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The Legendary Man Chapter 141

Chapter 141 Really Dare To Shoot

“Kill him, Grandpa!” Preston couldn’t help shouting as soon as he saw Hunter whipping out a gun.

He was gripped by the urge to snatch the gun away from his grandfather and shoot Jonathan dead.

Never had I suffered such humiliation ever since young! And the mortification is so great that I don’t think I’ll be appeased even if I shoot him ten times over!

“Kill him? Isn’t that too easy for him?” Hunter eyed Jonathan with a sneer and announced, “We should first break his legs before breaking his arms. Won’t it be even more tormenting for him to keep him in such agonizing pain that he wishes for death?”

“Yes! We should torture him! We must torture him to the point that death would be a mercy!” Preston’s features were contorted by cruelty.

Everyone there stared at Jonathan icily at that moment. It was as though he had already been sentenced to death in their eyes.

Tavion, especially, looked at him with a smirk playing on his lips. “Aren’t you skilled at fighting, Jonathan? Why are you not doing so anymore? Didn’t you even say that you wanted to kill me? Why have you stopped now?”

“As I said, you’re just an ant. As an ant, you’ve got to have the corresponding self-awareness!”

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This time, Tavion was finally feeling invincible.

However, Hunter didn't notice Rhett eyeing him at the side as though he was an idiot.

Well, he actually dared whip out a gun in front of Mr. Goldstein? Does he have a death wish? Or is he sick of living? Back then, I saw with my own eyes how the dozen or so police officers with guns in their hands were all soundly trounced by him. Even a dozen professional police officers weren't his match, yet he wants to try when he already has a foot in the grave? He's just asking for it!

"Have you all finished talking?" Despite the smug look in their eyes as they regarded him, Jonathan swept a blithe gaze over them all before stating, "If so, you can go and meet your maker!"

When his words fell, he moved at lightning speed.

Hunter merely saw a black figure flashing past before pain shot through his wrist. He couldn't even see Jonathan's movements clearly, but the gun in his hand had already ended up in the man's hand instead.

When he snapped back to his senses, the muzzle was already pointed at his head.

"Who gave you the guts to whip out a gun before me?" The black gun spun several times in Jonathan's hand, but the muzzle never left Hunter's head.

From the very day I accidentally broke into the military camp three years ago, I've been no stranger to heavy gunfire. What's more, my hands are stained with the blood of innumerable lives! Is he sick of living that he dared to whip out a gun in front of me?

At almost the same time, everyone there jolted back to reality, but they all couldn't quite believe their eyes.

The gun was unmistakably in Old Mr. York's hand the previous second. How did it end up in his hand in the blink of an eye? How did he do that?

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When the muzzle of the gun was pointed at him, a trace of defeat manifested on Hunter's face at long last. "It seems that I've still underestimated you. I've always thought that you're just a snot-nosed kid who's ignorant and arrogant, but it looks like I was wrong."

Studying Jonathan intently, he demanded, "Well? Who exactly are you? And why did you lure me here today?"

"Lure you? Who do you think you are?" Upon hearing that, Jonathan looked at him coldly. "You think too highly of yourself!"

"Are you not here because of me?" Hunter's expression promptly changed.

In his opinion, Jonathan was either a professional assassin or retired special forces. Otherwise, it made no sense that someone of his caliber would get into a conflict with his grandson.

I know my own grandson all too well! He's just a rich playboy, so how could he possibly offend a professional assassin like him? The only possibility is that this is a trap in the first place, one specially designed for me!

"As I've said, you think too highly of yourself!" Glancing at him airily, Jonathan reminded, "I've long since warned you not to butt into this matter, but you were too obstinate to heed my warning. Therefore, I've got no choice but to send you across the great divide!"

Following his words, a click sounded as he cocked the gun.

A second before he was going to pull the trigger, Hunter's expression abruptly changed. He was still scheming inwardly with disdain written clear on his face earlier, but a flicker of fear flashed across his eyes right then.

