

The Legendary Man Chapter 226

Chapter 226 Is He Impotent

The night passed in the blink of an eye.

When the sky was gradually brightening, Josephine found herself nestled in Jonathan's arms at some point in time like a kitten.

In an instant, her face flushed bright red. Recalling the events last night, she hurriedly lowered her head and glanced at herself, only to see that she was still wearing the gown from last night.

Everything was intact, and she didn't feel any soreness either.

Oh, he didn't take advantage of me after I fell asleep last night. In fact, he didn't even remove my clothes!

At that thought, she couldn't help blushing once more.

I had braced myself to give myself to him last night, but the alcohol went to my head, and I drifted off unknowingly while a tad tipsy.

As she remembered Jonathan's tormented look the night before, she inexorably burst into giggles.

In turn, her laughter had the man rolling over and pulling her into his arms, his slight stubble abrading her face.

Wrinkling her nose, she wiggled out of his embrace and went to the bathroom for a shower.

When she stepped out of the bathroom, Jonathan was still sleeping soundly, so she went downstairs after changing into her pajamas.

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Connor was reading the newspaper in the living room downstairs while Margaret was bustling about in the kitchen, seemingly making soup.

Meanwhile, Emmeline had returned from campus and was scrolling through her phone with her head lowered.

The second Margaret spotted Josephine descending the stairs, she quickly rushed out of the kitchen. "You're up, Josephine? Where's Jonathan? Is he still asleep?"

"Yeah."

Josephine eyed her dubiously, for she simply couldn't shake off the feeling that Margaret was acting strangely that day.

"Let him sleep, then. Don't wake him. Not only did he drink quite a bit last night, but he even exerted himself out the whole night. So, let him rest for a while. I made some soup for him. Carry it over to him when he wakes up!"

"What are you saying, Mom?" When Josephine heard her speaking of Jonathan exerting himself out the whole night, crimson bloomed on her face as she reflexively recalled the scene where he pinned her under him last night.

She could feel her face flaming at just the mere thought of it.

Noticing her flushed cheeks, Margaret mistook it as her being embarrassed. "I've experienced it myself, so you don't need to hide such a thing from me! Wasn't I a maiden like you in the past?"

"Mom..."

At her remark, the shade of crimson on Josephine's face deepened.

"All right, I'll stop speaking of it. Anyway, hurry up and have a child while I'm still young so that I can help to take care of the child in the future!"

The couple had only been married for a day, but Margaret was already yearning for a grandchild.

At that, Josephine murmured with her face burning hotly, "Don't run your mouth, Mom! N-Nothing happened between us last night..."

When instant Margaret heard that, her eyes instantly went wide. "Nothing happened? Why? Is he impotent, or did you forbid him from touching you?"

"Mom!" Josephine couldn't help shooting her a glare. "Lower your voice!"

"What exactly happened?" Margaret demanded in a whisper, lowering her voice.

"I was sloshed last night and accidentally fell asleep," Josephine admitted, her face stained crimson.

Upon hearing that answer, Margaret jabbed a finger at her head. "You brat! You actually slipped into slumber on your wedding night and left Jonathan to spend the night alone?"

"Weren't you adamant about not allowing him to touch me all this while, Mom?" Josephine studied her dubiously, finding her all the more peculiar as she did so.

In the past, she always watched us like a hawk whenever we shared a room. Why did she change out of the blue today?

Surprisingly, Margaret shot daggers at her. "That's in the past! How could that be the same with the present, brat?"

"How is it different?" Josephine inquired.

"In the past..."

Margaret opened her mouth, but she didn't dare speak the truth.

After all, Jonathan previously warned everyone not to tell Josephine his true identity...

Otherwise, the penalty would be death.

"What about the past?" Josephine asked when she noticed Margaret faltering.

"N-Nothing!" Margaret shook her head. Glancing at the kitchen, she hastily changed the subject. "Oh no, the food is getting burnt!"

Right after saying that, she took to her heels.

Josephine's brows furrowed at her odd behavior. She then walked over to Emmeline. Emmeline, on the other hand, casually lifted her eyes when she caught sight of the former and murmured, "Where's my brother-in-law?"

"Your brother-in-law?"

Astonishment showed on Josephine's face when she heard that address, for other than Margaret, the person who detested Jonathan most in the family was Emmeline.

