

The Legendary Man Chapter 236

Chapter 236 Reunion

"Didn't you guys call the police?" Jonathan asked with a frown.

"We did!" Alice lowered her head and fidgeted her fingers. "The police didn't do anything to help us. Rumors say the police and the demolition team are in it together! Jon, could you help put in a good word for us with Mr. Lautner so that they don't demolish our house? Otherwise, we'd be homeless!"

As she was speaking, her eyes teared up, and she looked at Jonathan helplessly.

Jonathan was her only hope by then.

"Didn't they offer compensation? Didn't the demolition team give you guys any money?" Jonathan furrowed his brows.

"They did!" Alice bit her lips and continued, "But they only gave us fifty thousand. What on earth could we get with fifty thousand? Jon, do you know that a small house in the county costs up to seven hundred thousand? We can't even afford a washroom with fifty thousand!"

"They only gave you fifty thousand?" Jonathan was in disbelief. Is this a joke?

He had been to Alice's house in the past. Although it wasn't a big house, it was definitely more than a hundred square meters big. Fifty thousand was way too little.

"Leave it to me!" Jonathan stubbed out his cigarette and glanced at Alice. "I'll get it sorted out. In the meantime, take good care of your parents!"

"Thank you, Jon!" Alice bit her lips and bowed.

"Don't mention it!" Jonathan gently patted her head. The moment he was about to say something else, a weak voice was heard coming from inside the ward. "Alice, are you there?"

"Mom!" Alice yelled and rushed into the ward immediately.

In the ward, there was a middle-aged woman with an oxygen tube attached to her nostrils. She was pale and weak.

"Alice?" the middle-aged woman voiced when she saw Alice walking through the door. She tried to sit up straight, but she was just too weak to do so.

"Let me help you, Mom!" Alice hurried toward her and helped her up.

"Ouch!" The middle-aged woman hissed in pain as she was sitting up. Apparently, her motion had put pressure on her wound. "What happened to me?"

"Mom, have you forgotten about what happened a few days ago?" Alice bit her lip and said, "Along with Dad, the both of you got into a row with the demolition team!"

"Oh, I remember now!" The middle-aged woman regained her memory. She then looked around anxiously and asked, "Where's your dad?"

"Dad hasn't woken up yet!" Alice pointed toward a middle-aged man lying in a bed next to her. "The doctor said you guys only suffered light injuries but somehow knocked your heads during the scuffle. Fortunately, a few days of recovery is all it'll take!"

"All right. That's good news!" The middle-aged woman breathed a sigh of relief. Suddenly, she noticed there was a man standing behind Alice. She couldn't help but ask, "Alice, is... is he your boyfriend?"

"Mom, what are you on about?" Alice blushed slightly when the middle-aged woman mistook Jonathan as her boyfriend. "This is Jon! Don't you remember Jonathan?"

"Jonathan?" The middle-aged woman's eyes widened in bewilderment when she heard his name. She stared at him in disbelief and asked, "Are... Are you Jonathan?"

"Yes! It's me, Mrs. Renner!" Jonathan smiled and nodded.

"Jonathan, is that really you?" The middle-aged woman couldn't help but tear up a little when she realized Jonathan was the boy she hadn't seen in more than a decade. "I'm so sorry, Jonathan!"

"It's ancient history, Mrs. Renner. Forget about it!" Jonathan intervened when he noticed the middle-aged woman was getting emotional.

"What brought you here, Jonathan? Did the silly Alice give you a call?" The middle-aged woman gave Alice a hard stare and scolded, "Didn't I tell you not to call Jon? Why won't you listen to me?"

"Mom, I had no choice!" Alice lowered her head in a guilty manner.

After a few days in the ICU ward, her money had eventually run out. She was so broke that she had less than ten in her bank account. If she hadn't asked Jonathan for help, her parents could've been forced out of the hospital already.

"Don't blame Alice, Mrs. Renner. It has been so long since I last saw all of you! I've missed you guys." Jonathan rubbed Alice's head gently and looked at the middle-aged woman. "Alice told me you guys had a problem with the demolition team, is that right Mrs. Renner? What happened exactly?"

