

The Legendary Man Chapter 276

Chapter 276 Beat Him Up Now

What? Jonathan just won two hundred million from betting? That's impossible! When Kylie and Yvette heard the amount, they widened their eyes in disbelief at the man.

Chuckling, Jerry obviously did not believe what Lydia told him. "You're telling me that he won two hundred million from the bet? You must be joking because that's definitely impossible."

In order to win that ridiculous amount, Jerry knew that one would have to bet at least ten million.

After sizing Jonathan up, he was not convinced that the man in cheap clothing could afford to place such a bet.

"Why would I lie to you? I just saw the message myself, and it clearly states that two hundred million has been wired to his account." Lydia quickly got offended when Jerry doubted her claim because she did not appreciate his arrogant attitude.

This man probably thinks he's high and mighty! How disgusting! I really hate his guts!

"So he really won two hundred million?" After Lydia's explanation, Jerry could no longer contain his emotions. The man's jaw dropped so low that it could almost reach the floor. That's a lot of money! Even if I spend every second of the rest of my life working, I probably still couldn't earn that much. And Jonathan made that in just a few minutes?

In comparison, Jerry just lost a couple million, so naturally, he was not happy to hear how well Jonathan was doing.

"Well, that's up to you to believe it or not."

Lydia then rolled her eyes at Jerry and decided that she would rather not waste any more time on the man.

"It's not that I don't believe it. I'm just—" Jerry wanted to explain himself when he realized that he had offended Lydia, but before he could finish his sentence, a young man in the front row turned around to inquire, "Whoa, man! Did you just bet on Ghost Fire and won two hundred million?"

"How is that any of your business?" Looking daggers at the young man, Jerry responded in Jonathan's place.

Hearing about Jonathan's winning only served to put Jerry in a foul mood. How is it that he won a fortune so easily while I lost my hard-earned money just like that? This is not fair!

"I'm just curious, man. It was a casual question." The young man wondered what he said to deserve such rude treatment.

"I don't care! I'm not in the mood right now, so you'd better turn back around and mind your own business!" roared Jerry.

"Oh, you're not in the mood? Well, guess what? I'm not either. If it's a fight you want, let's go on with it!" Suddenly, the young man jumped to his feet and kicked Jerry in the stomach.

Holding his stomach in pain, Jerry glared at the young man with popped veins. "How dare you lay a finger on me! Do you know who I am, boy? You must have a death wish!"

With that, Jerry stood up and grabbed his chair to smash it on the young man's head. "Teach him a lesson now!"

As commanded, Jerry's men immediately charged forward and attacked the young man.

Before long, the young man's face was so bruised up that he could barely open his eyes.

"Jerry, stop it! You'll kill him!" Kylie quickly stepped up to stop her cousin when he joined his men in the beating.

After spitting on the gravely injured young man, Jerry sent another kick into the man's stomach. "This will teach you never to lay a finger on me. Now get out of my sight before I change my mind. If I ever see you again, I'll break your legs! You hear me?"

Covering his bleeding nose, the young man summoned every last bit of strength to get on his feet.

“Just you wait!” threatened the poor lad before scurrying away.

“You bet we’ll be waiting, so you better show up!” retorted Jerry’s men, as arrogant as the man himself.

However, they were suddenly humble again after turning to face Jerry. “Are you okay, Master Walker?”

In response, Jerry nonchalantly dusted off his shoulder. “Never better! This is to be expected when you visit an underground boxing ring.”

Then, the man pointed his finger at a room behind him before continuing proudly, “Besides those people in there, who else in Yaleview dares to harrass me?”

However, Lydia found Jerry’s haughtiness somewhat ridiculous, so she blurted, “What an idiot.”

“What was that, Ms. Lydia?” Since the woman did not speak loudly, Jerry requested her to repeat herself.

“I was complimenting how cool you looked just now,” replied Lydia sarcastically, but it completely flew over the man’s head.