Yet, she's referring to Jonathan as her brother-in-law today?

"What's wrong? Is there a problem?" Emmeline eyed her strangely upon seeing her utter surprise.

"Didn't you loathe to acknowledge him as your brother-in-law in the past?" Josephine wondered in puzzlement.

In response, Emmeline rolled her eyes and countered, "That's in the past! Now that you're both married, how else am I to refer to him if not my brother-in-law?"

"When did you become so obedient?" Josephine regarded her in perplexity.

From what I remember, this sister of mine is no angel. In the past, she was the main culprit in playing Jonathan for a fool!

"People grow up!" Emmeline curled her lips without giving voice to her true thoughts.

Ultimately, she promised Jonathan that she would never breathe a word about the incident that night to Josephine.

"I'm glad to hear that!" Josephine couldn't resist patting her on the head. But just as she was about to speak further, Jonathan, who had come downstairs at some time, spotted her and greeted, "Darling!"

“Jonathan!”

At the sight of him, Emmeline promptly put her phone down.

Margaret also hurried out of the kitchen at that exact moment and looked at Jonathan with a bright smile. “You’re up, Jonathan? Quick, have a seat! I’ve made some soup. You must be hungry after drinking quite a bit last night.”

Rubbing his stomach, Jonathan smirkingly cast Josephine a glance and remarked, “I was dead tired last night!”

“Zip it, Jonathan!”

The moment Josephine heard that, she shot daggers at him.

“Okay, whatever you say!” At her irate expression, Jonathan docilely zipped his mouth. Just then, Margaret placed a bowl of soup in front of him. “Try this soup I made, Jonathan.”

“Sure!”

After Jonathan took it, she glowered at Josephine. “Why are you still sitting there, doing nothing? Go and get a spoon, quick! How inconsiderate!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 227

Chapter 227 Unexpected Call

It was so surprising to see her mother’s sudden change of attitude toward Jonathan that Josephine was rendered speechless. What’s going on? It’s as if I’m an outsider and Jonathan is her son!

“Is the taste to your liking, Jonathan?” Margaret asked earnestly, looking as if her whole world was hinged on his answer.

Josephine was even more confused. She scanned Margaret and Jonathan's faces, wondering if they were hiding something from her.

"Not bad," Jonathan commented after eating a spoonful of the soup. He pushed the bowl in Josephine's direction, smiling. "Want a bite?"

"Nope!" She humphed and turned so that her back was facing Jonathan.

"What's wrong? Are you mad at me?" Jonathan chuckled. He snaked his arms around her from behind. She was startled the moment she was being pulled into the unexpected embrace. "Jonathan! W-What're you doing? Let go... There're others around..."

"So what if they are?" Jonathan's smile grew wider. Instead of letting go, he pressed closer. "There's nothing illegal about hugging my own wife."

"You..." Josephine pouted in exasperation.

"Oh... I think I still have something cooking on the stove. Let me go check on that..." Margaret said, deliberately finding an excuse to leave the couple alone. With that, she hurried out of the room.

Connor and Emmeline exchanged a knowing look. They, too, quickly excused themselves.

Within seconds, there were only Jonathan and Josephine left in the living room.

"See? We're alone now," Jonathan grinned, eyes dancing with mischief. His hot breath tickled her ear. "I'm not letting you off the hook that easily this time. You aren't going to be able to get away like you did last night..."

"Y-You... What're you doing?" Josephine stammered, shaking slightly. "It's still daytime..." He's not going to... Is he? In broad daylight?

"Hm? What's the matter? I can't do this in the daytime?" Jonathan said, dropping a quick kiss on Josephine's earlobe.

She shivered at his touch. Her heart was beating wildly in her chest and she was shaking more than ever. Even her voice was quivering. "Jonathan... N-No... Don't touch me..."

"Why are you so nervous? I'm not going to do anything indecent here," Jonathan said, amused. The more pitiful and helpless she looked, the more he wanted to tease her. However, his phone started ringing before he could do so.

A light frown marred his face as he took out his phone, which was displaying an unknown number.

When the call connected, a girl's voice came from the other end of the line. "Hello? Is this Jon?"

"Yes, who is this?"