"Oh, we shouldn't talk about that unhappy event!" Surprisingly, the middle-aged woman didn't tell Jonathan about the problem she and her family were facing. She was determined not to bother him with her problems. Hence, she changed the topic by saying, "You've come from such a long way! Have you eaten, Jonathan? Are you hungry? Do you want me to get Alice to go get something for you to eat?"

"There's no need!" Jonathan waved in dismissal. "I'm old enough to know not to starve myself! Don't worry about me, Mrs. Renner. Please listen to the doctor's instructions and get ample rest, okay?"

"Isn't it expensive to stay here, Alice? Do you still have enough money?" The middle-aged woman took a look around the ward and noticed that it must've cost a fortune.

Indeed, they had the ward all to themselves. Besides, it was obvious that it was a private ward judging by the luxurious decorations. The room actually cost a few thousand a day!

"I spent all my money already." Alice lowered her gaze and said embarrassingly, "If it wasn't for Jon, we could've been chased out already."

"Alice-" Jonathan tried to intervene in Alice's speech, but he was too late. The middle-aged woman had already started scolding her.

"You silly girl!" The middle-aged woman glared at Alice. "Why did you call Jonathan? Why would you make him spend his hard-earned money?"

"Jonathan, how much did we set you back? I have some savings in the bank. I'll get Alice to pay you back!" the middle-aged woman exclaimed.

"That won't be necessary!" When Jonathan saw the middle-aged woman take out her debit card, he rejected her hastily. "I still have money, Mrs. Renner! In fact, I've earned quite a lot over the years! Not only can I pay for the room, but I can even afford to block book the entire hospital for you!"

"Don't bluff me, silly boy!" Unconvinced, the middle-aged woman stared at Jonathan. Block book the entire hospital? That's going to cost you tens of millions!

"I'm not bluffing, Mrs. Renner." Jonathan frowned helplessly. "If you don't believe me, ask Alice."

"Mom, Jon is telling the truth," Alice reassured. "Mr. Lautner even came to see Jon personally just now."

"Stop it the both of you." The middle-aged woman was still not convinced. However, a pair of hurried footsteps were heard coming from outside the ward the moment she finished her sentence.

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Chapter 237 Heartless

On the heels of that, Mr. Lautner was seen rushing into the ward.

"Mr. Goldstein!" Robert walked in and greeted Jonathan with a respectful stance.

"Why are you here?" Jonathan frowned. He was unhappy because he didn't want unrelated people to cause any disturbance to Alice to her family.

"I heard one of Ms. Renner's parents has woken up. So I came to see if I can help with anything!" Robert noticed Jonathan's agitated expression, so he nervously turned toward Alice and offered her his name card. "Here's my name card, Ms. Renner. Don't hesitate to call if you need my help with anything!"

"Jon, should I?" Alice was hesitant to accept the name card.

"Take it. You can look for him if I'm not in Cranur!" Upon hearing that, Alice took the name card from Robert. "Thank you, Mr. Lautner!"

"Don't mention it. Any of Mr. Goldstein's problems is my problem as well!" At that instance, Robert's stance turned even more respectful.

"All right, you may go now." Jonathan gestured Robert to leave with a wave of his hand.

"Okay. I'll leave now!" Robert nodded vigorously and left.

After he had gotten out of the ward, he took out his phone and called someone. "Hello, is this Chief Simmons? Dispatch a team from the Police Tactical Unit to Heart's Hospital to protect Mr. Goldstein. Make sure they're here within ten minutes! I'll skin you alive if anything bad happens to Mr. Goldstein!"

Alice and the rest of them didn't hear Robert's phone call.

After Robert left the ward, the middle-aged woman took a doubtful glance at the door before shifting her gaze toward Jonathan and Alice. "Was that man really the mayor of our county?"

"Why would I lie to you?" Alice was frustrated. She knew it was the truth because she had personally witnessed Robert lecturing the police officers. Besides, he had even detained the director of the hospital. Who else could he be if not the mayor?