"Wait! Since you're not here because of me, there's no unresolvable conflict between us! If it was just my grandson having offended you, I'm willing to apologize on his behalf. Feel free to propose whatever stipulation you like, for I'll agree to anything at all!"

Ultimately, he chose to give in.

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Given the choice between giving in and dying, he still chose the former at the end of the day.

What's embarrassing about giving in? As long as I get to live, I wouldn't even hesitate if he wants me to fall to my knees before him and apologize, let alone doing such an easy thing as caving to him!

"You'll agree to whatever stipulation I propose?" Hearing that, Jonathan eyed him impassively and drawled, "What if my stipulation is to have the two of you depart this life?"

"Are you making a fool of me?" At once, Hunter's expression darkened and became frightfully grim. "You'd better stop while you're ahead, kid! If you kill me, you won't get anything. Instead, you'll even be hunted by the York family! Considering the York family's influence, I'm afraid you won't be able to leave Jazona alive after killing me!"

"Ah, really? Then, I'd truly like to see whether I can leave Jazona alive after killing you!" Right after saying that, Jonathan didn't bother yakking with him anymore. He pulled the trigger in short order. A bang pierced the air, upon which a golden bullet shot out at lightning speed.

It went right through Hunter's right leg.

As excruciating pain assailed his right leg, Hunter dropped to his knees before Jonathan.

That scene instantly struck stark fear into everyone there that the color drained from their faces.

Tavion's secretary, especially, went as pale as a sheet.

I never thought that he'd actually dare to fire a shot! That's the patriarch of the York family, one of the four prominent families! Yet, he dared to shoot him? Does he really have a death wish?

"Grandpa!" Preston cried out frantically when he heard the gun going off, jolting in fright.

Nonetheless, he didn't dare take a step forward. In fact, he didn't even dare twitch a single muscle.

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"You really dare to shoot me, kid?"

Hunter's eyes bore into Jonathan, his gaze carrying a murderous intent that bordered on fanatical.

"Did you think I was joking with you?" Jonathan threw him a chilly glance and declared, "Didn't you say earlier that you wanted to break my legs first before breaking my arm? In that case, I'll return it to you in the same manner!"

After he had said that, he pulled the trigger again. Another bang rang out, and the bullet went through the man's other leg.

The Legendary Man Chapter 142

Chapter 142 What An Ignorant Fool

On the heels of that, an agonized wail split the air.

Both of Hunter's legs were maimed by Jonathan.

However, none of the people there dared to utter a single protest.

Even Preston cowered in the corner despite the sight before him, not even daring to move an inch.

"You'll definitely die a horrific death, kid! The York family will never let you off the hook!" Hunter shot daggers at Jonathan as he knelt in the pool of blood. The look in his eyes was so menacing that it was as though he wanted to skin the man alive.

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Unfortunately, looks couldn't kill.

Otherwise, he would have ripped the man to ribbons time and again ages ago.

"Do you think the York family will still exist after you die?" Sneering, Jonathan regarded him blithely and reiterated, "To me, the York family is no more than an ant!"

What? The York family is no more than an ant?

Upon hearing that, everyone there stared at Jonathan as though they were looking at a moron.

Who in the whole of Jazona would dare utter such a remark to Hunter York? And who would dare say that the York family, one of the four prominent families, is no more than an ant?

"Hah! What an ignorant fool!" Hunter snorted at that audacious statement. Regarding Jonathan as though the man would certainly die soon, he asserted, "Kid, I assure you that you'll definitely die a horrific death!"

"You're blathering too much!" By then, Jonathan was no longer in the mood to listen to those feeble threats. "What other tricks do you still have up your sleeve? If there's nothing left, I'll send you to meet your maker now!"

After saying that, he swept a placid glance over the three people kneeling on the ground—Hunter, Preston, and Tavion.

In the blink of an eye, their faces went ashen.

That went doubly so for Preston. He had never thought that there would come a day when he was forced to his knees like a dog while awaiting his execution when he was the heir of the York family!

