

# The Legendary Man Chapter 71

## Chapter 71 We Shall See

"From his accent, I don't think he is a local!" Jory noted.

"Really?" The moment Charles heard that he was not a local, he sneered and no longer had any reservations. "Bring me to him. How dare he acts so brazenly in Jadeborough, our turf? He must be sick of living! Bring some men along! I'll make certain today that he doesn't leave this city alive! Let's go!"

Following his order, all the young men in the private room grabbed beer bottles and made to rush out.

Jonathan, however, merely sat there indifferently from beginning to end as though he didn't see anything.

Seeing that, the contempt in Emmeline's eyes intensified.

"Aren't you going?" Charles asked, abruptly halting in his tracks and swinging his gaze at Jonathan despite having reached the door.

"Nope," Jonathan declined without an ounce of hesitation. "It's getting late, so I should be going home."

I've got no interest in a brawl between some snot-nosed kids!

"Just admit that you're afraid! Why are you making excuses?" Charles scoffed upon hearing that. "What a coward! I really don't understand what Emmeline likes about you! Never mind. Just stay here and be a chicken if you're afraid. Everyone else, come with me!"

After saying that, he charged toward the door with the others.

Nonetheless, Jonathan acted as though he didn't hear him at all, not even making a move to get to his feet.

"Just leave by yourself if you want to do so! I'm not leaving!" Emmeline abruptly snapped when she saw that he was still as useless as before.

The kind of person whom I disdain most in my life is someone like him, timid and cowardly! He doesn't even seem like a man!

"Forget about him, Emmeline. With Charles here, everything will be fine!" Nana held her back and threw Jonathan a glacial look, her eyes brimming with distaste.

Ugh! A weak and spineless guy like him is really loathsome!

No sooner had her words fallen than Jonathan glanced at the door placidly and murmured, "There's no need to go out anymore."

"What?"

In a flash, everyone jerked their heads back and stared at him, not quite comprehending his meaning.

"They're coming over," Jonathan explained mildly.

Just when he had finished speaking, a thundering bang split the air. The private room door was kicked open from the outside. In the next second, a plump man stalked in with a dozen lackeys.

As soon as he stepped into the room, he kicked Jory in the stomach.

With that blow, the man was knocked back to the ground.

"Why, you still want to make a run for it, kid?" The plump man held two walnuts in his hands which he kept clenching and releasing. He wore an imperious expression on his face.

"It was him, Mr. Goldberg! It was this da\*n fatty who beat me up!" Jory pointed at the plump man. He struggled up from the ground while clutching his stomach after having been kicked to the ground.

Slap!

A mere second after his words rang out, the plump man struck him across the face, causing blood to trickle out the corners of his mouth. "Watch your mouth!"

"How dare you?" When the young men who had just imbibed saw that the plump man hadn't the slightest respect for them, their tempers spiked. Aided by liquid courage, they raised the beer bottles in their hands to smash it down on him. But before they could do so, they were staring down the muzzle of a dozen guns.

In an instant, the few young men were so terrified that their breaths stuttered.

"Weren't the lot of you going to get physical with me? Why have you stopped?" The plump man snorted at the sight of their faces that had paled in fright. Eyeing them disdainfully, he lifted a hand and swung it across the face of the man nearest to him.

As a crisp slap rang out, a bright red palmprint instantly manifested on the man's face.

Unfortunately, he didn't dare utter a single word of protest.

"Kid, it was you having fun with your girlfriend earlier in the washroom and even got physical with me, huh?" The plump man threw Jory a glance. One of his lackeys promptly lifted the gun in his hand and brought it down on Jory's head without a word.

At once, blood gushed out of Jory's head and flowed down his face.

Crap! We've run into a formidable match this time!

That was Charles' first thought.

"Dude, which gang are you from? Give me a hint here, won't you?" Enduring his terror, he forced himself to appear nonchalant. No sooner had he spoken than the plump man kicked him in the stomach hard, sending him to the ground on his knees. "Did I say that you could speak?"

"How dare you?" Charles shot daggers at him, fury blazing hotly in his eyes. "You're crossing the line, da\*n fatty! You're not a local, so what if you've got guns? I don't believe that you dare shoot me! Mark my words that you'll never make it out of Jadeborough alive if you dare harm a hair on my head today!"

"Oh? It sounds like you're very powerful in Jadeborough?" the plump man sneered, casting him a glance.

"Not really," Charles hissed through gritted teeth, "but making sure that you can't leave Jadeborough alive is no biggie. Since you're now in this city, you must have heard of Fenrir Black, no?"

