

The Legendary Man Chapter 519

Chapter 519 Kill Them All

A military vehicle screeched to a halt before the entrance of the Goldstein residence, leaving behind a trail of skid marks in its haste.

Jonathan exited the vehicle a moment later.

Two guards, clad in suits of black, who stood on duty outside the Goldstein residence, addressed him coldly.

“What’s going on there? How dare you park your vehicle as you please? Don’t you know what this place is? Get lost!”

Jonathan twitched. Spiritual energy flashed across his eyes as he discovered the ripple of spiritual energy from the two cultivators standing before him.

Herald Stage, the lowest level of cultivators!

He arrived at a decision from a brief glance. Though Herald Stage was the lowest level of cultivators, he knew the Goldstein family was not capable of training the cultivators at the Herald Stage.

These two are not guards of the Goldstein family.

“Are you deaf? We’re talking to you! We’re going to rough you up if you’re not leaving—”

Thud!

Before the guard who had taken a step forward finished speaking, Jonathan stepped forward first and punched him squarely on the chest.

The man was sent flying before he crashed down onto the ground. Though his eyes were wide open, he was dead beyond all doubt.

The cultivator beside him hurried forward and found a crater in his comrade’s chest; Jonathan had shattered his chest with a punch. The guard shuddered at the realization that such force was something he could not contest against.

While retreating warily against Jonathan’s impending advance, the guard reached into his pocket without taking his eyes off the former’s cold countenance.

Almost as soon as the guard touched his communication device, Jonathan, who had been ten meters away, suddenly stood before him.

Jonathan grabbed the guard's wrist and applied slight pressure.

Crack!

"Ah!"

Following the guard's scream, his wrist and the communication device from his pocket were crushed instantly.

"I am from the Xydias family. If you kill me, they will not—"

The guard was about to save himself by invoking the Xydias family's name, but he was unaware that the mention had stoked Jonathan's ire instead. It only strengthened the latter's resolve to exterminate the Xydias family. The guard's threat did not get him off the hook, but instead his words acted like fuel to the fire of Jonathan's rage.

In a fit of rage, Jonathan leaped up and incapacitated the guard's elixir field with a forceful strike of his knee.

"I'll ask you this once. Where are the Goldsteins?"

Upon having his elixir field incapacitated, the guard finally understood that he did not stand a chance against the man before him.

He gritted his teeth to brace himself against the intense pain in his body before answering, "Inside, behind the manor. Please, have mercy—"

Before the guard finished speaking, Jonathan grabbed him by the waist and dragged him into the Goldstein residence.

Meanwhile, in the garden at the back of the manor, the Goldsteins had their hands and feet bound, and they were thrown onto the grass like livestock.

Surrounded by men donning black suits, a casually dressed young man sat on the stone bench in the garden, and he was eating a slice of watermelon while Lydia was standing beside him.

Lydia's hair was in a mess, and her clothes were covered in mud. She was cutting the watermelon carefully with a knife.

"That's more like it!" the young man exclaimed with a genial laugh as he gazed at Lydia. "You wouldn't have suffered so much if you had played along earlier."

The young man's gaze swept all over Lydia's body.

“Though you Goldsteins see your family as an influential family, you are merely ants before a truly powerful family. If you can satisfy me, I will put in a good word for you to spare your life. By then, you’ll enjoy riches beyond your wildest dreams. How about that, eh? Think about it!”

As the young man spoke, he reached out to caress Lydia’s slim legs.

Lydia dodged aside like a frightened rabbit before he touched her.

“Don’t you dare touch me! I’d rather die.”

She placed the fruit knife in her hand on her neck. Her hands shook, and a stream of fresh blood flowed from the nick on her skin.

“Well, well...” The young man gazed at Lydia with interest before raising his hand and pressing Lydia’s wrist.

As he exerted great force, the blade sank easily into her neck.

“Ah!”

Lydia instinctively released her grip on the knife from the pain and dodged backward.

The young man had quick reflexes. He grabbed Lydia’s long hair before forcefully pressing her onto the stone table.

“Godd*mn it, are you threatening me? It is your honor to have captured my attention. Do you think of yourself as a goddess? You want to die, don’t you? I’ll grant you your wish!”

The young man grabbed the ceramic plate on the side as he spoke, and he was about to smash it down onto the back of Lydia’s skull.

“Stop!”

An icy cold voice sounded.

In an instant, the air around the garden seemed to solidify.

Spiritual energy force field!

At some point, Jonathan had arrived beside the stone table in the garden.