"Did the two of you pull a prank on me?" The middle-aged woman was still in disbelief. The mayor himself? For real? A mayor is one of the highest-ranked government officers! I bet he's the most influential man in the whole county! Why would he come personally to greet Jonathan? Besides, his attitude didn't seem like he was the mayor. He must be one of Jonathan's subordinates instead!

"Mom, why won't you believe me?" Alice stomped her foot in frustration.

Meanwhile, Jonathan smiled and said, "That man was really the mayor in your county. Would you at least believe me? Since when have I ever lied to you, Mrs. Renner?"

"Well, that's true!" The middle-aged woman nodded. "You've never lied ever since you were a child! Unlike Alice."

"Mom!" Alice tugged on the middle-aged woman's arm.

"Jonathan, you must've had a tough life for the past decade!" While the middle-aged woman was looking at Jonathan, she seemed like she was reliving her memories. Suddenly, she said remorsefully, "If only Arnold didn't do that behind my back. Those bad things would've never happened to you..."

Tears were gathering up in the middle-aged woman's eyes as she couldn't bear to continue her story.

"It's all in the past now, Mrs. Renner!" Jonathan chuckled. It seemed like he wasn't holding a grudge.

As soon as Jonathan finished his sentence, a sound came from the bed next to the middle-aged woman. A weak voice followed. "Give me some water."

"Dad!" Alice exclaimed as soon as she heard the voice. She then rushed to the bed and added, "You're awake!"

"I need water..." The pale middle-aged man reached out his trembling hand toward Alice. Seeing that, she hurriedly took a cup of water and fed it to him.

After he drank the cup of water, the middle-aged man seemed to have regained some of his energy. He then took a glance at Jonathan and asked, "Who's this?"

"He's Jon! Jonathan!" Alice answered.

"Jonathan?" The middle-aged man got agitated the moment he heard Jonathan's name. "What is he doing here? Who allowed him in? Get him out now!"

"Calm down, Dad!" Alice patted the middle-aged man's shoulder upon seeing how upset he was.

“Get out! Get him out now!” The middle-aged man wasn’t having any of it. He was still as agitated. “Who allowed him here? What is he doing here? Is he here to make a fool out of me?”

“Hey! Can you not be so heartless?” The middle-aged woman was angered by what she heard. “If it wasn’t for his money, you would’ve been chased out of the hospital already! How shameless of you for chasing him out now! If anyone is to be chased out, it should be you!”

“He paid for the medical fee?” Upon hearing what the middle-aged woman said, the middle-aged man stared at Jonathan doubtfully before getting even more upset. “I don’t need his money! Give him back his money and get him out! I’d rather die in this hospital than use his money for anything!”

“Hey, you heartless man! More than a decade ago, you’ve chased him away behind my back! I’ve looked everywhere for him all these years! Now that he’s finally back, you want to chase him away all over again?” The middle-aged woman was enraged. “You can leave if you want to! Just ignore him, Jonathan. Let him leave on his own.”

“How dare you!” The middle-aged man then started coughing violently.

Upon seeing the discomfort her dad was in, Alice immediately patted his back and urged, “Calm down, Dad. You’ve just woken up! You should control your emotions! Furthermore, if Jon didn’t fork out the medical fee, the three of us would’ve been forced to leave the ICU ward already! You wouldn’t even get to be in a private ward like this one. Jon doesn’t even hold a grudge against you for chasing him away back then. Instead, he had even asked the deputy director to request for the specialists needed to check on you and Mom. How could you still want to chase Jon away? You’re crossing the line!”

“Stop siding with him!” The middle-aged man glared at Alice. “I bet he has an ulterior motive for coming back here! He might’ve even come back just to humiliate us!”

Suddenly, the middle-aged woman thundered as she pointed at the middle-aged man, “Shut up, Arnold! If I hear another word coming out of your mouth, I’ll throw you out!”

Upon hearing that, the middle-aged man tucked his head in unwittingly and said no more.

“Ignore him, Jonathan. He’s such a heartless man!” The middle-aged woman glared angrily at the middle-aged man before grabbing Jonathan’s arm and said, “I would’ve divorced him ages ago if it wasn’t for Alice’s sake!”

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Chapter 238 Burned

"I'm fine!" Jonathan patted her hand comfortingly. He was unbothered by Arnold's words.

