

The Legendary Man Chapter 373

Chapter 373 Nelson Carter

“Are you speaking to me?” Upon seeing the leading soldier’s haughty attitude, Jonathan’s eyes turned chilly as he asked.

“Nonsense! Who would I talk to if it weren’t you?” the leading soldier replied coldly. Then, he continued, “Don’t play riddle with me. I’ll ask you again, did you kill them?”

“So what if I did?” Jonathan answered impassively.

“If you are the one who killed them, then you’re coming with me!” As soon as he finished speaking, the leading soldier waved and ordered, “Take him away!”

“Yes, sir!”

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With his order, the rest of the soldiers and special police officers behind him did not hesitate as they moved forward to arrest Jonathan.

However, Yuliana, who had been sitting beside Jonathan, could not help but question when she saw the sight, “What are you guys doing? Those hijackers got what they deserved. Why are you arresting him?”

“They deserved it?” After hearing her words, the leading soldier scoffed, “Even so, he shouldn’t have killed them. If everyone were to kill anyone as they wish, what would become of the law? Move!”

With that, the leading soldier’s face turned stony. The soldiers behind him began to arrest Jonathan without delay.

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Meanwhile, Jonathan, who had been quiet throughout the affair, suddenly spoke. “I can come with you, but you must let them go first.”

By “them,” he was referring to the passengers. Since he had just arrived in Gronga, he did not want to stir up trouble.

“Mr. Goldstein...” Yuliana muttered. Stunned to see Jonathan would be willing to go with the soldiers, she continued, “Mr. Goldstein, you don’t have to go! I can hire a lawyer for you! Besides, I want to see whether the people in Dagfynn of Gronga still abide by the law! You killed the hijackers to save all the passengers on board. Why do they have to arrest you?”

“There’s no need for that.” Jonathan waved in refusal, as he did not want to involve

Yuliana. Just as she tried to say something after hearing his rejection, the leading soldier interjected, "Why do you have so much to say? If you spew any more nonsense, I'll arrest you along with him!"

"You—"

"Chase her out!"

Before Yuliana could retort, she saw a few soldiers move forward to execute the leading soldier's order after a wave of his hand. Then, they grabbed her and chased her out.

A few moments later, silence permeated the entire plane.

Besides the group of soldiers and special police officers, there was not a single passenger left.

Just then, Jonathan finally uttered, "Tell Nelson Carter to come and see me!"

Nelson Carter?

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Every soldier's face blanched the moment they heard the name.

Nelson Carter was the commander-in-chief of the Gronga Special Force. He alone commanded the force and protected the whole of Gronga.

There were over a hundred thousand soldiers in the Gronga Special Force under his rule to protect Gronga. In every heart of the soldiers in the Gronga Special Force, Nelson's existence was akin to God.

Therefore, they were shocked when they heard Jonathan's request. This man knows Nelson Carter? He even dared to ask Commander Carter to come and meet him? Does he have any idea how many prominent figures want to meet the powerful man yet could not do so? Even if they were to queue for a month, they might not even get to see the commander-in-chief. Yet, this arrogant man here has the gall to have the commander-in-chief show up at his call.

"You know Commander Carter?" the leading soldier probed.

"You call him at this instant!" Jonathan could not be bothered with him as he continued, "You tell him that I, Jonathan Goldstein, want to see him!"

Call Commander Carter?

There was no way they could call Nelson, for they were just soldiers with insignificant positions. Furthermore, they did not even know his contact numbers. Even if they knew, they would not dare to call him.

“What is your relationship with Commander Carter?” the leading soldier asked as he looked skeptically at him.

He did not believe Jonathan could contact Nelson.

Nelson was one of the most famous figures in Gronga, whereas Jonathan looked to be in his late teen to early twenties. He doubted Jonathan had any connection with Nelson.

“You talk too much!” Jonathan frowned as a hint of annoyance flitted across his eyes.

With that said, he took out his phone and dialed a number. After a moment, a dominating voice sounded on the other end of the line. “Hello?”

“It’s me.”

“M-Mr. Goldstein?”

When the person on the other end of the line realized it was Jonathan on the phone, his voice changed, and his tone of voice spelled anxiety.

“I am at Gronga International Airport, and I am detained on the plane by your soldiers. I’ll give you ten minutes to show yourself in front of me!” Jonathan ordered.

“Mr. Goldstein, you have arrived at Gronga?”

After Nelson heard that Jonathan was at Gronga, his voice changed as he replied, “All right. I’ll be sure to reach by ten minutes!”

With that, Jonathan immediately hung up without waiting for what Nelson would say afterward.

Meanwhile, everyone on the plane was dead silent when the call ended.

Every soldier then looked at Jonathan blankly. A strong hint of disbelief flashed across their eyes.