The name "Jon" sounded so strangely unfamiliar to his ears that it took his mind a second to register. It had been a decade since someone addressed him as such.

"Jon, is it really you? I had wondered if this is an empty number!" The girl sounded excited when she heard his voice. "Jon, this is Alice. Alice Renner! Do you still remember me?"

"Alice Renner?"

The name immediately brought back a flood of memories that filled Jonathan's mind.

Ten years ago, he was living the life of a vagrant and making his way from Yaleview all the way to Jazona. He was penniless and desperate when he encountered a couple who sheltered him for a period of time.

Though they had taken him in, the husband of the couple had never liked him.

The husband seemed regretful in taking Jonathan in and had, on several occasions, tried to force the latter into leaving.

"We don't keep loafers in this house," the husband used to say. It was obvious that he was referring to Jonathan as the loafer.

It all came to head when the wife of the couple left on a short trip. Her husband had seized the opportunity and threw Jonathan out of the house. From then on, Jonathan had never seen the couple again.

Alice Renner was the couple's daughter.

"Jon, you don't remember me, do you?" Alice said sadly when she was met with silence over the phone.

"Of course, I remember you," Jonathan replied with a smile. "You're the little girl who used to follow me around everywhere. To what do I owe the pleasure of your call?"

When he was leading the Four Asura Guards in battle, crusading their way into one victory after another, Jonathan had sent word to the couple and shared with them his contact number.

In his message, he told them to reach out to him should they need help.

However, he had not heard from them over the next few years.

"I knew you'd still remember me," Alice chirped happily before her tone became somewhat urgent. "Jon, where are you right now? Actually, I called because something happened to my family. Do you think you could come over?"

"What happened?" A crease formed between Jonathan's brows the moment he heard the news.

Even though he was being tossed out of the house by Alice's father, he was still grateful for the time they had housed and fed him.

After all, they had extended a helping hand to him when he was at the lowest point in his life. Alice's mother had even treated him like he was her own.

"There are bad guys trying to evict us from our home. My parents refused and ended up being hospitalized because they were beaten by those men!" Alice said hastily.

"The men said we only have a week to move out of our house. If we're not gone by then, they'll burn the house down... Jon, my parents are still in a coma and I can't afford their medical bills anymore... Could you lend me some money to pay the bills? I'm sorry to ask this of you but I don't have anyone else to turn to... I'll pay you back, I swear!"

She was embarrassed to ask such a huge favor from Jonathan, especially since they had fallen out of touch for so long and her first call to him in a decade was to ask for money.

As desperate as she was, Alice nevertheless felt self-conscious about calling the other for help.

“What did you say? Your parents are in the hospital?” Jonathan’s eyes turned cold and angry in an instant. “When did it happen? Why didn’t you contact me sooner?”

“It was not too long ago...” Alice murmured, intimidated by the other’s angry tone. “My mom didn’t want me to tell you. I wouldn’t have called if I weren’t at the end of my rope.”

Even over the phone, the distress was audible in her voice.

Jonathan shot up from the chair. “Which hospital are they at? Tell me the address. I’ll be there at once!”

“Are you really coming over?” Alice asked in surprise, not daring to believe that Jonathan would agree to help. “We’re at Heart’s Hospital in Cranur!”

“Wait for me. I’ll be right there.”

Jonathan hung up as soon as those words left his mouth. He was about to leave when Josephine asked, “What’s going on?”

The Legendary Man Chapter 228

Chapter 228 Let Go Of Her

“Just something minor I need to take care of,” Jonathan said, bending to press a kiss on Josephine’s forehead. He then gave her a gentle hug. “Wait for me at home, okay? This won’t take long.”

“Should I come with you?” Though she did not know what had happened, she could tell from the serious look on Jonathan’s face that it was probably something serious.

“No, don’t worry about it.” He stroked her hair, smiling lightly. “Just wait for me at home.”

Without another moment to lose, Jonathan headed toward the door in large strides. Minutes later, the roar of the car engine sounded from outside. The car zoomed out in a flash of red, disappearing into the distance.

At Heart’s Hospital in Cranur, the emergency room was at its maximum capacity. As the county’s only tertiary hospital, it was not unusual for the emergency room to be filled with patients. In addition, the hospital was also the only establishment in the county to have an ICU.