"I don't want to die! Please don't kill me! I beg you!" he abruptly shrieked at the top of his lungs.

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“Shut up!” When his cry reverberated in the room, Hunter’s head snapped back, and he glared at him hotly. “The descendants of the York family aren’t as cowardly as you! It’s just death, no? What’s there to fear? Do your worse, kid! I’m a chicken if I even frown!”

As things had come to that, he no longer harbored any illusions. Alas, his fear of death didn’t apply to Preston. When Preston heard his grandfather’s assertion, he instantly burst into tears and howled, “I don’t want to die, Grandpa! I’m still young! There are tons of women I haven’t slept with and a boatload of money I haven’t spent! How could I die?”

The second he finished saying that, he prostrated himself before Jonathan on his knees and groveled without delay, “Please spare me, Mr. Goldstein! Just consider me a clown and let me go, won’t you?”

“Get up right this instance, you unfilial child!” Hunter was so livid when he saw him groveling that his eyes blazed scarlet. “The York family doesn’t have a spineless descendant like you!”

“I don’t need to have any spine! I just want to live!” Preston remained kneeling on the ground and continued begging for mercy.

Regretfully, Jonathan shook his head. “It’s too late. I gave you an opportunity, but you didn’t appreciate it.”

Having said that, he slowly raised the gun in his hand.

When Preston noticed his movement, unadulterated fear deluged him, and he shook like a leaf. “No! Don’t kill me!”

No sooner had he said that than a flurry of loud footsteps sounded outside the private room door out of the blue.

Shortly after, someone unexpectedly pushed open the door from the outside.

“What’s going on here? And what’s with all the racket? How utterly disgraceful!” As the voice rang out, a middle-aged man in traditional attire stalked into the room.

He didn’t seem all that advanced in age, seemingly only in his fifties.

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Behind him, four or five middle-aged men followed in suits and glasses.

But the moment the middle-aged man stepped in, Hunter, who had resigned himself to death on his knees on the ground, recognized him at a single glance. "Mr. Chandler?"

"Hmm?" When the voice drifted into his ears, the middle-aged man known as Mr. Chandler reflexively lowered his head and gazed in that direction. As soon as he made out the man kneeling on the ground, his brows promptly scrunched together. "Old Mr. York? What are you doing?"

Mr. Chandler?

The instant that name was tossed out, everyone immediately trained their gazes on the middle-aged man.

In Jazona, the only person known as Mr. Chandler is the secretary-general of the governor's office, Henry Chandler!

"Mr. Chandler, I..." Hunter's expression was as black as thunder. He was just about to say something when Preston, who was initially kneeling on the ground, jumped to his feet and sprinted over to Henry. "Save me, Mr. Chandler! Someone wants to kill me!"

The man's arrival was analogous to a knight in shining armor to Preston, and he rushed over without the slightest hesitation.

"Preston?" Henry frowned slightly upon recognizing the man. "What happened? Who wants to kill you? Calm down and tell me all about it. With me here, no one can kill you."

"Mr. Chandler..." At that precise moment, Tavion, who had been kneeling on the ground for half an hour, likewise called out Henry's name weakly.

"Tavion?" The furrow of Henry's brows deepened at once. "Why are you here as well? What exactly is going on? Why are you all on your knees here?"

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"I told them to kneel!" Jonathan declared without warning just when the man's brows were almost permanently drawn together. The minute Henry heard the voice, he cut his gaze at the man. "Who are you?"

"That is of no importance. All you need to know is that you can't interfere in this matter!" Jonathan hadn't the patience to prattle with him.

"I can't interfere?" At his pronouncement, Henry acted as though he had heard the world's greatest joke.

As the secretary-general of the governor's office and Kingstone Warhol's personal secretary, no one had ever dared to say such a thing to me. Everyone is humble and servile to me, both government officials of all ranks in Jazona and business owners with a net worth of billions or tens of billions! Yet, a snot-nosed kid like him dared speak to me in such an impertinent manner?

