

The Legendary Man Chapter 73

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Chapter 73 Who Does He Think He Is

“Understood!”

As Pablo’s order rang out, a few of Pablo’s lackeys grabbed Jory and dragged him to the window.

Upon seeing that, the girls in the private room were so stricken that all color drained out of their faces. That went doubly so for Jory, and he cried out urgently, “Save me, Mr. Goldberg!”

However, Charles acted as though he didn’t hear anything, not even bothered to spare him a glance.

Save him? Can’t he tell that I can barely save myself now? How am I going to bail him out?

Bang! Bang!

Two gunshots pierced the air, followed by Jory’s agonized howl. At the same time, two bloody holes materialized in his legs, rendering them entirely crippled.

On the heels of that, the few lackeys grabbed his hair as though he was a dog and tossed him out the window from the third floor.

Everyone present was utterly shocked at that scene.

Charles was so petrified that he had gone as pale as a sheet.

Despite his boasts in front of Jonathan just now, he had actually never witnessed such brutality in his entire life.

“C-Charles, I-I’m scared...” Nana huddled behind him as she clutched at his shirt, making it clear as day that she was terrified by the scene before her.

“I-It’ll be fine...”

Charles grasped her hand, remaining as still as a statue.

“She can’t leave. She must stay and entertain me tonight!” Pablo pointed at Sharon, scaring her so badly that she went white. She anxiously looked at Charles and called out to him, but the man feigned ignorance and averted his eyes.

“She, too, must stay!” Pablo stretched out his hand again and pointed at Nana, who was behind Charles.

Hearing that, terror swamped Nana, and she desperately covered behind Charles.

"No! She's my girlfriend!" Since things had come to that, Charles could no longer feign deafness.

"Hmm?" Pablo's expression turned frosty. "Do you not want to leave either?"

"No, I..." Charles looked at Fenrir with panic written all over his face. "Mr. Fenrir..."

"You'd better listen to Mr. Hearnshaw." Shooting him a wintry look, Fenrir added, "Otherwise, even I can't save you. You saw your friend's fate, didn't you?"

"I..."

In a trice, Charles' face turned ashen.

He could tell that Fenrir didn't want to get involved in the matter. After hesitating for a while, he finally dropped Nana's hand. "Bear with it first, Nana. I'll go home and have my father save you!"

"How could you do this, Charles?" Nana's eyes blazed scarlet when she heard him abandoning her without the slightest hesitation. She gaped at him incredulously.

I'm his girlfriend! Yet, he's actually handing me over to another man?

"I can't do a da*n thing about it either! Do you think I don't want to save you? I want to take you away, too, but can't you see that I can't even save myself now?" Charles started cussing, seeing red.

Despair instantly flooded Nana's face.

Oh God, do I really have to entertain this da*n fatty tonight?

She looked at everyone in the private room, but all who met her eyes hung their heads and pretended as though they hadn't seen her plea for help.

After all, no one dared to meddle at such a time after witnessing Sharon's boyfriend being thrown down three floors.

The only person there who didn't try to hide was Jonathan. However, he didn't plan on intervening. More accurately speaking, he didn't want to get involved in these people's affairs.

But sometimes, trouble came knocking at his door despite his wishes to the contrary.

To be precise, it didn't come knocking at his door but Emmeline's door.

At some point in time, Pablo spotted Emmeline, who was cowering on the couch. His eyes promptly lit up, and he pointed at her right away. "She, too! She must stay and entertain me tonight!"

I've bedded plenty of beautiful ladies, but I've never been with someone like her! Although she deliberately dresses maturely, the innocence in her eyes shines like a beacon! It's glaringly obvious that she's still a virgin!

"N-No!" Emmeline instantly panicked when she saw Pablo pointing at her. She snapped her head up and glanced around in a loss, only to find that nary a person dared to interfere.

Nevertheless, she didn't even bother looking at Jonathan, positive that he wouldn't dare do anything since he was a deadbeat.

"Men, take them few girls I pointed out earlier to my private room. The others can scam now!" After having pointed out the girls he wanted, Pablo waved a dismissive hand impatiently and dismissed everyone else as though swatting a fly away.

The rest of the people weren't at all vexed despite his words.

Instead, they collectively breathed a sigh of relief.

But just as they moved to leave, a cold voice suddenly rang out from the couch. "Fatty, did you seek my permission before stealing my girlfriend right in front of me?"

Jonathan, who hadn't said a single word, finally spoke.

Well, well, well, I don't want to get involved, but this da*n fatty just had to set his sights on Emmeline. Thus, I've got no choice but to intercede. What can I do when she's Josephine's sister?

"What did you just call me, kid?" When Pablo heard that, his expression darkened at lightning speed.

The thing I loathe most in my entire life is to have someone calling me fat! That's my kryptonite!

In a flash, everyone cut their gazes at Jonathan.

Three words popped up in their minds—what an idiot!

Nana, especially, was all the more repulsed by Jonathan. In her eyes, all he could do was blow his own trumpet without anything to show for it.

Hah! He's even worse than Charles, downright foolish! I really don't understand what Emmeline likes about him!

"I'm giving you a minute, Fatty. You'd better disappear from my line of sight before I get mad," Jonathan murmured, glancing at Pablo placidly.

"Oh? What will happen when you get mad?" Pablo stared at him with a sneer, regarding him as though he was a fool.

"Someone will die."

"What did you just say?" Hearing Jonathan's answer, Pablo acted as though it was the biggest joke in the world. "Did I mishear you? Kid, even Fenrir doesn't dare say that to me. Who do you think you are?"

His remark had Fenrir's face stinging hotly, and he felt as though he had been slapped across the face.

"Fenrir is nobody. How can he compare to me?" Jonathan drawled, his voice mild.

"Did you hear that, Fenrir?" Pablo couldn't help guffawing upon hearing that. "Fenrir, it seems that you're not doing all that well in Jadeborough! Even a snot-nosed kid dares to disparage you!"

"Do you have a death wish, kid?" Fenrir's expression changed drastically, turning frightfully grim.

It's one thing that this da*n fatty looks down on me since he has Harrison backing him up, but who does this kid think he is? How dare he looks down on me?

