

The Legendary Man Chapter 291

Chapter 291 Live Firing Exercise

The night went by in the blink of an eye.

The next morning, the incessant ringing of Jonathan's phone woke him up at the crack of dawn.

Frowning, he answered in an irritated tone, "Hello?"

After all, he had always hated being woken up from his sleep by someone else.

"Mr. Goldstein, have you gone back to Yaleview?" The moment the call connected, he heard a hoarse voice over the line.

"Who told you that?" Casually lighting a cigarette, Jonathan turned on the lights and glanced at the clock.

He realized it was only five in the morning.

It was still pitch-black outside.

"It was Andy!" the hoarse voice continued. "Last night, I heard him say that you had returned to Yaleview. But since it was midnight, I didn't dare disturb you. Hence, I called you first thing in the morning instead."

"He sure is a blabbermouth!" Jonathan snapped. "Tell him he has to serve detention for one month starting from today, and he's not allowed to step out of the military base. If he dares to disobey, I'll break his legs myself! Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Sir!" Even though it was over the phone, the caller was still intimidated by Jonathan's instructions. "Mr. Goldstein, is one month too short? Why don't we detain him for six months?"

"Do you want to join him?"

"No, I don't!" The caller denied at once. "Mr. Goldstein, when did you come back?"

“A few days ago,” Jonathan casually replied. “Who else knows that I’m back?”

“No... no one. Just the few of us.” Those few naturally meant the elders of Asura’s Office and the four Kings of War.

“Go ahead. What did you call me for?” After tapping the ash off his cigarette, Jonathan got up and drew back the curtains.

The caller was one of the four Kings of War, Karl Hamilton.

Back in the day, he was Jonathan’s subordinate. The commander had handpicked him to join Asura’s Office as one of the four Kings of War after many hard-earned victories under his belt.

“It’s something trivial.” Karl chuckled like a fool over the phone.

“Mr. Goldstein, where are you? Why don’t I come pick you up?”

“You don’t have to,” Jonathan answered plainly. “Whatever it is, you can just tell me over the phone.”

“It will be the eight Asura Guards’ annual live-firing exercise soon. Since you didn’t attend last year, would you like to drop by this year, given that you’re in Yaleview?”

“Live-firing exercise?”

The question surprised the commander.

Is it that time of the year already?

After all, the annual exercise was established by him three years ago.

All eight Asura Guards would take part. The winner would have the honor of being the *crème de la crème* of the team until the next exercise.

Most importantly, the goal of the yearly event was to increase their combat ability so that they could perform better as a team on the battlefield one day.

“When is this?” Jonathan casually asked.

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“In two weeks.”

“Fine. I’ll be there.”

“Really, Mr. Goldstein?” Karl sounded ecstatic because he didn’t expect the commander to agree.

Ever since the training exercise was established, Jonathan had only been present for the first one. Subsequently, he never attended the rest.

Therefore, Karl was just trying his luck when he posed the question. Jonathan’s affirmative answer surprised him.

“Mm-hmm! Is there anything else?”

“Sir, will you also be dropping by Asura’s Office?” Karl continued, “You’ve been gone for too long. We’re beginning to forget what you look like!”

Ever since Jonathan’s disappearance one year ago, no one had heard from him. Even the four Kings of War weren’t able to track him down.

“No, I’m not going back there,” he declined without a second thought.

The reason he didn’t tell anyone about his trip to Yaleview was that he didn’t want to see them.

After a year, he wanted to observe how much his men had grown during his year-long absence.

“Why don’t you give us your address, and we’ll come to visit you?” Karl insisted. “Alternatively, I can visit you discreetly without letting the others know.”

“You simply talk too much. Is it because you’re not getting enough training? Do you want me to increase the intensity of

your training?” Jonathan’s tone grew stern.

“No, no, Sir. Not at all.”

Karl was so terrified that he didn’t dare say another word. Back when he was under Jonathan’s command, he had personally experienced the torturous training which was his worst nightmare.

It was something he never wanted to go through ever again.

“Stay the h*ll away from me if you don’t want to!” Jonathan snapped. “Before the live-firing exercise, you had better not call me or appear before me. Otherwise, get ready to strip off your rank and be banished to Northern Crimson Prison, where you can enjoy the sand together with Dorian.”

“Yes, Sir. I’m ending the call right away.”

Not daring to waste any more time, Karl ended the call with a click. He was so worried that another word out of his mouth would cause him to be exiled to Northern Crimson Prison in Mysonna.

It was a place no one wanted to go. There was nothing other than sand as far as the eye could see.

“Despite not seeing him for a year, he hasn’t progressed at all!” Jonathan tossed his phone aside and stubbed out the cigarette in his hand.

Just when he was preparing to take a shower, he suddenly heard light footsteps coming from outside his room.

Regardless of how faint the footsteps were, the sound didn’t escape his ears.

Is someone outside ?

Jonathan furrowed his brows instantly. He was about to get to the door, but the sound of the footsteps was gone.

Was it just my imagination ?

Maintaining his frown, the man quietly walked to the door and opened it abruptly.

However, there was no one in the dark hallway.

It was pitch black except for the dim shadows of tree branches swaying with the wind.

Nevertheless, Jonathan was unsettled because it was just too quiet. Years of battle had sharpened his keen sense of awareness. Without that, he would have died a long time ago.

Suddenly, Jonathan slammed the door shut with a loud bang.

Staring at the empty corridor, he plainly remarked, “Come on now, there’s no point hiding.”

His voice echoed in the hallway.

No one responded, and there was no one to be seen. It felt as if he was shouting into thin air. His eyes narrowed immediately as he took a swift step forward and threw a punch into the darkness.

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Chapter 292 Assassination

Bang! The sound shattered the silence in the hallway.

Jonathan could feel his fist come into contact with something or someone.

The next moment, he heard a muted groan as a black figure staggered backward and crashed into the wall behind him.

“How did you notice my presence?” the black figure asked in a raspy voice.

As an assassin, he was proficient in hiding in the shadows and

striking when his victims least expected it.

However, not only did his attack fail, but his prey also discovered him.

For a man of his profession, it was an outright humiliation.

“What’s so difficult about it?”

Staring coldly at him, Jonathan charged forward and launched another punch. He wasn’t going to give the assassin an opportunity to counter-attack at all.

The next moment, a loud crack of fractured bone rang out. The latter had zero chance of defending himself. He spewed a mouthful of blood before dropping to his knees in front of his target with a thud.

“Considering how weak you are, how did you end up becoming an assassin?” After shooting the assassin a glance, Jonathan stomped on his knee to shatter it into pieces.

The black figure slumped onto the ground after losing all his strength.

“Wh-Who exactly are you?” Staring up at Jonathan’s condescending expression, the assassin’s face was red with indignance.

