

The Legendary Man Chapter 382

Chapter 382 You Speak Too Much Nonsense

It was a shame that Jonathan was never one to show compassion for others.

Cecilia was no exception to that.

Everything that she was going through was brought upon by herself.

She had asked for it.

“Until the Department of Criminal Investigation comes to get you.” Jonathan shot Cecilia a cold look and asked, “Isn’t that what you’ve been waiting for?”

Advertisement

Cecilia bit hard on her lip and said nothing.

Jonathan was right. She was indeed waiting for the Department of Criminal Investigation.

That was because the Department of Criminal Investigation of Gronga was her last saving grace!

However, looking at Jonathan’s indifferent attitude, Cecelia suddenly felt uncertain. She could not understand where this man got his self-confidence from, but he was not even bothered by that highly regarded authoritative body.

Advertisement

Even terrorist organizations would fall short in the face of the Department of Criminal Investigation, let alone Jonathan who was just one man.

“Don’t worry. They should be here soon.” While saying that, Jonathan lit up a cigarette and stood up from the rock he was sitting on.

When he left the Hansley residence, he had no intention of hiding.

If the Department of Criminal Investigation could not find him over the night, then they were useless.

In that case, they should cease to exist.

As expected, the Department of Criminal Investigation did not let him down.

Just as his cigarette was reaching its end, a strong gust of wind suddenly broke through the sky.

Shortly after, a police helicopter was seen ascending into the sky.

Its gigantic propeller created a massive gale on the mountaintop. Under the howling wind, the feeble Cecilia was almost blown away.

Whoosh!

The doors of the helicopter swung open, and out came five or six special police who were equipped with guns. They raised their weapons and aimed them right at Jonathan.

Advertisement

At the same moment when the doors burst open, a loud roar of engines was heard. Several police off-road vehicles charged toward the top of the mountain.

The car doors swung open.

Even more special police stepped out and pointed their guns at Jonathan.

“To the criminal on top of the mountain, drop your weapons and put both your hands up. You are surrounded...”

The sentence was shouted simultaneously from both sides on the land and in the air.

However, when he heard the police’s orders, not only did Jonathan not even look at them, he replied indifferently, “Criminal? Who gave you guys the balls to call me a criminal? Screw off! This is not something the Department of Criminal Investigation can interfere with!”

What did he say?

The faces of all the special police fell when they heard his words.

This is not something the Department of Criminal Investigation can interfere with?

There was nothing in the whole of Gronga that the Department of Criminal Investigation could not interfere with.

From bigger problems such as terrorist activities to minor offenses like robbery, it all fell under the jurisdiction of the Department of Criminal Investigation.

Yet, Jonathan was saying that they had no right to interfere.

Who does he think he is?

“What did you say?” One of the leaders of the special police of the Department of Criminal Investigation spoke up. He scoffed and said, “This is not something the Department of Criminal Investigation can interfere with? Who do you think you are? Do you think you are a VIP of Gronga, or you’re Nelson Carter, the commander-in-chief of the Gronga Special Force?”

There were only two people in the whole of Gronga that the Department of Criminal Investigation could not touch.

The first was the executive commander of Gronga, George Langdon.

The other was Nelson Carter, the commander-in-chief of the Gronga Special Force.

Jonathan was neither one of these people.

He was basically a nobody to them.

“Whoever they are, they have no right to meddle in my affairs either,” said a calm Jonathan.

The moment his words fell, only one thought popped up in all the minds of the special police.

This man is a lunatic! An absolute maniac!

That was the only logical explanation as to why he would kidnap Cecilia in front of so many watchful eyes, and how he could take out the second son of the Larson family, Wayde.

When Cecilia heard what Jonathan said, she could not help but stare at him in disbelief.

Just where did he get his confidence from? He is actually looking down on the Department of Criminal Investigation! Did he think that the special police of the Department of Criminal Investigation was the same as the insignificant army of Jipsdale? Did he think that with just one gun, he could wipe them all out with no survivors left?

If he really dared to open fire on the special police, Jonathan would never be able to leave Gronga.

He would not even make it down the mountain.

“Stop talking nonsense. I’m giving you three minutes to put down your weapons and raise your hands. If you don’t do it within three minutes, then we won’t be so polite anymore.” With that said, the head of the special police flicked his hand, and the sound of bullets being loaded was heard.

Click! Click!

Countless police officers loaded their guns.
On top of that, the weapons pointed at Jonathan were never let down.