The ICU only consisted of nine beds, two of which were currently occupied by a man and woman dressed in hospital gowns. Both of them had multiple injuries scattered across their bodies. Their heads, too, were swathed in layers of bandages.

They lay unconscious and were placed on life support with oxygen tubes inserted into their noses.

It was clear that the two of them had been in a coma for a long time.

Outside of the ICU, a pale-looking girl in a white dress was talking to the doctor with a pleading expression on her face.

Her eyes were red and puffy from crying, and there were dark circles under them. The pallid look was a result of many sleepless nights and skipped meals.

“Please, doctor, just give us one more day. M-My brother will be here with the money soon!” the girl beseeched. “My parents are still in a coma. You can’t move them out of the ICU!”

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The doctor remained unmoved in spite of the girl’s tear-streaked face and her piteous pleading. “That’s enough. I don’t have time for your nonsense,” he barked impatiently. “This is a hospital, not some marketplace where you could bargain. You have ten minutes to make the payments. If the money’s not in by then, you’ll just have to suffer the consequences.”

After saying that, the doctor gestured to the security officers who were with him. "Watch the girl," he instructed. "If she doesn't pay up, get that couple out of the ICU immediately! Got it?"

"Understood."

With batons in hand, the security officers quickly formed a line in front of the ICU entrance.

"Doctor, please..." The girl's eyes were filled with panic and despair. She fell to her knees in front of the doctor, crying. "Please give me some more time. I swear I'll pay!"

"Get out of my way." The sight of the kneeling girl did not spark any sympathy in the doctor. Rather, he snorted coldly and kicked her aside. "You can't be in the ICU if you can't afford it," he spat. "A bunch of paupers!"

The doctor then walked past the girl without sparing another glance at her.

Despite witnessing the scene, none of the onlookers stepped in to help the girl, knowing that they did not have the capacity to be charitable.

After all, the hospital was a bottomless pit that was forever demanding one to sink more money into it. There were cases every year where patients died simply because they could not afford the expensive medical care.

Compassion and empathy were worth nothing in a place like this.

For those who had stayed in the hospital long enough, such an occurrence was nothing new to them and they had already grown accustomed to seeing it happen once every few days.

"Sorry, miss. Time's up." Soon, ten minutes had passed. The security officers flashed their batons and got ready to enter the ICU to execute the doctor's orders.

"No! You can't!" The girl rushed forward and blocked their path, standing resolutely in front of the door with outstretched arms.

The head of security frowned. "Move!"

"No! I won't!" The girl stood her ground, not moving an inch.

The other's expression darkened. "Restrain her now!" He told his subordinates plainly.

The girl's strength was simply no match against that of several security officers. In less than a minute, she was being forcefully dragged aside by the men, all the while kicking and screaming.

"Let go of me!" she yelled. However, it fell on deaf ears.

The security officers were used to handling such matters in the hospital. Inwardly, they were even scoffing at the girl's antics. If they can't pay up, they gotta move. The hospital is not a charity!

The ICU doors opened with a bang. The security officers barged in and started pulling the oxygen tubes out of the unconscious couple without hesitation.

The girl, who was still struggling in their clutches, collapsed helplessly to the floor as if all of her strength had been sapped away.

"Please! Don't move my parents!" she wailed. "They're in a coma! You'll kill them if you take away their oxygen supply! This is murder!"

She cried till her voice was hoarse, but the security officers did not even bat an eye. They were doing what the hospital paid them to do and could not be bothered with anything else.

The moment the oxygen supply was cut off, the couple's breathing began to wane. They spasmed on the beds, their bodies struggling but failing to take in more air. As the seconds ticked by, their faces were beginning to take on an ashen hue.

It seemed that they would suffocate to death at any moment.

The security officers did not halt their movements. Their faces were expressionless as they moved on to remove the patients' IV drip tubes and other catheters.

When that was done, they hoisted up the couples' limp bodies, ready to throw them out of the ICU.

It was then that the girl, with a sudden burst of strength, managed to break free of her captives' hold. She charged into the ICU in a frenzy. "Stop! Stop it right now! Don't touch them!"

The girl lunged, using her body to shield her parents.

“Get lost!” The head of security snarled, kicking her solidly in the stomach.

She stumbled and fell, face twisted in pain and anguish.