Jerry grinned from ear to ear after hearing Lydia’s supposed praise. “Really? It was nothing. I actually held back because I didn’t want to scare you. Nobody in Yaleview can cross me and get away with it! That b*stard should consider himself lucky that I didn’t break his legs. Otherwise, he would’ve had to crawl out of here. “

“Is that so?” responded Lydia with a forced half-smile. Jerry is definitely not the first narcissistic man I’ve met, and he probably won’t be the last. Yaleview is full of people like him. Luckily, I eat these men for breakfast!

“Are you sure we’ll be fine after what you did to that man, Jerry?” As if her cousin had hit a bee nest, anxiousness was written all over Kylie’s face.

“What do you think is going to happen? With our family’s vast influence in Yaleview, what can that b*stard possibly do to us? Just go back to your seat. The match is about to start, so let’s enjoy it.” With a wave of his hand, Jerry brushed off his cousin.

“Fine.” Pouting, Kylie decided it was pointless to say anything else to Jerry.

While the fight raged on in the ring, the injured young man knelt and begged outside a room on the second floor. “You have to help me, Mr. Morsley. I’ve never been so humiliated in my life! You have to teach that man a lesson he’ll never forget!”

“Don’t worry about it. Now get on your feet. You do realize that you’re a grown man, right? What kind of man would snivel like that? Get a hold of yourself!” Allen Morsley gave the young man a disgusted look before ordering his men to pull the poor lad up from the floor.

“Now tell me. Who was it that bash you up?” questioned Allen while a voluptuous woman in his arms lit his cigar for him.

That woman turned out to be one of the most popular female celebrities in Chanaea.

So much so that almost everyone in the country had seen her face on TV or social media.

Even so, the well-known celebrity sat on Allen’s lap and leaned against his chest like a kitten while the man ran his hand over her fair thigh.

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Chapter 277 Introducing Allen Morsley

In response to Allen’s question, the young man shook his head. “I don’t know them, but I heard that one of them was called Master Walker.”

“Master Walker? As in Christian Walker?” asked Allen with tightly knitted brows.

The man Allen mentioned is from one of the four prominent families in Yaleview.

"No, not him. Christian would never do anything like this to me. Besides, he wouldn't dare to beat me up or he would be disrespecting you."

"Who else in Yaleview goes by Master Walker besides Christian? So anyone can simply have people calling them Master nowadays, huh? It's ridiculous!" scoffed Allen at the thought. "Did you tell them that you're under my protection when they hit you?"

The young man scratched his head in embarrassment before answering, "No. I... I forgot to do that."

"Then you deserve getting the crap beat out of you! There's power in saying my name, and you should know that." Upset with what he had heard, Allen gave the young man a kick on his bottom.

"You can hit me all you want later, Mr. Morsley, but if you don't avenge me now, those b*stards are going to get away!" pleaded the young man rubbing his rear.

Smirking at the young man, Allen assured, "That's not going to happen. No matter where they go, they can't hide from me, so don't worry. You'll get your revenge."

With that, Allen strode out of the room, and following closely behind him were several well-built men in suits.

Meanwhile, the fight in the boxing ring had gotten more intense.

Locking Ghost Fire's neck with his arm, Scar pounded his opponent repeatedly in the abdomen.

Even though Ghost Fire was already beaten to a pulp, Scar showed no sign of slowing down.

The tattooed man then grabbed his opponent by the hair and started hitting him in the face.

"Kill him!"

"Destroy that b*stard!"

Excited, the crowd cheered and shouted at the fighters. It did not matter to them if someone got killed in the ring because they believed that the weak ones deserved to die, and that showed just how cruel underground boxing matches were.

However, a young man suddenly appeared from the crowd before stepping into the ring.

“Stop!” At the sound of his command, everyone at the scene was immediately shocked.

“Who the heck are you? Do you have some kind of death wish?”

“Hey, idiot! Get out of there! You’re ruining the match, man!”

“Da*n it! What are you doing in there? Get lost!”