Just who is this brat? How could he talk to Commander Carter in such a way? No one in Gronga dares to speak to him in such a way, let alone a brat who looks barely above twenty! Even the government authorities, such as the governors, would not dare to speak to him like that!

All of a sudden, the cabin descended into silence.

Everyone stared incredulously at Jonathan as though they were trying to discern from his eyes whether he was telling the truth.

Unfortunately, they did not get any information besides a bottomless pit and a hint of calmness from the depth of his eyes.

Time gradually passed.

Within ten minutes, a hurried siren could be heard from outside the plane suddenly. Then, they saw an SUV used by the military halted outside the plane. Shortly, a middle-aged man wearing an emerald green military uniform emerged as he strode toward the plane before boarding.

The moment they saw the middle-aged man, the plane fell into deadly silence, to the point where one could hear another's breathing.

It was Nelson Carter.

It was indeed him in living flesh.

Although some might not have seen him before throughout their lives, it did not affect them from recognizing him with a glance. Without a doubt, the middle-aged man was the most respectable figure among the soldiers of the Gronga Special Force.

He was the man who protected Gronga so that not even a speck of blood could stain the land.

"Mr. Goldstein!" Nelson called.

As soon as he boarded the plane, he could see Jonathan surrounded by a group of soldiers as he sat in the first-class cabin.

Then, Nelson hastened his pace forward before kneeling in front of Jonathan. "Greetings, Mr. Goldstein! I'm Nelson Carter, the commander-in-chief of the Gronga Special Force."

What?

Everyone was stunned to see Nelson kneeling before Jonathan.

The soldiers' expressions fell when they saw the scene. They even started to doubt whether their eyes had played a trick on them.

Are we seeing things now? Why would the commander-in-chief of the Gronga Special Force kneel before a brat like him?

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Chapter 374 Collecting A Debt

What? How is this possible? Nelson Carter is the commander-in-chief of the Gronga Special Force, the most influential man in Gronga!

For a brief moment, every soldier watched the scene in bewilderment. Nevertheless, no one dared to say a word.

While they were dumbfounded, Nelson turned to look at them. He then reprimanded them by saying, "Why are you staring at us? What are you waiting for? Kneel before him and greet him now!"

Right after the soldiers heard his admonishment, their faces fell immediately. With a loud thudding sound, they kneeled on the ground.

However, they still had no idea why they had to kneel.

"Get up."

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Watching Nelson kneel in front of him, Jonathan waved his hand dismissively. He recalled that he had sent Nelson to guard Gronga two years ago. Since then, he had never seen Nelson anymore.

Back then, Nelson was the only one who had the opportunity to rank as a King of War other than the Eight Kings of War.

Moreover, he was also publicly acknowledged as the second-in-command after the King of War.

That was also the reason why Jonathan had decided to send Nelson to Gronga.

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Nelson was someone who was ruthless and could do things without hesitation.

It was what he was most known for. Thus, he was the perfect person who could handle the chaotic mess in Gronga.

He only dared to stand up after Jonathan allowed him to. "Mr. Goldstein, why did you come to Gronga all of a sudden? Why didn't you inform me in advance that you were coming?"

Looking at him nonchalantly, Jonathan said, "It's a last-minute decision. I didn't expect to be detained by your subordinates on the plane."

"Who was it? I will skin him alive!" Nelson was enraged the moment he heard Jonathan's words.

What a joke. Do they have a death wish? How dare they detain Jonathan? Those rascals are bold. Even I, the commander-in-chief who has authority over this place, don't dare to get in Jonathan's way.

Once again, Jonathan waved his hand dismissively. "It's not their fault. I encountered some hijackers on the plane, so I took the liberty of ending their lives. That was probably why they were detaining me. Moreover, they didn't know who I was. They were merely doing their job."

He did not blame the soldiers.

If he had wanted to punish them, he could have ended their lives before Nelson arrived.

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Nelson's eyes went wide the moment he heard Jonathan's words. "Hijackers? We're living in the modern era. How could there be hijackers on the plane? These *bstards!* I will send a team to patrol the airport tomorrow. I want to see how bold the *bstards* are."

Gronga is my territory. Jonathan has never stepped into this place for three years. But look what happened! He has just arrived moments ago. Not only has he met hijackers, but he has also been blocked by my subordinates on the plane. I'm the commander-in-chief who has sworn to protect this place. I've let him down.

Noticing that Nelson had begun to talk in his thunderous voice, Jonathan could not help but shoot him a glare. "That's enough. Keep your voice down. You are so loud that you may break the glass window on the plane. I'm not here to listen to you talking about these things."