“What are you still waiting for?” The head of security snorted coldly. “Hurry up and throw her out!”

The other security officers immediately closed in on the girl, who was trembling in fear. Her knees buckled and she collapsed once again, sprawling helplessly on the floor.

Her eyes were filled with despair. “Jon, where are you?” she sobbed.

There was nothing she could do as the security officers grabbed her by the hair and dragged her outside.

Crushed by the hopelessness of the situation, she had given up on fighting back, knowing that no matter how much she resisted, she would still get tossed out in the end.

Just as she had become resigned to her fate, a familiar voice rang in the room.

“Let go of her!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 229

Chapter 229 It Is Your Turn Now

Though it was not loud, the voice was clear and held an authoritative note.

The girl jerked and snapped her head up in the direction of the voice.

She was greeted by the sight of a young man dressed in dark casual attire. His eyes gleamed with cold fury. It was a dark and angry expression that belied his youthful look.

The girl was able to recognize him from the vaguely familiar contours of his face.

“Jon! You’re finally here! My parents are about to be thrown out!” Relief poured out of her the moment she recognized him. Unable to contain herself, she broke down wailing. It was as if a dam had broken inside of her, and she had to release the pent-up sorrow and frustration that had been accumulating ever since her parents’ hospitalization.

“Shh... It’s okay. I’m here now,” Jonathan comforted her. “No one will lay a finger on you again.”

His expression turned steely upon seeing Alice crying so helplessly. Ten years ago, she was still a little girl who was always following him around like an eager puppy.

She would sneak him extra food when her father was feeling less than charitable and did not provide him with enough food.

She would even share her favorite candies with him. To this day, he had the habit of carrying some candies with him, thanks to her influence.

The same little girl who had been so kind to him was now on her knees and being dragged out the door by her hair.

Jonathan clenched his teeth, anger rolling off him in waves.

Unable to suppress his wrath any longer, he roared. “I’ll say this one more time—release her now! Don’t you dare touch her with your filthy hands!”

However, the security officers ignored his command. One of them snorted. “Sure, we’ll let go of her if she pays the medical bills she owed!”

There was a vicious smile on Jonathan’s face. “I’ll pay for her. In exchange, I’m going to break every bone in your hands for laying a finger on her.”

He moved as soon as he finished the sentence. In the blink of an eye, he charged forth and grabbed the security officer who still had Alice by a fistful of hair.

A sickening crack sounded in the room as Jonathan snapped the security officer's wrist in a swift, powerful movement.

"Aaah!" The security officer screamed. The agonizing pain had him kneeling in front of Jonathan.

"W-Who are you? What do you want?" Shocked, the other security officers took several steps back. They hastily whipped out their batons and pointed at Jonathan in a threatening manner.

"Who else touched her?" Jonathan swept his gaze over the men. The icy glare shook them to the core.

It felt as though they had been targeted by a ruthless predator, and they were the prey that was about to meet its doom.

"Don't come any closer! I'm warning you—this is a hospital! There are surveillance cameras everywhere. If you do anything to hurt us, I'm calling the police!" the head of the security officers yelled while shrinking back in a true cowardly fashion.

However, his threat did not work on Jonathan, whose only response was to march forward and grab the security officer's hair, pushing his head down and kneeling him hard on the face.

With a loud thump, blood spurted out of the man's nose and mouth.

Uncaring, Jonathan did not even pause to glance at the man before kicking the latter to the floor. He then pinned the rest of the cowering security officers with a hard look. "It's your turn now," he told them.

The other men looked at one another with matching terrified expressions. "Run!" someone uttered. Without another word, all of them turned on their heels and dashed toward the door.

However, there was no way Jonathan was letting them escape.

Before the security officers could even reach the door, they were being pulled back by Jonathan, who threw each of them to the floor by the collar and immediately followed up with a kick to the chest.

The sound of ribs snapping could be heard as the security officers coughed out mouthfuls of blood and fainted away.

In a matter of minutes, all of the security officers who had bullied and humiliated Alice had been taken down. They lay unconscious on the floor, bloodied and bruised as if they were on the verge of dying.

Jonathan could not care less about the sorry state they were in. He still had unfinished business with them. Without warning, he stomped down hard on a security officer's wrist, which immediately cracked under his foot.