"Am I hearing you correctly? Do you know who I am? And are you aware of how many years it had been since someone dared to speak to me so brazenly?" He eyed the man frostily, drawling, "Is there still any matter in Jazona I can't interfere in? I'll just see whether you're above the law in this place that no one can keep you in line!"

Snorting, he no longer paid the man any mind but looked down at Hunter kneeling on the ground, urging, "Just speak freely without any fear, Old Mr. York! With me here, no one will dare harm a hair on your head!"

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The Legendary Man Chapter 143

Chapter 143 An Inconsequential Secretary General

As the secretary-general of the governor's office and Kingstone's personal secretary, the power Henry wielded in the whole of Jazona was only second to Kingstone himself.

Even the mayor had to show him respect upon meeting him.

After all, he was the person closest to Kingstone.

"Mr. Chandler, I suspect that he's a professional assassin!" With Henry there, Hunter instantly grew much bolder. "Not only did he attempt to commit murder, but he even has a destructive weapon on him! If you'd even arrived a few minutes later, Mr. Chandler, I'm afraid that you would've missed seeing me for the very last time!"

"He's a professional assassin, you said?" In response, Henry's expression abruptly changed.

"Yes!" Hunter nodded hastily. "Look at my legs, Mr. Chandler! It was him who shot me!"

While saying that, he pointed at his legs that had long since been shot through by bullets.

At the sight of the bullet holes in his legs, the change in Henry's expression intensified. "How audacious! This is a blatant crime! What is the police in Jazona doing that a professional assassin managed to sneak into Empyrean Palace and endanger civilians? Why is the lot of you standing around and twiddling your thumbs? Hurry up and lodge a police report!"

Right after he had finished speaking, he jerked his head around and glared at the few middle-aged men behind him.

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Following his order, the few middle-aged men whipped out their phones to call the police without a single word.

“No, just lodging a police report isn’t sufficient! Apprise the Divine Dragon Guards of the situation and have them deploy the Special Forces for backup. If all else fails, have the Divine Dragon Guards themselves come personally. Also, notify everyone to seal off Empyrean Palace immediately! Without my order, no one is allowed to enter or leave!”

As expected of someone accustomed to handling critical matters, nary a trace of panic showed on Henry’s face despite hearing that Jonathan was a professional assassin.

Instead, he started making all the necessary arrangements to gain control of the situation in an orderly manner.

Alas, the look in everyone’s eyes turned exceedingly strange when they heard him giving the instruction to lodge a police report.

Lodge a police report? Why do so when the police chief is standing right there? What’s the use of doing so? Even the police chief himself dares not intervene in this matter and only remains a spectator! Yet, he wants to call the police?

“There’s no need to lodge a police report, Mr. Chandler! The police chief is right there!” Tavion, who had been keeping mum, suddenly piped up.

As he said that, he pointed at Rhett, who was standing in the corner and trying his best to make himself invisible.

“What?” Henry’s face darkened at lightning speed when he heard that. Casting his gaze in the direction where the man was pointing, he peered at Rhett and demanded, “You’re a police chief in Jazona? Which branch are you from?”

“Mr. Chandler, I’m Rhett Barnstone, the police chief of Lightspring Police Station...” Seeing that he had been called out, Rhett could no longer pretend that he wasn’t there. He could only bite the bullet and speak up.

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But before he had even finished speaking, Henry irritably cut him off. “You’re the police chief of Lightspring Police Station, yes? Let me ask you this—as a police chief, how could you just watch as a criminal caused grievous bodily harm here? Why didn’t you arrest him?”

“I can explain, Mr. Chandler!” Although the man didn’t know him, Rhett knew of the man.

After all, few were unaware of the person who was acting as the secretary-general of the governor’s office.

“Forget it! You don’t need to explain anything.” Henry didn’t give him any opportunity to explain things, thundering, “Despite being a police chief, you actually banded up with a criminal and aided him in violating the law! I think your time as the police chief is nearing its end. Have your director write me a report on this matter tomorrow. If I’m not satisfied with it, you’ll be dismissed from your post!”