Then, Jonathan continued, "Next time, I don't want to encounter anything like this again. If it comes to my attention that Grongia is in chaos, you can pack your stuff and go to Mysonna with Jeremy."

The moment Nelson heard Jonathan's warning, the former's expression darkened. "Has the Western King of War gone to Mysonna?"

Jeremy, as the Western King of War, is one of the Eight Kings of War. He has been guarding Jipsdale all this while. Why is he transferred to Mysonna?

"He can't even manage a small city like Jipsdale. Why do I want to keep him around? It's better for him to go to Mysonna to reflect on his mistakes." Jonathan then gave

Nelson a brief glance. "There's a reason why I summoned you. I want you to investigate something for me. It's about Hunters Guild in Gronga."

Upon hearing his words, Nelson turned solemn. "Hunters Guild? I've heard of the organization before. Rumor has it that it's a branch of an oversea terrorist group. Usually, they are very elusive, and so we have never been able to capture them! Why are you interested in the organization, Mr. Goldstein?"

Nelson was slightly curious. Knowing what kind of person Jonathan was, Nelson knew that Jonathan would have summoned the Eight Kings of War and had them destroy Hunters Guild within one night if Hunters Guild had offended him.

Hunters Guild is rubbish! They are only a weak organization compared to Asura's Office. Just one move and they would be trampled to death by us!

Jonathan said coldly, "Don't ask too many questions. Just go and investigate it. I want to know everything about the organization. However, be careful not to alert them. No matter what you have found, you need to report the findings to me immediately. Remember, don't do things without my permission. I want them to be alive, and I have my reasons to do so."

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein!" As Jonathan did not want Nelson to ask anything, the latter would not dare to ask further. Thus, Nelson changed the topic quickly. "Mr. Goldstein, do you have a place to stay tonight? Do you want me to arrange for your accommodation?"

With a wave of his hand, Jonathan replied, "That's okay. I can find a place to stay myself."

Nelson continued to ask, "Then, do you want me to arrange for a few of my subordinates to follow you around?"

Jonathan raised his eyebrows. "Why do you want to do it? Do you want to protect me? Or are you planning to spy on me?"

Once Nelson heard Jonathan's words, the former gave an explanation hastily. "I didn't mean it that way, Mr. Goldstein. I was merely thinking that you don't have someone to order around. If it weren't for the fact that my presence was too conspicuous, I would be more than willing to run errands for you."

After all, Nelson was a very famous figure in Gronga.

No matter where he went, everyone would recognize him.

It was obvious that Jonathan's trip to Gronga was not to inspect the place. He was concealing his identity on purpose to do something that he did not want Nelson to know.

If Nelson were to follow Jonathan around, the others would figure out right away that Jonathan was a big shot.

Shaking his head, Jonathan refused the offer. "That's okay. I'm here in Gronga to collect a debt."

Nelson was surprised to hear it. "Collect a debt? What debt?"

Jonathan stood up. With a flat voice, he said, "Money. Someone has owed me money for a long time. It's about time she settles the debt."

Did I hear it right? Is there someone in the world who dare to owe Jonathan money?

When Nelson heard Jonathan's remark, the former was eager to comment more. However, he realized that Jonathan had stridden out of the plane.

"I'll give you a ride, Mr. Goldstein."

Rushing to catch up with Jonathan, Nelson had only taken a few steps when Jonathan stopped him. Without looking back, Jonathan said, "There's no need for that. I can go there by myself."

Having said that, he did not give Nelson a chance to say anything anymore. He then quickly walked out of the plane. The moment he was out of sight, Nelson, who had been walking on eggshells, finally heaved a sigh of relief.

It was only then that he noticed his entire back had been completely drenched in sweat.

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Chapter 375 Slap

Half an hour later, the car stopped outside a luxurious mansion.

The magnificent-looking mansion was situated at the highest peak of a mountain. One could vaguely see the panoramic view of the entire Gronga from a standing position.

Besides, that mansion belonged to the Hansley family of Gronga.

As one of the four prominent families in Gronga, they could naturally afford to buy a mansion on the mountain without difficulty. Even purchasing the entire mountain would be a piece of cake for them.

In fact, the Hansley family had indeed bought the whole mountain.

On the entire mountain, no other family was living on it except for the Hansley family.

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“Stay right there! Who are you?” Just as Jonathan got off the taxi, a servant named Paul, who stood before the mansion, immediately stopped him.

“I’m looking for the third daughter of the Hansley family!” Jonathan replied indifferently.

“You’re looking for Ms. Cecilia?” After listening to Jonathan’s words, Paul frowned and sized him up. “Do you have an appointment?”

“No!” Jonathan said flatly.

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“No?” Paul suddenly furrowed his brows when he realized the other party did not have an appointment. “Why are you looking for Ms. Cecilia?”