“It seems that you guys still don’t understand what I’m saying.” Suddenly, Jonathan’s gaze turned cold and sharp as he scanned the faces of all the people present. “All right. I’ll also give you three minutes to buzz off and disappear from my sight. If you don’t, it won’t end well.”

It was a threat—a blatant threat!

He actually threatened the Department of Criminal Investigation.

The moment the head of the special police heard this, his expression turned grim.
“Since you want to be this way, then don’t blame me for not being nice!”

He then yelled out, “Fire!”

As soon as the order fell, the man took action.

Innumerable golden bullets were fired in Jonathan’s direction.

At the same time they started firing, Jonathan shook his wrist and a black gun instantly appeared in his hand.

Jonathan nimbly dodged the shots aimed at him while his finger pulled the trigger.
Bang! A bullet shot straight at the right thigh of the head of the special police.

Following that, Jonathan launched another attack. This time, it hit the helicopter in the sky.

This second shot hit precisely at the fuel tank of the helicopter.

In an instant, gasoline began to leak from the helicopter.

Seeing that, the special police aboard the aircraft all showed looks of terror. Without saying anything, they all jumped off the helicopter without hesitation.

At the same time they jumped, Jonathan once again raised his hand and fired. The collision between the golden bullet and the gasoline caused a huge explosion.

Boom! The helicopter in the air burst into flames.
A giant ball of flames burned brilliantly in the sky. As for the special police that had just jumped, they were caught in the middle of the explosion, and their lives ended there and then.

Freak! This man is a freak!

Looking at the exploding aircraft in the sky, the head of the special police, who was hit in the leg, grimaced. "Psychopath! You are insane! Do you know what you've done? This is an assault on the police!"

"You speak too much nonsense," Jonathan looked at him nonchalantly and said, "I'll give you guys one final minute. Get out of my sight right now. Otherwise, you all down here will suffer the same fate as your comrades up there."

The Legendary Man Chapter 383

Chapter 383 This Is An Order

It was clear that Jonathan was threatening him blatantly.

However, at that moment, nobody dared to anger Jonathan.

No one knew what a madman like him would do.

Since he dared to shoot down the helicopter that belonged to the Department of Criminal Investigation and kill policemen, no one could imagine the other things he could have done.

"Y-You..."

Advertisement

The leader of the police was about to speak when there was a loud bang followed by a golden bullet that hit his other knee.

"One more word and the next bullet will land in your head!" Jonathan looked indifferently at the leader of the special police and said, "Get lost!"

The leader gritted his teeth and without another word, he commanded, "Retreat! Now!"

They were obviously not a match for Jonathan as they did not even manage to touch the corner of his shirt when he shot down the helicopter and killed dozens of special police.

Advertisement

If they were to continue fighting, they would be wiped out before Jonathan lost a single strand of hair.

"Wait a moment!"

Just as the leader was about to leave, Jonathan's voice could be heard coming from behind him.

“What do you want?” asked the leader as he looked at Jonathan with fear.
“Take them away!”

Jonathan pointed his gun toward the special police who were on the ground. After hearing Jonathan’s words, the leader’s expression darkened as he ordered, “Take them!”

With his orders, the special police who behaved aggressively immediately ran away as quickly as they could.

As the special police ran for their lives, even Cecilia stared at Jonathan with fear as a trace of despair flashed across her eyes.

If the Department of Criminal Investigation can’t even save me, then who in the entire Gronga could? The Gronga Special Force? But would they be deployed?

Meanwhile, at the foot of the hill, countless special police wearing bulletproof vests, and special police uniforms gathered all the way toward the hillside as they carried armed weapons in their hands.

Since they had failed their first wave of attack, the Department of Criminal Investigation had once again increased its forces.

This time, not only were the special police deployed but so was the Elite Unit.

As far as Gronga’s Department of Criminal Investigation was concerned, it was a great humiliation to not be able to capture a bandit even after half the police force was deployed.

“Oh, I’ve been a policeman for years and this is my first time seeing such a strange person!” said an old inspector with an unshaven beard. With a cigarette in his mouth, he looked toward the top of the mountain and shook his head repeatedly.

The old man was a senior inspector of the Department of Criminal Investigation and had worked in the police force for decades.

He was considered to be a veteran of the Department of Criminal Investigation.

Behind him stood more than a dozen of young special police, armed with guns and in high spirits.

A young policeman behind him could not help but ask, “Mr. Wright, if that punk is so impressive, then why didn’t become a soldier to protect the country? Why did he kidnap a little girl?”

That man single-handedly took out the entire team of special police and even destroyed a helicopter! With a skill that incredible, why in the world did he kidnap a girl when he’s more than capable of becoming a great soldier?

