toward him, Jonathan showed no sign of panic. He looked at them coldly and took a step ahead, just enough to keep Josephine behind him. Then, he leaped into the air and slammed his fist against the neck of the man who was leading the pack.

Smack! A loud impact roared through the living room, and the man fell to the ground with a sickening crunch before he could even react to the attack.

“How is this possible ?” The moment his subordinate fell, Tommy felt his eyelid twitch. His eyes bulged with disbelief.

The burly men in black were professional hitmen he hired from the black market with a profane amount of money. Over the long years of their professional career, the hitmen had killed countless people, and Tommy estimated that they would be put on trial for at least a few dozen murders if they were to be brought to justice.

Not even the special forces were a match for them, let alone Jonathan. Or so Tommy thought. However, the truth was always ready to teach him a

lesson as he witnessed his nephew knocked one man out with a single punch. To make things worse, that hitman couldn't even react to it either.

How could this be ?

While Tommy was still immersed in his shock, Jonathan leaped once more and slammed his fist against another hitman's head. A deafening thud growled across the battlefield, and the hitman's head rolled to the side before he blacked out.

Barely a minute after the battle had commenced, he already took half of the hitmen squad out. The other half remained, but seeing their comrades tasting defeat so swiftly at the hands of a single man struck fear into their hearts. They looked at each other which only intensified their terror.

Civilians like Tommy and Josephine might not see how powerful Jonathan's punches were, but these men could.

Even the world's top hitmen could take out a fighter down with a single punch, let alone them. Nor could anyone do that without their enemy showing any retaliation, but Jonathan proved them wrong.

The men in black suddenly came to a unanimous decision. "We have to kill him."

At that point, they could no longer care about their employer's orders. If they didn't go for the kill, they were certain Jonathan would slaughter them one by one.

Once they made that decision, the hitmen glanced at each other once more and whipped out their weapons, aiming for Jonathan's vitals.

Some of them held a triangular bayonet, while some held a gun, and some held a dagger. There were a lot of weapons around, but their goal remained the same—to take Jonathan’s life.

“Insolent!” Jonathan had shown the men mercy, but they pushed their luck and tried to kill him. That act of foolishness ultimately sealed their fates. He became a black silhouette as he leaped up into the air, grabbed the neck of one hitman and snapped it backward.

A disgusting snap was heard through the living room as Jonathan broke the hitman’s neck, and the latter fell to the ground before he could even make a sound. That was the first death.

“Open fire!”

The sudden murder caught the remaining hitmen by surprise. They were shocked, especially the one holding a pistol. Panicked, he pulled the trigger and sent a bullet flying toward Jonathan.

The moment he pulled the trigger, Jonathan dodged it quickly and held the man’s wrist. He pulled it back upward, and another sickening snap was heard as he broke the hitman’s wrist.

The man yelped in pain and dropped his pistol, only to it fall into the hands of Jonathan. Never would the hitman imagine his last words to be a yelp, but he had no time to ponder on that matter because Jonathan pulled the trigger and blew his brains out.

As the bullet pierced through the man’s head, blood splattered everywhere as a gooey matter flowed down the hitman’s lifeless corpse.

The man in black's whimper was cut short as he fell down with a thud. His eyes were still wide open with shock and disbelief, contemplating the last moments of his life.

"You have no idea who you are dealing with. Using a gun against me was a mistake." Jonathan snorted. He twirled the pistol around his finger and sent a few more bullets flying at the remaining hitmen. They were trying to attack him, but before they could even get close, they had already fallen. A pool of blood started to form around them.

When the last hitman finally fell, an eerie silence descended upon the living room.

All the hitmen who were trying to kill Jonathan earlier were lying on the ground, lifeless.

Tommy stood before the horrific scene alone, gawking at his nephew. His soul was filled with fear and terror.