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Chapter 74 He Is Doomed

"Fatty, I've always been rather short on patience!" Ignoring Fenrir altogether, Jonathan looked at Pablo indifferently, stating, "I'm only giving you a minute. If you're still here after a minute has passed..."

"What will you do about that?" Pablo eyed him as though he was a sandwich short of a picnic.

"I'll have you disappear forever!"

Oh my God, he has lost his mind! He has gone off his rocker, huh?

All at once, everyone there stared at him as though he was a nutcase.

Does he not know to read the atmosphere before talking big? And can't he tell how powerful this da*n fatty is? Even Fenrir has to back down in front of him, yet he dares speak to him in such a manner when he merely rides an electric scooter and even got kicked out from the car dealership? Is he sick of living?

"You'll have me disappear forever?" When Pablo heard that, he doubled over as though he had heard the world's most hilarious joke. "All right, I'll give you a chance. I want to see how you're going to have me disappear forever!"

He didn't take Jonathan's threat to heart but turned to Fenrir and taunted, "Fenrir, this kid doesn't seem to fear you at all! Are you really all that powerful?"

At the provocation, Fenrir's expression darkened further. Glowering at Jonathan grimly, he threatened, "Kid, I don't know where your guts came from that you dare speak to me in such an insolent manner, but I'm afraid that it'd be difficult for you to walk out of his room today!"

After saying that, he waved a hand.

His lackeys behind him immediately rushed forward, raising their guns and aiming them at Jonathan.

"Break his legs and throw him down from the third floor!" Fenrir waved his hand again, not in the mood to yak with Jonathan.

I'll use practical action to show everyone the consequences of offending me in Jadeborough!

"Fenrir, you're afraid of Harrison, yet you don't fear me?" Jonathan glanced at him dispassionately.

In an instant, Fenrir froze and gaped at him in disbelief.

Does he know Mr. Seymour as well?

"Don't be fooled by him, Mr. Fenrir! He loves to boast, but he's a useless fellow! Back then, he rode a shabby electric scooter to the car dealership to buy a Lamborghini and ended up being kicked out!" Charles proclaimed upon noticing that Fenrir was wavering slightly, putting Jonathan down.

And it was also then that Fenrir abruptly realized that he was almost scared off by Jonathan.

"How dare you try to scare me, kid?" Fenrir's expression went chilly.

"Try to scare you?" Jonathan then sneered, "Are you worthy of me doing so?"

After saying that, he no longer bothered to pay Fenrir any mind. He shifted his gaze to Pablo and declared, "Fatty, a minute has passed, and my patience is at its end!"

"Oh, really? So, how are you planning to have me disappear forever?" Pablo regarded Jonathan with a smirk, not believing him in the least.

He's no more than a fool who rides a shabby electric scooter besides having been shown the door by an establishment, yet he dares to put on such a show before me?

"You're acquainted with Harrison, yes?" Eyeing him apathetically, Jonathan remarked, "Give him a call."

"You're acquainted with Harrison?" Pablo arched an eyebrow in surprise.

From the look of things, he really seems to be acquainted with Harrison!

"Give him a call and tell him that I'm only giving him ten minutes. He's to appear before me in ten minutes. If he's even a second late, he doesn't need to come anymore!"

The moment Jonathan's words rang out, shock deluged everyone there.

But a second later, the entire room burst into raucous laughter.

They all looked at Jonathan as though he had a screw loose in his head, thus uttered the most absurd statement in the world.

"I wasn't hearing things, was I? Did he just give Harrison an order?" Pablo stared at Jonathan with derision etched on his face as though he was looking at someone on the brink of death. "Kid, do you know who he is?"

It wasn't just him, for almost everyone there shared his sentiments.

He's truly out of his head that he dares to give Harrison an order! Does he know who that is? That's the most ruthless man in Jadeborough who has connections to government officials and their illegal counterparts! No one in Jadeborough dares to offend him. Even the four prominent families in Jadeborough dare not order him around like this!

"What does that matter? You only need to repeat my words to him," Jonathan murmured.

"Kid, you're the most brazen person I've seen in my forty over years of life!" Pablo cast him a sympathetic glance before he took out his phone and made the call.

Shortly after, Harrison's voice drifted out of the phone. "Is the matter not resolved yet, Mr. Hearnshaw?"

"It's resolved, but I've now run into an even greater trouble." After throwing Jonathan a mocking look, Pablo explained, "I met someone, and he asked me to convey a message to you."

"What is it?"

"He said that you're to appear before him in ten minutes. If you're even a second late, you don't need to come anymore." Pablo recounted Jonathan's message to Harrison word for word.

When the final word fell, the entire room plunged into pin-drop silence.

Everyone was waiting for Harrison to flip his lid.

They all wondered what he would do to Jonathan.

Will Harrison break both his legs and hang him on the bridge above Goda River to bake for three days and nights under the scorching sun? Or will he simply chop him into pieces and throw him into Goda River to feed the fishes? Or perhaps he'll shoot him and toss him down from the third floor?

They had all started imagining Jonathan's death. Charles, especially, wore a sadistic smile on his face.

His girlfriend, Nana, was gazing at Jonathan with pity. There was a trace of reluctance in her eyes.

While I detest someone like him, I've never thought of having him die.

Conversely, Emmeline was incandescent to the point that she was trembling all over.

Why couldn't you just remain a worthless bum, Jonathan? Why must you court death? Do you not know that Harrison will really kill you if he gets mad?

As everyone regarded him with varied looks in their eyes, Harrison, who was on the other end of the phone, replied at long last, "Tell him to wait for me. Also, tell him to come up with a few ways he'd like to die. At that time, I'll choose one and send him across the great divide personally!"

A beep sounded as Harrison hung up right away.

The second the phone was disconnected, Pablo finally dissolved into laughter. Not only him, but everyone behind him guffawed after hearing Harrison's reply.

He's done for! Verily, he's doomed!

Even Charles, who had wanted to hightail it out of there, suddenly didn't feel like leaving anymore. Instead, he wanted to stay and see how Jonathan was going to meet his end later.

Oh, well...

Nana heaved a long sigh.

I just knew that the outcome would be this. How could someone like him be acquainted with Harrison? Some people say that only people with very low self-esteem like to use such a method to highlight their superiority, exaggerate things, and bluster. Someone like him must have exceedingly low self-esteem in life, no?