Throughout his years as an assassin, he had killed many victims but had never suffered such a humiliation before.

The tables had turned. From a hunter, he became a prey before he could fire a shot. It was an outrageous disgrace.

“You should’ve done your homework. How dare you attempt an assassination if you know nothing about your target?” When he noticed the dissatisfaction on the assassin’s face, Jonathan eyed the man nonchalantly. “Before you came to kill me, did no one tell you what happened to the last assassin who tried?”

“What happened?” the latter asked as he glared at Jonathan.

“I blew his head off with his own sniper rifle and dismembered his corpse.”

Jonathan stared indifferently at the crippled hitman. “So, what do you think will happen to you?”

“I don’t know what will happen to me, but I’m certain the person in the other room is screwed!” Having heard those words, the man sneered, “Do you think I’m the only assassin who came today?”

“So, you weren’t targeting me?” Jonathan’s expression drastically changed.

He had assumed the Goldstein family sent the assassin to kill him, but he had not expected Sophia to be targeted, too.

For goodness’ sake, she’s Emmett’s biological daughter!

“You are one of the targets, along with the woman in the room!” The assassin scoffed, “So what if I have failed to kill you? As long as the lady in that room is dead, my mission is not considered a total failure!”

“D*mn you!” Suddenly, Jonathan’s expression turned murderous as he crushed the assassin’s spine with a stomp.

The loud crack of fracturing bone rang out. The assassin didn’t even have the chance to scream in agony before his head fell limp in a pool of blood.

After he dealt with the first hitman, Jonathan dashed to Sophia’s room.

Without even knocking, he kicked down her bedroom door.

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“Aunt Sophia!” he frantically called out.

The very next moment, the room light suddenly turned on. He was then greeted by the sight of a frightened Sophia who was curled up in her bed, hugging her blanket for dear life. With an anxious expression, she asked, “Jonathan, wh-what are you trying to do?”

“Nothing. I thought you were in danger.” When he saw that his aunt was unharmed and nothing was threatening her, Jonathan heaved a sigh of relief.

“How could I be in danger in the middle of the night?” Sophia fumed at her nephew.

Evidently, she had a fright when he barged into the room without warning.

“You’re the biggest danger to me, Jonathan Goldstein!” Glaring at Jonathan, Sophia snapped, “Why did you kick open my door in the middle of the night? You even destroyed it!”

Her entire face was red with anger after the commotion. She was sleeping soundly before being rudely woken up when he kicked her down.

The imminent danger she was facing turned out to be none other than her nephew.

“I’m just worried about you, all right?” After heaving a sigh of relief, Jonathan scrutinized the surroundings for any hidden threats instead of leaving.

“What are you looking at? Turn around! You’re not allowed to look!” When Sophia noticed Jonathan’s wandering eyes, she became more infuriated.

Not only isn’t he asleep in the middle of the night, but he also kicked down my door and is now snooping around! If it were

anyone else, I would have called the police!

“I’m not looking at you!” Jonathan explained helplessly.

“In that case, what are you searching for?” Sophia couldn’t help but roll her eyes. Most of her skin was exposed, including the two thin spaghetti straps on her shoulder.

Given that his eyes were darting around, anyone in her position would naturally be concerned.

“I can’t explain right now!” With no time to lose, Jonathan darted past her bed, grabbed the curtains in an attempt to close them.

“Jonathan, what are you doing?” Sophia couldn’t resist asking when she saw how strangely her nephew was behaving.

Bang!

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Plank!

A shot was fired. The gold bullet flew into the room, shattering the glass panel on the window.

Sophia screamed in response before asking anxiously, “Jonathan, what’s going on?”

“Don’t move a muscle!” he yelled as he closed the curtains tightly.

As expected, there was another assassin hiding out there in the darkness.

Fortunately, Jonathan had reacted in the nick of time. If he were a millisecond later, the bullet would likely have pierced his aunt’s head.

“All right now, it’s fine!”

With the curtains drawn, the view of the room was no longer visible to the hitman. He then turned to look at Sophia, who was shaking like a leaf underneath her blanket.

“Jonathan, what’s going on?” The woman’s face was ghastly pale.

“Nothing much. Just an assassin,” Jonathan plainly replied.

“Either the Goldsteins or the Zellers have sent one to kill us both!”

“Assassin? Are you saying that I encountered a killer just now?”

Sophia widened her eyes in shock.

She couldn’t believe that something she saw in the movies was actually happening to her.

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Chapter 293 Trying To Flee

“That’s right!”

Nodding, Jonathan elaborated, “There was an assassin outside the door just now. Also, there’s a sniper in the opposite building.

Their aim is to silence both of us!”

“There was a killer at the door, too?” Sophia panicked at his words. “Wh-What happened to him?”

“He’s dead,” Jonathan said indifferently.

“Dead?” she repeated numbly.

“Yup.” He nodded.

“D-Did you k-kill him?” she stammered. She grew up in a sheltered environment as a child and had never experienced such a situation before.

“That’s right!”

Jonathan continued to explain with a nod. “Technically, it was self-defense instead of murder. He tried to kill me but ended up being killed.”

“In that case, what will happen when the police arrive?” As an ordinary citizen, Sophia was concerned about Jonathan and how they were going to explain it to the authority.

“They won’t be coming,” he said flatly. “You don’t have to worry about it because he’s nothing more than an assassin. Over the years, I have killed a lot of people. If the police really wanted to arrest me, they would have done so a long time ago.”

“H-How many people have you killed?” Sophia gulped.

“Have you forgotten that I was under Asura’s command during the war? How could I have avoided killing anyone, especially on the battlefield?” After glancing at her, Jonathan sat by her bed.

“All right, now isn’t the time for that. It’s no longer safe for you here. Pack your things. We’re heading to the hotel.”

“What are we going to the hotel for?” She still couldn’t grasp the reality of the situation.

Evidently, she was still in shock.

“You can’t live here anymore. If I’m not wrong, they have posted your picture and address on the Dark Web. If you don’t move someplace else, the other assassins will hunt you down! As long as you’re still alive, the hit on you will continue to be valid!”

That was the rule of the Dark Web. It would remain an open contract for all the hitmen.

In other words, the mission would end only after the target was eliminated.

Although Jonathan had never visited the Dark Web before, he had a general understanding of how they functioned.

“Then wait for me while I pack.” Just as she spoke, Sophia got up without thinking. However, the moment she did, her blanket slipped off to reveal her flawless white skin in front of her nephew.

“Ahhh!” she screamed in fright and quickly covered her chest with her arms.

Blushing like a tomato, she yelled at Jonathan, “You snob, get out right now!”

“Fine. There’s no need to shield yourself. Haven’t I seen you naked when we were kids?” He threw her words back at her. Suddenly outraged by his words, Sophia kicked him on the butt.