Ms. Cecilia is well-known to be the daughter of a wealthy family in Gronga who usually interacts with those affluent scions or heiresses, down to celebrities or female divas, but who is this man? It seems like even his clothes are not as valuable as mine! Not only that, he even came here by taxi. How could a wealthy person even ride in that vehicle? Wouldn’t a rich person have plenty of cars like Rolls-Royce or Bentley? The least they could own is a Lamborghini or a Ferrari!

“She owes me money. I’m here to collect the debt!” Jonathan gave a bland reply.

“Collect a debt?”

As soon as Paul heard what Jonathan said, he couldn’t help but let out a sneer. “Who do you think you are? How could Ms. Cecilia owe money to someone like you? Hurry up and get lost. If you dare create trouble again, I’ll kick you out!” Right after that, Paul waved his hands and planned to chase him away.

“You deserve to be slapped, since you have a filthy mouth!”

Once Paul’s words fell, Jonathan unexpectedly raised his right hand and smacked the man across the face.

The impact was so hard that it actually knocked out some of Paul’s teeth.

There was even blood endlessly trickling down the corner of the man’s lips.

Paul had also become dazed after the slap. He put his hand over his mouth while howling, “How dare you hit me?”

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“If you talk like this again, I’ll turn you into a mute for the rest of your life!” Jonathan gave him a look that chilled to the bone. “Tell Ms. Cecilia that her creditor is here to collect his debt!”

“Just you wait!”

Upon hearing Jonathan’s statement, Paul ran toward the courtyard while covering his mouth.

Meanwhile, there was a mini banquet held in the living room.

Countless people dreamed of entering the Hansley residence but couldn’t, since they had no right to step foot in the Hansley residence. However, that day was an exception because it was Cecilia’s most joyous day.

She had lived there while enduring hardships for more than twenty years in that family. It was not until a few days ago that she finally held her head high and defeated those ingrates who had been oppressing her for the past two decades.

It was all thanks to Jonathan.

If Jonathan hadn’t wiped out the hundreds of drug smugglers and brought her to Shadow Dragon Pool the other day, she wouldn’t have found the legendary Phantom Grass.

It was precisely those few stalks of Phantom Grass that had pulled her grandfather back from the brink of death.

When Cecilia thought of how those ingrates would be at her mercy from then onward, she instinctively grinned.

As for Jonathan, she had long forgotten about the man ever since she returned to Gronga.

Although she owed him a few billion, she didn’t intend to pay him back from the beginning. Even if she wanted to, the Hansley family would not give their approval, since it was not considered a small amount even to a prominent family like the Hansley family.

There was no way they would agree for her to give such a large sum of money to a stranger.

That man can come to look for me if he’s capable enough. However, if he dares come, I’ll make sure he could never step a foot out of my house! Does he think Gronga is a

desolate countryside like Jipsdale, where he could kill whoever he wants? If he has the nerve to act presumptuously here, I'll directly give the Gronga Special Force a phone call. With my family's status, if someone tries to harm my family and me, I don't even need to lift a finger because the Gronga Special Force would eliminate the person right away!

"What's wrong, Cecilia?" At that moment, a young man with a ghastly white face arrived next to her. "You seem unhappy. Did something bad happen today?"

The young man didn't seem old, appearing to be in his twenties.

However, he had a frail appearance.

Judging from his looks, he seemed to have been leading a life of debauchery, resulting in his pale complexion and lack of vitality.

He currently had long black hair, and he wore a white tuxedo. Although he had an ashen face, his facial features were exquisite.

The people around instinctively made way for the young man once they saw him.

Apparently, that man had a very prominent status even in the Hansley residence.

He was Wayde Larson, the second son of the Larson family which was the leader of the four prominent families in Gronga.

"Of course not!" Cecilia, who got lost in thoughts initially, jolted back to her senses at once when Wayde's words rang in her ears. She then forced out a smile. "Maybe I didn't have any proper rest these days."

"Luckily, you had previously gone to another country to retrieve the Phantom Grass, which allowed Old Mr. Hansley to recover. You'd also work hard during that period. However, since he has recovered, you should reward yourself by taking a break. Otherwise, you might collapse again when your grandfather gets well!"

Wayde seemed concerned, but anyone who understood him would know that was just one of his tactics of courting girls.

When encountering his target, Wayde seemed like a gentleman with impeccable manners on the surface. However, once he got his hand on the prey, he would instantly reveal his true colors.

He would show how despicable and heartless he actually was after he had bedded the woman.

By then, he would no longer be polite to the woman. One would even consider him gentle if he didn't straightforwardly kick the woman out of bed.

"Okay. Also, I'm sorry for troubling you recently!" Cecilia spoke with a flushing face. Ever since she returned to Gronga, she felt that Wayde had been incredibly thoughtful toward her.