He was so enraged that his face flushed bright red.

He’s a police chief, yet he merely stood idly by and watched as the professional assassin carried out his crimes! Worse still, he simply turned a blind eye to Hunter, Tavion, and Preston kneeling before the man without doing anything! What right does someone like him have to be police chief?

“Understood, Mr. Chandler!” Rage bubbled within Rhett at the man’s reprimand, but he didn’t dare utter a single word in protest.

How I wish to do something as well, but I haven’t the capability to do so! Even Thierry, the top brass of the Divine Dragon Guards, doesn’t dare to simply interfere in his matter! Would I, an insignificant police chief, dare to do so?

“Hmph!” Henry harrumphed when he saw the man’s ingratiating demeanor.

Glancing at the middle-aged men behind him, he commanded, “Notify the Divine Dragon Guards immediately and have them come personally!”

“Understood, Mr. Chandler!”

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Subsequent to his order, the few middle-aged men behind him promptly took out their phones and contacted the Divine Dragon Guards.

At the turn of events unfolding right before his eyes, Tavion couldn't help staring at Jonathan with a trace of scorn in his eyes.

Ah, poor you, Jonathan! You weren't my match four years ago, and you're still beneath me four years later! So what if you've got some hidden identity? And what does it matter even if you're skilled at fighting? No matter how powerful your identity, could it surpass that of the secretary-general of the governor's office? And despite being skilled at fighting, would you be any match for the Divine Dragon Guards? No matter how powerful your identity, could you trump the secretary-general of Jazona? And could you defeat the Divine Dragon Guards?

"Hah! I don't care what kind of background you have or who you've got backing you up, young man! Don't forget that it's Jazona here, the place where the governor's office and the King of War Division rule supreme! It's not someplace a snot-nosed kid like you can do as you please!" Henry regarded Jonathan coldly with blatant disdain shining in his eyes.

Hah! He's most likely the good-for-nothing son of some big shot, flexing his muscles here with the connections and influence his family possesses! Wealthy heirs who only depend on their fathers without having anything to show for themselves like him are precisely the kind of people I despise most in my entire life!

"Are you done yakking?" A flash of impatience flickered in Jonathan's eyes when Henry continued to ramble on and on. "You're Mr. Chandler, yes? As the secretary-general of the governor's office, do you not have the most basic ability to tell right from wrong? You're just going to believe whatever they say? Don't you have even the slightest sense of judgment? Is this how Kingstone usually teaches you?"

"How impudent!" When Henry heard him addressing Kingstone by name, a glimmer of fury glinted in his eyes. "Who do you think you are that you're worthy of addressing Mr. Warhol by name?"

"Why, I can't address him by name?" Upon hearing that, Jonathan scoffed, "Even if Kingstone were standing here, he wouldn't dare have any objections to me calling him by name, much less an inconsequential secretary-general like you!"

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An inconsequential secretary-general?

At that remark, everyone eyed him as though he was an idiot.

That's the secretary-general of the governor's office, Kingstone Warhol's personal secretary! The man's authority and status are even more formidable than that of the mayor of Jazona! Yet, he's merely an inconsequential secretary-general in his eyes?

The Legendary Man Chapter 144

Chapter 144 An Order

"Do you think you're worthy of meeting Mr. Warhol himself?" In response to Jonathan's remark, Henry sneered before asserting, "Young man, I don't care who you are or the might of the person backing you up! As long as I remain in Jazona, you'll never have the opportunity to do whatever you wish here!"

After saying that, he no longer bothered to bandy words with Jonathan.

He turned to the few middle-aged men behind him instead, demanding, "So, have you all contacted the Divine Dragon Guards?"

"Yes!" One of the middle-aged men nodded, adding, "They'll be deploying a team over right away!"

"And have you sealed off this place?" Henry continued asking.

