

## The Legendary Man Chapter 476

### Chapter 476 The Gomez Family Of Lumonburg

"Who's behind there? Come out at once!" a lieutenant ordered as he slowly inched toward the backseat of the Bentley. With a pistol in his hand, he had just taken two steps forward when Hayes pulled him back.

"Commander..." The lieutenant turned his head and looked at Hayes in confusion.

At that moment, Hayes gulped in fear. It was obvious that he was very flustered.

"Get... Get lost," Hayes said as he pulled the lieutenant by the shoulder over to the side. He then took a few deep breaths before he walked toward the back seat of the car.

Following that, he slowly lowered his head to see who was sitting in the Bentley. In the next instant, Jonathan's face appeared through the window.

"Hayes Yaeger, the King of Lumonburg. How mighty you are!"

"M-Mr. Goldstein!"

Hayes had thought that Jonathan's voice sounded familiar when he heard the latter speak.

However, as Lumonburg was a remote area, Hayes would have been in disbelief if he had not seen Jonathan with his own eyes. He had never expected that the latter would personally visit Lumonburg.

Regardless, even though Hayes did see Jonathan with his own eyes, the entire situation still seemed surreal.

Suddenly, Hayes recalled something and shouted at his men, "Everyone, put down your guns! I will kill anyone who's still holding their weapons up!"

All of the soldiers instantly dropped their guns. Meanwhile, Juliette, who was sitting in the front passenger seat, looked at Hayes with widened eyes full of disbelief.

"Get rid of him, Hayes! He's the one who killed Gabriel," Juliette said in a nonchalant manner as if she was talking about the weather.

However, even though she said it so casually, everyone could feel the underlying sadness hidden in her tone.

"Shut up!" Hayes ordered before turning to face Jonathan. He then knelt down before the latter without hesitation.

“Please forgive her, Mr. Goldstein. It’s my fault for not educating her properly,” he pleaded.

“Forgive you?” Jonathan was stone-faced. “Let me ask you a question. What did I tell you when I appointed you to guard over Lumonburg?”

“Not to act like a bandit anymore.”

It was only a few words, but it spoke volumes.

Moreover, Hayes did keep his promise. Therefore, when he uttered those words out loud, Hayes did not have a shred of hesitation and guilt in him.

Jonathan nodded slightly.

“That’s right. You have done a good job during these few years in Lumonburg. I won’t deny that. However, have you forgotten that you, as a general, are not allowed to increase the wealth and influence of your family? Why is the Yaeger family this powerful in Lumonburg?”

That rule was the first one that Jonathan declared after establishing the Asura’s Office.

In Asura’s Office, there were eight Kings of War, who led tens of thousands of soldiers, not to mention the millions of mercenaries under their command.

If all of those generals were to utilize their resources for the benefit of their families, the entire Chanaea would probably fall into chaos and war in three years’ time.

“I…” Hayes lowered his head. “Mr. Goldstein, although the Yaeger family is now an established family in the city, we have never once gotten involved in any political matters. I only wanted my family to live a better life,” he tried to explain.

“I don’t have time to listen to your nonsense.” Jonathan scoffed. “The Asura’s Office will come and carry out a thorough investigation on the Yaeger family. If you have done something wrong, they will definitely find records of it. As for your sister, I will forgive her on behalf of our comradeship.”

“I don’t need your forgiveness,” Juliette snarled as she drew out the dagger that was stuck in Gabriel’s chest. She then charged toward Jonathan.

“Stop!” Hayes shouted in shock. He quickly got up and grabbed onto the blade with his bare hands, stopping the dagger from piercing into Jonathan’s body.

“Let go, Hayes. If you don’t want to avenge Gabriel, I’ll—”

Crack!

With a soft snap, the dagger in Hayes' grip broke into two pieces.

At the same time, Hayes swung his right hand toward Juliette and hit her on the neck.

The latter instantly fainted while Hayes knelt back down with half of the dagger still in his hands.