“Get out of my room!” she snapped with gritted teeth.

Looks like he has grown a lot more brazen to the extent of talking back at me!

“I’ll wait for you outside.” Jonathan strode out of her room and lit a cigarette in front of the bay window.

Staring at the numerous skyscrapers outside, he knitted his brows.

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Given the huge number of buildings around them, there was no way he could identify which one the sniper was hiding in. However, it wasn’t going to be easy for the sniper to escape, too. After firing at me, do you think you can flee so easily?

Without any hesitation, Jonathan took out his phone and made a call. The next moment, a raspy voice answered, “Mr. Goldstein!” “Where are you?”

“On my way to detention.” When he heard Jonathan’s voice, the

voice over the phone sounded crestfallen. “Sir, have you forgotten that you have sentenced me to one month’s detention?”

“No, I didn’t. I’m calling to tell you it’s canceled and I want to see you in an hour,” the commander said nonchalantly.

“Really?”

The moment he heard he was free, the dejection in his voice disappeared. “Mr. Goldstein, where are you now? Give me your address. I’ll head right over.”

“Meet me at the entrance of Yaleview International Hotel in one hour. Remember, come alone. Don’t bring anyone else.”

“Yes, Sir!”

When Jonathan ended the call, Sophia had changed and came out of her bedroom with her luggage in hand. “Hey snob, I’m done packing. When are we leaving?”

“We can go now.” He reached out to help his aunt with her luggage and walked toward the door. “You will be staying at the hotel for the next few days. Don’t go anywhere until I come and pick you up. If you must leave for some reason, inform me first. I’ll get someone to go along with you.”

“Huh? Aren’t you going to the hotel with me?” Sophia was taken aback when she realized her nephew wasn’t joining her at the new location.

“There’s something I need to do after I send you to the hotel. Once I’m done, I’ll come to pick you up.” Pulling the bag behind him, Jonathan opened the door. “Until then, I’ll have men standing guard outside your door twenty-four hours a day. If you need anything, just let them know.”

“I-In that case, please be careful.” She bit her lip and decided against inquiring any further.

“Mm-hmm!”

Jonathan nodded before pressing the button for the elevator. Half an hour later, their cab arrived at the entrance of Yaleview International Hotel.

It was the most extravagant and prestigious hotel in the city, with facilities far exceeding that of its five-star status.

In fact, it was particularly famous for its ambience and service. Obviously, their rooms also came at an exorbitant price.

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A single night in one of them would cost at least tens of thousands. “You’ll be staying here tonight. I have reserved a room for you, and all you need to do is to show your ID at the front desk.” After escorting Sophia into the hotel lobby, Jonathan left her alone instead of escorting her to her room.

“Wh-When will you come and pick me up?” she asked anxiously.

“Tonight, at the earliest. Or late afternoon tomorrow.” When Jonathan noticed his aunt’s reluctance to move, he couldn’t resist tapping his finger on her head with a smile. “What’s wrong? Are you scared of being alone?”

“I’m not!”

Sophia rolled her eyes in response to his words. “I still remember someone being so frightened by horror stories when he was young that he didn’t even dare use the toilet. He even stayed in my bed and refused to leave.”

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Chapter 294 The Goldsteins As Expected

“Regardless of who it was, I’m certain that someone wasn’t me.”

Jonathan felt annoyed when Sophia brought up events from their

childhood again.

Geez, why is Sophia constantly harping on to the past?

“Ha! Why don’t you admit it, scaredy cat?” Smacking her lips, his aunt flicked her fingers at his head. “You snob. Just admit that you were afraid. After all, who wasn’t afraid of ghosts when they were children?”

“Stop yapping about the past!”

When Jonathan saw that Sophia was about to ramble on, he interrupted her at once. Then, he gestured at one of the hotel staff and instructed, “Help her check-in, please.”

“Yes, sir!”

At Jonathan’s cue, the middle-aged man hurried over and greeted Sophia politely. “Hello, miss. This way, please.”

“Hey snob, don’t take too long. I’ll be here waiting for you.”

After giving Jonathan a thoughtful look, she followed the hotel staff to the front desk.

The moment she turned away, they heard a thunderous rumble at the hotel entrance.

A green military jeep screeched to a halt in front of the hotel. When its door opened, a middle-aged man in military fatigues stepped out of the vehicle. He had tan skin and didn’t look his age. Moreover, he was wearing a pair of sunglasses that covered half his face.

Although he wasn’t in full military gear, it was obvious from his swagger that he was a soldier.

“Mr. Goldstein!”

The moment Andy Morsley entered the hotel, he quickly spotted Jonathan. He removed his sunglasses and hurried over to where

the latter was.

“Why did you have to come dressed like that?” Jonathan looked at the man’s military fatigue with a grim expression.

“What’s wrong with what I’m wearing?” The middle-aged man looked down at his uniform self-consciously and asked, “Mr. Goldstein, what can I do for you?”

“Come with me.”

Ignoring his question, Jonathan walked out of the building.

They stopped at a corner outside the hotel a few minutes later.

After casually lighting up a cigarette, Jonathan looked at the middle-aged man and ordered, “Find a mall to get some civilian clothing. I want you out of your uniform.”

“Why do I need to do that?” The commander’s instructions confused Andy. “What’s wrong with what I’m wearing?”

“What’s with all the questions? Just do as I say.” Jonathan shot him a glare that terrified him into submission.

“Yes, Sir. I’ll get changed at once.”

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When Andy turned around to leave, Jonathan called out to him, “Wait a moment!”

The middle-aged man stopped in his tracks and asked, “Is there anything else, Sir?”

“I called you here today because I need something investigated.”

Jonathan glanced at him plainly. “Send men to find out who posted a bounty for my head on the Dark Web. Also, check which assassins have accepted the mission.”

The moment he issued the orders, a cold glint flashed in his eyes.

I will not let anyone who tries to kill me escape!

“Mr. Goldstein, there’s no need to get someone else. I’ll do it myself!” Just as he spoke, the middle-aged man took out a black phone that looked like a brick. He flipped it open. What was supposed to be a phone that was only a few inches turned into an eight-inch tablet.

After furiously typing on it, a website with a black background appeared on the screen.

The words “Dark Web” in blood red were staring back at the men.

“Is this a tablet or a phone?” Jonathan was surprised when he saw how the middle-aged man transformed the device into something larger.

“It’s both, actually.” As Andy continued to type, he explained, “This is the latest product invented by our R & D department. Under normal circumstances, it functions as a phone. But during emergencies, it can function as a tablet too. Other than a radar tracking system, it’s also equipped with GPS, Anti-Wiretapping software, and Wi-Fi connection to access the internet.”

His fingers flew across the keyboard at lightning speed.