Jonathan then moved on to his next target. Soon, all of the security officers had their wrists snapped by him.

The pain was enough to brutally jerk the men from their unconsciousness. The ICU was filled with their howls of agony.

Jonathan paid no attention to their cries. Instead, he hurried to Alice's side and helped her up. "Are you okay?"

"I-I'm fine," Alice scrambled to get up. Without another word, she rushed to her parents and re-intubated them with life support.

When the couple's breathing evened, Alice breathed a sigh of relief. "Jon, thank goodness you're here in time! If you were to come a few minutes late, my parents might be..."

Tears sprang to her eyes. Unable to finish her sentence, she threw herself into Jonathan's arms and started weeping uncontrollably.

"Hey... It's all right now. Don't cry. I'll make sure no one dares to hurt you again," Jonathan said, patting her gently on the back.

He cast his gaze at the man and woman in bed. It was the first time he had seen them in a decade.

They looked almost the same as they were in his memory, with the exception of having more grey hairs now.

Alice, on the other hand, looked much different than he remembered. The once bubbly, cheery little girl had become a young woman who had a sallow complexion and was too skinny to be healthy.

Just then, a sharp voice sounded from the doorway all of a sudden. "Hey! What's going on here!"

A doctor, who was a middle-aged man, came into the ICU with an annoyed look.

His expression was a mixture of surprise and anger as he stared at the fallen security officers. "Who did this to you?"

The security officers struggled to point at Jonathan. "It was him!"

"Who are you and what do you think you're doing?" The doctor turned to Jonathan and immediately started telling the latter off. "You can't just barge into the ICU without permission!"

He then shifted his attention back to the security officers. "And you! What a bunch of useless buffoons, getting defeated by just one man!" he spat angrily. "What're all of you still doing here? Go call the police right now!"

The security officers had neither the strength nor courage for a rebuttal. They struggled to get up and limped out the door. Once they had left, the doctor realized, much to his displeasure, that Jonathan had not been intimidated in the least. "Hey, did you hear what I said just now?" he sneered at the latter. "You're in deep trouble now!"

"Is this the man who had your parents thrown out of the ICU?" Jonathan asked Alice while looking at the doctor calmly.

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Chapter 230 Youngblood Know Nothing

However, that glare was enough to get the middle-aged doctor to shiver in fear.

That glare... It's as though I am being targeted by a demon that could kill me at any given moment.

"So what if I am the one who issued the order? They can't afford to pay for their outstanding medical fees, so I had my men kick them out of the hospital. What's wrong with that?" said the doctor, who was pretending to be calm.

He then added, "Do you realize how many patients are waiting to be admitted to the hospital? What's wrong with me chasing out a few patients who are taking up the hospital beds in ICU, yet refuse to pay up?"

The middle-aged doctor said those words with his head held high.

He was especially harsh to Jonathan, who he taunted by shooting a discriminating look over.

That look practically screamed, "Yeah, I am the one who chased them out of the place. What'cha gonna do about it, huh?"

"I will pay for all the outstanding medical fees, but you had your men remove the oxygen tank attached to them! You even ordered the security guards to beat my sister up. So, how shall we settle that debt?" growled Jonathan. He was glaring at the doctor. At that moment, the murderous aura oozing out of Jonathan's eyes was getting more and more intense.

"Oh, what can you do about it?" challenged the doctor. He scoffed when he heard Jonathan's words and was quick to point out, "They had outstanding medical fees, so it's only natural that I stopped their treatment. There is nothing wrong with that.

"As for your sister... Well, she got in the way of my men's work, so it's her fault that she was beaten up.

"She shouldn't have blocked the door and tried to stop our men from entering. Do you realize how unacceptable her behavior was? Or how much loss the hospital had incurred because of her? She deserved to be hurt!"

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"She deserved it?" said Jonathan, whose gaze instantly became evil. "Did you just say that my sister deserved to be assaulted?"

"Was I wrong?"

The doctor harrumphed. Unfortunately, he didn't get the chance to say anything else. All he saw was a shadow zipping over, and all he felt was his neck being choked. Before he knew it, he was already dangling in the air.

The doctor felt as though his airway was blocked and he could suffocate at any given moment.

"W-What are you doing? L-Let me go!" demanded the doctor through gritted teeth.