"Kid, Harrison asked you to wait for him!" Snickering, Pablo said to Jonathan, "He even said that you should come up with a few ways you'd like to die. At that time, he'll choose one and send you across the great divide personally!"

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Chapter 75 Drop To Your Knees

When Pablo said that, everyone there looked at Jonathan with a mocking look in their eyes.

They were seemingly waiting to see how he was going to meet his death.

However, Jonathan remained unfazed. He merely replied placidly, "I'll wait for him."

After saying that, he closed his eyes without saying a single word further.

Time slowly ticked by.

The ten minutes appeared particularly long, so Pablo yanked Jory's girlfriend into his arms while waiting for Harrison. His hands roamed all over her body.

No matter how she struggled, she simply couldn't break free from his restraint.

Meanwhile, Jory's friends acted as though they didn't see anything.

They averted their eyes and didn't even dare look at her.

As for Charles' girlfriend, Nana, a flash of sorrow flickered in her eyes.

Jory has just been thrown down three floors by that da*n fatty, and it's still uncertain whether he's still alive, but his girlfriend is now being groped as well. Alas, none of his friends dare get involved in this matter!

As she witnessed the scene unfolding before her eyes, a sense of despair inexorably welled within her.

Isn't Jory's girlfriend's predicament precisely the fate awaiting me later?

Recalling how Charles abandoned her earlier, a stark sense of hopelessness pervaded her.

Ten minutes, not a second more or less!

When the last second ticked past, Jonathan abruptly opened his eyes. "Ten minutes are up."

"So what?" Pablo stopped the wandering of his hand over Jory's girlfriend's body. Eyeing him with a sneer, he drawled, "Kid, did you really think that I've been waiting for the time to pass? I'm waiting to see how you'll die!"

He wasn't the only one, for almost everyone there was waiting to see how Jonathan was going to bite the dust.

"There's no need to wait anymore." Upon hearing that, Jonathan calmly stood up. "I've said that he doesn't need to come and see me anymore if he's even a second late. Time is up now, so it's too late even if he comes!"

Having said that, he took a step forward.

At that exact moment, the private room door was kicked open from the outside without warning.

Immediately after, Harrison stalked in with a grim expression. Behind him trailed a dozen lackeys in black suits, holding guns in their hands. They had immediately drawn their guns upon stepping into the private room and surrounded everyone there.

Harrison actually came!

At the sight of the man, the expressions of almost everyone there changed drastically.

Reputation was indeed of great import, for everyone knew all too well the kind of person Harrison was.

Anyone who offended him would meet a ghastly death.

"Mr. Seymour!"

Fenrir immediately stepped forward and bowed deferentially, greeting Harrison the moment he came in.

Harrison, however, didn't spare him a single glance. The man merely snorted and demanded with a dark expression, "Who was the one who told me to come over in ten minutes to see him? I'm here. Where is he?"

In a flash, everyone trained their gazes on Jonathan.

Mockery, disdain, and scorn shone in their eyes.

About everyone there had only one thought in their minds at that very moment—he's so dead!

Surprisingly, they couldn't perceive even a hint of panic on Jonathan's face. Instead, he glanced at Harrison indifferently and declared, "It was me."

Harrison merely found the voice a tad familiar, but as soon as he cast his gaze over, his legs went weak.

Wobbling on his feet, he almost fell to his knees.

"M-Mr. Goldstein?"

His mind went blank, for never had he expected that the person who wanted to see him was Jonathan.

"You're very bold, Mr. Seymour!" Staring at him coldly, Jonathan asserted, "I said that I was only giving you ten minutes, making it clear that you don't need to come and see me anymore if you're even a second late! Ten minutes have passed now. How late are you?"

"Mr. Goldstein, I..." Gulping, Harrison was just going to speak when he suddenly dropped to his knees on the ground with a thud. "Mr. Goldstein, I-I didn't know that it was you who wanted to see me. If I'd known, I definitely wouldn't have dared to be late for even a second!"

Who is he? He's Asura, the only God in my heart! If I'd known that he wanted to see me, I wouldn't have dared to be even a second late no matter what!

At that very moment, everyone in the private room was stunned.

They gaped at Harrison, who was kneeling on the ground, their minds going blank. They even wondered whether there was a problem with their vision.

Harrison Seymour, the most ruthless man in Jadeborough, is actually kneeling before him? How is this possible?

"Mr. Seymour, are you... intoxicated?" Pablo couldn't help asking at the sight unfolding before him.

As far as I remember, it's always been others falling to their knees before him. He has never kneeled before anyone. A cut-throat person like him would never go on his knees, even at gunpoint! After all, what's the most important thing to people in underground circles like us? Dignity! We always maintain our dignity even at the cost of our lives! But what's happening now? He actually dropped to his knees before this snot-nosed kid without a word? How is he going to have any authority in Jadeborough if this gets out?

"Shut up!"

Harrison jerked his head back and glared at him with a murderous look in his eyes.

That instantly had Pablo shuddering in fear, and he didn't dare utter another word. At that moment, Harrison was undoubtedly the epitome of the most ruthless man in Jadeborough!

That look in his eyes also snapped the group of people who had spaced out at the scene back to reality.

It's true! We're neither dreaming nor seeing things! He has truly kneeled before Jonathan!

"I'm extremely dissatisfied by your performance." Jonathan glanced at Harrison nonchalantly. But at that mere glance, such stark fear assailed Harrison that he blanched. Without further ado, he lifted his hand and struck himself across the face.

With that slap, a bright red palm print promptly materialized on his face.

"Do you feel better now, Mr. Goldstein?"

That blow wasn't just physical, for it was also a slap in the face to everyone there.

They had all mocked Jonathan earlier and imagined his horrific death, but Harrison simply fell to his knees before the man.

"W-What's happening here, Mr. Seymour?" Fenrir, who was standing behind Harrison, went stiff.

His instincts screamed at him that Jonathan was exceedingly dangerous, for he had never seen Harrison kneeling before someone so humbly ever since he pledged loyalty to the man.

"Kneel down!" Harrison ordered without looking back at him.