"Please, Mr. Goldstein. You know my situation. All of my other family members had been killed. It is only because of that that I took my men with me to get revenge. She is the only family that I have left. Please have mercy on her, Mr. Goldstein," he pleaded with Jonathan.

"Since I've promised to let it pass, I will do just that and forgive her," Jonathan said casually as he got out of the Bentley. "However, your sister is too arrogant. If this ever happens again, don't blame me for not sparing her."

"Thank you, Mr. Goldstein!" Hayes said in a trembling voice.

Meanwhile, on the hill behind the Gomez residence, an old man with a head full of gray hair was currently practicing martial arts on a platform that was built on the top of the hill.

His footsteps were light as he moved. As he did so, the air around him seemed to move along with him, his actions sending ripples through it.

If any martial arts specialist were to pass by, they would definitely be able to tell that this could only be achieved by a grandmaster.

This old man was none other than Philip Gomez, the head of the Gomez family.

As time passed, Philip's actions started to speed up.

In the end, he seemed to be moving so quickly that his body turned into a blur.

There were leaves floating in the air around the platform after being swept away from the branches by a light wind. With Philip's graceful yet powerful movements, the leaves seemed to move along with his actions. They were either moving swiftly through the air or floating around gently in accordance with his movements. It was a spectacular sight.

Right at that moment, a man wearing a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles walked over to the platform.

"Dad, we've just gotten news that Juliette had been attacked at the Lumonburg Airport. Hayes had already rushed over to save her."

With a muffled thud, the leaves that were originally fluttering around fell to the floor. Philip staggered backward before regaining his balance.

“Dad!” The middle-aged man quickly walked up to help Philip.

Philip shook his head. “It’s not your fault. Although I have already achieved the Superior Realm, my condition is still relatively unstable. The energy within my body still can’t flow smoothly. Martial arts require constant practice, but I’m already very old. Therefore, no matter how much I cultivate, this is still my limit. Since Quinton is the only person other than me gifted in cultivation in our family, you must take care of him and remind him not to cause trouble outside. Got it?”

“Don’t worry, I know.” Zane brought Philip over to sit on a stone bench by the side. “Moreover, Quinton isn’t the type to cause trouble. He has never done anything out of line, so I’m not worried about that.”

At the mention of his grandson, Philip’s eyes lit up with satisfaction.

“You’re right. He is an obedient child,” he praised. “Oh, right. Juliette was attacked at the airport?”

“Yes. It happened an hour ago,” Zane replied courteously. “Hayes immediately rushed over with soldiers and weapons. The situation should be settled by now.”

A sharp glint flashed across Philip’s eyes when he heard his son.

“Whoever dared to attack the sister of the King of Lumonburg on his grounds must be outrageously bold. However, judging by Juliette’s attitude, it doesn’t come off as a surprise to me. In Lumonburg, apart from Hayes’ family, we are the largest and most powerful family in the city. Pay more attention to this matter. I don’t want that fool to drag us through the mud.”

“Got it.” Zane nodded.

“Also, make sure to look over the bounty uploaded on the Dark Web.” Philip looked into the distance with worry etched on his face. “It is by pure coincidence that our family had become a vassal for the Osborne family. Although we have been given an opportunity to cultivate martial arts, there is also a huge risk that comes with it. Although I don’t know what did Jonathan do, the Osborne family seems to be extremely wary of him. Otherwise, they wouldn’t have thought of using us to post the notice for the bounty onto the Dark Web. Right now, the Gomez family is only but a pawn. We still have a long way to go before we can reach the end of the chessboard.”

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 477**

Chapter 477 A Report On The Gomez Family  
Jonathan was sprawling lazily on the couch in the Yaeger residence.

Hayes stood beside him with his hefty frame as he gingerly carried a tray. "Mr. Goldstein, this is red robe tea that was gifted to me. Have a sip."

Jonathan sighed at his reserved demeanor. "Did you buy this manor?"