Besides, she could tell that the man was obviously interested in her.

Nevertheless, she had never responded to his enthusiasm. As a Gronga local, she definitely heard of the deeds Wayde had committed.

He had slept with at least hundreds of women alone, and despite not reaching a thousand, the figure was likely close to it.

There was no way such a man would be Cecilia's cup of tea.

Unfortunately, since she had gained some status in the Hansley family only recently, she certainly needed the support of others. Hence, she had no other choice but to act friendlier toward Wayde.

Otherwise, she couldn't be bothered with a womanizer like him.

"It's not troublesome at all!" Wayde chuckled when he heard Cecilia's reply. "That was what I should do. By the way, are you free tonight? Do you want to have dinner together?"

"Tonight?"

After pondering for a while, she wanted to make excuses to reject Wayde. However, at that moment, she suddenly noticed Paul rushing into the living room and coming straight to her with a mouth full of blood. "Ms. Cecilia!" he cried out.

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Chapter 376 Out Of Her League

"What's wrong?"

When Cecilia saw that Paul's mouth was covered in blood, she instantly frowned. "Who hit your mouth?"

"I don't know him!"

Paul covered his mouth and continued, "He said that he was your creditor and wanted to collect his debt from you. I didn't let him come in, and he just beat me up!"

Paul wore an aggrieved expression on his face as he waited for Cecilia to get back at the man for him.

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However, Cecilia's expression immediately changed when she heard him mention the creditor.

Is it Jonathan? I can't believe he actually dared to come here.

"A creditor? What debt is there to collect?" Wayde Larson instantly frowned upon hearing Paul's words. "Who would have the audacity to come to the Hansley residence to collect some debt?"

"I don't know," Paul responded with his head down.

"Hmph. I would like to know who has the guts to collect debts from the Hansley family!" Wayde instantly scoffed in response. "Bring me to see him!"

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"Yes, Sir."

With that, Wayde followed after Paul as they headed out the door. At that moment, Cecilia, who had been silent, suddenly stopped him. "Wayde, don't bother about him. He's just some lunatic who came here out of nowhere. Why would you care about him? Just get Paul to chase him out."

As she said that, she waved at Paul and ordered, "Get someone to chase him out."

"Yes, Miss."

At Cecilia's orders, Paul rushed out without hesitation. Once Paul left, Cecilia smiled at the guests in the living room and said, "Carry on, everyone. Don't let a lunatic affect your mood."

As soon as she finished her words, the banquet resumed once again, and it was as if it hadn't been disrupted at all.

Just then, Wayde turned toward Cecilia and asked, "Cecilia, why didn't you let me go? I just wanted to take a look at who had such audacity to create a scene at the Hansley residence."

"What's there to look at about a lunatic? If he ends up going insane, then what would happen to you?" Cecilia's smile seemed rather forced as she looked at him.

She was well aware of Jonathan's personality.

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Who knew what would happen if he actually got provoked and flew into a rage just like he did the other day.

After all, even an army of hundreds of mercenaries was no match for him. There was no way that the few bodyguards at the Hansley family could defeat him.

As she thought about this, Cecilia took out her phone and prepared to call the police.

At that moment, she happened to see a familiar figure walk into the living room. He casually took a glass of champagne from a beautiful waitress and took a small sip of it. With that, he glanced at Cecilia nonchalantly.

Although it was just a glance, Cecilia instantly felt a chill run down her spine.

He's here! He really is here!

As Cecilia scrutinized Jonathan, Jonathan was also scrutinizing her at the same time. Compared to how she was a few days ago, Cecilia now seemed confident and spirited.

It was as if she was a dazzling pearl in the center of everyone's attention.

There was no doubt that she was the focal point of the banquet.

Furthermore, her long white gown also accentuated her beauty, making her look like a proud princess who was basking in everyone's attention and focus.

There was nothing about her that seemed miserable.

"Cecilia Hansley!" Jonathan called out softly.

Although he spoke in a soft voice, it was clear enough for everyone else to hear it.

In an instant, the crowd fell dead silent.

Everyone turned to look at Jonathan.

At such gatherings, it was extremely rude to address Cecilia by her full name. They would usually address her as Cecilia, Ms. Hansley, or by her Ustranasion name, Selena.

"Who said that?"

Many of the men glared at Jonathan, and there was even a trace of anger in their eyes.

Once they saw Jonathan standing there with a glass of champagne in his hand, a hint of disdain and contempt flashed across their eyes.

Jonathan seemed completely out of place at the banquet.

Only those with prominent statuses could attend the banquet that night. All of them were either sons or daughters of wealthy families.

Even those of the lowest status among them were elites and leading figures in the industry.