"Mr. Seymour, I..." Fenrir was going to speak further, but Harrison cut him off. "Drop to your knees if you don't want to die!"

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Chapter 76 | Never Boast

Thud!

Without another word, Fenrir fell to his knees before Jonathan unhesitatingly.

He didn't even dare inquire about the reason.

In that instant, the entire room became as silent as the grave, not a peep was heard.

It was so still that one could hear the sounds of breathing loud and clear.

No one dared to ask a single question, let alone inquire about the reason.

Is Fenrir powerful? Yes! He has connections to government officials and their illegal counterparts, in addition to being Harrison's top fighter. Countless people met their ends at his hands, and few people dare to go against him in Jadeborough. But now, he's kneeling in front of Jonathan, not even daring to ask why!

And how about Harrison? He's even more powerful, the most ruthless man in Jadeborough and the true king of the underground circles in the city. In front of him, Fenrir doesn't even dare talk back. But still, he fell to his knees before Jonathan docilely and was even so stricken at a single glance from the man that he slapped himself. Then, he even asked him whether he was feeling better!

That scene truly shocked everyone present.

Emmeline, especially, gaped at everything that was unfolding before her eyes incredulously. She was so surprised that her hand flew up to her mouth.

—Is this still the Jonathan whom I know, the worthless bum who depended on the Smith family to support him for a whole year?

"Is he your friend?" Jonathan pointed at Pablo on the couch.

"No!" Harrison denied it immediately without a second's delay. "He's a collaboration partner of mine on a particular project. Was it him who offended you?"

"Not exactly." Jonathan shook his head.

From beginning to end, he has never done anything to offend me since whatever he did to Charles and Jory was no business of mine. I've never been a person who likes to poke my nose into other people's affairs. However, he really shouldn't have set his sights on Emmeline! While I detest her greatly, she's still Josephine's sister at the end of the day. Never mind if I'm averse toward her, but I'll never allow someone else to pick on her!

"He just ruined my mood," Jonathan replied airily.

"I know what to do, Mr. Goldstein!" When Harrison heard that, his expression grew chilly. Turning to Pablo, he declared, "I'm sorry, Mr. Hearnshaw!"

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Seymour?" Pablo's face instantly darkened at the man's steely expression.

The only reason I dared to be so reckless in Jadeborough is all thanks to his reputation. In this city, no one dares to offend him, much less disrespect him. But if he makes a move against me, who else in Jadeborough could protect me?

"Nothing much. It's just that you naturally have to pay the price after ruining Mr. Goldstein's mood!" Eyeing him coldly, Harrison ordered, "Men, chop off his limbs and throw him down from the third floor!"

"Understood, Mr. Seymour!"

As soon as that command from Harrison fell, the dozen of lackeys behind him moved forward to act right away.

Seeing that, the few lackeys behind Pablo were so frightened that they didn't even dare make a peep.

Harrison tasked them with protecting Pablo, so now that the man himself had spoken, none of them dared to interfere.

"How could you simply turn on me, Harrison?" When Pablo heard that, his expression changed drastically. He frantically screeched, "Don't forget that there's a business collaboration worth several hundred million between us! If you dare make a move against me, the business will be off the table!"

"So be it!" Harrison wasn't the least bit concerned.

What's a mere few hundred million compared to Asura? Even if it were several billion, I wouldn't dare go against him!

"Mr. Seymour, I won't take a single cent of the profit if you'd just let me off. I'll give you all the profit from this project, the entire five hundred million! Is that amenable to you?" By then, Pablo had naturally realized that things weren't looking good for him.

After all, Harrison had made it clear that he was turning on him.

"You still don't understand my meaning!" Regarding him with a cold expression on his face, Harrison clarified, "This isn't a matter of money but the fact that you ruined Mr. Goldstein's mood! Do you get it now?"

The temptation of five hundred million is indeed alluring, but would I dare take it? Even if I had the guts to do so, would I be alive to spend the money?

"I'm sorry, Mr. Goldstein! I was wrong!" In a trice, understanding dawned upon Pablo. He dropped to his knees before Jonathan at once. "I know it is all my fault! Everything I said earlier was mere nonsense. Please spare me! As long as you do so, I'll immediately transfer the five hundred million to you!"

At that moment, he had finally understood the meaning of that remark of Jonathan's—If you're still here after a minute has passed, I'll have you disappear forever!

That wasn't a joke. Instead, he was totally serious.

"It's too late that you only realized the error of your ways now." Glancing at him impassively, Jonathan murmured, "I don't retract my words."

"Mr. Goldstein!" His response scared Pablo so much that the man went limp on the ground. He scrambled forward and hugged Jonathan's leg, wailing so piteously that his face was a mess of snot. "I beg you, Mr. Goldstein! Please spare me—"

Alas, before he had even finished speaking, a few lackeys stepped forward from behind Harrison and whipped out their guns. Bang! Bang! In the next instant, two gunshots split the air.

Pablo's agonized howl instantly reverberated in the entire room.

"Toss him down so that he isn't in the way here!" Harrison waved a hand impatiently, dismissing him as though swatting a fly.

"Understood, Mr. Seymour!"

Following that command, the few lackeys grabbed Pablo's plump body and strode toward the window.

In no time, a muffled thud sounded, and the entire room plunged into deathly silence.

Charles shook like a leaf after witnessing the turn of events that transpired right before his eyes. Recalling his scornful remarks and taunts toward Jonathan earlier, he was seized by the urge to give himself a hard slap.

Oh God, why on earth did I run my mouth earlier?

But while he was terror-stricken, worried about Jonathan's retaliation, he noticed that the man hadn't even looked at him once.

"Mr. Goldstein, is there anything else you'd like me to handle for you?" Harrison looked at Jonathan cautiously after Pablo had been thrown downstairs.

Upon hearing that, Charles' nerves promptly stretched tautly.

His face went ashen as well.

Crap! I'm dead! I'm truly done for this time!

As Pablo's end flashed across his mind, he teetered on the verge of peeing his pants.

"No." Jonathan shook his head. "It's late, so I should be going home to rest."

After saying that, he shifted his gaze to Emmeline and stated, "Let's go home."

"Huh?" Emmeline was inexorably startled to hear that before she quickly gathered her wits about her. "Oh, okay."