“What do you mean a little girl? She’s the infamous Ms. Hansley of Gronga!” The old inspector, Landen Wright, could not help but glare at the young man who spoke.

“Oh gosh, it’s all the same. Didn’t you guys see that that punk wiped out our entire team of special police? My God, when the helicopter exploded, I swear it was like I was watching a blockbuster movie! I was by the foot of the hill and I think my eardrums almost ruptured!” The young policeman stuck his finger into his ears and shuddered in

fear.

I'm sure I would've died if I were at the top of the mountain.

"Are you afraid?" Seeing the frightened look on the young policeman's face, Landen could not help but chuckle and said, "Don't worry. That punk doesn't have any intent to murder. Otherwise, how do you think those men managed to come out of the mountain alive? The ones who were injured have been sent to the hospital for treatment. None of them are dead. They're all alive!"

"He didn't kill a single person?" The young policeman's eyes widened in disbelief.

There was such a commotion and no one died?

Advertisement

"No, he did not!"

Landen shook his head and continued, "This guy might just be from the army. His shooting skills and techniques are spot-on. I think he just wanted to give a deterrent to Gronga's Department of Criminal Investigation. He doesn't intend to actually kill anyone. Look, you should go and contact the Gronga Special Force immediately. Have them deploy some men over and we'll see if they can figure out that guy's identity. I'm afraid things might really get out of hand if he's really from the army."

"Contact the Gronga Special Force?" The young policeman looked troubled when he heard Landen's words. "Mr. Wright, you know the Gronga Special Force has never liked dealing with us. Besides, we just suffered a backlash. Is it really okay for us to contact them? Wouldn't we look like a joke?"

"What kind of nonsense is that? Just follow your orders!" Landen lifted his leg and kicked the young policeman in the butt. "So what if we look like a joke? How many more lives do we need to sacrifice before you feel better?"

"Yes, Mr. Wright. I'll contact them right away!"

Upon hearing Landen's words, the young policeman immediately picked up his phone and called the Gronga Special Force. However, at that moment, a short-haired female police officer, Erika Sutton, dressed in black sturdy clothing approached Landen alongside several other people. "Mr. Wright, please remove the blockade. I need to bring a few people up to the mountain."

"Who are they?" Landen turned around and looked at the people behind Erika. There were two men and a woman behind her.

The two men dressed in gray looked very old. They were probably in their sixties or seventies. The woman, on the other hand, was much younger as she looked like she was in her thirties.

She was extremely well-maintained with her snow-white skin, and her figure was absolutely sexy.

With just one look, she was able to arouse a man's most primitive desire to conquer her.

"You don't need to know. Just remove the blockade. That's an order," Erika ordered coldly.

In terms of police rank, she ranked higher than Landen and was considered to be his direct superior.

Therefore, when Landen heard her words, he immediately removed the blockade without hesitation and made way for them.

Immediately after, Erika walked toward the top of the mountain alongside the two old men and the middle-aged woman.

After the trio walked past Landen and the others, the young policeman who stood behind Landen could not help but ask, "Mr. Wright, don't you think one of the two men looked especially like Jamie Larson?"

"Jamie Larson?" Landen's expression immediately changed when he heard that as he suddenly recognized the man.

Isn't one of the two old men Jamie Larson, the patriarch of the Larson family, one of the four prominent families in Gronga? What's he doing here? And why is he alone? Where are his bodyguards?

The Legendary Man Chapter 384

Chapter 384 Put An End To It

Jonathan sat motionless on a rock at the top of the mountain, looking down at the scenery. On the other hand, Cecilia was curled into a shivering ball under a tree.

She was only wearing a white, long dress that she had carefully picked out for the banquet.

Her original intention was to dress up looking elegant and dignified like a princess that evening. However, after a chilly night, she had been reduced to a white swan living amongst the common folk.

"Grandpa!"

Suddenly, Cecilia's eyes lit up when she saw her grandfather.

Advertisement

Next to him stood the legend of the Larson family, Jamie Larson.

“Cecilia!”

On hearing Cecilia’s cries, the old man turned around.

It was indeed the head of the Hansley family, Wilson Hansley.

Advertisement

“Grandpa, are you here to save me?” Cecilia immediately cheered up as the once despondent look on her face faded as her eyes lit up. She was on the verge of giving up when she saw her grandfather. At that instant, she had a renewed hope of staying alive.

He was her last chance to survive.

“Yes!”

Wilson nodded and turned to look at Jonathan, whose back was facing him. “You must be Jonathan Goldstein.”

