

The Legendary Man Chapter 446

Chapter 446 The Legendary Hector Sanderson

There was no help at hand; whatever assistance there might be was too far away.

The blonde guy, Maurice, laughed scornfully with a look of contempt flashing through his eyes. He got hold of Angela by the shoulders and started massaging her impudently. "Fine, let Mr. Sanderson come. Then he can see for himself how I have my way with you."

Thunderous laughter rose up from all around them, with everyone looking on in derisive merriment.

Angela felt both angry and worried, but her face remained defiant.

Emmeline, who had remained silent all the while, suddenly seemed to have decided on a course of action.

Raising her head, she gave Maurice an ambiguous look and said, "You'd better go now. Otherwise, you may not live to see another day."

"What did you say?"

Maurice gazed at her in incredulity and dismissed her words as the most hilarious joke that he had ever heard.

"Are you right in the brain?"

Maurice snorted disdainfully and drew Angela into his arms while the others attempted to do likewise with Emmeline.

"Let me go!"

Emmeline panicked and suddenly yelled at the top of her voice, "Jonathan, come and save me!"

Earlier on, she had stumbled upon Jonathan when she was taking some photographs but had intentionally kept her distance from him then. She had been avoiding him all the while and hence, had refused to come to Durbaine with him.

However, she could not be bothered with all that now.

Hearing Emmeline's screams, Maurice smirked. "Shout all you want. The louder you shout, the more exhilarated I am. Let me tell you, b**ch, no one can stop me today; not even Superman."

He had barely finished speaking when a large hand from behind him grasped him by the throat. Like the chick in the clutch of a swooping eagle, Maurice was lifted with his feet dangling in the air.

"It doesn't even need Superman to choke you to death." Logan's deep, sinister voice boomed behind him, and standing right beside Logan was Jonathan.

Immobilized by the grip around his neck, Maurice's eyes betrayed fear and anxiety. He shouted, "What are you waiting for? Fight back!"

The thugs were brought to their senses and moved into action.
But did they have any idea who Logan was?

He was a hell of a fighter who had been through blood baths and massacres. These few ruffians were nothing but tiny little ants in his eyes, all of whom he could kill with a flick of his finger.

In the blink of an eye, Maurice's flunkeys were sprawled on the ground, all unable to get up. Some suffered dislocations, while the more seriously injured had broken bones.
"Mr. Goldstein, what should I do with these punks? Shall I finish them off?" asked Logan casually.

"D-Don't kill me."

On hearing Logan's dismissive talk of death, the thugs turned pale with fear. In the past, they were in their element, bullying helpless, ordinary people. Faced with the real tough guy, it was to their credit that they did not pee in their pants.

"Throw them out. They're an eyesore," said Jonathan impatiently with a wave of his hand.

In front of Emmeline, he did not want to spill blood.

"Get lost!" Logan gave a kick, and the ruffians turned tail and scampered off.

After they had gone, Emmeline turned to look at Jonathan with mixed feelings.

"Are you okay?" Jonathan asked indifferently.

"I-I'm okay," replied Emmeline, her face showing some embarrassment.

"You two girls had better be more careful when traveling on your own, or you'll be at the mercy of unscrupulous people."

Jonathan had meant it to be sound advice, but to the girls, he seemed to be chiding them.

Angela was proud and arrogant by nature, and the color rose to her face after hearing his words.

She pouted her lips and muttered, "Tsk, what's a few punks? If Mr. Sanderson were here, they would have been on their knees begging for mercy."

Before Jonathan could reply, Logan broke into a laugh. "Why don't I get them back and wait for your Mr. Sanderson to save you?"

Angela's expression froze, then her demeanor became awkward.

Emmeline quietly changed the subject by saying, "I heard that there's a famous juice bar ahead. Why don't we try it?"

"Let's go!"

Jonathan had not intended to be too close to them, but this was, after all, Durbaine.

Should anything unexpected happen to Emmeline, he would have to face the music with Josephine.

In a short while, they arrived at the juice bar.

This was a popular picture-perfect spot for internet influencers, and there were frequently long queues outside the door.