“Mr. Goldstein, I found it! Someone posted an open contract last night on the Dark Web. The reward for your head is five hundred thousand-” The moment he read the amount out loud, the middle-aged man rubbed his eyes in surprise. He then took another closer look. “Sir, am I seeing things? How could the bounty for you be only five hundred thousand? It also states here that the sum is for two targets, not just you.”

Is this a joke? How can the bounty on Asura be only five hundred thousand? Furthermore, it’s in Chanaen currency!

Back when they were overseas, someone once offered a bounty that ran into billions for Jonathan’s life. Even then, the assassins

had failed in the attempts.

Do these guys really think they can get it done with just five hundred thousand? Are they being delusional?

“You’re not mistaken at all. Find out who sent the kill order,” Jonathan reiterated, even though he could guess who it was. Nevertheless, he still couldn’t say for sure because Sophia was Emmett’s own daughter.

If Emmett can bring himself to take his own daughter’s life, he is no different from a beast.

“Let me check.” Andy did his magic again. In just a few minutes, his fingers came to a stop. “Mr. Goldstein, I traced the source of the post and its IP address indicates they did it locally. Right here in Yaleview.”

“Where in Yaleview? Give me the exact location.” Jonathan furrowed his brows.

“Erm...” The middle-aged man hesitated.

“Speak!”

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Jonathan could already guess the answer, judging from his expression.

“The Goldstein family of Yaleview,” the latter whispered. He was seething through his teeth.

Handpicked by Asura himself to be one of the four Kings of War in the office, Andy Morsley naturally knew how the Goldstein family was connected with his commander.

Moreover, he was also aware of how the family had survived the bloodbath in Yaleview.

If the commander hadn't shown them mercy back then, the hundreds of thousands of Asura Guards would have wiped the Goldstein family out. In fact, they wouldn't even be here posting a bounty on the Dark Web.

"It's the Goldstein family indeed!" The moment he confirmed it was them, Jonathan's expression darkened.

It seems I have overestimated the Goldstein family's humanity while underestimating how barbaric they can be. Blood relations truly meant nothing to Emmett. If he could even order a hit on his biological daughter, he is nothing but a cold-blooded animal.

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Chapter 295 I Am Back

When Andy saw the murderous intent emanating out of Jonathan's eyes, the middle-aged man couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Goldstein, what is going on?"

"Stop sticking your nose where it doesn't belong!" The commander shot a glare at him. "Continue with your investigations and find out which assassin has accepted the job."

"Yes, Sir!"

Having been admonished by Jonathan, Andy didn't dare waste another word. Lowering his gaze, he continued to work on the tablet. After a short while, he looked up and replied, "Mr. Goldstein, I found them. They're just two mediocre hitmen named Scorpion and Cobra. These are their details."

Subsequently, the middle-aged man handed his tablet over to Jonathan. On it were the details of the two assassins.

Scorpion's specialty was close-quarters assassination. His asking price was between five hundred thousand to one million. There was no other information in terms of his height and looks.

However, he had a success rate of fifty percent.

As for Cobra, he was a sniper. His asking price was also between five hundred thousand to one million. There were no other available details except for his success rate, which was at sixty percent.

After going through the two assassins' biodata in detail, Jonathan was certain the one he had killed was none other than Scorpion. As for the shooter who had escaped, it would have to be Cobra.

“Send men to find out where Cobra is. In one hour's time, I want him to disappear from the face of this earth. Do you understand?” Jonathan barked out his orders.

“Understood, Mr. Goldstein!” Upon receiving his instructions, the middle-aged man folded his tablet back into a phone. While he was in the midst of doing it, Jonathan caught a glimpse of a tiny row of red letters on his screen.

It read: Andy Morsley.

The man who was so terrified of him was one of the legendary four Kings of War.

A son of the Morsleys, Andy's capabilities alone had propelled his family's status and established themselves as one of the four prominent families of Yaleview.

“Are you using your real name on the Dark Web?” Jonathan asked as he casually lit up a cigarette.

He had the impression that everyone used a pseudonym on the Dark Web instead of their own name.

“That's right, Mr. Goldstein. Is there anything wrong?” Andy asked.

“Aren't you worried about someone tracking down your IP address and assassinating you?” Jonathan shot him a glance.

As one of the four Kings of War, Andy's hands were already stained with blood after having taken at least hundreds of lives. They had made tons of enemies. Just in Yaleview itself, there were plenty who wanted them dead.

Therefore, Jonathan was surprised that he had used his real name to log into the forum of an organization full of assassins.

“What's there to be afraid of?” Andy smacked his lips at his commander's words. With a nonchalant expression, he explained, “Those weaklings wouldn't dare kill me. Even if I gave them my actual address, they wouldn't have the b*lls to come for me, let alone track my IP address down.”

After all, he was a King of War. It was a title that couldn't be bought with money.

He had earned it through the blood shed by every single person he killed.

As a result, no assassination organization would dare to touch him for fear that he would raid their base with his troops.

“All right now, stop blowing your own trumpet. Do you think I'm not aware of your abilities?” When he noticed that Andy was about to boast again, Jonathan kicked him in the buttocks.

“Anyway, pick a group of your most elite troops and have them patrol the hotel vicinity around the clock. On top of that, send another team to stand guard outside Sophia's door. If she so far as loses a single strand of hair, I'll strip you off your uniform!”

“Yes, Sir!” Having received his orders, Andy picked up his phone and issued them to his men without delay.

Once he was done with the call, he turned toward Jonathan. “Mr. Goldstein, who is Sophia? Is she your sister?”

“She’s my aunt!”

Seeing the grim look in his commander’s eyes, Andy’s face turned pale. He frantically explained, “Mr. Goldstein, please don’t get the wrong idea. It was just an innocent question.”

“Stop wasting time. Tonight, you will personally lead the men and stand guard by the hotel’s entrance. If anything goes wrong, the four Kings of War will all be sent to Northern Crimson Prison as The Four Convicts!” Not in the mood to entertain Andy further, Jonathan prepared to leave.

Just when he turned away, the former asked anxiously, “Mr. Goldstein, what about you? Where are you going?”

“To Goldstein residence!”

Suddenly, Jonathan’s gaze turned icy cold. “It’s time I settle an old score with them!”

Years ago, he had shown them mercy by letting them go.

Unfortunately, that went unappreciated. Not only did they not learn their lesson, but they even tried to take his life.

As a result, he was going to hold them accountable for all their past actions.

“Mr. Goldstein, I’ll come with you.” Upon hearing that Jonathan was going to confront the Goldsteins alone, Andy suddenly ran after him. The commander stopped him with a glare. “Are you defying my orders? Get back to your station! I will deal with my own affairs myself. Without my permission, no one is allowed to approach the Goldstein family at all. Whoever disobeys will be executed without mercy!”