However, if it wasn't for the middle-aged woman, and if it was someone else who spoke to Jonathan in such a manner, that person would've been dead already.

"I think there's a misunderstanding, Mr. Renner. I didn't come here to humiliate any of you!" Jonathan gazed at the middle-aged man indifferently. "I came here to help you solve your problem!"

"Solve my problem?" The middle-aged man chuckled. "What problem can you solve? More like causing me problems!"

"Arnold, what's with you?" Upon hearing Arnold's sarcastic words, the middle-aged woman shot him a glare.

"Dad, Jon is really here to help us!" Alice added. "Mr. Lautner had even visited us personally when you were still unconscious!"

"Because of Jonathan? How would he know the mayor?" Arnold wasn't convinced at all. "I bet that was a fake mayor! Perhaps he brought a random person here to scam us!"

"Arnold Renner!" The middle-aged woman was getting sick of Arnold's attitude. When she was about to have a go at him, Jonathan stopped her. "It's okay, Mrs. Renner. Don't fight because of me. You guys are still in recovery. Please rest. I'll go out and have a cigarette!"

After that, Jonathan stepped out of the ward. There was no need to explain further if Arnold chose not to trust Jonathan. I have nothing to prove.

After Jonathan left, Alice couldn't help but stare at Arnold and roared, "Dad! You're too much! You've wronged Jon first. How could you act otherwise?"

"Exactly!" the middle-aged woman added before glaring at Arnold. "You could've died if it wasn't for Jonathan. Is that how you treat someone who had saved your life?"

"Hmph! How could you be so sure? Perhaps he came with the intention to steal our compensation fee!" The middle-aged man shrugged them off.

"Just shut your mouth already. Do you think everyone is as crazy over money as you are?" The middle-aged woman rolled her eyes and ignored him after that.

Jonathan returned to the ward half an hour later. He had brought them dinner. "You guys haven't eaten dinner, right? I've brought food!"

"Thank you, Jon!" Alice hurried toward Jonathan and took the food. In the meantime, the middle-aged woman looked at Jonathan embarrassingly and said, "I'm so sorry for the trouble, Jonathan!"

"Don't mention it!" Jonathan smiled. He then gazed toward the middle-aged man and said, "Come and have dinner, Mr. Renner."

"No, thanks!" The middle-aged man turned away and refused to even look at Jonathan.

In response, Jonathan didn't bother to convince him. He just acted as though the man didn't exist.

After that, the hospital's deputy director brought along various specialists to go check on Alice's parents again. The staff treated Alice and her family like they were important figures. In fact, the service was incredible. The hospital had even arranged a few designated nurses to keep watch throughout the night.

Upon seeing that, Alice and her parents were shocked. Alice then cast a grateful glance at Jonathan.

Alice was absolutely drained after having to take care of her parents for the past few days. She couldn't get a good night's sleep because she had to stay by their bedsides all this while. Finally, someone is here to help! Now I can rest.

Time ticked by, and suddenly, it was ten something at night.

The entire hospital was eerily silent. Even the lights at the stairways were dimmed.

While Alice and her parents were fast asleep, Jonathan got out of the ward to give Josephine a phone call.

Josephine picked up the call fairly quickly and said, "Hello?"

"It's me, Jonathan!"

"I know!" Josephine exclaimed with a gentle tone. "I've already saved your contact details on my phone!"

"Oh? What's my name in your contact list?" Jonathan lighted a cigarette and walked toward the stairs. "Could it be that you saved my name as it is?"

"Yes," Josephine answered softly.

"Change it! Change it to 'Darling' instead!"

"No!" Josephine instinctively declined.

"Huh?" Jonathan furrowed his brows. "I'll check your phone when I get back, okay? If you still haven't changed it by then, I'm going to spank you!"

Silence ensued.

Josephine didn't respond because she wasn't used to having Jonathan speaking to her in such a way.

It took her a while before she finally responded, "You're not coming home tonight, are you?"

"No, I'm not." Jonathan then continued with a soft voice, "Something happened here. I can't be home by tonight."