“There are too many people here. We may have to wait till the cows come home,” commented Emmeline gloomily.

At that moment, Angela produced a gold-colored card.

“Ta-da. This is a super exclusive VIP card given to me by Mr. Sanderson. With this, I don’t need to queue. Just wait here while I go in to get your orders.”

She swept a defiant look over Jonathan in the act of one-upmanship.

Logan could not help smiling as he shook his head. This spoilt brat is an airhead.

What’s so great about a VIP card when the whole of Durbaine comes under Jonathan?

“Jonathan, take no notice of Angela. She’s rather stubborn by nature.” Emmeline took it upon herself to apologize on behalf of Angela, as she knew full well what Jonathan was capable of.

Should Angela somehow offend Jonathan, she could meet with an end that was beyond imagination.

“She’s nothing but a spoilt brat who’s not worth trifling with,” replied Jonathan calmly.

At that instant, they suddenly heard the sounds of a fracas from the juice bar.

“How dare you say that my VIP card is fake? How dare you?”

Angela was standing at akimbo, her face red with anger.

The shop assistant at the juice bar explained patiently, “Madam, our shop has never issued any VIP card, and we do not have a green lane system. Everyone has to queue.”

“Your position here is too low; that is why you don’t recognize this card. I want to see your boss!” said Angela arrogantly and with disdain.

The shop assistant had no choice, and after a short while, a fat middle-aged man with a baldpate came over hurriedly.

After glancing at the VIP card in Angela’s hand, he guffawed loudly.

“My dear girl, I’m the boss here. You’ve been tricked. This is a fake card selling for two apiece and is mass-produced online. I suggest you go to the end of the line and queue.”

“How can it be? How can it be fake?” Angela blushed a deep red when she heard that her VIP card was a fake, especially when she was told off in front of so many people.

She was so embarrassed that she wished the ground would swallow her up.

After witnessing what had happened, Emmeline went up to Angela hastily and patted her on her back. “Let it go. This must be a misunderstanding.”

Angela stamped her foot angrily and said through gritted teeth, “What misunderstanding? It’s obvious that the boss knows nothing at all! A fake card at two apiece indeed! Can Mr. Sanderson’s card be a fake?”

Angela snorted in derision as she stared with hatred at the boss of the juice bar.

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Chapter 447 Fake Wine

However, at that very moment, Jonathan shot Logan a meaningful gaze.

The latter took the hint and bobbed his head as he strode toward the juice bar. Not long after, the boss of that bar approached them with four glasses of their signature drink, serving them respectfully as he arrived at their table.

Alas, Angela once again became as proud as a peacock, leering the boss in the eye as she parted her lips jubilantly. "What are these for? Is this some kind of apology? So, you finally realized what a prominent figure Mr. Sanderson is."

A baffled look marred the boss' countenance at once.

In actuality, he had no idea who the so-called Mr. Sanderson was. He had personally waited on them primarily because of Logan's background.

Never would he dare to let the commander-in-chief of Durbaine Special Force get in the queue like some commoners.

Nevertheless, he didn't know what kind of relationship Logan was sharing with Angela, so he kept his reasons under his hat.

Even so, Angela assumed that the bald boss had kept his lips buttoned due to fear. Hence, she turned all the more arrogant there and then. Her nose was hung so high up in the air. "Hmph! Never mind that! At least you're not that incorrigible. I'll forgive you this once. I hope you learned your lesson well. Don't repeat the same mistake in the future."

As Jonathan listened to her rambling on and on, a tinge of impatience flitted across his face. "I think we should go lest that Mr. Sanderson of hers would slip into a fit of rage and ravage the entire juice bar."

Pfft!

Upon hearing that, Logan couldn't hinder himself anymore from breaking into a peal of thunder. Angela, in turn, flew off the handle with her eyes blazing with wrath as if her lungs were about to explode.

Glaring daggers at Jonathan, she fumed, "Hey, Jonathan, I'm simply refraining from arguing with a lowly person like you. You'd better give it a rest. Don't think I have no idea of who you are. Everyone knows you're that matrilocal son-in-law of the Smiths, a sore loser. So, drop your act already."