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“Yes!” The middle-aged man again nodded and reassured, “The manager of Emphyrean Palace was very cooperative in sealing off the entire restaurant with no entry or exit allowed. Without your order, no one can leave this place!”

“Great!” Henry nodded approvingly after hearing that.

Then, he shifted his gaze back to Jonathan and barked, “Young man, did you hear everything I said just now? I’d advise you to put down the gun in your hand and surrender. Otherwise, you might not even have the chance to do so when the Divine Dragon Guards arrive later!”

The Divine Dragon Guards are part of the Four Asura Guards and receive their orders straight from Zachary Lint. Even as the secretary of the governor’s office, I can only appeal to them to give me a hand. Besides, they’re not meant to maintain law and order. Instead, they unequivocally take lives whenever they’re deployed! It’s no exaggeration to say that they’re basically ruthless killing machines. Someone like him will probably be riddled with bullet holes in less than a minute when they arrive!

“I heard everything you said just now loud and clear. However, it seems that you hadn’t heard a single word I said.” Jonathan glanced at him airily when he had finished speaking and repeated, “I said that this isn’t something you can poke your nose into.”

“What if I’m determined to do just that?” Snorting, Henry declared, “I just want to see who exactly I can’t afford to offend in Jazona and the matter I’m supposed to be cowed from interfering!”

In the whole of Jazona, there are only three people whom I fear as the secretary-general of the governor’s office—Zachary Lint, Kingstone Warhol, and the head of the Divine Dragon Guards, Thierry Cloutier! Other than the three of them, who else can I not afford to offend?

“If you insist on intervening, I’ll have no choice but to question Kingstone where he got the guts to butt into my affairs!” In an instant, Jonathan’s gaze went chilly.

Even if Kingstone were standing right here, would he dare poke his nose into my business, not to mention an insignificant secretary-general?

“Hah! Did you think Mr. Warhol is someone whom you can meet and question at will?” Henry didn’t take his words seriously at all.

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Jazona is a vast place, but few have the right to meet Mr. Warhol. I've seen all of those bigwigs and am acquainted with them. Would a snot-nosed kid like him have the right to meet Mr. Warhol? In his dreams!

"You want to question Mr. Warhol, no? Go ahead. I'll grant you this opportunity. Do you have his phone number? Or do you need me to give it to you?" he drawled, looking at the man coldly.

"What a fool!" Jonathan merely cast him a wintry glance. Not in the mood to jabber with the man, he took out his phone and rang Zachary up.

A moment later, Zachary's voice rang out from the other end of the phone. "Mr. Goldstein!"

"Tell Kingstone to come and see me at Empyrean Palace in ten minutes. If he's even a second late, he doesn't need to do so anymore!" Jonathan ordered in a frigid voice.

"Understood, Mr. Goldstein!" Zachary didn't bother saying anything superfluous, inquiring, "Do you need me to go over as well, Mr. Goldstein?"

"No, it's okay." Jonathan then hung up.

Hearing that, everyone looked at him as though he was a simpleton.

Henry, especially, couldn't help rolling his eyes.

Oh wow, continue acting! He's just a snot-nosed kid, yet he dares to order Mr. Warhol to come over in such a commanding tone? Is he not quite right in the head? In the whole of Jazona, only one person dares to speak to Mr. Warhol in such a tone—Zachary Lint. As the secretary-general of the governor's office, I've seen him plenty of times, so I know what the man looks like exactly. Nonetheless, a kid like him who's still clinging to his mother's skirts is putting on an act in front of me? He's still too wet behind the ears!

"Ten minutes, yes? Fine, I'll give you ten minutes! I'll await Mr. Warhol's arrival with you! We shall see whether he comes after ten minutes!" he sneered as he threw Jonathan a contemptuous look after the man had hung up the phone.

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“Don’t entertain him, Mr. Chandler! Have people arrest him straight away!” Tavion couldn’t help urging when he saw that Henry was actually giving Jonathan another ten minutes.