Situated at the center of the spiritual energy force field, the young man felt as though he had fallen into quicksand. He couldn’t move his left hand that was clutching the ceramic plate, and his left hand looked as if it had been nailed in midair.

The force field conjured from spiritual energy was a technique exclusive only to those in the Grandmaster Realm.

Most force fields could only expand up to five meters.

The force field that Jonathan conjured, however, expanded to a radius of fifty meters.

The tenfold difference could only be sustained by the reckless expenditure of a reservoir of spiritual energy.

Though Jonathan was unmoved by the sight of the lawn littered with members of the Goldstein family, they were members of his clan after all. It did not sit well with him to see them being bound together like livestock.

The young man was terrified by his complete immobility.

He was only at the beginner phase in the Superior Realm. He knew he did not stand a chance in an encounter against a cultivator of the Grandmaster Realm.

Furthermore, most cultivators of the Grandmaster Realm cast force fields fueled by spiritual energy to reduce the speed of their opponents.

Jonathan's force field, however, was capable of incapacitating him.

Is he really a cultivator at the Grandmaster Realm? Or perhaps he has achieved the God Realm?

As soon as that thought flashed across the young man's mind, he was stunned to the core.

Even within the Osborne family, there were precious few warriors of the God Realm. Most prominent families could not even produce cultivators.

Who is this man?

The young man widened his eyes to take a good look at Jonathan beside him, but he could not even turn his neck because he was constrained by the spiritual energy.

Jonathan grabbed the young man's arm and slowly lifted it up. With that, Lydia, who had been pinned to the table, was finally able to get to her feet.

Her tears flowed without restraint as she gazed at the statue-like young man before her.

"Please rescue Sophia, Jonathan. Quinten had called her away."

"Is he Quinten's man?" Jonathan asked lightly, sizing up the young man before him.

"I'm not entirely sure," Lydia sobbed.

"He's the one calling the shots around here, isn't he?" Jonathan remarked as he took the ceramic plate from the young man's hand.

Lydia nodded. "That's right. He's the one who led the raid onto the Goldstein residence."

"Very well."

Jonathan held the ceramic plate in one hand. Spiritual energy spilled forth into his fingers, and the plate instantly shattered into several dozen pieces.

"Everybody aside from him shall die, then!"

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Chapter 520 Where Do You Want To Go

Following that glacial voice, Jonathan lightly flicked his fingers.

The ceramic shards shot out like rays of light, and along with that came screams of terror.

Those men in black suits around frantically escaped for their lives. But what ensued was hysterical cries for agony before they all collapsed to the ground one after another.

Within the force field that expanded to a radius of fifty meters, those cultivators who had yet reached the Grandmaster Realm were nothing but a bunch of weaklings to Jonathan.

Using the information relayed to him by the spiritual energy within the force field, Jonathan could easily track everyone's movements and their next course of action.

Within a few seconds, dead bodies littered the ground of the massive garden. Before Jonathan, there was only one last shard left.

Using his spiritual energy, he kept it spinning on his fingertip.

With a grim laugh, Jonathan lifted the spiritual energy that was restraining the young man.

"Sir, have mercy!"

The young man fell to his knees as soon as the force field was removed.

Witnessing that scene, everyone felt their hearts sink.

Not too long ago, that young man was still acting high and mighty, trying to decide the fate of the vast majority. Yet now, with Jonathan's presence, the young man could only plead and beg for forgiveness.

"Where's Sophia?" Jonathan placidly asked while staring at the trembling young man before his eyes.

"I-I... have no idea..."

Whoosh!

As soon as the young man's words fell, that ceramic chip flew out, leaving a deep streak of blood on his cheek.

Under Jonathan's control, that shard returned to his fingertip, but unlike earlier, it was now stained red.

"That's not the answer I want. Give me another answer," Jonathan said.

"I-I..." The young man gulped.

As he looked at the piece of shard before his eyes, his entire body shook involuntarily.

"Sir, I honestly have no idea. The Osborne family sent me to the Xydias residence to help train their cultivators. I'm here today also because I received the command to capture the members of the Goldstein family. That's all that I'm aware of..."

Whoosh!

A sharp sound split through the air. This time around, the shard pierced right through the young man's elixir field.

With his elixir field crushed, he spewed a mouthful of blood, and his vitality withered to a critical point.

"Sir, I've been incapacitated. I-I beg of you. Please spare me..."

Knowing well that the odds of him winning against Jonathan were too low, that young man did not put up any resistance. Instead, he struggled to crawl over and began begging desperately.