“Yes, Mr. Goldstein!” The moment he heard that, Andy stopped

in his tracks and began backpedaling.

He knew how grave the situation was whenever Jonathan brought up “executed without mercy.” Those three words were not something they would usually hear from their commander. Half an hour later, a cab arrived at the Goldstein residence.

The family home felt so familiar, yet foreign to Jonathan. At that moment, his thoughts drifted back to memories from more than ten years ago.

Back then, the Goldsteins had thrown him out of this house unceremoniously.

This was the same place where he was also warned not to step foot into Yaleview ever again.

Moreover, he was forbidden to return to the Goldstein family.

From that moment on, Jonathan had transformed from the eldest grandson of the family to a vagabond who wandered the streets.

No one had expected that he would return after more than ten years and stand in the same so-called home he was thrown out of.

“Goldsteins, I am back again!” Looking at the two-panel red door at the main entrance, a cold glint flashed in Jonathan’s eyes.

“However, I wonder if you can still kick me out this time. If you can’t, it will be my turn to cast all of you out of the house!”

As he strode toward the Goldstein residence, someone suddenly stopped him at the door. “Stop! Who goes there? How dare you trespass on the Goldstein residence?”

Chapter 296 Attack Together

“Jonathan Goldstein!” he declared coldly.

“What? You’re Jonathan Goldstein?”

The servant turned pale in shock the moment he heard Jonathan’s name. It was as if he had seen a ghost.

Jonathan? The same Jonathan that was banished from the Goldstein family? Didn’t he die over ten years ago?

As a member of the Goldstein family’s staff, the servant had heard the name on many occasions, despite not having seen him before.

A decade ago, Jonathan, who was Daniel’s son, was kicked out of the family right

after his parents were killed in a car accident.

No one had heard from him since then. Rumor was he had died on the streets, and there was nothing left of his corpse.

H-How is he still alive?

"A-Aren't you supposed... to be d-dead? How a-are you still alive?" Faced with Jonathan, the servant could barely string a coherent sentence together.

In his mind, the man was supposed to have been dead.

Jonathan stared coldly at the man and snapped, "Who told you I'm dead? Step aside!"

"You..."

The servant was about to protest, but Jonathan's icy glare terrified him into fleeing instead.

Meanwhile, Emmett was sitting at the table in the living room. He was practicing calligraphy and was oblivious to what was going on outside.

Beside him, Loretta was knitting her brows as she felt a sense of dread creeping into her.

Suddenly, the silence of the living hall was shattered by the sound of hurried footsteps.

The flustered servant barged into the room.

"Old Mr. Goldstein, Old Mrs. Goldstein, there's trouble!"

"What's wrong?" Emmett asked without even looking up.

"Sir, J-Jonathan is here!"

"What?"

At the mention of Jonathan's name, the old man's right hand trembled, causing him to drop his pricey fountain pen onto the ground.

"Jonathan? He isn't dead?" All of a sudden, Emmett's expression drastically changed.

"No, he isn't!"

"Where is he?"

"Right outside the door."

"Bring him to me." With a grim expression, Emmett looked just as Jonathan stepped into the living hall.

For a split second, their eyes met.

"Jonathan, you sure are one tough bastard!" *Staring at his exiled grandson, who looked unharmed, he sneered, "I can't believe the assassins from Dark Web failed to kill you! I wonder if it's because you're an unkillable roach, or did you get lucky?"*

"I'm unkillable, of course!" Having heard Emmett's words, Jonathan simply replied, "Otherwise, I would have died on my way out of Yaleview back then." "I thought so too." When he saw how calm the latter looked, Emmett asked with a smirk, "Since you survived, why have you returned to court your doom instead of using the opportunity to flee Yaleview?" "Why should I flee?" Jonathan couldn't help but scoff, "Do you think a bunch of useless scum could pose a threat to me? Even if you used all the resources of the family to hire the best assassin in the world, I guarantee he would still fail, let alone those mediocre ones that you hired on the internet." "With all the resources of the family?" Emmett felt as if he had just heard the funniest joke in the world. "Jonathan, you are overestimating yourself. Do you actually think I need to draw everything to take you down? Last night, you managed to escape with your life simply because Lady Luck was on your side. Do you think that's all I have against you? But that's irrelevant now. Since you're already here, there will be no escape for you this time!" Emmett raised his hand and waved it at the door. "Get him!" In the blink of an eye, more than ten burly men swarmed into the room. All of them were holding either triangular bayonets or military batons. A few of them even had bulges on their hips, indicating that guns were holstered on their waists. "Seize that bastard!"

"Right away, sir!"

At Emmett's cue, the burly men circled around Jonathan at once.

"Jonathan, I would advise you not to act recklessly. These men are mercenaries whom I have hired from overseas. They are different from the lousy assassins of the Dark Web. If you make any hasty moves, I can't guarantee that they will spare your life."

Jonathan was entirely unfazed by the deadly threat.

"Emmett, are you trying to frighten me?" Despite being outnumbered, Jonathan didn't even bother to look at them. Instead, he challenged Emmett. "Do you really think that they can take me down?"

After a brief pause, he added, "Am I still that powerless little kid from over ten years ago? The same boy who was forced to leave Yaleview in dejection just because you ordered me to?"

"Isn't that the case?" the old man scoffed. "If you know what's good for you, you had better surrender yourself to captivity. On account of your father, I'll consider sparing your life! Or else..."

Even though Emmett didn't finish his sentence, the meaning he wanted to convey was obvious enough.

"Or else what?" Jonathan smirked. "Are you going to kill me? Emmett, to be honest, you have not progressed at all this entire time. Do you actually think that I came here just to put myself at your mercy?"

"What else can it be? Don't tell me you're here for revenge?"

Emmett's eyes were filled with contempt when he uttered those words.

What does he think this place is? This is the Goldstein residence! I have more than ten highly skilled mercenaries on my side. Revenge? By him alone?

"You're right. I'm here to exact revenge!" Jonathan shot him an indifferent glance. "A few years ago, I spared the Goldsteins out of compassion. I thought you would have learned your lesson since then. Unexpectedly, you have doubled down on the path you were on. In that case, I will put an end to things once and for all.

"Ten years ago, you kicked me out of the family before my parents were even buried. Ten years later, you sent men to assassinate my wife, Josephine. A few days ago, you even hired assassins to kill me and Aunt Sophia. I will make you pay for every single one of these three atrocities!"

Jonathan's gaze turned hostile with every word, and he challenged the burly men around him. "Let's not waste any time. Come at me all at once!"

Chapter 297 It Is Your Turn

"What are you lot waiting for? Attack!"

Emmett's face darkened at his defiance.

"Yes!"

Upon his order, the burly men brandished the batons and bayonets they were holding and charged at Jonathan.