Logan's visage did a one-eighty, becoming frosty as soon as she finished her insult.

The air was instantly filled with a chilling, murderous vibe.

How dare she defames Asura with her filthy mouth! She deserves a thousand deaths!

"What are you trying to do next? You're thinking about threatening me, aren't you?"

Despite Logan's menacing mien, not even a trace of fear was present within Angela.

Emmeline, on the flip side, jumped in fright. She, for one, knew Jonathan's identity inside and out. She had had firsthand experience the last time Jonathan vented his rage. Ever since then, she found it hard to walk out of the trauma.

“Don’t spout nonsense, Angela! Jonathan’s nothing of the sort,” came Emmeline’s words in a flash, trying to smooth things out before Angela got onto Jonathan’s nerves.

“Tch! I’m not the gossipmonger who started it. Everybody in Jadeborough is talking about it.” A snort escaped from Angela’s mouth as she disregarded Emmeline.

“Angela, you really—” Before Emmeline could say anything much, a violent roar sounded out of nowhere from afar. Immediately afterward, a convertible sports car could be seen driving toward their location. As a series of rumbling engine sounds drew the public attention like a magnet, the entire scene breathed an exaggerated swagger.

Angela’s eyes lit up in a heartbeat as she cast a sidelong glance at Jonathan, putting on a smug look. “Don’t you all know that Mr. Sanderson is the heir of his family? Besides, he’s not one of those silver-spooned brats. Rather, he completed his studies abroad before coming back here and established many companies from scratch. A true self-made big shot like him is so much more capable than you-know-who.”

The sports car made its way right next to Angela before coming to a halt. Following that, Angela hurriedly dashed toward the car. An ingratiating smile was etched on her face the whole time.

“You’ve kept me waiting for so long, Mr. Sanderson. Here, have a taste of this. I’ve queued up personally just to get you their signature drink.”

The man whom Angela was talking to in the car was Hector Sanderson. He didn’t stand on ceremony as he grabbed the drink and took a mouthful of it straight away. At the same time, his gaze landed on the group of three not far away behind Angela.

“Didn’t you say you’ll only be bringing your best friend over? What are the other two guys doing over there?”

“Pfft! Beats me.” Angela’s expression was inundated with disdain. She seemed to have completely forgotten about them being her saviors a moment ago.

Hector then strutted over to the table and sized Emmeline up from head to toe. His eyes sparkled at once as he struck up a conversation with the latter.

“Hello, gorgeous. You must be Angela’s best friend, Emmeline. Am I right?”

“Yeah.”

Emmeline nodded in response.

Ever since Jonathan got out of his car a while ago, he had laid his eyes only on Emmeline, totally giving Jonathan and Logan the cold shoulder. It was as if the duo wasn’t there at all.

Right at that juncture, Hector pointed toward his convertible sports car and suggested,

“Somewhere ahead from here is an exceptionally breathtaking landscape. Care to go for a ride, Emmeline?”

“Thanks, but no thanks. I still have two of my friends here with me.” Emmeline declined his offer outright while shaking her head.

It was then Hector finally spared a peek between Jonathan and Logan. He could barely muster up a skin-deep grin at them.

“Those two? Please! You can just forget about them. Guys, why don’t you get yourselves something to eat over there? Tell them my name. I’ll foot the bill for you.”

“How generous of you, Mr. Sanderson! The food here isn’t cheap, you know. You ought to count your blessings today.” Angela was so busy sucking up to Hector.

Jonathan merely shook his head, not even interested in calling Hector out.

He’ll never get the chance to pick up the bill with Logan around. Logan will definitely beat him to it.

“Forget it. I’m starting to feel hungry, too. Why don’t we eat first?” Emmeline was quick to initiate a fresh topic to continue the exchange.

“Fine, fine. Let’s go, then. I owned the restaurant just up ahead. I’ll bring you there right now,” declared Hector, sounding both rich and generous.

Since they were all here in his territory, he would naturally put his wealth on full display so that he could leave an impression on Emmeline that he truly had very deep pockets.