Jonathan shot a look at the young man on the ground indifferently.

The shard that had stabbed through the young man's lower abdomen had left a deep cut of about two fingers wide, and at that point, it was bleeding uncontrollably.

Had it been an ordinary being, he would have long lost the ability to move after sustaining such a severe injury.

Nonetheless, the young man did not seem to be in a serious condition other than slight impairment of his mobility.

“Do you really not know anything regarding Sophia?” A frown formed between Jonathan’s brows.

“I’m really clueless.” Kneeling on the ground, the young man sounded particularly earnest. “I’m from the Osborne family’s branch family which got ignored for many generations. I don’t even know where the main family is truly located, let alone their family affairs. To their direct blood descendants, people like me are only their pawns. I’m no different from an outsider. I really don’t know what you’re saying. I beg of you. Take me as nothing and let me off...”

Right then, a jet of crimson blood spurted out. The ceramic shard slit through the young man’s neck precisely. Yet, Jonathan seemed unfazed, almost as though he had merely done something trivial as he turned around to look at the members of the Goldstein family.

The Goldstein family, led by Tommy, all broke free from the ropes and struggled to their feet at that point.

However, the gazes they threw toward Jonathan were far from being polite and friendly.

In the Goldstein family, Loretta was initially in the seat of authority, with Tommy and the others of the same seniority holding a say over matters.

But after Jonathan created a commotion in Yaleview the other time, he had put Sophia to take the helm while leaving the rest of the members of the Goldstein family out. It was thus no wonder why those people held such hostility toward Jonathan.

“Jonathan... That’s a member of the Osborne family. You’ve caused big trouble for the Goldstein family!” Tommy looked at Jonathan and uttered in fear.

“Cause trouble?” Jonathan shot him a frosty glare. “Tommy, do you think they kidnapped you for the fun of it?”

“Y-You...” All colors drained from Tommy’s face.

“Jonathan, if you didn’t insist on doing things your own way, the Goldstein family would still be a prominent family in Yaleview. We wouldn’t be in such a state today as well. But you’ve offended a prestigious family now. The Goldstein family can no longer secure our foothold in Yaleview. Tell me, what are we supposed to do now?”

Following Tommy’s barrage of questions, a ray of piercing light flashed across the air before coming to a halt before him.

“Tommy, do you think I don’t have the guts to kill you?” Murderous intent filled Jonathan’s gaze and tone. “Aunt Sophia has been taken away, yet none of you showed your concern at all. And now you’re yelling at me because you’re worried the situation will be unfavorable to your self-interests. Is this what you call a prominent family? You

people are not only frigid and heartless but also clouded by greed! You guys are honestly way worse than beasts!"

It was unknown whether it was because that flying ceramic shard was too terrifying or because Jonathan's words had hit the nail on the head, but the members of the Goldstein family fell in complete silence in that instant.

Catching sight of that scene, Jonathan coldly scoffed and strode toward the exit.

"Remember this—Goldstein Group will no longer have anything to do with you after you people get out of this situation. I'll kill anyone who dares lay their fingers on anything other than this manor."

Meanwhile, in the Xydias residence, Quinten was packing his belongings in the living room.

It was, in fact, out of sheer desperation that the Xydias family had gotten themselves involved in the grudge between the Osborne family and the Goldstein family this time around.

Two years ago, the Xydias family was still a nameless, ordinary family, and Quinten was merely an average administrative officer in the Department of Transportation.

At that time, the director of the Department of Transportation was an honest and decent man. The Osborne family wanted the director to intervene and control the developments of the four prominent families, yet he refused.

Learning that the director was someone unmoved by force or persuasion, the Osborne family killed him right before Quinten's eyes.

The following day, Quinten, who had witnessed the entire incident in person, took over the director's position and officially became the powerholder in the Office of Government Affairs.

It was also then the Xydias family went through tremendous growth. However, that came with a price to pay—they became the vassal of the Osborne family.

Realization finally dawned upon Quinten that collaborating with the Osborne family was tantamount to playing with fire. With the Xydias family's foundation, they stood at risk of getting decimated at any time.

Somehow, Quinten had a feeling that the downfall of the Xydias family would come anytime soon.

That was why he had to think of a way to get out of Yaleview and even Chanaea.

With that, Quinten had his important belongings packed—cash, clothing, and passport, to name a few. Nevertheless, just as he was ready to leave, an indifferent voice rang out behind him.