"I'll drive you both home, Mr. Goldstein!" Harrison hastily rushed forward to open the door for them.

"No, it's fine." Shaking his head, Jonathan walked out of the private room.

When he was halfway there, he suddenly turned back to the group of students behind him and asserted, "Oh yes, I've never liked to boast. When I say something, I'll make certain that it comes true!"

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Chapter 77 Do Not Tell Your Sister

Utter silence reigned in the entire private room.

Everyone in the room flushed bright red after hearing Jonathan's remark.

Nana, especially, was gripped by the urge to crawl into a hole.

Phew!

Fenrir heaved a sigh of relief when Jonathan left. The first thing he did after climbing to his feet was to slap Charles across the face. "Da*n you! Do you know that you almost killed me?"

That blow had Charles stumbling on his feet and almost falling to the ground.

"Mr. Fenrir, I-" Charles covered his face with a hand, not even daring to utter a word of protest.

"Cut that crap! From today on, don't ever mention my name out there anymore! If I learn that you used my name anywhere in Jadeborough, I'll break your legs!"

After saying that, Fenrir pushed open the door and left without sparing him another glance.

When he went downstairs, he happened to bump into Harrison, who had just seen Jonathan to his car. The moment he saw the man, he swiftly acted servile and inquired, "Mr. Seymour, what exactly is Mr. Goldstein's identity?"

He didn't dare ask when others were there just now. Since there was no one then, he finally mustered the courage to give voice to the question playing in his mind.

"You're not worthy to know his identity!" Casting him a wintry look, Harrison added, "You only need to know that certain death awaits all who offends him. Even I will be doomed if I were to offend him, let alone you! You know of the Blackwood family, don't you? Their influence in Jadeborough is substantial, no? But still, they ended up being banished from the city after offending him!"

"Mr. Seymour, are you saying that he was the person who banished the Blackwood family from Jadeborough?" In an instant, Fenrir's vision went black, and he broke out in a cold sweat.

I've heard that some big fish came to Jadeborough a few days ago, his power and influence so great that the Blackwood family in Jadeborough is no more than a dog in front of him! But never had I thought that he would turn out to be a young man who's only in his twenties!

And so, the entire debacle drew to an end with Jonathan's departure.

Sitting in the car, Emmeline couldn't resist sneaking glances at Jonathan.

It's really difficult to assimilate the worthless bum from three years ago to the "Mr. Goldstein" who had Harrison falling to his knees before him. After all, who is Jonathan? He's a deadbeat! Back then, if it weren't for the Smith family supporting him for a whole year, he would've probably starved on the streets ages ago! But if that's true, why would Harrison kneel to him? Even I have heard of the man, and he's a savage character! It's rumored that dozens of people died at his hand, the number hitting at least a hundred!

"Just ask whatever's playing on your mind," Jonathan murmured, Emmeline's surreptitious peeks driving him crazy.

"W-Who are you?" Emmeline gave voice to her question while biting her lip.

"I'm your brother-in-law," Jonathan replied casually.

"No, that's not what I meant-" Emmeline turned exceedingly frantic.

"I know. You want to ask why Harrison kneeled before me, no?" Jonathan commented, glancing at her nonchalantly.

"Yes!" Emmeline hurriedly nodded.

"If I hadn't taken your presence into consideration, he might not have been able to appease me even if he had gotten to his knees today," Jonathan remarked airily.

Does falling to one's knees have any use in resolving the problem? If it weren't for me being there today, she would've been sullied by that da*n fatty!

"H-How did you-" Emmeline's voice abruptly grew panicked when she heard that.

If he'd said this to me in the past, I would've certainly thrown him a scornful look and even made a few jibes. Now, however, I don't dare do that anymore! After all, I personally witnessed how that da*n fatty was thrown down from the third floor with an order from him!

"Are you trying to ask what exactly I've experienced in the past three years that I've seemingly become a different person entirely?" Glimpsing her flustered expression, Jonathan calmly asserted, "You'll never be able to imagine all that I've gone through in the past three years. All you need to know is that the person I was three years ago has died. Starting today, I won't allow anyone to pick on the Smith family anymore. But if you all still want to treat me the same as three years ago, I don't mind having the Smith family disappear from the face of this earth!"

If it weren't for Josephine, the Smith family would've died long ago just because of the way they treated me back then!

"Jonathan, you..." Emmeline's heart lurched when she heard that, and she stared at him in terror.

As the memories of her tearing into him back then flashed across her mind, fear snowballed within her.

"You don't need to be afraid, for I won't be doing anything to you." Casting her an indifferent look, Jonathan ordered, "Just pretend as though nothing happened when we arrive home. Don't tell your sister about it."

"Understood!" Emmeline nodded fervently.

Actually, even if he hadn't said anything to that effect, I wouldn't have dared tell Josephine about it either!

Twenty minutes later, the car came to a stop in front of No. 1 Villa.

To Jonathan's surprise, there were a few guards in front of the mansion.

They stood on both sides of the mansion with weapons in their hands.

The second they caught sight of Jonathan, they hastily lifted their hands and saluted him.

"Who told you to come here?" Jonathan questioned with a frown.

"Ms. Yarrow sent us! She said you're a venerable resident; thus, specially assigned us to stand guard here!" a guard quickly answered.

"You can all go back to your posts." Jonathan waved a dismissive hand. "I don't need you to keep guard here."

The average thief probably won't even be able to make it past the gate of No. 1 Villa. On the contrary, if the intruder is an enemy of mine who's aware of my identity, they won't be able to do anything with just the two of them!

"But Ms. Yarrow-" The guard wanted to speak further, only to have Jonathan cutting him off. "Tell her that I was the one who dismissed you both. If she has any objections, she can come and seek me out."

"Understood!"

The two guards shared a look before they left helplessly.

That scene before Emmeline shocked her greatly.

If it were in the past, she would definitely assume that the two guards were extras whom Jonathan hired to put on a show with him.

However, she didn't dare harbor a single shred of doubt after witnessing how petrified Harrison was with a single glance from the man that he dropped to his knees in the private room.

Instead, she even vaguely felt that it was nothing out of the ordinary.

It was already past ten o'clock at night when they arrived home.