When the group arrived at the restaurant, Hector pronounced, “Order anything you desire. Also, there’s a bottle of vintage wine I’ve been treasuring—Lafite from 1982. It’s worth more than hundreds of thousands. We should really give it a try.”

“Wow! Mr. Sanderson’s such a baller!” Angela’s eyes twinkled as she stamped to bootlick Hector.

Not long after they took their seats in the private dining room, Hector brought over a bottle of red wine.

Sneaking a glance at the bottle, Logan failed to stifle a chuckle.

Hector froze at that, his face darkened.

“What are you laughing at?”

“I’m sorry! I’ve never seen Lafite in a bottle like this one, so I couldn’t help it.” Logan held back his laughter on that note. One glance at it was all he needed to pinpoint this counterfeit bottle of wine. It could only be worth below a hundred, at most.

Hector, however, presumed that Logan was indeed seeing this for the very first time. Therefore, he wore a satisfied smirk and decided to gloat about his prize wine.

“This 1982 Lafite is the most valuable because its fermentation environment was at its prime during that year. Sadly, it’s becoming scarce now. With every sip you take, the world will be deprived of yet another sip of Lafite. You guys should be glad to have this opportunity!”

Looking at Hector being on a roll with all his nonsensical words, Jonathan was bereft of speech.

That would be logical, for Jonathan had already seen even the world’s most exquisite red wine, much less a 1982 Lafite.

Unfortunately for Hector, this Lafite in his possession was clearly a fake. Even the bottle used to contain it was a replica. Yet, he was oblivious to all that as he went on with his blabber.

The second Hector caught a glimpse of the look on Jonathan’s face, though, he couldn’t suppress his urge to slam his palm right on the table.

“What’s the meaning of this? Am I that funny? Just so you know, I’m allowing you two to stick your butt around for Emmeline’s sake, all right? Otherwise, what right do the likes of you have to sit here with me?”

“Exactly! What a pair of ignorant fools,” muttered Angela as she continued to belittle them.

Listening to Hector’s taunt, Logan put on an ice-cold demeanor right away and sneered, “What don’t you tell me what right we have? If Emmeline’s not present today, what position are you in to have this privilege of sharing the same table with us?”

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Chapter 448 Beg For Forgiveness

The last person who dared to speak rudely to Jonathan was the King of War of West Region, and that King of War was dead long ago.

However, upon hearing what Logan had said, Hector scoffed disdainfully, “Stop acting as though you’re a big shot. Who do you think you are? Do you know what this place is? This is Durbaine, my territory!”

Your territory?

The moment Logan heard that phrase, he couldn’t help but chuckle out loud, but when he was about to speak, Angela snorted coldly and chimed in, “Emmeline, you’d better advise them that this is not a place for them to show off or put on an act. Mr. Sanderson is not someone they can afford to provoke.”

“Angie, you...”

Emmeline knitted her brows as her expression fell.

Although she truly wanted to keep her distance from Jonathan, she couldn't tolerate other people humiliating Jonathan in front of her.

"Angie, you should persuade Mr. Sanderson to stop talking. Otherwise, it'll be bad for him once things get out of hand," Emmeline continued sincerely. However, her words sounded full of mockery to Hector.

Is she looking down on me?

In that instant, Hector's expression darkened as he grabbed a wine bottle on the table and hurled it toward Jonathan. "Is that so? I'd like to see what he could do to me if I provoke him!"

"You're asking for it!"

Logan's countenance changed in a flash, and a murderous gleam flashed in his eyes. With a raise of his hand, he gave Hector a tight slap, causing the latter to fall onto the table with a loud thud.

Upon witnessing that shocking scene, Angela was shocked to the core, her jaw dropping so wide that it looked as though her mouth was stuffed with a light bulb. "H-How dare you hit Mr. Sanderson?"

"So what if I hit him?" Logan cocked his brow, emanating a murderous aura.

Angela had never encountered such an occurrence. She instantly let out a piercing scream in fear.

Meanwhile, people outside the private room heard the ruckus and immediately barged into the room. "Mr. Sanderson, what's going on?"

With blood flowing out of his mouth, Hector raised his hand and pointed at Logan tremblingly. "Beat him to death!"