“Mr. Xydias, are you perhaps heading somewhere? You seem like you’re in such a hurry!”

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Chapter 521 The Codename

Quinten turned around slowly, only to see Jonathan walking in his direction from the entrance of the mansion.

“You are... Jonathan Goldstein?”

Quinten had gotten information on the Goldstein family from the Osborne family early on, among which Jonathan’s was the most detailed given his status as the head of the Goldstein family.

In an instant, Quinten cast the luggage that he was holding aside and ran inside.

“I don’t have anything to do with this! The Osborne family made me do all of it!”

Quinten knew it was likely that Jonathan might have already finished off the security guards outside, seeing that Jonathan had arrived before him.

When it came to Jonathan, the lesser one knew about him, the better, for knowing too much about the man would only bring about an overwhelming sense of helplessness and fear.

At that moment, Quinten had understood that he would be as good as dead if he fell into Jonathan’s clutches.

“Where is Sophia?” asked Jonathan nonchalantly while following behind Quinten.

“I really have no idea at all!” Quinten kept on avoiding Jonathan in the room. As he ran around, he reached for the objects on the desk and threw them in Jonathan’s direction in an attempt to chase the latter away.

From Jonathan’s point of view, all that he did seemed like child’s play.

In a flash, Quinten was pressed to the floor in a death grip by Jonathan.

Usually, Jonathan would never be as aggressive toward a common person, but he could hardly calm down when Sophia’s status was unknown after being abducted.

“Jonathan, this is all the Osborne family’s doing as the mastermind! I’m but a pawn who takes orders from them, so why make things difficult for me? If you’ve got the guts, go face Jay head-on!”

Jay Osborne?

Jonathan furrowed his brows when he heard the name.

Back then, when he was digging up information on Grand Forest Mountain, he found out that the owner of the mountain resort was Broderick Osborne, and now he encountered someone named Jay Osborne. It seems that I'll have to deal with the Osborne family again.

Crack!

Following a crisp noise, Jonathan reached out and broke Quinten's arm before grasping the broken arm and giving it a push, causing the broken bone in Quinten's arm to jut out from underneath the flesh.

Just like that, the bone that had just fractured got exposed in the air alongside the black fascia.

"Argh!"

Quinten wailed upon feeling the intense pain shooting up from his arm, and his eyes rolled back as he almost fainted.

Yet, Jonathan silently placed his left hand behind Quinten's head at that moment. Cool, pure spiritual energy surged into Quinten's brain nonstop, even managing to jolt Quinten awake despite the fact that he was on the verge of losing consciousness just seconds ago.

As soon as his addled mind cleared up, the pain in his arm intensified.

Yet, the spiritual energy prevented him from fainting, making him suffer a pain worse than death that resonated on a soul level.

"Jonathan! Please kill me! Let me die!"

Although Quinten tried to wring himself free from Jonathan's clutches, he couldn't have gone anywhere with his broken arm in Jonathan's grip.

"Tell me all that you know, and I will make short work of you," Jonathan demanded emotionlessly as he watched Quinten struggle painfully.

Having climbed from rock bottom to the reigning position he held, Jonathan had seen his share of happenings during wartime.

Torture of that degree was nothing to Jonathan. To Jonathan, the minor injury on Quinten's arm wouldn't have stirred anything in him.

However, such deeds felt hellish for Quinten, who was put through them.

"I'll talk!" Quinten shouted while trembling.

“It was Jay who had me ask Sophia out. He then abducted her and ordered me to bring you a message. He’s in Yaleview, so you have to find him if you wish to rescue Sophia!”

“Is that all?”

Jonathan raised his leg and gave Quinten a hard kick on his crotch.

“I told you to spill everything you know. You shall be guaranteed eternal suffering for the remainder of your life if you leave anything out.”

“I don’t know anything else! I’m not lying!” Quinten wailed in distress. “Please kill me. I’ve already told you everything..”

Quinten had known all along that he would be met with such a fate someday, but he had never expected it to descend on him so soon and with such extreme horror.

By that point, he had given up hopes of fleeing from Jonathan’s clutches. All he wished for was the sweet tranquility of death.

“Where was Sophia brought to? Where is the location of the Osborne residence?”

“I have no idea at all!” Quinten howled in agony. “Kill me! Please, just kill me!”

Crack!

Followed by a soft noise, Jonathan raised his leg and kicked Quinten on his lower back. “Take your own life now if you wish to die. Otherwise, you will witness the Xydias family going down with your own eyes.”