"No, no." He shook his head hastily at Jonathan's question. "Someone gave it to me without expecting money in return."

Jonathan glanced around and noted that the manor was more lavish than his mansion. Despite Lumonburg's remoteness, it was considered generous to give someone such a sizeable property there.

"Being the King of Lumonburg sure has its perks. You got such a large manor without spending a dime, and you live more luxuriously than me." He chuckled, having grown accustomed to such matters.

Besides Hayes, Zachary and the other Kings of War, too, controlled many lands and soldiers. As such, it would be odder if no one tried to bestow them with lavish gifts.

Hence, Jonathan chose not to intervene as long as they did their job well. Moreover, the gifts were from prominent families, so there was no need for them to feel censurable for accepting the gifts.

Jonathan's assertion surprised Hayes. The former was strict and abhorred corruption with a passion, so it was only natural that Hayes became wary of his unexpected question after Juliette's transgression.

"I apologize, Mr. Goldstein. I'll return the manor to the Gomez family. I declined the gift at first, but they insisted that the manor would be empty anyway—"

"The Gomez family?" Jonathan interrupted him mid-sentence. "Hayes, did the Gomez family gift you this manor?"

"Yes," he faltered. "Well, it's not exactly a gift. I'm only staying here temporarily for as long as I want for free." His voice grew softer as he spoke sheepishly.

However, Jonathan's attention was caught by the three words "the Gomez family."

He had come to Lumonburg to learn the truth about Josephine's assassination. To his surprise, before he could proceed with his investigation, he discovered that Hayes was associated with the Gomez family.

The Gomez family was one of the most prominent families in Lumonburg, which was over a thousand and two hundred kilometers from Jadeborough, and had no business ties with the Smith family.

They had no reason to be associated with each other since they had no conflict of interest either. As such, Jonathan couldn't figure out why a family thousands of miles away from them would place a bounty on them on the Dark Web.

His suspicion had led him to Lumonburg. Otherwise, with his temperament, he would have ordered Hayes to eradicate the Gomez family and be done with it instead of doing it himself.

This matter isn't as simple as it seems.

"Are you close with the Gomez family?" He gave Hayes a wary look.

"Not at all." Hayes quickly explained, "I've always abided by your rules and kept to my territory, minding my own business."

He scratched his head in bewilderment as he continued, "Speaking of which, I do think this matter is peculiar. I assumed the Gomez family wanted to utilize my name to expand their power when one of his men handed me the keys to the manor. However, they've never gotten in touch with me since that day. Even when the patriarch of the Gomez family ran into me at a reception, he would be cordial to me but nothing more. Additionally, they have never mentioned the manor to anyone, as though they have forgotten about it. However, it's making me uncomfortable."

With a sharp glint in his eyes, Jonathan said, "It's wise to keep a low profile. According to what you said, the Gomez family is an interesting lot. Did you sweep the manor thoroughly after accepting the keys?"

"I did," Hayes replied quietly. "I dismissed all the former employees and replaced them with soldiers who have been with me for years or members of their families. The information department even did a meticulous sweep of the manor three times to confirm that there were no surveillance bugs before I moved in."

"I had no idea you were that punctilious." Jonathan set his teacup down. "Hand me the information on the Gomez family that I told you to prepare."

"Yes, sir." Hayes accepted a laptop from the soldier beside him.

"These are the information I got on the Gomez family, including details of all the family members and their business model—"

Jonathan cut him off with a wave of his hand, and Hayes tactfully took a step back while Jonathan skimmed through the files.

The patriarch, Philip Gomez, was sixty-three years old and one of the family's founding fathers. He was a self-made man who dominated half of Lumonburg's retail business in merely three years.

Zane Gomez, the eldest son, was thirty-nine years old. He demonstrated sharp business acumen and possessed a savvy mind when it came to investments. The man was also the chairman of the Lumonburg Chamber of Commerce.

Quinton Gomez, the eldest grandson, was nineteen years old and a top student studying business management. A mild-mannered and jovial person, he was at the helm of two media companies.