Fenrir Black? Rumor has it that he has connections to the authorities and triads in Jadeborough, and only a few dare to go against him in the whole city! Besides, it's said that he's the right-hand man of the most ruthless man in Jadeborough, Harrison Seymour, in addition to being his top fighter! And Charles is acquainted with him?

Upon hearing that, the group of students instantly swung their gazes at him. A glimmer of astonishment flickered across their eyes.

While they weren't acquainted with Fenrir, they had heard of him.

"Who's Fenrir Black? I've never heard of such a person!" Scorn was written all over the plump man's face, making it abundantly clear that he didn't fear Fenrir. "But from the sound of it, you seem to be somewhat related to him? How about this? I'll give you a chance. Give him a call now and have him come over. I'll see whether he dares to poke his nose into my affairs!"

"I'll hold you to that!" Charles breathed a sigh of relief when he heard the plump man voluntarily allowing him to give Fenrir a call.

As long as I get to phone Fenrir, this da\*n fatty definitely won't be able to walk out of this nightclub tonight!

“Go ahead and make your call!”

The plump man waved a dismissive hand, not at all concerned about Fenrir.

A few minutes later, the call went through.

The second the call was answered, Charles exclaimed urgently, “Hello, Mr. Fenrir? Are you in Jadeborough? What? You’re at Heavenly Nightclub? That’s great! Mr. Fenrir, I’m in Supreme VIP Room No. 388! A few men are picking on me!”

Later, he gushed, “Really? You’ll come over right away? I’ll be waiting for you, then!”

Having said that, he hung up the phone and eyed the plump man across from him condescendingly.

“Just you wait, you da\*n fatty! Fenrir is coming over immediately, so you’re dead!” he snarled.

“Oh, really? The plump man snorted once more. Lifting his hand to have his lackey light a cigar for him, he puffed a cloud of smoke onto Charles’ face. “We shall see!”

## The Legendary Man Chapter 72

### Chapter 72 Get Down On Your Knees

After a few minutes had passed, the private room door was kicked open with a bang.

A menacing-looking bald man with a tattoo of a savage wolf on his neck strode into the private room. As soon as he entered, Charles frantically wailed, “You’re here, Mr. Fenrir!”

“Who had you kneeling here?” When Fenrir saw Charles on his knees while clutching his stomach, he frowned and swept a gaze over the crowd. His gaze stilling on the plump man, he demanded, “Was it you, Fatty?”

“So what if it was me?” the plump man drawled, puffing out a cloud of smoke.

“Do you know whose territory this is? Do you have a death wish that you dare make trouble in my territory?” Fenrir wasn’t the least bit afraid though a dozen lackeys with guns in their hands stood behind the plump man.

Countless people died at my hands throughout the years, so there’s nothing to fear about a few guns!

"Your territory?" Hearing that, the plump man scoffed. With derision etched on his face, he remarked, "I've only heard that Jadeborough is Harrison Seymour's territory. When did it become yours? Why, is he currently indisposed that you're the law in this city now?"

Harrison Seymour?

When Fenrir heard that name, his expression abruptly changed. "You're acquainted with Mr. Seymour?"

"What do you think?" Without even deigning to spare him a glance, the plump man took out his phone and made a call. A minute later, Harrison's familiar voice drifted out of the phone. "Have you run into some trouble, Mr. Hearnshaw?"

The moment his voice rang out, the entire room plunged into deathly silence.

Perhaps Fenrir's reputation was exceedingly acclaimed, but compared to Harrison, he was nothing.

After all, Harrison was the uncrowned king of Jadeborough's underground circles, dubbed the most ruthless man in Jadeborough.

In other words, one might escape with one's life intact if one were to offend the Blackwood family in Jadeborough.

But if one were to offend Harrison, one would definitely die a ghastly death with nothing remaining for a burial.

"Yeah, I ran into some trouble." The plump man known as Pablo Hearnshaw took a puff of his cigar before expounding with a chuckle. "Someone told me that Jadeborough is his territory and even said that I won't be leaving this city alive if I dare make trouble here. Say, Mr. Seymour, is Jadeborough your territory or someone else's?"

"Who's that person?" Harrison's voice turned distinctly chilly.

"Fenrir Black!" Pablo replied with a snicker. The moment Fenrir heard Harrison's voice from the other end of the phone, such stark struck him that his legs went weak.

Others might not recognize that voice, but he was all too familiar with it.