However, before they could strike, Jonathan had sprung into action. Stepping forward swiftly, he launched a punch at one mercenary who was at the front of the group.

The impact on his head caused the latter to black out and collapsed to the ground with a thud.

Before the rest of the group could react, Jonathan swung his right arm and hit another man on the neck with his elbow.

A loud thump rumbled through the room.

Despite weighing almost two hundred pounds, the second man fell like a log from Jonathan's assault.

After they saw what happened, alarm bells sounded in the other mercenaries'

mind as they approached him cautiously. Being professional hired hands, they had fought many brutal battles and spilled the blood of countless men. However, nothing prepared them to face a foe like Jonathan where they couldn't counter-attack at all. How is this possible? "What are you standing there for? Why aren't you attacking him?" Emmett raged when he saw the mercenaries recoiling in fear. "You useless fools! How can more than ten of you fail to take down one man? What's the point of me paying you so much money? Attack!" Admonished by their boss, the mercenaries exchanged glances with each other before thrusting their bayonets at Jonathan's chest. If they managed to stab him, he would definitely be doomed. "That's not how you use a triangular bayonet!" Staring at the men with a frosty gaze, Jonathan took one step forward and launched a kick at the third man in the abdomen. Then he snatched the bayonet from his victim's hand and plunged it into his chest. Pfft! Fresh blood spewed in every direction. Widening his eyes, Jonathan's victim dropped like a fly before he had the opportunity to cry out in agony. "This is the proper way of wielding a bayonet!" As Jonathan pulled the weapon out of the deceased's chest, he glared at the rest of them. "It baffles me how you guys could survive overseas for so long with such mediocre skills." The moment he finished, Jonathan charged at the group. In a split second, he had pierced another mercenary in the chest with his bayonet. Blood began to gush out from his wound. Jonathan didn't even bat an eyelid at the gory sight. He then shoved his latest victim with his right hand, causing the latter to collapse onto the ground. The next moment, he turned his bayonet around and thrust it into another enemy who was coming up from behind him. As the loud crack of fractured bones rang out, Jonathan twisted his blade to further damage his victim's ribs. His actions were extremely efficient, ruthless, and decisive. How is he a prey? Evidently, he is a killing machine! "Kill him!" The rest of the mercenaries didn't dare underestimate Jonathan anymore. Without a moment's hesitation, they pulled out their guns and aimed at his head. Since they couldn't beat him in close combat, they had to resort to using firearms. With a loud click, they loaded their weapons in unison and aimed the gun barrels straight at him. "Come on and fight! Aren't you great at fighting? Continue fighting then!" Having his gun trained at Jonathan, one mercenary mocked, "So what if you're an expert at hand-to-hand combat? Do you think you can beat a bullet?" "Do you know how much I hate to have a gun pointed at my head?" Staring down at the black barrel of the gun, Jonathan showed no fear at all. Instead, he sneered, "How dare you pull one out in front of me?" Despite having the gun aimed at him, Jonathan darted ahead, grabbed the mercenary's wrist, and broke it. Before the man could yell in agony, Jonathan had seized his weapon from him in the blink of an eye. He pointed the weapon at the latter's head. "Didn't I tell you I hate people pointing their guns at my head?" After giving the man a look, Jonathan pulled the trigger. With a loud bang, the bullet left its chamber and pierced through the mercenary's skull. A red gluey substance oozed from the dead man's brain and splattered all over

the floor.

The rest of the mercenaries went ashen upon witnessing the sight. When they saw the murderous look in Jonathan's eyes, it filled them with terror.

Is he even human?

"Remember, don't ever point a gun at my head again." After giving the dead body an indifferent glance, Jonathan loaded the bullet chamber with another click before pointing his gun at the rest of the mercenaries. "Now, it's your turn!"

Thump!

The remaining survivors eyed each other nervously. Suddenly, they went on their knees and begged for their lives.

"We're sorry. It was a mistake to try to kill you. We are too blind to realize how formidable you are. Please forgive our ignorance and spare us!"

"We beg you. Show us mercy and let us go!"

"Please spare us... we promise never to return to Yaleview for the rest of our lives!"

At that moment, if they still hadn't realized that they were no match for Jonathan, their decades of experience as mercenaries would be for naught.

"It's too late to show your remorse!"

Looking at the mercenaries kneeling in front of him, he cocked his gun without any hesitation and fired multiple shots in succession.

The cries for mercy stopped abruptly as the pool of blood grew in size.

In an instant, over a dozen dead mercenaries lay in the Goldsteins' living room.

None of Emmett's hired hands survived.

Chapter 298 You Were Right

Plop!

The blood on Jonathan's triangular bayonet dripped on the corpses strewn on the ground.

At that moment, Emmett shuddered. His eyes were wild with fear as he directed his gaze towards Jonathan.

He just spent a fortune hiring those mercenaries from abroad.

They had fought many brutal battles and shed the blood of countless men.

Yet, they were nothing in front of Jonathan.

All of them died before they could even touch a hair on Jonathan's head.

How is this possible?

"Jonathan, you..."

Emmett had wanted to threaten Jonathan but realized he was at a loss for words. After all, he just killed a dozen or so mercenaries. It wouldn't be easy to intimidate him. Emmett knew his place.

What else can I use to threaten Jonathan?

"Okay, stop it. Just admit you're scared." Jonathan threw his triangular bayonet aside and stared at Emmett's trembling hands. "I told you, these hooligans won't be able to stop me from leaving. You have grossly underestimated my abilities," he turned to Emmett and said.

"Scared? Why would I be scared?" Emmett snorted. "Jonathan, don't forget where you are right now. This is Goldstein Residence. This is Yaleview. Do you really think I will be scared of you merely because you killed a few mercenaries? Ha! Jonathan, you're too naive. Believe it or not, you won't be able to walk out of here alive if you dare touch a hair on my head. And even if you do, I assure you you won't be able to walk out of Yaleview alive."

That was how confident Emmett was.

Even though the Goldsteins were not part of the four prominent families nor part of the elites, he was still head of the Goldstein family.

He would not let Jonathan walk out of Yaleview alive if he dared touch a hair on his head.

After all, they were in Yaleview, where Asura's Office was located.

Jonathan should know his place.

"Are you threatening me?" Jonathan smiled faintly upon hearing his words. He lit a cigarette and took a smoke. "Emmett, you've really overestimated yourself. Believe it or not, no one in Yaleview will dare to interfere even if I were to wipe out your entire family."

"Wipe us out?" Emmett couldn't help but sneer. "Jonathan, I'm not looking down on you. But how could you possibly do that on your own? Who do you think you are? Asura? Not even the four Kings of War from Asura's Office dare wipe us out. So how dare you?"

What a joke.

Asura's Office is located right in the heart of Yaleview. In short, Yaleview is Asura's territory.