"I'm just teaching you the right definition of attacking someone who deserves it."

As soon as Jonathan finished speaking, he swung the arm that was choking the doctor. His strength was so incredible that all anyone could hear was a loud thump! The doctor had flown backward like a kite with a broken string and had slammed against the wall.

The middle-aged doctor never had the opportunity to even register what had happened before Jonathan zipped over and stomped hard on the doctor's chest.

That stomp caused a loud crack! The doctor's ribs were broken just like that.

"Now, do you understand what that phrase means?" challenged Jonathan while hovering over the doctor, who was lying on the floor and in pain. The former then stepped on the latter's wrist.

Crack! The bones in the doctor's wrist were broken.

Jonathan didn't stop until he destroyed the doctor's other wrist, though.

"You are a doctor, and these hands are supposed to cure the sick and injured. They are not meant to command others to bully the weak and the elderly.

"This is but a lesson to you. If you make the same mistake again, I will make sure that you die!"

After saying all that, Jonathan kicked the middle-aged doctor's stomach and sent the latter flying ten meters backward.

"H-Help..."

The middle-aged doctor was lying on the floor after being kicked that far away. He was like an abandoned mutt and was groaning in pain. However, his call for help was ignored.

The situation was similar to when the doctor kicked Alice and the others out of the ICU. At the time, everyone turned a blind eye to the situation as well.

They were living in an age where people generally shied away from anything that didn't involve them.

"Hey, are you dead?" asked Jonathan as he slowly crouched down and glared at the wounded doctor. "If you're alive, you should call the director of this hospital and tell him to reassign two particular patients to another doctor. Let the new doctor take care of the patients in the ICU.

"I will clear all outstanding, but if anything were to happen to either patient, I will bring the entire hospital down!"

"Who said that? What makes you think you can bring our hospital down?" challenged an elderly man in a white lab coat. He was wearing a pair of glasses with golden frames and was slowly making his way over.

Standing behind the elderly man was a bunch of other doctors.

When the elderly man showed up, the spectators reacted because they recognized him. Many greeted, "Mr. Dunphy!"

“Hmm...”

The elderly man waved his hand dismissively before tilting his head down to look at Jonathan. The former commented, “You’re wasting your youth. You really should educate yourself instead of relying on your fists. First, you attacked the hospital’s security guards, and now, you’ve assaulted our doctor. What kind of place do you take this place for? This is not the boxing ring, you know?”

“Now that you’ve assaulted our doctor, are you going to attack me, the hospital director, too?”

“Help me, Uncle!”

When the elderly director, Jared Dunphy, saw the middle-aged man lying on the ground like a beat-up mutt, the former growled, “Shut up!”

Jared glared at the middle-aged doctor as soon as he heard what the latter said.

“Ah, so punching the young has brought the old over,” commented Jonathan. He realized what was going on as soon as he heard the middle-aged doctor calling Jared his uncle.

It was too obvious. Jared was there to help his nephew out.

“So, is that how it is? The young one was bullied, so the old dude is here to help,” said Jonathan calmly while looking at Jared.

“That is ridiculous! I am the director of this hospital, so it’s only natural that I came to help a fellow doctor who has been assaulted,” replied Jared, whose expression turned icy after he heard what Jonathan had said.

“Enough! Quit playing games with me. I’ll make things crystal clear right now,” said Jonathan. He didn’t want to waste his breath on the pretentious director, so the former warned, “If anything were to happen to either of the two patients in the ICU, I will destroy the hospital and anyone working here, including you.”

“You’re going to annihilate the entire hospital if something happens to them?” repeated Jared. He scoffed and added, “Youngblood nowadays is so reckless.”

"This is not a movie, and you can't get away with attacking others for no reason. Darn, those tv shows really have you brainwashed."

As soon as Jared finished commenting on the matter, he ignored Jonathan completely and turned to one of the other doctors. Then, Jared ordered, "Call the police."

"Understood."

The doctor standing behind Jared got his phone out immediately after hearing what Jared said. As they called the police, Alice, who had been hiding behind Jonathan, tugged at Jonathan's shirt. She looked nervous when she said, "Jonny..."

"Don't worry. No one will bully you again. Not with me around," promised Jonathan. He could tell that Alice was worried, so he turned around and stroked her head a little.