Things might change for the worse as time ticks by, and I don’t want anything to go wrong!

“What’s the hurry?” Harrumphing, Henry retorted, “Is the Divine Dragon Guards going to teleport here? And can you restrain him alone?”

That riposte instantly rendered Tavion speechless.

Indeed, that’s true. He even defeated a dozen ex-military personnel without breaking a sweat, so how could we possibly restrain him with our puny strength? Furthermore, he has a gun in his hand. What if he shoots when backed into a corner?

“Since he likes to put on an act, I’ll just play along with him!” Chuckling coldly, Henry dipped his head and glanced at his watch before adding, “It so happens that I’d like to see who the person backing him up is that he has the guts to tell me that this isn’t a matter I can intervene in!”

If he was merely sticking his oar in things after meeting Hunter by coincidence earlier, it was now a matter between him and Jonathan.

Since he was making a move against Jonathan, he decided to also eliminate the person backing the man up.

As for whoever was right or wrong between Hunter and Jonathan, he wasn’t the least bit concerned about the answer.

At times, that didn’t matter at all for people like them.

The most important thing was having the most powerful backer!

Time ticked by slowly.

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The entire private room was eerily silent. The ten minutes seemingly passed exceedingly slowly. Everyone had their gazes trained on the door, seemingly waiting for something or other.

However, they weren't waiting for Kingstone but the Divine Dragon Guards instead.

They were waiting for them to shoot Jonathan dead right on the spot as soon as they arrived.

After all, they didn't think Kingstone would make an appearance, not believing that Kingstone would come running at an order from Jonathan.

Ultimately, he was the second most powerful person in Jazona as the governor of Jazona.

"It's almost time. It looks like Mr. Warhol isn't coming, after all." When only a few seconds remained of the ten minutes, Henry finally ambled to his feet, not in the mood to continue playing along with Jonathan. But just as his words fell, someone kicked open the private room door.

The Legendary Man Chapter 145

Chapter 145 Kingstone Arrives

Next, the sound of hurried footsteps stomping heavily on the floor could be heard.

It felt as if the ground would shatter beneath their force.

With a loud bang, the door to the private room was kicked open.

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A middle-aged man in a military uniform walked in. Behind him were tens of soldiers dressed in military fatigues and armed with heavy weaponry.

The moment he entered, his sharp gaze swept through the crowd before he declared, "I'm the captain of Special Forces Team Two under the Divine Dragon Guards. I'm here under orders to provide reinforcements. May I know who Mr. Henry Chandler is?"

The moment he saw the middle-aged captain, Henry's eyes lit up. He quickly replied, "It's me!"

"Mr. Chandler, did you contact the Divine Dragon Guards for support?" The captain glanced at Henry and asked, "What's so serious that you have to mobilize the Divine Dragon Guards?"

"There's someone assaulting innocents here on purpose. He's also in possession of an extremely dangerous weapon. I suspect that he's an assassin sent from outside the border!" Henry turned around and gave Jonathan a cold stare. "I propose that you shoot him right away!"

"An assassin has infiltrated our borders?" The captain's expression drastically changed. With a wave of his hand, he ordered, "Everyone, prepare for battle!"

"Yes, Sir!"

Upon his instructions, the soldiers cocked their guns and aimed them at everyone in the private room.

Even Henry wasn't excluded.

The soldiers were waiting for their captain's orders to fire.

"Who among them is the assassin?" the captain asked Henry.

"It's him!" Henry pointed at Jonathan.

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“Hmm?”

The moment he saw Jonathan, the captain’s face flashed with surprise. To him, Jonathan was simply too youthful-looking to be an assassin. If Henry hadn’t pointed him out, the captain would have thought that Jonathan was a fresh graduate out of university.

“Is he the foreign assassin you’re talking about?” The captain furrowed his eyebrows slightly. Nevertheless, he adopted a cautious stance and didn’t underestimate Jonathan just because of his age.