Destroy us?

Not even the four Kings of War from Asura's Office dared do that without Asura's orders.

"You're right. I am Asura himself!" Jonathan gave him a look and replied. "How else do you think the Goldsteins survived when the Four Asura Guards purge Yaleview?"

This is mad!

Jonathan has gone mad!

Emmett laughed out loud at his words. "Jonathan, what are you talking about? I must be hearing things. You said you're Asura himself? You? Asura? Do you think you're worthy? Jonathan, I'm not underestimating you. But if what you say is true, I'm afraid Asura's Office's main entrance would have been destroyed already. Oh right, Jonathan, do you even know where the main entrance is? Yeah, I don't think so. After all, you're just a pathetic dog. You're not even worthy of stepping foot into Yaleview when I kicked you out of the Goldstein family years ago."

His eyes were filled with disdain and contempt as he spoke.

What audacity to call himself Asura.

If he's Asura, then I'm Lord over Asura himself.

"Looks like you haven't changed one bit over the years." Jonathan shook his head as he stared at the look of disdain on Emmett's face. He wasn't the least bit mad.

"I will do as you wish then since you won't believe me," Jonathan said coldly.

"I shall wipe the Goldsteins out! I'd also like to see how Asura's Office will react after I wipe your entire family out."

Having said that, the black gun flew into Jonathan's hand with a flick of his wrist. Bang! The next thing Emmett knew, a golden bullet had pierced through his right leg.

Thud!

Before Emmett could even react, his legs gave way. He collapsed to the ground with a loud thud.

"This is for when you kicked me out of the Goldstein family!" Jonathan's resolve did not waver as he watched Emmett kneeling on the ground. "You kicked me out just days after my parents died. This is for me as well as my parents. If they knew how you treated their only bloodline in this world, they would have been devastated. They would have regretted having parents like you. You don't deserve to be parents!"

Jonathan didn't give Emmett a chance to reply as he pulled the trigger.

Bang!

A golden bullet pierced through his left leg.

In a trice, Emmett's agonizing shriek cut through the air as he could no longer stand the excruciating pain on his legs.

"God forbid. Jonathan, have you lost your mind? How dare you shoot me? Don't you know who I am? I'm your grandfather! How dare you defy me? You unfilial child!"

Emmett howled furiously as he knelt on the ground. His face was twisted into a vicious scowl.

He never thought Jonathan would ever dare shoot him.

"Grandfather?" Jonathan couldn't help but sneer at his words. "I lost my grandfather ten years ago. This is for your daughter, Sophia. Even wild beasts look after their young. How could you take your own daughter's life? Emmett, you are no different from a wild beast.

"Jonathan, I am going to kill you! I am going to kill you!"

Emmett's bloodshot eyes were filled with murderous intent as he directed his gaze at Jonathan.

"You had your chance ten years ago, but you missed it. Let me tell you, that was your only chance to kill me," Jonathan replied faintly. He then turned to face Loretta. "It's your turn now."

"Jonathan, w-what do you want?" Loretta shuddered in fright when she saw the cold look in his eyes.

She had never seen so much hatred in her life.

Jonathan was looking at her as if she was nothing but a corpse.

Chapter 299 Stop It

"What do you think?"

Jonathan gave her a cold stare. "Do you remember what I said to you before you left Jadeborough?"

He continued, "I said if you dare to disturb Josephine again, I'll destroy the Goldstein family. It looks like my warning has fallen on deaf ears!"

"What are you talking about?" Loretta looked confused. "What do you mean I disturbed Josephine? I've not met her since the day I left Jadeborough."

"That's enough! Stop acting!" Jonathan lost his patience.

Loretta was still trying to put up an act but Jonathan lost his patience and yelled at her, "You sent someone to assassinate Josephine after you left Jadeborough, didn't you?"

"What? When did that happen?" Loretta looked shocked.

"Quit acting."

Upon seeing the expression on her face, Jonathan could not help but snort. "I guess you'll only admit if I tell you the assassin told me the truth, huh."

"He must have spouted nonsense!" Loretta bit her lips and refused to give in.

"You should know if he was telling the truth." Instead of wasting time, Jonathan pulled the trigger. Bang! Without hesitation, he fired a shot at Loretta's femur! Bam!

She dropped to her knees and knelt before Jonathan.

"You bastard! How could you shoot me? I'm your grandma!" Loretta reprimanded him while shrieking in pain. "I only have two family members ever since my parents passed away a decade ago, and they're Josephine and Sophia!" "You and Emmett, on the other hand, are worse than strangers. At least strangers wouldn't try to kill me!" The color drained out of Loretta's face. "Traitor! You're the traitor of the family!" She was all worked up that her chest was heaving. Loretta would have mobilized her connections to get rid of Jonathan had he not held her at gunpoint. You bastard, I'll skin you alive and burn you in your grave!

"God will punish you for your evil deeds," she cursed.

That was a very vicious curse.

"Oh, really? If that's the case, God would have punished you and Emmett first!"

Jonathan looked up at her with a scowl. "What kind of parents would throw their grandson out of the house when their son had just passed away? My father probably wept in his grave!"

"And what kind of grandparents would leave their grandson in the lurch for more than ten years? As parents, you've failed miserably!"

"Who are you to call me a bastard? Who the hell are you to even criticize me?" Jonathan recalled the night when Emmett and Loretta threw him out of the Goldstein family some ten years ago. I will never forget what you did to me then! The memory was so clear—it was the darkest moment in his life! As the eldest in the family, Jonathan still found it hard to believe that his grandparents would kick him out of the house when his parents had just passed away. Did they know how hopeless I was? Did they even care? Did they know the housekeeper kicked me to stop me from knocking on the door of the Goldstein residence during the thunderstorm? Did they know I had a fever at that time? Do they know how much I hate the Goldsteins even to this day? I will never forget the pain and trauma that came along with that! Jonathan did not exterminate the Goldstein family because he thought Emmett was the one who placed the fresh bouquets on Daniel's and Elizabeth's graves. Had he not spotted the bouquets, Jonathan would have led the Four Asura Guards to Yaleview and razed the Goldstein residence to the ground! Had he destroyed the family back then, Emmett and Loretta would not have had a chance to attempt to assassinate him over and over again. "Do you know what's my biggest regret in life?" Emmett stared at Jonathan and snorted. "I should have sent someone to finish you off when I kicked you out of the family. Had I done that, you wouldn't have stood a chance to hold me at gunpoint!" "You are nothing but a bloody beast! How dare you insult me!" "Jonathan, I have had enough with your sob story. Just shoot me if you dare! Let's see if you have the guts to destroy the Goldstein family!" Emmett challenged Jonathan. "Are you crazy?" Loretta's eyes turned red. "Why would you challenge a lunatic to shoot you? What if he pulls the trigger and kills you? What if he kills me too? I don't want to die! Have you gone nuts?" "Do you think he has the gall to do that?" Emmett sneered. "Do you think he can escape alive if he had killed me? Do you think Asura will turn a blind eye to what he did?" He continued to exclaim, "Even if Asura refuses to intervene, the Zellers would not let him off easily too! Don't forget, that bastard was the one who turned Troy into a cripple! Today, I'll resign to my fate, but I'm sure he'll die a miserable death too!"