Naturally, the crowd got upset when the young man interrupted the fight, so they started cursing at him.

However, it did not take long before some of them figured out who they were yelling at. Those who recognized the young man quickly warned their friends, “Shut up, man! Do you have any idea who that is? You’d better put a sock in it if you want to walk out of here alive.”

“What are you talking about? Who’s that?”

“That’s Allen Morsley, you idiot!”

Immediately, those who cursed at Allen covered their mouths and lowered their heads to hide in the crowd, for nobody dared to offend him.

“I just told you to stop. Are you deaf?” When Scar continued to punch his opponent, Allen walked over and kicked the fighter in the stomach.

Scar then shifted his attention to Allen and was about to take a swing at the man when the ring owner shouted, “You stop it right there! Don’t you dare move a muscle!”

As ordered, Scar withdrew his fist that almost landed on Allen’s cheek. The boxer glared at Allen standing before him, imagining different ways to tear the young man apart.

“Don’t you know who that is? Are you trying to get yourself killed?” roared the owner at the fighter before instructing his subordinates, “Get those two out of the ring! Now!”

“Yes, sir!” Hurriedly, a dozen men rushed into the ring to remove Scar and Ghost Fire.

"Is something wrong, Mr. Morsley?" The ring announcer plastered on a smile before approaching Allen, who happened to be the last person he would want to offend.

Had it been somebody else interrupting the fight, the announcer would have had them fed to the dogs.

"Somebody disrespected me when they laid their hands on my friend. Hence, I can't let them go unpunished," explained Allen after glancing indifferently at the announcer.

"What? I didn't think anyone in Yaleview would dare offend you, Mr. Morsley." The news came as a surprise to the ring announcer.

"That makes two of us," scoffed Allen before turning to the injured young man. "Get in here and tell me where they're seated in the crowd."

"Sure."

As instructed, the young man quickly made his way into the ring and scanned his surrounding. Then, he pointed his finger in the direction where Jerry was seated. "There he is! And those people with him!"

The young man could not remember who was the person who hit him, so he decided to blame everyone in Jerry's company, including Jonathan.

"So that's the one who beat you up? Let's get him to come into the ring." Staring straight at Jerry, Allen gestured for the man to come forth.

Jerry's face immediately turned grim when he realized who it was beckoning to him.

Oh no, that's Andy's brother, Allen Morsley. He's also known as the Devil of Yaleview, and he belongs to one of the four prominent families in Yaleview! What the heck did I do to upset the Devil himself?

Fear-stricken, Jerry suddenly broke out in cold sweat as his men who were just as afraid as he was, gathered around him.

"What should we do, Master Walker?" inquired the terrified men.

“How should I know? Don’t you think I wish I have all the answers?” Jerry completely lost his temper because he knew that he was in trouble at that moment, so he forced an apologetic smile before standing up to respond to Allen. “It’s all just a big misunderstanding, Mr. Morsley. I had no idea that he is a friend of yours.”

When Allen heard the man’s terrible excuse, he could not help but scoff, “That’s it? You think I’m going to just let this slide because you are ignorant?”

“If there’s any way I can make it up to you, Mr. Morsley, please do let me know.” Jerry ate humble pie and bowed to the man to show his sincerity.

Compared to how he acted in front of the young man earlier, one could be forgiven for mistaking him for a different person.

“I want you and your friends to leave here with a broken leg. Plus, you have to compensate my friend for the trauma you caused with one hundred million.” Allen directly stated his conditions to Jerry.

“What?”

When Jerry heard the man, his face somehow turned even grimmer, for he did not think that he could agree to the terms. “Mr. Morsley, these conditions of yours just seem-”

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Chapter 278 Wealth Or Health

“Spit it out! I don’t have all day,” ordered Allen impatiently.

“They seem unreasonable!” Jerry knew that he could never agree to the man’s terms. I have to get my leg broken and pay one hundred million? No way!

“Which condition are you referring to? The one hundred million? Or breaking your leg?” questioned Allen coldly.