Usually, Josephine would have gone to bed long ago. Unexpectedly, not only was she not asleep that night, but she was even watching television in the living room. When she saw them both entering the house, she casually swept her gaze over them. "You're back?"

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Chapter 78 Beauties Are Good At Teasing Men

"Yup!" Jonathan nodded before exclaiming in surprise, "Why are you not in bed?"

"I'm not feeling sleepy yet." Despite her words, Josephine's bloodshot eyes betrayed her. It was clear as day that she wasn't only sleepy, but very much so.

Then, she turned to Emmeline and asked, "How was the birthday party? Did you have fun?"

"I-It was fine." Glancing at Jonathan guiltily, Emmeline bolted for the second floor as though the hounds of hell were nipping at her heels. "I'm tired, so I'm going to bed first!"

After saying that, she fled.

"What's wrong with her?" Josephine eyed Jonathan with furrowed brows when she saw Emmeline's unusual reaction. "Did you ride roughshod over her?"

"Of course not!" Jonathan wore an expression of exasperation. "She's just a little down after having been disparaged by her friends at the birthday party."

"But why do I feel as though she fears you?" Josephine perceptively noticed Emmeline's atypical behavior.

Under usual circumstances, she would definitely be standing before him. When they came home today, however, she stood behind him tensely as though she didn't dare stand in front of him!

"It must have been a trick of the light." Jonathan changed the subject with a smile, saying, "It's late, Darling. Why don't we return to our room and sleep?"

"Who wants to sleep with you?" Josephine shot him a glare. "I waited up for you because I've got something to say to you!"

"What is it?" Sitting down beside her, Jonathan lightly inhaled the alluring scent that wafted off her.

"Smith Group's annual party will be held the day after tomorrow. I've got to make preparations for it at the office tomorrow, so I've got no time to prepare a gift for Grandpa and Grandma. You do it instead." As Josephine said that, she took out a bank card from her pocket. "There's a hundred thousand in this card. The PIN is my birthday. Choose a gift and give it to them during the annual party."

I was planning to use this money to rent a mansion at Edenic Heights, but since that's unnecessary now, it's perfect to buy a gift for the company's annual party!

"Ah, it's time for the annual party?" The Smith Group's annual party was a grand affair every year, so much so that those who didn't know better would think that it was some listed company.

But in reality, the Smith family was only a third-rate family in Jadeborough, a far cry from the four prominent families.

Despite that, the scale of their annual party every year was on par with the top-notch families. Every single descendant of the family had to prepare a gift for the patriarch and matriarch of the Smith family during the annual party.

Furthermore, it couldn't be too cheap either because the members of the Smith family drew comparisons behind closed doors.

Those whose gifts were more expensive would be esteemed, while whoever's gift was cheap would be ridiculed.

The gifts Josephine prepares every year aren't all that expensive, usually just worth ten or twenty thousand. Why is she spending such a fortune to buy a gift this year?

"I don't need this card. I've got money, so I'll go and buy a gift tomorrow." Jonathan returned the bank card to Josephine while contemplating an appropriate gift.

"Drop that act. I know better than anyone whether you've got any money." Josephine didn't take the card. Instead, she turned to Jonathan and urged, "Just buy a gift of about a hundred thousand, but don't say that I told you to buy it. Instead, say that you prepared it!"

That was her ultimate motive.

In the past, he has always been the target of criticism every time he accompanied me in attending the company's annual party. But that's inevitable since he's the only person who married into the Smith family. A live-in son-in-law has little dignity to speak of, and he hasn't much money, so the gift he prepares each time is dirt cheap. As such, our family naturally becomes the laughingstock of the rest of the Smith family.

"You're worried that they'll scorn me, yes?" Jonathan had no difficulty discerning her meaning when she had said as much.

Although Josephine usually treated him coldly, she would still look out for his interest during important moments.

"I just don't want to be mocked alongside you!" With a cold expression on her face, Josephine threw him a glare. Then, she got up and headed toward the second floor.

Even if that's what I think, I'll never admit to it!

"Just admit it. What's there to be embarrassed about when we've been married for such a long time?" Jonathan trailed after her, grinning from ear to ear. He stuffed the bank card into her pocket. "I don't need this money. Just keep this since you've got to support me if I were to lose my job one day!"

"Speaking of that, when are you going to start work?" Hearing the possibility of him losing his job, Josephine abruptly remembered that he had gotten a job at some real estate firm.

If he hadn't mentioned it, I would've forgotten all about it!

"Uh... Tomorrow." Jonathan gave a cough, seized by the urge to kick himself hard.

Why on earth did I bring that up? Wasn't I just shooting myself in the foot?

"Don't tell me that everything you told me back then was a lie?" Josephine's brows knitted together when she noticed the man's flustered state, and she doubted whether his claim of working at a real estate firm was a mere lie.

"Of course not!" Jonathan hastily denied it. "Why don't you go with me tomorrow if you don't believe it?"

"Okay, that's fine. What time are you going tomorrow? I'll drop you off at your office." To his surprise, Josephine agreed.

At once, Jonathan was floored since he thought that she would decline.

"Two or three o'clock in the afternoon tomorrow, I suppose." Jonathan picked a time at random.

I definitely wouldn't have time to set things up if I were to pick a time in the morning. If it were in the afternoon, I would still have time to find a real estate firm. If all else fails, I'll simply acquire one! Okay, I'll do that, then!

For the sake of putting up a show, he decided to acquire a real estate firm.

"Okay. I'll drop you off tomorrow afternoon!" Glancing at him, Josephine noted, "It's late, so go to bed earlier."

Having said that, she headed toward the third floor.

When Jonathan saw that she was leaving, he gave a light cough and went after her. "Um... Darling, I'm a tad afraid of the dark to sleep alone at night. Could I please sleep in your room tonight? I can sleep on the couch. Otherwise, I can even sleep on the floor!"

"Fine. Come with me." At Josephine's unexpected agreement, delight inundated Jonathan. He followed her to the third floor. But when he wanted to step into the room after she had pushed open the door and entered, the room door slammed shut with a bang as she closed the door from the inside.

"Darling, didn't you say that I could sleep in your room?" Jonathan touched his nose, helplessness was written all over his face.