Jonathan turned to leave with a smirk on his face, while Quinten could be heard begging for mercy and also cursing behind Jonathan with all his might.

As Jonathan stood before the entrance to the Xydias residence, Jonathan finally took out his phone.

“Hello, Agent 018. I need to know the location of the Osborne family.”

At Quillen Research Institute in Zedfield, a spectacled young man was nodding nonstop while standing with his phone in his hand.

“Sure. I will send you all the information I have obtained.”

After hanging up, he heaved a long sigh while staring at the phone he held.

A middle-aged man passed by beside him with a smile on his face and a piece of toast in his mouth.

“Say, Keith. It’s only noon. Why are you wearing such a silly grin on your face?”

Keith Zinn put his phone away and looked at the middle-aged man before shaking his head slightly.

“You won’t understand. It’s been three years since my arrival here. I assumed that I had been forgotten, but it turns out that person still remembers me.”

“Do you mean your girlfriend?” the middle-aged man whispered, setting the documents he was holding onto aside. “We’re in Zedfield’s Intelligence Bureau with the highest level of confidentiality, so you shouldn’t blabber when you’re talking on the phone, lest you get taken away in secret.”

“Don’t you worry. I’ve got this.”

Keith sat down in front of his computer smilingly. After he entered a few lines of commands, a group of folders showed up on the computer screen.

“These are...” the middle-aged man asked Keith with a frown on his face. It was because the screen showed that Keith was transferring a plethora of information to someone.

Keith looked at the middle-aged man smilingly.

“These are all the files that I can access with my Level 3 permission, Owen. I’m currently transferring all of them to Asura.”

“Why would you send these to him?” The middle-aged man, Owen Wilcox, was startled by Keith’s words. Immediately, he patted Keith’s shoulder as if he had a sudden realization. “Oh! I get it now! You must be joking with me, right? I’m telling you, you shouldn’t make light of such matters. We’re in the Intelligence Bureau. People have been known to die odd deaths due to having run their mouths for even just a second...” As Owen was speaking, Keith retrieved a black handgun from underneath his desk.

“Owen, my surname isn’t actually Zinn, but Vasquez... My real name is Jake Vasquez.”

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Chapter 522 Who Did This

“W-What?”

Owen gradually stood up in disbelief while staring at Jake, formerly known as Keith, pointing the gun at his head.

All Jake did at that moment was smile.

“If you move your feet even a little, I will make sure to put a bullet through your head, Owen. I can hit a hundred rings with ten shots using a handgun over a distance of thirty meters.”

When Owen heard that, his feet moved away from the socket on the floor.

If he had put some more pressure on it, he would've been able to cut off the electric supply to the computer, which would render the folders Jake was transferring into meaningless code.

However, he chose his own safety without hesitation when presented with a choice between that and preventing the leaking of classified information.

"Back away. Raise your hands over your head and lie face-down on the floor," Jake ordered casually while still pointing the gun at Owen's head.

At that moment, a troop of soldiers in military uniforms was rushing to the third floor of the research institute from the first floor.

Ding!

Following a crisp tone, the transfer of the files was completed.

At that very moment, the door to the Intelligence Bureau on the third floor got kicked open from the outside.

Bang!

A gunshot rang immediately.

The officer who had kicked the door open collapsed backward after the shot. His body was sprawled out on the floor as his brains slowly seeped out in a red and white mess, the mix of hues a dismal view.

Following the officer's demise, the soldiers outside raised their guns and sprayed bullets at Jake without even flinching, displaying no fear.

Blood spattered in the air. In the blink of an eye, a cheerful, optimistic young man had become a bloody mess riddled with bullet holes.

When Jake collapsed on the floor, he turned his gaze to Owen, who was still lying on the ground beside him.

"Thanks for all that you've done for me during the past few years, Owen..."

With a smile tugging on his lips, Jake lifted the gun with his right hand and pointed it below his own chin.

Then, he pulled the trigger.

Bang!

After the gunshot rang, Jake closed his eyes slowly.

Meanwhile, Joshua was trimming his plants in a garden somewhere in Zedfield. The sounds of a barrage of gunfire elicited a frown from him.

In Zedfield, the sounds of gunfire would mean a successful infiltration.

Ever since Joshua took office, he had heard dozens of these sudden barrages of gunfire.

“I’ve returned, Commander,” a young man in a suit announced his presence from outside the garden. If Garrison of the Osborne family were present, he would recognize the young man as the one who had spiked Jay’s drink.