This investigative report told Jonathan everything he needed to know about the Gomez family members, their businesses, and the rise and fall of the family.

An ordinary person wouldn't discern anything amiss in the report. In fact, they might lament in sympathy for the Gomez family's plight.

However, in Jonathan's eyes, the report was questionable.

He wasn't implying that Hayes would be audacious enough to doctor a false report, but the details simply didn't match.

One of the more obvious discrepancies was the photo of Philip.

Many photos of Philip during interviews were included in the report that detailed the chronological events that happened to the Gomez family over the years.

During the early interviews, Philip appeared haggard and worn, as if he was carrying the weight of his failures.

He might have pushed himself too hard during the period when the Gomez family was expanding their business exponentially.

Shortly after that, mayhem ensued in Lumonburg when Lachlan Campbell, a commander-in-chief, usurped the military forces to enlarge the army. They were aggressively conscripting citizens and plundering from the rich.

The Gomez family decided to cut their losses and flee Lumonburg, abandoning all their businesses.

Two years later, Jonathan created Asura's Office and launched a counter-insurgency operation to kill Lachlan and conquer hundreds of thousands of his rebel forces.

As Lumonburg lay in ruins, the Gomez family returned and rebuilt the city, monopolizing its business sectors and establishing themselves as the most prominent family.

Philip once again appeared in the limelight after their return. This time, he was fresh-faced and radiant, full of vim and vigor.

That zest for a man in his prime could put any younger man to shame.

The Legendary Man Chapter 478

Chapter 478 You Are Useless

Jonathan's brows furrowed at Philip's recent photos.

It wasn't even a year and a half since the Gomez family returned to the city.

Though they claimed to have put jockeying for power behind them and returned to an honest-to-goodness life, he thought the circumstances behind Philip's drastic transformation were strange.

Before they disappeared into seclusion, Philip's gaunt features made him look almost like he was on the verge of death.

Jonathan predicted that he couldn't have lived past five years if it weren't for the mutiny.

Typical recuperation couldn't have revitalized his health.

However, Philip was bright-eyed with an upright posture in the most recent photo, his complexion rosy and smooth. The most noticeable feature was his temples which were slightly bulging.

It was the telltale sign of someone practicing martial arts.



Hades had previously told Jonathan that there was a possibility of the Gomez family practicing martial arts. The drastic change in Philip's countenance seemed to have proved Hades' speculation.

"Some data are missing from the report, such as the Gomez family's asset valuation before the war and total investment valuation after the war, as well as their comings and goings during their year of disappearance. The details are incomplete, and I need them for further analysis," Jonathan stated evenly, tossing the laptop to Hayes.

Hayes caught the device and delivered a kick to a bowing soldier beside him. "You motherf\*cker, why didn't you do your job properly? Didn't I tell you to give me the most extensive report possible? Do you have cotton between your ears, or do you want to be fired from your position as intelligence chief?"

The middle-aged man landed three meters away, his face belying no emotions.

He quickly clambered to his feet and saluted Hayes briskly. "Commander, the rogue military altered many data to loot assets before the Gomez family left Lumonburg. The industrial and municipal archives had all been destroyed, and there was nothing to cross-reference with. After they returned, the city was in ruins, and the administration gave many investors and businessmen the green light to revive the economy. Many procedures were overlooked and incomplete. There's nothing I can do regarding the Gomez family's whereabouts because we were stationed here three years ago when they had left five years ago."

"There's nothing you can do? Why am I paying you, then?" Hayes glared, and his hand shot out to smack the intelligence chief.

“Enough,” Jonathan snapped impatiently. “Stop putting on a show. Any investigation would be expected to fall short if the records were deliberately destroyed.”

Hayes pinned the subordinate with another death glare before deferentially refilling Jonathan’s teacup. “Mr. Goldstein, why the sudden interest in the Gomez family? Just say the word, and I’ll do whatever you instruct me to.”