“That’s right!” Henry nodded and remarked, “Just shoot him on the spot or take him back to the Divine Dragon Guards’ base. I suggest that you interrogate him thoroughly, as I suspect that he’s working with someone on the inside.”

“The Divine Dragon Guards doesn’t need anyone from the governor’s office to teach us how to do our job!” the captain asserted in response to Henry’s pretentious commands.

The Divine Dragon Guards is under the sole authority of the King of War Division. Therefore, we only take orders from them. Consequently, the governor’s office has no right to tell us what to do.

“I’m sorry that I spoke out of turn.” Although Henry was dissatisfied with the captain’s attitude toward him, he had no choice but to suppress his anger. After all, the Divine Dragon Guards only took orders from Thierry and Zachary.

Even though Henry was the secretary-general of the governor’s office and Kingstone’s personal secretary, it didn’t mean anything to the Divine Dragon Guards. He was unable to throw his weight around in front of them, unlike how he could before everyone else.

“Hmph!”

Snorting, the captain looked at Jonathan and ordered, “Put down your weapon and raise your hands. Or else, you’ll be executed on the spot!”

That was how the Divine Dragon Guards executed their missions.

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Their enemies had the choice to either surrender or die.

“Executed on the spot? Who gave you that order? Zachary or Thierry?” Even though he heard the captain’s orders, Jonathan couldn’t be bothered to look at him. Instead, he sneered, “Who ordered you to poke your nose into my business? All of you should get out! If you dare persist, I’ll punish you lot with a week of solitary confinement!”

The moment he spoke, everyone was stunned.

No one had expected Jonathan to admonish the Divine Dragon Guards despite having tens of gun barrels aimed at his head.

They’re the Divine Dragon Guards, for goodness sake! They don’t even need a reason to kill, and yet Jonathan dares to speak to them that way?

“Are you telling us, the Divine Dragon Guards, what to do?” The captain’s expression darkened drastically in response. “What gives you the right to order us around?”

The Divine Dragon Guards only take orders from Thierry and Zachary. Even Kingstone has no authority over us. And yet, a foreign assassin dares to give us orders?

“You should ask Thierry whether I have the right or not!” Jonathan glanced at his watch, not wanting to waste a moment longer. “It’s almost time for this ruckus to end!”

As he finished speaking, Jonathan stood up and looked outside the door. At that very moment, a flurry of footsteps was heard before an elderly man in a suit barged in.

Behind him were four or five brawny men in suits. While catching up with him, they yelled, “Mr. Warhol, please slow down. Your body can’t cope with how fast you’re going!”

“Stop wasting my time and step aside!”

With that, Kingstone rushed into the private room.

The moment he saw Kingstone, Henry’s expression turned sullen as he hurried forward to receive him. “Mr. Warhol, what brings you here?”

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Mr. Warhol?

Everyone was shocked to hear that name.

This elderly man with greying hair is actually Kingstone Warhol, governor of Jazona?

“Mr. Chandler? Why are you here?” The moment he saw Henry, Kingstone was filled with surprise. However, he was in no mood to speak to him. Instead, he simply shoved him aside. “Out of my way!”

“Mr. Warhol—” Before Henry could say anything, he realized Kingstone had already disregarded him and was walking in Jonathan’s direction instead.

At that moment, everyone’s attention shifted from Kingstone to Jonathan.

They still couldn’t believe what was unfolding before them.

Kingstone had actually come on Jonathan’s account.

How is this possible?

After all, Kingstone was the most powerful man in Jazona, second only to Zachary.

How is it that he hurried over within ten minutes, just as Jonathan had instructed?

“Asura, it’s my honor to have you grace us with your presence.”

The moment he saw Jonathan, Kingstone dropped to his knees without hesitation.

Why is the mighty governor of Jazona kneeling in front of Jonathan?

In that instant, everyone felt as if their minds had gone blank. In fact, they couldn’t even believe their eyes.

The governor of Jazona, Mr. Warhol, is actually kneeling in front of Jonathan?

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