“How are things going?” Joshua inquired nonchalantly.

“Things are going smoothly, Commander,” answered the young man with complacency. “I can guarantee that the Osborne family will fight Jonathan to the bitter end until death descends!”

Joshua nodded upon hearing that. “Good to hear... By the way, go investigate the gunshots just now. Despite Zedfield being a small place, peace never seems to last here.”

“Commander, I’ve received news from the Intelligence Bureau. Jonathan has a spy in Section 2 Room 3 of the Intelligence Bureau. Just moments ago, that man who transferred information to Jonathan was gunned down,” reported the young man while handing Joshua the tablet he was holding.

Joshua quickly browsed through the information on it, his expression becoming graver with every passing moment.

“Decode and find out what information he had sent out. Also, detain the recruits who joined the bureau in the same batch as the mole. Screen them one-by-one to check for possible fugitives among them.”

“Understood!” answered the young man in a boisterous voice before turning to go outside.

However, Joshua called out to the young man once again when the latter was just about to be on his way.

“That reminds me. Inform Wilbur to remove the lockdown on Yaleview. Since the Osborne family will be tangled up in a death match with the Goldstein family, there is no longer a need for the lockdown. However, do tell Wilbur to be careful and not to let large military troops enter Yaleview.”

“Understood!” The young man wheeled around to leave, and Joshua was left standing alone in the garden. With a solemn look on his face, he raised his head to stare in the direction from where the sound of gunshots came.

“You’ve gone overboard this time, Jonathan. It’s not time for the war between us yet, but it will soon be!”

In the meantime, Jonathan wore a chilly expression while standing in front of Moonriver Estate.

“Is this the Osborne residence?” he questioned menacingly while studying the two guards at the entrance.

Both of them had reached the Precelestial Realm, but they weren't afraid of Jonathan when they saw him.

One of them walked up to Jonathan and bowed to him.

“You must be Mr. Goldstein. Your arrival was long awaited by our elder, Garrison. This way, please.”

As he spoke, the two guards opened the gates and let Jonathan in.

Given the Osborne family's status, they were well aware that the guards wouldn't have been able to stop Jonathan anyway, so they informed the guards to let him in instead.

Jonathan's spiritual sense spread out like water. Within an instant, he was able to clearly sense the immense spiritual energy a hundred meters away from him. There are some powerful opponents ahead!

Jonathan continued his march forward. Despite his slow-looking movements, every step he took could cover a few meters, so he was able to reach the edge of Torhen Square within a span of ten seconds.

“Aunt Sophia!”

Upon seeing Sophia lying in the center of the square, Jonathan got to her in an instant.

By that point, Sophia's condition was already at its worst.

“Jonathan...”

Sophia was finally able to relax her tensed-up nerves when she saw Jonathan. At the same time, the arm she raised in an attempt to reach out to Jonathan fell.

“Aunt Sophia!”

Jonathan reached out to grab her wrist. Within an instant, his mental energy, alongside his spiritual energy, had gushed into Sophia's body.

At that moment, he could study the condition of Sophia's body with his sight as if everything was laid out in front of him in the open.

Blocked meridians, fractured legs, two fractured ribs, and a ruptured spleen...

As he received feedback in his mind, the veins on his forehead popped, and his aura became unstable. He was already on the verge of going berserk.

When he was young, Sophia was his only source of warmth and familial affection in the whole of the Goldstein family.

Yet, she was tortured to such a state because of him.

He raised his head slightly to look at Garrison, who was standing far away from him.

Garrison was stunned by a mere glance from Jonathan.

If one had to describe what Jonathan's gaze contained, it would be madness, bloodlust, and coldness.

It wouldn't be an exaggeration even if one were to use every single negative word available to describe the look in his eye.

The Osborne family was initially planning to force Jonathan into submission by taking Sophia hostage, but Garrison couldn't help but wonder if the Osborne family had made the wrong move.

After all, the message that the look in Jonathan's eye delivered boiled down to a single line—he would fight until one of them was dead!

In the middle of the square, Jonathan landed his palms on Sophia's body in a flurry of movement.

By that point, he couldn't bring himself to care about the seniority and gender differences between them. What he was intent on doing was to seal Sophia's meridians to stabilize her injuries. Otherwise, she would lose her life at any second.

His palm landed below Sophia's navel, sending gentle but large swirls of spiritual energy into her body.

After managing to protect her heart meridian, Jonathan stood to face Garrison.

"Old geezer, I have a question for you. Who inflicted these wounds on my aunt?"