Both, of course! That was what Jerry thought, but he dared not say it out loud. “Mr. Morsley, I really don’t have one hundred million to pay your friend. What do you say I scrape up ten million for him, and we’ll call it even?”

Even though Jerry always pretended as though he would inherit a fortune, he actually came from a slightly above average family in Yaleview.

The most he could gather was a few million, but not the amount Allen demanded.

“You must be kidding me. Do I look like someone you can bargain with? I told you one hundred million, and that’s how much I expect to see. If you’re even a cent short, I’ll break your other leg too.”

“But Mr. Morsley... I can’t. Even if I wanted to, I don’t have one hundred million just lying around.”

“Is that so? Okay, then come over here.” Allen gave Jerry a cold glance before beckoning to the man once again.

However, Jerry was so terror-struck that he completely froze.

“Get over here now!” Allen’s roar was enough to send shivers down Jerry’s spine.

“Mr. Morsley, my family-”

“I don’t give a da*n about your family! Do you think you’re Christian Walker? Well, let me tell you something. Even if Christian were the one who beat up my friend, I would show him no mercy,” interrupted Allen before Jerry could finish talking.

There was no one in Yaleview more well-known than Christian, yet Allen held nothing back when he undermined the member of a prominent family, for his family was just as influential, if not more.

In an instant, Jerry realized that he had made a fool of himself.

Never in his life had he ever been that humiliated.

“I’ll only say this one last time. Get over here right now!” Allen sounded so fierce that Jerry had no choice but to obey him.

“Mr. Morsley, I...” Slap! Before Jerry could say anything else, he received a hard slap on the face from Allen.

Immediately after the smacking, his cheek turned as red as a tomato.

Still, Jerry remained silent and dared not oppose Allen.

All he could do was rub his cheek to ease the pain and swallow his pride.

“Let me make myself clear. You’re to pay my friend one hundred million. If you’re even a cent short, I’ll break all your limbs. Do you understand? And if you’re still unable to pay then, I’ll go to your family. Do you know what will happen if they can’t pay? I’ll kill every last one of you.”

Even in the face of such a severe threat, Jerry dared not utter a single word of defiance because he knew that Allen was dead serious.

However, compared to Allen, Jerry was even more terrified of the man’s brother, Andy.

The future head of the Morsley family was said to have racked up countless kills alongside Asura.

What made Andy even more fearsome was that Asura personally recommended him to Asura's Office.

Nobody knew exactly what his position was in that place or what he was in charge of. In fact, only a handful of people knew what the man looked like, but that did nothing to dampen his influence. Some even said that his position in Asura's Office could rival that of the King of War.

The level of power that came with that kind of status was something unimaginable to Jerry.

One could say that the Morsleys owed their prominence to Andy, for he was the only reason the family rose to power.

"I'll figure something out. Your friend will get one hundred million from me!" promised Jerry with his teeth gritted.

Even though Jerry was well aware that Allen was extorting him, there was nothing he could do about it.

Otherwise, his entire family could be in danger.

"Don't forget your leg. Besides the one hundred million, I want your leg broken," reminded Allen before shifting his attention to Jonathan and the others. "That goes for you too. Every one of you will pay my friend one hundred million! Anyone who fails to do that will get another broken leg."

Immediately, Kylie and Yvette trembled in fear since they also knew that it was impossible for them to get that much money. We're just students! We can't even afford to pay one million, much less one hundred million!

"What do we do, Jerry?" Kylie hoped that her cousin had thought of a way to get them out of the predicament.

However, Jerry was just as helpless as his cousin was. "How should I know? I'm in just as much trouble as you are, so what makes you think I can help you? Now just stop talking!"

"But Jerry..." Kylie was utterly disappointed when her cousin would not even look at her.

"Any ideas, Jonathan?" Sophia too got worried when they somehow got involved in the matter.

As another member of prominent families in Yaleview, Sophia was well aware of the kind of person Allen was. They don't call him the Devil of Yaleview for no reason. That guy is despicable!