No matter how their looks were, they still looked decent and well-dressed in their suits and gowns.

Jonathan, on the other hand, was wearing a set of cheap casual wear.

They could tell that it wasn't worth much at a glance. Besides that, they just wanted to laugh at the pair of unbranded sports shoes that he was wearing.

What era are we in? How could someone dress so shabbily?

"Who are you? Who allowed you to barge in? Don't you know that this is private property, and outsiders are prohibited from entering?"

A middle-aged man dressed decently in a black suit snapped at Jonathan.

The outsider that he was referring to was, of course, Jonathan.

Nonetheless, Jonathan paid no attention to him and didn't even spare him a glance. He simply swirled his champagne glass gently and glanced at Cecilia.

The moment she met Jonathan's eyes, Cecilia immediately panicked.

An inexplicable fear instantly overwhelmed her.

In an instant, she remembered how a few days ago, Jonathan killed hundreds of soldiers with a gun and left them with no chance against him.

She swore that she had never felt as complicated as how she was currently feeling.

Besides that, she had never felt this frightened before.

Never would she expect that she would meet Jonathan again so soon and that it would be in such a situation.

She was completely unprepared and didn't have any backup plan. Besides that, there wasn't even a lawyer or secretary around to help her.

Despite that, she was still the third daughter of the Hansley family after all.

As someone who had plenty of experience, she quickly calmed herself down within a few seconds. She then glanced at Jonathan coldly and said, "I'm sorry. I'm afraid that you've got the wrong person. I don't even know you."

"Did you hear that? Ms. Hansley said that she doesn't even know you. What are you still doing here?" Once Cecilia finished her words, the well-dressed wealthy man behind her hurriedly chimed in.

Such opportunities were rare, and there was no way that they would let them slide.

"Exactly? Where are the security guards? Hurry up and chase him out of here."

"Security?"

A few other wealthy men started calling for the security guards with disgruntled expressions. However, no matter how loudly they shouted, there wasn't a single security guard in the entire living room.

"Cecilia, could he be your suitor?"

"Isn't he just an attention seeker then?"

"But Cecilia, you really are charismatic. Even a penniless bum like him would dare to come to a banquet to chase after you."

"She's really out of his league."

A few wealthy ladies dressed in white gowns with their hair done up covered their mouths and snickered. They were Cecilia's best friends, and all of them were from prominent families.

Although they weren't of the same status as the four prominent families, they were still wealthy.

After all, only those who were worth billions could be best friends with Cecilia.

"What did you say? You don't know me?" When Jonathan heard Cecilia say that she didn't know who he was, he couldn't help but scoff. "You owe me a few billion. How dare you say that you don't know me."

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Chapter 377 Outlaw

Owe him a few billion?

The moment Jonathan said that, everyone fell silent.

At that moment, they couldn't help but turn to look at Cecilia.

How could the reputable third daughter of the Hansley family owe someone a few billion? How could this be?

"Nonsense!"

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Just then, a middle-aged man decked in a black suit stepped forward and pointed at Jonathan.

"Since you said that Ms. Hansley owes you a few billion, do you have any proof? Do you have a loan receipt? Do you have an IOU document? Do you have a lawyer to confirm it or an audio or video recording to prove it?"

The middle-aged man asked him about six questions at a go. Upon seeing that Jonathan couldn't answer any one of his questions, he then sneered. "If you don't have any proof, I can sue you for defamation for accusing Ms. Hansley of owing you a few billion without evidence. Based on what you said, doesn't it mean that I can go to the Larson family tomorrow and say that they owe me ten billion as well?"

Everyone burst into laughter at his words.

At that moment, Jonathan just seemed like a clown to them.

Even Cecilia couldn't help but cover her mouth and stifle a laugh.

"Mr. Lawson never disappoints. As expected of the number one lawyer in Gronga. His sharp words are enough to leave this young man speechless!"

"Of course. Mr. Lawson is someone who dares to point fingers and argue back at the judge in court after all. Won't it just be a piece of cake for him to deal with a penniless bum?"

The man known as Mr. Lawson was none other than Howard Lawson, a renowned lawyer in Gronga.

Although he was quite young, he was very eloquent and was the number one lawyer in Gronga. Ever since he started working, he had never lost in court even once.

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He had never lost a single case that he accepted.

Countless nobles and elites were defeated by him, let alone a penniless bum.

"Sir, do you know how much damage you brought to Ms. Hansley with your words just now?"

Howard casually took off his gold-rimmed glasses and huffed onto them before putting them back on. He then turned to Jonathan and said, "If she wants to sue you, she can

sue you for defamation and extortion at any time. Did you know that these two charges alone will be enough to give you a sentence of at least three years?"