"It's cold outside. Put on a blanket when you sleep, okay? Otherwise, you're going to catch a cold!" Although Josephine didn't talk in any specific tone, Jonathan felt the warmth through

her voice. In fact, that was the first time Josephine had cared about him ever since he met her four years ago.

“Okay, got it!” Jonathan raised his gaze into the windy night sky and snuffed out his cigarette.

That was the first time he had felt the warmth of a family in years!

“Take good care of yourself!” Josephine exclaimed lovingly.

“You too!” Jonathan hung up after that.

When he got back into the ward, he was surprised to see that Alice was awake. Furthermore, she was on her phone.

Judging by her facial expression, he knew that something bad had happened.

“What did you say? Are you serious?” Alice seemed anxious when she was on the phone.

Before Jonathan could ask her about it, she hung up the phone and turned toward her fast asleep parents. “Mom, Dad, it’s bad! Our house has been burned down!”

“What did you say?” Upon hearing Alice’s ear-splitting voice, both her parents woke up in disbelief.

“Our house was burned down? Who did it?” one of her parents asked anxiously.

“It was the demolition team!” Alice exclaimed. “They took the opportunity to burn our house down while we’re away!”

“Those b*stards!” The middle-aged woman was livid. “Who did you hear that from, Alice?”

“Our next-door neighbor called and told me!” Alice was about to have a nervous breakdown when she said, “He said that the demolition team knew we weren’t at home. So they burned our house down!”

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Chapter 239 With The Police

“Animals! The lot of you!” cursed Arnold furiously. We’ve lived there for decades. How dare these b*stards burn it down just like that!

Scarlett turned to the man and inquired helplessly, “What should we do now, Arnold?”

At that point, the woman was so panicky that she was on the brink of bursting out in tears.

“There’s only one thing to do. I’m going to teach those b*stards a lesson they’ll never forget!” With that, Arnold violently removed his nasal prongs and put on a jacket before making his way to the door.

“Arnold, wait! What do you think you’re doing? Do you actually think you stand a chance against them? They’ll beat you to a pulp!” warned Scarlett as soon as she heard the man’s reckless idea.

“What do you suggest that I do then? Just let them get away with burning our house down? Without it, where are we supposed to go? To the streets?” questioned Arnold rhetorically with rage in his eyes.

To him, what those people did was unforgivable, so there was no way he was going to just sit by and do nothing about it.

“Let me handle it,” suggested Jonathan after keeping quiet for a while.

Arnold then scoffed at Jonathan before turning to ridicule the young man, “Let you handle it? And what exactly is it that you plan to do? Are you going to fight them or somehow reason with them?”

“I have my own way of handling these people,” assured Jonathan before shifting his attention to Alice. “You come with me.”

"Sure." Alice did not have to think twice before agreeing.

"I'm going with them. You stay out of this; this doesn't concern you," voiced Arnold to Scarlett.

"But Arnold—"

Before the woman could finish her sentence, Jonathan interrupted, "You should listen to him, Mrs. Renner. Your injury isn't healed yet, so you need rest. Just let us handle things."

"But—"

"No buts! We'll get it taken care of before you even know it. It's no biggie. Trust me," promised Jonathan with a smile.

Arnold scoffed at Jonathan once again after hearing the young man's bold words. No biggie? With arms and legs like toothpicks, he probably can't even take a single hit from those guys.

However, Jonathan had already made his way to the door before Arnold could make any condescending remark, so the man and his daughter hurriedly followed close behind.

When they left the room, two rows of Police Tactical Unit officers, armed with heavy weaponry, quickly lifted their hands to salute Jonathan. "Mr. Goldstein, Sir!"

"Did Mr. Lautner send you?" Jonathan did not seem surprised to see the officers waiting for him, for he knew Randall well. As soon as he found out that Jonathan was in Cranur, Randall immediately sent the officers over to stand guard.

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein. Are you heading out, Sir?" asked the leader of the platoon.

"That's right. You have a car, right? Take me to the country."

"Yes, Sir!"

With that, the leader hurriedly went downstairs to make the necessary arrangements while Arnold tried to make sense of the situation.