"It's okay. Don't worry about it. I mean, it's not as if we did anything to the young man," comforted Jonathan as he patted Sophia on the head.

"But--"

"You have nothing to be afraid of. I'm here, aren't I?" assured Jonathan nonchalantly as though Allen's threats meant nothing to him.

At that moment, Allen narrowed his eyes to scowl impatiently at Jonathan and Sophia. "What the heck are you two discussing over there? Have you finally made up your mind? Your money or your limb?"

"You're not going to receive a cent from me. I had nothing to do with what happened to your friend, so why should I pay him?" responded Jonathan in all seriousness.

"What did you say? Did I hear you right?" Allen then started laughing as though he had heard a good joke. "Are you trying to reason with me, boy?"

"It doesn't seem like you're a reasonable person," retorted Jonathan coldly.

In response, Allen pointed his finger furiously at Jonathan. "Just who do you think you're talking to? I'm the law in this city!"

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Chapter 279 Who Did This

“Really?” Jonathan glanced at him and said, “Good. I’m not the reasonable kind, anyway. You’re Andy’s brother, right? I can’t believe he has a brother like you!”

Andy Morsley, one of the four Kings of War of Asura’s Office.

Andy and Jonathan had fought countless battles together. After all that they had been through, the latter personally appointed Andy as the general overseeing hundreds of thousands of elite soldiers at Asura’s Office.

It was baffling that the inept and haughty Allen was actually Andy’s brother.

“Shut up!” The moment Allen heard that name, his expression immediately darkened. “How dare you talk about him? You’re not leaving this place alive!”

Since young, the name “Andy” had been haunting him.

He had lived his entire life under Andy’s shadow.

Why?

In what way am I any worse than him?

“Yes!” After Allen’s command, a few burly men in black clothes began surrounding Jonathan and the others.

Every single one of their movements was designed to kill. They were obviously professionally trained.

“Are you guys from Asura’s Office?” Jonathan asked.

“What?”

Their expressions changed immediately. Obviously, they didn't expect Jonathan to recognize them.

“How dare you speak out of line and falsely accuse me? Is that the way Andy taught you guys to behave?” Jonathan spat out as his expression turned frosty.

When Jerry heard that, he immediately stared in shock.

He's crazy!

He's gone absolutely insane!

Andy was personally appointed to the Asura's Office by Asura himself. He was right up there along with the four Kings of War!

Everyone had to respect him, even the most esteemed VIPs.

Who was Jonathan to say such a thing? How could he accuse Andy of anything even remotely negative?

This was practically a death wish.

“I-I don't know him! I've never met him before!” Jerry said, scurrying backward to distance himself from Jonathan.

If Jonathan wanted to die, Jerry didn't want to be pulled down with him.

“We're just following orders.” They didn't know who Jonathan was, but one of the men frowned and said, “We apologize to you in advance.”

“Following orders?” Jonathan immediately scoffed coldly. “Is he in danger?”

“No,” one of the other burly men said as they all shook their heads.

As members of Asura's Office, their mission was to protect the country.

They wanted to win wars and kill off any opponents in their way.

They didn't want to follow Allen around on his tomfoolery.

At this point, they couldn't even respect themselves.

"Since he's not in a life-or-death situation, then whose commands are you following exactly?" Jonathan's expression was ice cold. "Did Andy ask you guys to fool around with Allen?"

"We are sorry!" The burly men looked at each other and gritted their teeth. "We can't go against his orders."

They rushed forward without another word and surrounded them, leaving no mercy.

Sadly, before any of them could attack, Jonathan instantly defeated all of them.

Bang! All of them collapsed with a single punch from Jonathan.

At that very moment, Allen's eye started twitching.

These men from Asura's office were personally picked by Andy to protect Allen, and yet Jonathan defeated them with just one punch.

How is that possible?

"Since Andy didn't teach you guys properly, then I'll teach you guys a lesson." Jonathan glanced at the members of Asura's Office who were lying on the floor and walked toward Allen.