"I was just teasing you. Did you take it seriously?"

A snort from Josephine drifted out of the room.

"Ah, it's indeed true that beauties are good at teasing men!" Jonathan then went back to his own room in exasperation.

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Chapter 79 In The Name Of The King Of War

The night went by in a blink of an eye.

When the day broke the next morning, Josephine had already gone to her office.

Seating on the leather couch, Margaret was watching television. As for Connor, he was busy cooking and cleaning just like he always did in the Smith residence.

The only difference was that Jonathan no longer needed to do them, as Margaret didn't dare force him to.

"Jonathan, you're awake!" When she saw Jonathan come downstairs, Margaret sprang up from the sofa. "Jonathan, are you hungry? Shall I make you a bowl of oatmeal porridge?"

"Whatever you have to say, spit it out!" With Josephine out, there was no need for Jonathan to be cordial with Margaret.

After all, Margaret would never be nice unless she had an agenda.

"Can't I just show you some concern?" Margaret forced an awkward smile. "Jonathan, the next time you head to Jazona, why don't you introduce us to the King of War? Coincidentally, your dad is going there in the next few days. Why don't you come along with us?"

They had barely spoken, and Margaret had already revealed her agenda.

When she mentioned his dad, she was obviously talking about Connor.

"I'm busy these few days. Some other time then," Jonathan rejected her outright.

Do I even need to travel and see Zachary personally? All I need is to make a call, and he will appear right before me.

"What can you be busy with?" Margaret's expression turned solemn after Jonathan rebuffed her. She even regretted calling him by his name instead of a cowardly piece of trash.

"Am I obliged to report my business to you?" Jonathan glared coldly at her and was in no mood for idle chatter.

"What's with that attitude of yours?" Margaret's temper was about to flare when she suddenly remembered that she was staying in Jonathan's house. Hence, she suppressed it at once. "In that case, when will you have time to go with Josephine to complete the transfer of ownership for the house?"

The only reason she tolerated Jonathan was that the mansion still wasn't in Josephine's name.

Once the ownership has changed, Jonathan wouldn't dare talk to me like that anymore. In fact, I would have kicked him out of the house a long time ago.

"It will depend on my mood." Ignoring her, Jonathan walked out of the house.

Although there were no longer any guards stationed in front of the mansion, there would be someone patrolling every few minutes. Obviously, Ivana had decided it on her own accord.

However, Jonathan didn't want to be a busybody. After walking for a short while, he arrived at the entrance of Edenic Heights.

Casually lighting up a cigarette, Jonathan looked in the direction of a piece of empty land and yelled, "Come out!"

However, there was no response at all.

Furrowing his eyebrows, Jonathan asserted in a frosty voice, "I'll give you three seconds. If you don't come out, I'll send you to the Northern Crimson Prison for one year together with Zachary!"

Just as he spoke, the bushes in front of him rustled. The next moment, a few figures in military fatigues and camouflage face paint appeared before him.

In their lead was Andrew, whom Jonathan had run into at the Phoenix International Hotel.

"Commander!"

Andrew looked embarrassed. "How did you notice our presence?"

"Did you actually think you could get past me with that lousy camouflage of yours?" Jonathan shot a glare at them. Ever since he left Phoenix International Hotel, he had already noticed them tailing him.

He was just too lazy to be bothered by it.

Andrew explained awkwardly. "Commander, the King of War insisted that we follow you."

In front of Jonathan, Andrew didn't dare lie at all.

After all, one wouldn't lie to Asura unless one had a death wish.

"I know," Jonathan replied plainly. "The reason I want to speak to you isn't about you tailing me. Instead, I want to ask you if you know any real estate firms in Jadeborough?"

"Real estate firms?" Andrew scratched his head. "Commander, why are you looking for one? Do you still want to buy a house or something?"

"I'm thinking of buying a real estate firm," Jonathan casually answered.

Acquiring a real estate firm? Andrew was even more confused.

Everything under the sun can be commandeered by Asura, so what is the point in taking over a real estate firm?

"I do know some. However, I'm not sure if they are willing to sell," Andrew replied in an uncertain tone.

If I tell them that the buyer is Asura, they would definitely agree without hesitation. However, if Jonathan wants to hide his identity, their response would be entirely different.

"Money is not going to be a problem. Anyway, get this done before two in the afternoon," Jonathan ordered as he was in no mood for idle chatter. After all, Andrew would definitely not object.

"Two in the afternoon?"

Andrew looked perplexed. "Commander, isn't it a little too tight? It's already ten now."

"Hmm?" When Jonathan gave him the side-eye, Andrew was so frightened that he saluted at once. "Yes, Commander. I'll complete the mission!"

"Get it done before two, and I will look past the fact that you tailed me. If you fail, prepare to spend the rest of your life in the Northern Crimson Prison!" The moment he finished, Jonathan turned his head and left.

He didn't even give Andrew the opportunity to protest.

"Sir, what do you think the commander wants to buy a real estate firm for?" Andrew's subordinates asked curiously after Jonathan had left.

Why don't they ask Jonathan when he was around?

"It's a military secret!" Andrew glared fiercely at them. "I'll give you one hour to find out which are the top ten real estate firms in Jadeborough. After that, gather them for a meeting at our base. Tell them that whoever is absent had better pack up and prepare to be kicked out of Jazona!"

“Yes! Commander!”

The soldiers didn't dare refuse. However, before they went on their way, one of them couldn't resist asking, “Sir, are we gathering them in your name?”

“Are you a f*cking idiot?”

Andrew gave him a kick. “Use the King of War's name!”

Obviously, we should be passing the buck to the King of War under such circumstances.

“If the King of War finds out that we falsely used his name...” The soldiers were seized by fear. The mere mention of the King of War would invoke the previous trauma they had experienced.

“So what if he knows?” Andrew snorted. “Even if he does, he has no choice but to grit his teeth and bear with it. It's not like he would dare to let his temper flare.”

After all, acquiring a real estate firm is Asura's idea. So what if the King of War finds out? He will be resigned to accepting it just like everyone else.

The thought of the King of War desperately suppressing his rage elicited a chuckle from Andrew. However, he quickly regained his composure and berated, “What are you spacing out for? Get on with your work right away!”