The elderly man could not help but wonder if the officers were actors hired by Jonathan to put on a show.

Unfortunately, before he could get an answer, Jonathan had started moving again.

A dozen police vehicles were already on standby when the group reached outside, with their sirens blaring and the red-and-blue lights flashing.

“Mr. Goldstein, we’re waiting for your orders,” informed the head of the Police Tactical Unit when he noticed Jonathan.

“Good. Let’s move out.”

Jonathan then walked steadily toward one of the vehicles while Arnold froze like a statue.

Looking at the staggering amount of firepower at Jonathan’s disposal, Arnold could feel a shiver run down his spine.

Even though Arnold always liked to act tough in front of Jonathan, he seemed as harmless as a rabbit then.

“What’s wrong, Dad? Are you okay?” asked Alice concernedly when she noticed how pale her father seemed.

“Nothing. I’m fine.”

Arnold tried to act tough again after returning his senses, but his legs would not cooperate. The man felt like he had to drag his feet in order to move forward.

After all the officers got into their vehicles respectively, Jonathan and the others moved out in a police escort.

With the vehicle Jonathan was in staying at the back of the motorcade, he was as safe as one could be.

Arnold’s heart continued to race as he still could not believe that Jonathan commanded such force.

Suddenly, he felt like a fool for saying all those disdainful things to the man before. There's no way these heavily-armed officers offered to help because of our insignificant demolition issue. Who am I kidding? They probably wouldn't bat an eyelid even if the amount involved here is hundreds of thousands!

"Alice, you mentioned that Mr. Lautner met with Jonathan personally. Is that true?" whispered Arnold to his daughter.

In response, Alice rolled her eyes at her father. "Of course, it's true. Why would I make up something like that? I don't understand why you always have to doubt Jonny. The man came here personally to help us out. Not only did he pay for the medical bills, but he also got these Police Tactical Unit officers to escort us. And what did you do? You questioned his capability instead of showing your gratitude."

Arnold's face immediately turned bright red after being reproached by his daughter. "Did he... Did he ever tell you what he does for a living?"

Alice shook her head. "Nope. He never mentioned anything like that, but for some reason, Mr. Swindell and Mr. Lautner seem to respect him very much. It almost seems as though they work for him."

They work for him? Arnold dropped his jaw when he heard Alice, and just when he was about to have an epiphany, the motorcade suddenly stopped.

"Mr. Goldstein, we've arrived at Greendale Village," reported the Police Tactical Unit leader.

After nodding at the man, Jonathan got out of the car and could instantly smell the heavy smoke in the air. Something somewhere was burning, and the smoke it created was so thick that everyone in its vicinity started to tear up.

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Chapter 240 Mind Your Own Business

"It's our house! Our house is on fire!" After realizing where the smoke was coming from, Arnold immediately jumped out of the vehicle and made a dash for it.

"Dad!" called out Alice before chasing after her father.

It only took a few minutes before Arnold reached their house, which was already completely engulfed in flames.

The building was so badly damaged by the fire then that it was almost unrecognizable.

"Whoever it is that set my house on fire, you better show yourself this instant! Come face me, you coward!" roared Arnold in front of the burning house.

Having lived in that building for decades, Arnold was filled with rage when he saw it in that state.

With a brick in hand, Arnold had completely lost it and was ready to take on the person responsible.

When the other villagers saw how rage-induced the man was, they hurriedly grabbed him to prevent him from hurting himself. "What are you doing, Arnold? Are you trying to throw your life away? Please just calm down."

"Without that house, what else do I have to live for? I would rather just die! Just let me go!" cried Arnold while he struggled to break free.

"Don't be stupid, Arnold! There's nothing you can do about it now. Or have you forgotten how you ended up hospitalized last time?" questioned one of the villagers holding Arnold before another chimed in, "He's got a point, you know? Even if you don't care about yourself, you have to think about your family. How would Alice feel if she loses you?"

After witnessing how Arnold and his wife got beat up and sent to the hospital last time, the villagers decided that they could not sit by and let the man be controlled by his emotions.

They could not help but let out a long sigh when they realized that Arnold had not learned his lessons.