"Yes, Mr. Sanderson!"

With further ado, several subordinates of Hector raised the weapons in their hands and made a lunge for Logan.

However, they were certainly no match for Logan.

In less than a minute, those few people were punched by Logan and soon collapsed onto the ground.

Shrieks of agony then filled the entire room.

“Is this all you’ve got, Mr. Sanderson?” Logan sneered. A hint of contempt flashed across his eyes. “Judging from the looks of it, you’re not that powerful.”

“Just you wait! Your number is up!” Hector shot a cold look at Logan and took out his phone to dial a number. Soon, he spoke into the phone anxiously, “Dad, bring your men over here as soon as possible! Someone hit me at our family’s hotel!”

After hanging up the phone, Hector glared at Logan and said, “My dad is coming over. Just you all wait!”

“Sure, I’ll wait,” Logan replied with a nonchalant look on his face.

A few moments later, the sounds of car engine roaring suddenly came from the outside of the building. Soon after, a middle-aged man rushed inside with about eight brawny men in black suits behind him.

Hector, who was originally downcast, immediately seemed as though he had met his savior. He hurriedly called, “Dad, I’m here. Save me!”

Brad Sanderson’s expression was grim. Before he stepped into the room, he had shouted, “Who hit my son? Come out this instant!”

“Dad, it’s them!” Hector pointed to the side, but the moment Brad glanced in that direction, beads of cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

Logan Griffin? Durbaine Special Force’s highest-ranking commander? Why is he here?

When Brad saw Logan, the former’s legs instantly buckled.

After all, Logan was the highest-ranking official in Durbaine.

With Brad’s social status, he usually could only see Logan from a distance at a certain dinner party, and he was not even qualified to say hello to Logan.

And yet, this little bastard has offended Logan Griffin?

Brad was so shocked that his scalp tingled.

Is this little bastard trying to kill me?

Seeing Brad was in a daze, Hector couldn’t help but urge his father. “Dad, what are you looking at? Quick! Teach them a lesson!”

However, the moment he finished speaking, Brad raised his hand and smacked Hector in the face.

Hector was utterly stunned. Disbelief was written all over his face. He looked as though he couldn't believe what had just happened.

"Dad, why did you hit me?"

Before Hector could finish what he wanted to say, he noticed the menacing look in his father's eyes.

"Shut up!" Brad uttered the two words through gritted teeth. He then grabbed Hector's hair and brought his son toward Logan, forcing a smile that looked more dreadful than his crying face.

"C-Commander Griffin, this prodigal son of mine is ill-mannered and thus offended you. Please spare a lowly person like him. I am here to apologize on his behalf!"

"No, don't!" Upon hearing Brad's words, Logan couldn't stop himself from scoffing. He mocked, "I don't dare to receive your apology. You son wanted to break my legs."

"That bastard!"

Brad shook like a leaf out of anger.

However, Hector was still feeling dizzy, so he still couldn't figure out what was going on. Not thinking straight, he asked, "Dad, why did you hit me? You should hit them instead!" "Hit you? Hitting you is the lightest punishment!" Brad roared in fury and then kicked Hector in the knee before glaring at his son with bulging eyes. "How I wish I could kill you right now!"

Clenching his fists tightly, Brad continued to beat Hector up for a while. He used all of his strength as he showered punches and kicks on his son, not holding back at all. When he saw that Hector was as good as dead, Brad fell to his knees in front of Logan with a thud.

"Commander Griffin, please! Please forgive him. I only have one son. If he dies, our family will not have any descendants! Commander Griffin, as long as you can forgive him and let him live, I'll be willing to do anything! If you still feel pissed off, I can gift this hotel to you as an apology gift. What do you think?"

As Brad kneeled before Logan like a dog begging for the latter to give Hector another chance, Angela paled upon seeing that. She was dumbstruck.

H-How is this possible? Isn't Mr. Sanderson very powerful in Durbaine? Isn't he the one in control of everything in this place?

Never had she thought that the influential Hector would get beaten. Not only that, but even his father also kneeled down before another man to plead for forgiveness even though Hector was the one who was hit.