"Hand the phone to him, please." Suppressing his wrath, Harrison asked Pablo to pass the phone to Fenrir. When Pablo handed it to Fenrir, he put the call on speaker.

"Mr. Seymour..." Fenrir's voice was even quivering as he spoke.

"Are you sick of living, Fenrir? Do you know who Mr. Hearnshaw is? He's visiting Jadeborough this time to collaborate with me on a project worth several hundred million! If you ruin things for me, you won't be seeing the sunrise tomorrow!"

"Mr. Seymour, I..." Fenrir wanted to defend himself, but Harrison didn't give him that opportunity at all. A beep sounded as the latter hung up the phone.

At once, the entire room became eerily silent.

Everyone had their gazes fixated on Fenrir, noticing that the man's hand that gripped the phone was trembling slightly.

"Fenrir, do you have the final say in Jadeborough, or is it Harrison who has the final say?" Pablo regarded Fenrir with a smile though the expression on his face was provocative.

"Of course, it's Mr. Seymour!" Fenrir made his choice at lightning speed.

My influence in Jadeborough is indeed substantial, what with my connections to the authorities and triads. But what does that matter? How would I dare go head to head with Harrison? That's just courting death! If not for him, I'll be a nobody in Jadeborough!

"Mr. Hearnshaw, this is simply a misunderstanding. It's just a mix-up on my part as I didn't know that we're both on the same side!" He forced a smile onto his baleful countenance. "How about this? I'll down three glasses as an apology!"

After saying that, he snagged the beer on the table. Without ado, he downed three glasses in a row.

When he had finished all three glasses, he turned to Pablo and inquired, "Was that satisfactory, Mr. Hearnshaw?"

"Yeah." Pablo nodded approvingly since Fenrir had shown him great respect. "How about this? As long as you don't interfere in this matter tonight, I'll forget all about the incident earlier."

Phew!

Hearing that, Fenrir breathed a sigh of relief.

I was just afraid that he wouldn't compromise. That would be troublesome, then!

"Come over here, Charles!" He then beckoned at Charles, ordering, "Come here and apologize to Mr. Hearnshaw!"

"Mr. Fenrir..."

Charles wore an aggrieved expression.

I called him so that he'll come and teach this da\*n fatty a lesson! Unexpectedly, not only has my plan failed, but I even have to apologize to the latter instead?

"Come here!" At the sight of his dawdling, Fenrir kicked him in the stomach and grabbed his hair, dragging him over to Pablo. "Mr. Hearnshaw, he's my friend's son, and I've watched him grow up. He only offended you because he didn't know better. Could you please do me a favor and let him off the hook today?"

"That's not a problem," Pablo continued, looking down at Charles, "but he has to prostrate himself before me as an apology. Then, I'll forget about the incident today."

"No way!"

That was Charles' first reaction upon hearing his stipulation.

Is he serious? If I were to prostrate myself before him today and apologize, how am I going to show my face in public in the future? And how am I going to hold my head up in school?

"Oh yes?" Pablo gazed at him coldly before he raised his head and looked at Fenrir. "Look, Fenrir, it's not that I don't want to do you this favor, but he's unwilling to cooperate."

"Stop spouting nonsense!" At his remark, Fenrir whipped a gun out and held it to Charles' head, threatening, "Are you going to your knees or not?"

"Mr. Fenrir!"

Seeing the gun pointed at him, Charles' knees went weak.

Never had he seen such a scene in his twenty odd years of life.

"Get down on your knees!" Fenrir didn't bother yakking with him anymore but kicked him right away. Charles instantly fell to his knees in front of Pablo.

"This is more like it!" When Pablo saw Charles on his knees before him, he took a puff of his cigar with a grin. Then, he puffed a cloud of smoke onto the latter's face. "Kid, open your eyes wider next time and stay away from those you can't afford to offend. Do you hear me?"

"Y-Yes!"

Charles gritted his teeth as he remained on his knees, mortification clear on his face.

Argh! I've been thoroughly humiliated today! I have never expected that the bigwig in my eyes, Fenrir, would be a nobody before this da\*n fatty! And he calls himself a big fish? He's even lowlier than a fish!

**"If so, get out of here!" As soon as Pablo waved a hand, Charles immediately struggled to his feet while clutching his stomach. Lowering his head, he made to rush out the door.**

**He was just halfway there when Pablo stopped the rest of the people behind him. "I said he could leave, but I didn't say that the lot of you could do the same."**

**After he had said that, he pointed at Sharon's boyfriend and commanded, "Break his legs and throw him down from the third floor!"**