"But I..." The elderly man was at a loss for words when the villagers mentioned his daughter. I don't care about myself, but should my daughter suffer for my actions?

"Please just calm down, Arnold. Why don't you just let it be?" suggested one of the villagers when he noticed that the elderly man was having second thoughts.

"Besides, you got paid quite an amount for it, so why not move somewhere else with that money? Those b*stards are not to be trifled with. If you confront them, you could seriously hurt yourself, if not get yourself killed. Do you really want that to happen?"

"You should listen to us. This is not worth throwing your life away for. Just take the money and go."

"You can start over again and pretend as though nothing has happened."

"Yeah, just look at us. We got forced out of our homes as you did. We know what you're going through."

Listening to everyone advising him to just forget about his home, Arnold clenched his fists tightly as the veins around his neck popped.

"Is that what you're supposed to tell yourselves when somebody burns your house down? Just forget about it?" shouted Arnold, who decided that he could not just let the incident slide.

"Move aside! Get out of my way! Well, well. If it isn't Arnold Renner! When did you get back? Have you recovered from the wound on your head already?" Just as Arnold finished speaking, a voice came from somewhere in the crowd before a middle-aged man in a mink coat emerged from it with a cigarette between his lips.

For some reason, Arnold got even more furious after realizing who the voice belonged to.

"Derrick, you b*stard! Are you the one who hired goons to set my house on fire?"

"That's right. I had my men put on the magnificent display. You left me no choice, Arnold. If you had just moved away after receiving your payment, none of this would have happened. You're responsible for this because you forced my hand," stated Derrick straightforwardly without any sign of remorse.

"You b*stard! I'll kill you where you stand!" At that moment, Arnold was so mad that all he could think about was making his enemy pay, so he lifted the brick in his hand and charged forward senselessly.

"Do you think you can take me on, Arnold? You have no idea what you're getting yourself into," sneered Derrick before motioning to his men, "Teach him a lesson, boys. Make sure it's one that he'll never forget."

"Yes, sir!"

At Derrick's order, dozens of burly men armed with metal pipes quickly shielded him.

Smack! Before Arnold could even lay a finger on Derrick, one of the brutes swung at the angry man.

Instantly, blood sprayed out of Arnold's head as he fell to the ground.

"Dad!" Alice was about to hurry over to check on her father when somebody grabbed her by the arm.

When she turned around to see who stopped her, it turned out to be Jonathan.

"You stay here. Let me handle this." The man then patted her on the head assuringly before approaching the crowd.

Almost everyone at the scene stared at the man as he made his way over to them, apparently unsure of who he was.

"Stop!" commanded Jonathan.

Derrick glared impatiently at Jonathan when the young man issued an order. "And just who do you think you are? Get out of my sight, boy. This doesn't concern you. If you know what's good for you, you'll stay out of my way."

"I just told you to stop. Are you hard of hearing?" responded Jonathan coldly when Derrick refused to listen to him. Like a strike of lightning, Jonathan somehow managed to instantly close the distance between Derrick and himself.

Pow!

Before Derrick could even figure out what hit him, Jonathan landed a punch and sent the man flying like a ragdoll.

At that moment, the brutes immediately stopped whatever they were doing and shifted their attention to Jonathan.

"This is unforgivable! Take him down now! All of you!" roared Derrick, still lying on the ground and covering his bruised cheek.

Like soldiers following orders, the brutes all charged at Jonathan with their metallic weapons.

However, before they could follow through with the attack, they heard a loud gunshot. Before long, the brutes found themselves surrounded by a ring of heavily-armed officers.

"Put down your weapons and lift your hands where I can see them now!" commanded the leader before firing a second warning shot to show that he meant business.

Knowing that their weapons were far outmatched by the officers', the brutes obediently dropped their steel pipes and lifted their hands high.

"Are you okay, Mr. Goldstein?" The leader quickly went to check on Jonathan after the brutes had surrendered.

"I'm fine." Jonathan then approached Arnold to help the elderly man up.

Meanwhile, Derrick got back on his feet as well to stare curiously at Jonathan. "Just who the heck are you, really? And what makes you think you have the right to meddle in our business?"