"Oh. Is that right?" Jonathan chuckled at Howard's words.

"Do you think I'm joking with you?" Upon seeing the nonchalant expression on Jonathan's face, Howard felt insulted.

"This is my last warning to you. If you don't apologize to Ms. Hansley immediately, I will call the police and they can detain you instantly."

"You talk too much." Jonathan glanced at him. His gaze suddenly turned cold as he looked at Cecilia. "Cecilia, I remember telling you before that you shouldn't make me wait too long. My patience will only wear thin. But it's just a pity that you didn't seem to have understood my words."

Jonathan shook his head lightly as he continued, "Now, I have completely lost my patience!"

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At that, Cecilia's face instantly fell.

A huge wave of horror washed over her.

"Sir, are you even listening to me?" Howard's face turned grim upon seeing how Jonathan didn't even spare a glance at him. "First, you trespassed into private property, then you slandered and extorted Ms. Hansley. Not only that, you even threatened her. Did you know that with these few charges alone, I can send you to jail and imprison you for a hundred years?"

Howard had never feared anyone when it came to a court case.

With his abilities as well as the Hansley family's connections, he was certain that he could get Jonathan a life sentence.

"I've already said that you talk too much!" Jonathan boomed as his expression turned cold. With a slight wave of his hand, a loud slap was heard. A bright red handprint instantly formed on Howard's cheek.

The gold-rimmed glasses on his nose that cost thousands and was custom-made overseas also shattered at Jonathan's slap.

Even Howard himself flew into the table behind him with a loud bang before collapsing to the floor with a heavy thud.

"You... How dare you hit me!"

Howard held his face and wore an incredulous expression.

As the most renowned lawyer in Gronga, others didn't even dare to scold him. If he ever obtained evidence of others insulting him, he could send them to jail immediately.

How dare this idiot slap me! Does he have a death wish?

Meanwhile, everyone else's expression instantly changed at the scene in front of them as well.

None of them would have thought that Jonathan would dare to hit Howard.

"If I hear one more word from you, I'll kill you!" Jonathan's expression was ice-cold as he glared at Howard. Just one glance from him was enough to send a shiver down Howard's spine, and his hair stood on its ends.

As a lawyer, he had seen countless murderers, but he had never seen such a horrifying gaze.

It was as if he would be killed in the next instant after Jonathan glared at him.

It was terrifying.

At that moment, no matter how sharp-tongued, eloquent, or skillful at distorting truths he was, he didn't dare to utter another word.

If he angered Jonathan, who knew if the lunatic would actually kill him.

As of that moment, those around Howard also shared the same thoughts as him. Since they were from noble families, there was no way that they would go against a man as ruthless as Jonathan.

After all, it would be a huge loss if anything happened to them.

Thus, no matter how badly Howard was beaten up, no one else dared to step forward.

"Cecilia, I'll give you two choices. You either pay me the money or compensate me with your life. Make your choice!"

When the entire living room fell dead silent, Jonathan then spoke.

Upon hearing Jonathan's words, Cecilia's face turned ashen. A huge wave of fear that she had never experienced before overwhelmed her.

Never would she ever think that Jonathan would have such audacity to start a fight at the Hansley residence.

All of a sudden, she realized that all of her previous imagination just seemed like a kid scheming against a burly man. It was completely useless.

No matter how meticulous her plans were, Jonathan could destroy it with just a gun.

He didn't care about the law, proofs, promissory notes, or anything else.

As long as someone provoked him, he dared to kill them immediately.

Jonathan was really an outlaw.

"M-Mr. Goldstein, h-hear me out..." Cecilia forced out a smile on her face.

At a time like that, she could no longer continue pretending that she didn't know Jonathan.

The Legendary Man Chapter 378

Chapter 378 Who Do You Think You Are

Just when Cecilia finished talking, Wayde, who was standing behind her, stepped forward and said, "Just ignore him, Cecilia! What's the point of talking to someone like him?"

He then turned to Jonathan and said, "Hey, idiot. I don't care if Cecilia really owes you a few billion. So what if she did owe you that much? Do you think you can act recklessly in the Hansley family? I'm not going to spare you today!"

"Not going to spare me?" Hearing what Wayde said, Jonathan couldn't help but sneer, "Who do you think you are?"

"Who do I think I am?" Wayde let out a bitter laugh. "Boy, it's been a while since someone acted so arrogantly in front of me. You don't even know who I am, yet you're so conceited?"

"This guy doesn't even know who Wayde is, and he's being unscrupulous?"

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"You're telling me you don't know who Wayde Larson is?" A bunch of young, well-dressed men that came from wealthy families simultaneously mocked Jonathan.

Who would dare offend the Larson family from Gronga? Especially when it comes to Wayde Larson.