"I will make sure I drag this bastard to hell with me!"

"You're right. You should have killed me when you could ten years ago,"

Jonathan said nonchalantly.

"It was sad that you've missed your only shot. Anyway, it's too late for regrets now. Life sucks!"

"Save it. Just kill me. I'm ready to face my death!" Emmett clenched his teeth as he watched Jonathan approaching.

He was taking a gamble.

I don't think he has the guts to shoot me! Had he killed me, I'll drag him to meet our maker too!

We are dying together!

"You want to die? Fine. I'll grant you your wish." Jonathan loaded the bullet without saying another word. "Let's end this age-old grudge!"

Then, he cocked the gun.

In the next moment, Jonathan lifted the gun and aimed it at Emmett's head.

But when he was about to pull the trigger, he heard hurried footsteps from the door. Next, a woman's voice ensued from behind him. "Stop, Jonathan!"

The Legendary Man Chapter 300

Chapter 300 Identity Exposed

"Aunt Sophia?"

Jonathan instantly recognized her voice even when he was not looking at her.

"What are you doing here?"

"I sneaked out," Sophia quickened her steps and stood in front of him.

"Something was bothering me after you had left. My guess was right. You've indeed come to the Goldstein residence!"

Sophia had been having a bad feeling after Jonathan left the hotel. She was worried that he might act on impulse.

After leaving the hotel, she immediately rushed to the Goldstein residence.

"Andy Morsley!" Jonathan's expression turned grim; then, he turned back and he yelled at the yard that was empty, "Get the hell out of here!"

In the next moment, a middle-aged man then emerged from a corner of the yard.

"Mr. Goldstein..."

Clad in a black blazer, the man looked rather guilty.

"Who gave you the permission to let her out?" Jonathan gave Andy a killer stare.

Oh no, he is going to kill me now!

"How could you blame me, Mr. Goldstein. You told me to protect her but didn't ask me to stop her from going anywhere..." Andy started breaking out in a cold sweat.

"Are you dumb?" Jonathan gritted his teeth and looked at Andy. "Don't you know why I came here?"

"Mr. Goldstein, I..."

Before Andy could defend himself, Jonathan interrupted. "Enough with your explanation. Go back after this, pack your belongings and meet Dorian at Mysonna."

The second he heard Jonathan's order, Andy instantly dropped his knees.

"Forgive me, Mr. Goldstein!"

"Please give me another chance. Please don't send me to Mysonna!"

Oh no, Mysonna is basically hell on earth! The sandstorm in that hellhole would last more than twenty hours a day.

The worst was the freaking windstorms! It happens more than twenty days a month!

What a bloody torment!

I'd rather lock myself up in a room for half a year than spend a month in Mysonna!

"Are you trying to bargain with me?" A cold glint flashed across Jonathan's eyes.

"Try defying my order once more, and I'll put you in Mysonna for the rest of your life!"

Instantly, that warning sent chills down Andy's spine right away!

All he could do was kneeled on the ground outside the door and dared not utter a word anymore. Meanwhile, Emmett and Sophia were struck dumb when they heard Andy's name.

Andy? Andy Morsley? The man kneeling outside is Andy Morsley? How is that possible?

Are you kidding?

Both Emmett and Sophia could not believe what they heard!

Is this a joke?

Andy Morsley is one of the Kings of War from Asura's office and is in charge of hundreds of thousands of elite soldiers!

Asura had personally assigned him to his office. With his effort, Andy had successfully led the Morsleys to become the leader of the four prominent families! And yet, he's kneeling before Jonathan and begging for his forgiveness? Emmett scoffed, "Stop acting, Jonathan. Do you think you can fool me by finding someone to impersonate Andy Morsley? How stupid do you think I am?"

I am not a kid!

"If you think you can convince me that the person is Andy, I might as well admit I'm Asura!" he added.

What a joke. Andy had stained his hands with the blood of countless enemies, and you expect me to believe that useless coward kneeling outside is Andy? I am sure he has killed at least a few thousand lives!

The moment Emmett finished his sentence, the grim-faced Loretta who was kneeling beside him reprimanded, "Shut up, Emmett!"

"Why should I?" Emmett let out a cold snort. "Is he worried that I might expose the impersonator's identity?"

"Keep your mouth shut if you wanna stay alive!" Loretta would have slapped Emmett had she not been hit by the bullet.

What the hell is he thinking?

Emmett might be too stupid to assess the situation, but Loretta was way smarter and she clearly knew who the man was!

The so-called silly man who kneeled outside the door was none other than the legendary Andy Morsley—one of the Kings of War from Asura's Office!

Loretta had taken a peek at Andy from a distance during a dinner. Though years had passed, she could still tell the man who was kneeling outside was Andy!

"You..."

Emmett was not amused and wanted to rebuke her, but he saw that Loretta kneeled on the ground and bowed in Andy's direction. "Mr. Morsley!"

Mr. Morsley?

Emmett's expression drastically changed when he heard the name.

He knew Loretta much more than anyone else. She would never kneel before anyone unless she knew the person.

"You mean he's really Andy Morsley?" Emmett looked at her in disbelief.

"Obviously!" Loretta shot daggers at him.

"If the man is Andy, does that mean Jonathan is..." Emmett's eyes widened.

He turned his attention to Jonathan right away.

Andy would not bow to anyone else except the one and only Asura!

No! No way! That's impossible!

The boy we kicked out of the family ten years ago is that godlike legend?

Even Sophia could not help but ask in disbelief, "Is he really Andy Morsley?"

"Of course." Jonathan nodded.

He did not intend to reveal his identity to Sophia just yet, but looking at the turn of events, he could not hide it from her anymore!

"Didn't you say he's your comrade?" Sophia kept looking at Jonathan and Andy back and forth.

She remembered Jonathan had once told her that Andy used to be his dormmate and had fought side by side in various battles!

Why would the man kneel before Jonathan if they're comrades?

And why would he address him as Mr. Goldstein in such a respectful manner?

"He's my comrade, but he also works under me!" Jonathan looked at Sophia and said nonchalantly. "There are things I wish to tell you but haven't had the time to do so. I'll explain to you clearly after this!"

All of a sudden, Jonathan lifted his gun again and aimed at Emmett's head. "Now, let me settle old scores with this man first!"