“Yes, Sir!”

The soldiers turned and left without another word.

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Chapter 80 Graham Group

After leaving, Jonathan didn't return to No. 1 Villa. Instead, he gave Harrison a call.

The moment the call got through, Harrison's voice rang out. “Mr. Goldstein, how can I help you?”

“Are there any antique shops in Jadeborough? I would like to buy a painting,” Jonathan casually remarked. Actually, there were many paintings in his official residence, and all of them were worth hundreds of millions.

However, the Smith Group's annual party was tomorrow. Hence, it was too much to ask for those paintings to be airlifted over.

"Of course there are. But, the paintings there aren't really compatible with your status." After a slight hesitation, Harrison added, "Coincidentally, there's an auction tonight at Jadeborough, and I heard there will be some paintings on the block. Would you be interested in taking a look?"

"An auction?" Jonathan was surprised. He didn't expect a third-tier city like Jadeborough to actually organize an auction.

"That's right. Not only are there paintings on sale, but there are also meteorites, elixirs, and whatnot. However, no one is sure if they're real or fake."

Harrison was obviously not interested in them. However, Jonathan raised his eyebrow when his interest was piqued by the meteorites and elixirs. Unexpectedly, he asked, "What time is the auction?"

"Eight in the evening. Are you going?"

"Mmm-hmm, pick me up from Edenic Heights later."

Jonathan wasn't really keen on the paintings. Instead, he was intrigued by the meteorites and elixirs. To others, such items might be nothing but scams.

But to him, it was not necessarily the case.

Back then, if he hadn't trespassed the army camp by accident and chance upon the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique, there was no way he could conquer and unite the nation within three years.

Consequently, he became Asura because of that.

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Time flew by in a blink of an eye.

When it was one in the afternoon, Josephine came home on purpose from the Smith Group. She had wanted to accompany Jonathan to report for duty at the real estate firm.

In truth, she was checking on him to see if he was lying to her and whether he actually found a job.

"Darling, do you really intend on going to the office with me?" Jonathan began to worry. It was almost two, and yet, there was no news from Andrew still.

Therefore, he wasn't sure if Andrew had managed to acquire the real estate firm yet.

"Or else?" Jonathan stared earnestly at him. "Jonathan, tell me the truth. Is all of what you told me earlier nothing but lies?"

"Of course not!" Jonathan denied it at once. There was no way he would admit it at such a crucial juncture.

"Where is your office? I'll drive you there!" Josephine didn't want to waste any time. Taking out the car key, she turned on the engine of the Lamborghini.

After all, she didn't have much time. After sending Jonathan to this office, she still needed to go back to hers to decorate the place for the annual party.

"For the life of me, I can't remember!" Jonathan pinched his forehead in frustration. "Why don't I make a call to ask?"

"Go ahead."

Josephine looked earnestly at him.

"I'm going outside to make the call." Picking up his phone, Jonathan walked out as if he was going to. The moment he stepped out of the house, he ran into one of the soldiers who was disguised as a civilian.

When the soldier saw Jonathan, he almost saluted by reflex. However, Jonathan interrupted him, "Enough, stop wasting time. Is it done?"

"Yes, Commander!" the soldier replied in a quavering voice. He was so nervous that he was already drenched in sweat.

It was understandable that he felt that way. After all, he was standing in front of the great Asura who had defeated all the nation's enemies.

"Which company?"

"Graham Group," the soldier answered anxiously.

"Graham Group, right?" Jonathan returned to the mansion without turning back. The moment he entered, he looked in Josephine's direction. "Darling, I finally remembered. It's Graham Group!"

"Graham Group?" Josephine was shocked by the name. "Are you sure it's Graham Group?"

"What about it?" Jonathan asked in surprise.

Josephine sounded as if there was something wrong with Graham Group.

"The Graham Group is Jadeborough's top real estate firm, and the company is worth billions. In fact, half of the buildings here were developed by them. Also, I heard that they are very demanding in terms of academic qualifications. One has to be a graduate from a top-tier university in order to get an interview, and that

also applies to their lowest positions. If I recall correctly, aren't you a graduate from a second-tier university?" Josephine gave Jonathan a curious look.

"Is that so? I never heard anything about their requirements for academic qualifications." Jonathan sneakily tried to change the subject. "It might be because I went through the backdoor?"

After shooting Jonathan another unconvinced look, Josephine didn't pursue the matter further.

While they were driving out of Edenic Heights, Josephine remarked, "No matter how you got into the company, you cannot be as nonchalant as you have previously been. I heard that the company is very competitive and strict. If you fail to do your work, they might sack you anytime. So, don't get yourself fired in your first week there."

"There's no way they're going to fire me," Jonathan quipped with a grin. "Who knows, they might be begging me to stay after a few months."

Fire me? You have got to be kidding! I'm going to take over their company and be their new chairman. I'm not going there to be an ordinary employee. Have you ever seen a company fire its chairman before?

"Also, you had better stop your affinity for boasting when you're at work. No one is going to tolerate it there." Josephine glared at him before flooring the accelerator.

However, when they were near Graham Group, Josephine didn't drive straight in. Instead, she stopped at a supermarket nearby.

After a while, Josephine returned with a red plastic bag in hand.

"What did you buy?" Jonathan was surprised when Josephine handed him the bag.

"Cigarettes and some drinks." Josephine casually replied. "When you arrive at the office, you had better be humble and keep your bad habits in check so that others won't resent you. Also, if someone asks for a cigarette, don't be stingy and give it out generously. Once you run out, I'll buy you some more. Also, it's different working in an office. You will be faced with many competitors. If you don't know these unspoken rules, others will quickly ostracize you."

When Josephine educated Jonathan on the politics of an office, Jonathan listened helplessly with a wry smile on his face.

Why is she treating me like a naive newbie, to the extent of reminding me to treat others to a cigarette?

"I understand." Jonathan didn't protest even though he didn't care about such methods. Nevertheless, he was appreciative of the thought that Josephine had put into it. "Darling, in order to thank you, I'll reward you with a kiss!"

"Stop fooling around. We have arrived at your office. Now, get down!" Josephine shoved him aside the moment the car stopped at the ground floor of Graham Group.