“It’s nothing.” Jonathan chuckled. “Someone placed a bounty on me on the Dark Web. I’m guessing it’s the Gomez family.”

The ceramic teapot in Tiger’s hands shattered with a loud crack at his response.

Jonathan’s gaze flew to Hayes to find cold brutality settling over his face like a mask of stone; any hint of humor had disappeared.

“I’ll lead soldiers to the Gomez residence and fight them all now, Mr. Goldstein.” Then, Hayes turned on his heels to do as he promised, but Jonathan stopped him. “Get back here,” he snapped.

Hayes pivoted to face him. “No, Mr. Goldstein, not if they dare to lay a finger on you.”

“Nonsense!” Jonathan sighed at Hayes’ serious demeanor. “Can you take a beat to think properly? Would I have traveled this far to Lumonburg if I only wanted to ruin the Gomez family?”

“S-So…” Hayes stammered in bewilderment.

In his opinion, enemies should be vanquished, and there was no other way about it.

However, Jonathan had other plans.

He rose to his feet and strode out.

“Mr. Goldstein, what are you—”

“Don’t intervene in this Gomez family matter. I’ll tell you if you’re needed. I’m going out for a breather. Don’t follow me.” Then, he disappeared into the garden.

Hayes gave the intelligence chief another sidelong glare. “Find out the Gomez family’s whereabouts by tonight. Alert the third and fifth divisions to be combat ready and stand guard on eight-hour shifts. They need to be prepared to be mobilized immediately.”

“Yes, sir.” The intelligence chief turned and left.

Hayes glanced to the east toward the Gomez residence. “Who’s there? Show yourself!”

A foot guard dressed in the Yaeger residence’s guard uniform emerged from beside a flower bed following his snarl. “Commander, do you need me to refill the water?”

Hayes saw him holding a jug of water and shook his head before leaving. "Clean this up."

"Yes, sir." The young guard bent down to pick up the shattered pieces, and a bead of sweat fell from the tip of his nose as he watched Hayes leave.

The mansion north of the Yaeger residence belonged to Juliette, and she was slumped against the couch at that moment, her eyes reddened and swollen. A picture of Gabriel lay on the coffee table.

"Finley is here, Ms. Juliette," a middle-aged woman announced at the door.

"Let him in," Juliette replied flatly, though a teardrop rolled down her cheek.

The woman opened the living room door, and a figure walked in. It was the young man who had picked up the shattered teapot in the garden earlier.

"This is a recording of the conversation in the garden, Ms. Juliette," Finley said, pulling out a pen from his pocket and placing it on the coffee table.

"Commander addressed the man as Mr. Goldstein, but his identity remains unknown, only that he had come to Lumonburg to investigate the bounty placed on him on the Dark Web. The person who issued the bounty is a member of the Gomez family."

"The Gomez family," she echoed softly, her gaze falling on the picture of Gabriel on the table.

“Got it. You can leave now.”

Finley let out a sigh and turned to leave. However, he stopped dead in his tracks and turned around again after two steps.

“Anything else?”

“I’d do anything for you, Ms. Juliette,” he said in a low voice after a long pause to gather his courage.

She slowly raised her gaze to meet his eyes.

Their eyes locked for a few seconds before she burst into uncontrollable laughter and sagged into the couch. “Anything for me? Are you confessing your feelings to me?”

Juliette slapped a hand on her mouth, and more tears of sorrow or hilarity streamed down her face. Her hands then slid lower, widening the collar of her T-shirt. “It’s hot in here. Come here, Finley, I have something to tell you.”

“Ms. Juliette...”

“A little lower. Give me your ear.” She panted in laughter.

Finley did as told and wryly lowered his head. His breathing began to quicken as he had an unhindered view of her cleavage under her clothes from his vantage point.

In the next second, a wine bottle was smashed on the top of his head.

He tumbled to the ground in a heap, and a crimson stain began to pool around him.

“You’re not worthy of comforting me, you pig. Get out of here!”