“Are you Cecilia’s grandfather?” Jonathan turned around coolly when he heard the man’s voice.

“That’s right,” Wilson replied without hesitation.

“Did you bring the money?” Jonathan asked.

“No.” Wilson shook his head. “Jonathan Goldstein, you’re mistaken. I didn’t come here to give you the money in exchange for Cecilia.”

“Huh? Don’t you want to save your granddaughter?” Jonathan looked at Wilson without a trace of emotion.

Advertisement

He did not seem to be offended by Wilson’s reply.

“Of course, I want to save her, but I won’t give you a single cent!” Wilson curled his lips in disdain.

“Grandpa!”

Cecilia's face turned ashen when she heard what her grandfather said. Her scalp began to prickle.

She had never expected her grandfather to give such a reply at this time. His action made her wonder if he was ready to abandon her.

"Looks like your family has the habit of going back on your words. It must have started with you." Jonathan showed no signs of displeasure, as though he had expected such a response from Wilson.

Since the day Jonathan arrived, he had never intended to get back those few billions.

The amount was only a number to him.

To him, there was no difference between a couple of billion and a few hundred.

Since the day the Hansley family decided to repudiate the debt, the issue was no longer about the money.

"It's all right. It's only a few billion. I don't want it anyway." Jonathan looked at Wilson indifferently.

"I've changed my mind. Now I want to take over the Hansley family!"

"What did you say? You want to take over the Hansley family?" Wilson scoffed at Jonathan's claims as though he just heard the funniest joke in the world. "Just you alone? I'm not belittling you, but do you think you can handle the entire Hansley family even if I offer it to you?"

"That's not for you to worry." Jonathan immediately remarked in the most nonchalant tone.

"Jonathan, I don't think you know why I am here to see you. I'm not here to negotiate with you today. I'm here to see how you will die!" Wilson gave a snort of contempt.

"Do you know how many men are lying ambush and waiting for you at the bottom of the hill? Their guns are all aimed at you. Do you believe that with just one command from me, they will shoot your brains out? Yet, at this critical moment, you're not thinking of how to escape. Instead, you're plotting to take over the Hansley family. What wishful thinking!" said Wilson.

"Why are you telling me all these? Aren't you afraid I'll drag you down with me when I die?" Jonathan glanced briefly at Wilson. "You should know how I made those men crash down the hill earlier. What makes you think you stand a better chance of surviving?"

“How dare you!”

Wilson’s body stiffened at once.

That matter did not cross his mind at all.

He initially thought that by that time, Jonathan would be exhausted, and he did not have to do much to make Jonathan beg him for mercy. Little did he expect Jonathan to be thinking of how to bring him down together.

“Young man, do you think I would come here unprepared?” Just then, the man next to Wilson spoke up.

Jonathan instinctively turned to look at the man. “Are you Jamie Larson?”

“Do you know me?” the man asked in surprise.

Jonathan shook his head. “No, I don’t know you. But the only people who dare to fight alongside the Hansley family must be one of the four prominent families. Among them, only the Larson family bears a grudge against me because I killed Jamie Larson’s son with a single shot.”

“Not bad. I had the impression that you were just a brute. You turned out to be smarter than I thought. What a pity though. Regardless of how smart you are, you won’t be able to get out of here alive.” Jamie looked down at Jonathan. “How dare you kill my son! Do you think you can get out of Gronga alive?”

Jamie gave Jonathan an icy stare.

His son had been born to him at an old age, and he doted on this second son the most.

He even wanted to name his son his successor. Never in his wildest dreams had he expected his beloved son to be shot dead with just one bullet.

When Jamie learned of the news, he only had one thought.

He wanted to tear the murderer into pieces, to rip him apart.

“Do you think just a few of you can make me stay? Your son died because he was a busybody. Are you going to be like him and poke your nose into the Hansley family’s business too?” Jonathan cast an impassive glance at Jamie.

“I’m not interested in your business with the Hansley family. I’m here to see for myself how you’re going to die. I’m afraid I won’t have a good night’s sleep if I don’t get to witness your death in person,” Jamie said scornfully.

“I’m afraid you’ll have to be disappointed.” Jonathan shook his head.

He went on, “If you’re hoping those men at the bottom of the hill will take revenge for you, your trust in them is misplaced. I’ve already made it clear. It’s not up to the police to interfere in this matter. Do you think I’m joking with you?”

There was a chilly glint in Jonathan’s eyes.

It's time to put this drama to an end!

Just then, the sound of roaring engines rang out from below the hill. Soon, numerous SUVs appeared halfway up the hill, instantly surrounding the people at the hilltop.