"You heard them, right? Do you know who I am now?" Wayde scoffed at Jonathan. "My name's Wayde Larson of the Larson family. My father is Julius Larson, who is the head of the family. If you know my identity, you should be well aware not to overstep your boundaries in our territory!"

“I don’t give a sh*t about the Larson family or you. I’ve never even heard of you!” Seeing Wayde chattering away in front of him, a trace of impatience flashed in Jonathan’s eyes. With a wave of a hand, he slapped the former’s face.

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Wayde suddenly blacked out after the slap, staggering and almost falling to the ground.

“How dare you slap me?” A flash of anger appeared in Wayde’s eyes after Jonathan made his move.

I’m Wayde Larson, for goodness’ sake! The devil of Gronga!

Since young, nobody dared to lay a finger on him. He was appalled when Jonathan slapped him. How dare this beggarly man who jumped out of nowhere hit me?

“Say one more useless thing and I’ll have you permanently silenced!” Jonathan’s eyes turned cold and, in a flash, he appeared in front of Cecilia.

He grabbed Cecilia by her neck with one hand, picking her up casually like she was a little chick. In an instant, the third daughter of the Hansley family, with a net worth of billions, was lifted into the air.

Although Cecilia was almost one hundred and eighty centimeters in her high heels, she still looked petite and powerless next to Jonathan—like a chick waiting to be slaughtered.

She could not fight back at all.

“What are you doing, punk?”

“Let go of Ms. Hansley!”

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“Security! Where are the security guards? Why aren’t they here yet?”

The moment Jonathan grabbed Cecilia, it was like poking a hornet’s nest. Everyone in the room went into a frenzy.

Especially the wealthy young men that came from powerful families. Relying on the fact that there were many of them, they rushed in front of Jonathan, trying to stop the latter in any way they could.

“Get lost!” Frowning, Jonathan gave each of them a slap and sent them flying.

“What are the rest of you standing there for? Go get him!” Wayde, who was slapped senseless by Jonathan earlier, ordered his men angrily once he saw that Jonathan was still behaving as he pleased.

Those men were the bodyguards his father specially hired for him. Back then, his older brother had once been kidnapped by a group of kidnappers. From that moment onward, no matter where he went, those bodyguards would follow him.

“Yes, Mr. Wayde!” After hearing Wayde’s order, a few brawny men in black suits walked out from behind him.

Judging from the way they walked, it was obvious they had gone through special training.

It was evident with the murderous looks on their faces. Anyone could tell they had emerged out of mountains of corpses and seas of blood.

“Get him!” Wayde ordered.

The bodyguards instantly surrounded Jonathan. Without hesitation, they threw punches at him.

“You’re courting death!”

Seeing the bodyguards make their moves, Jonathan’s eyes turned cold. Raising his right hand slightly, he grabbed one bodyguard’s fist and twisted it hard. Crack! Before the bodyguard could come to his senses, Jonathan had already broken the former’s hand.

Then, Jonathan raised his left leg and kicked the bodyguard in his stomach.

Crash! The kick sent the bodyguard flying for over ten meters.

“How’s that possible?” Wayde’s face fell pale from being shocked by the sight before him.

Those bodyguards were professional mercenaries, specially hired by his father at high salaries from abroad. Even if a private army wanted to assassinate him, they couldn’t easily touch him. However, those bodyguards barely got near Jonathan and even got kicked as far as ten meters away.

How is this possible?

Just as he finished speaking, Jonathan grabbed onto another bodyguard’s neck and kicked him. Crack! The sound of broken bones resounded. That bodyguard had seven to eight of his bones broken from that kick.

In a blink of an eye, half of the bodyguards that charged at Jonathan earlier were now on the ground.

Besides, Jonathan barely moved his hand that was grabbing Cecilia the entire time.

“Kill him! Kill him now!” Wayde exploded in anger.

Without hesitation, the remaining standing bodyguards whipped out their guns from their waists and aimed them at Jonathan.

“So you want to use guns on me, huh?” Seeing the bodyguards taking out their guns, Jonathan not only didn’t panic, but his eyes also had a glint of disdain. “Who gave you guys the courage?”

At that moment, a figure flashed in front of their eyes. Before the bodyguards could react, Jonathan punched the temple of one bodyguard.

Thud! The punch sent the bodyguard crashing to the floor. Right when he was falling, the gun that was in his hand fell into Jonathan’s hands instead.

Bang! Bang! A few gunshots sounded. The remaining bodyguards didn’t even have the chance to pull the trigger before they fell into a pool of blood.

He’s killing people?

Witnessing the sight before them, shrill screams started sounding in the living room.

Following that, the wealthy young men and women started to look pale and fled in all four directions. They all cursed that their legs could not carry them away faster.