"D-Don't come near!" Allen's eyes flashed in panic as Jonathan walked closer toward him. "What do you think you're doing?"

"Call Andy!" Jonathan ordered.

"W-What?" Allen looked at Jonathan in shock, wondering if he had heard the right thing.

How dare he still call Andy after beating me up?

"I said, call Andy!" Jonathan bellowed as he kicked Allen's stomach.

That kick immediately sent Allen flying onto the ground.

"Am I clear enough now?" Jonathan looked at Allen coldly while the latter was curled up on the floor with his arms tightly folded over his stomach.

"I-I don't want that hundred million anymore!" Allen said with gritted teeth, crawling up with difficulty.

He couldn't muster up the courage to call Andy.

If Andy had learned about all of this, he would beat Allen to death.

"That's not up for you to decide," Jonathan replied coldly as he glared at Allen. As he spoke, he kicked Allen on the stomach again.

The latter immediately collapsed onto the ground, falling on his knees in front of Jonathan.

"Call him right now and ask him if he wants this hundred million."

"O-Okay."

After a couple of kicks, Allen was already too afraid to resist. He picked up his phone and dialed a number.

However, when the audience below the stage saw all of this, they were instantly paralyzed in shock.

Allen was the great Andy Morsley's brother, after all. Yet, he was getting beaten up and kneeling for forgiveness right then.

The culprit was even forcing him to call Andy!

What was going on?

That man must have a death wish!

That very moment, the entire room was dead silent.

It was so quiet that the audience could hear their breathing. Everyone had their eyes on Jonathan, wondering what he would do next.

They had already guessed what would happen to him—Death.

There was no other way out for the man other than dying.

He would die without even an intact corpse for the burial.

Beep.

Beep. Beep.

The plain ringing tone of the phone pierced through the audience's ears.

A few seconds later, a deep voice spoke.

"Hello?"

"Andy! You have to save me!" Allen called out the moment Andy picked up. His voice was trembling as if he were about to cry.

He had never suffered such humiliation in his life.

"What's going on?" Andy asked calmly. He didn't seem worried in the slightest.

"I just got beaten up!" Allen said in a panic.

"You got beaten up?" Andy asked in surprise. "What about those from Asura's Office? Didn't I hire them to protect you?"

"They got beaten up too!" Allen glanced over at the bruised, bloody members of Asura's Office.

"What? Even they got beaten up?" Andy's tone immediately changed. "Who did this?"

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Chapter 280 Kneel Down And Apologize

"I-I don't know," Allen mumbled in a small voice.

He was too embarrassed to admit that he, the descendant of the Morsley family, didn't even know who had beaten him up and humiliated him.

"Tell him that my name is Jonathan Goldstein," Jonathan said coldly.

"What? Who did he say he is?" The moment he heard Jonathan's name, Andy's tone immediately shifted once again.

Even his breathing had begun to shake.

"He said his name is Jonathan Goldstein," Allen said meekly.

"Pass him the phone right now!" Andy barked.

"Andy, I—" Allen started, but Andy immediately cut him off. "I told you to pass the f*cking phone to him!"

"My brother wants to talk to you," Allen said sulkily as he passed the phone to Jonathan. "Jonathan, is it? You're done for!"

With Andy backing him up, Allen was already much more arrogant.

Jonathan couldn't be bothered to reply to Allen. "Hello?"

"Mr. Goldstein? Is that you?" Andy asked in excitement.

"Yes," Jonathan answered.

“Mr. Goldstein! It’s actually you!” Andy spoke loudly in excitement. “When did you come back to Yaleview?”

“Just two days ago.”

“Where are you? I’ll send someone to pick you up. No! I’ll come and pick you up myself!” Andy said frantically.

After Jonathan disappeared a year ago without a trace, no one had heard anything from him.

Even Andy himself couldn’t find any traces of information about Jonathan.

Some people said he had died, and some said he had gone back into hiding—none of which he believed.

How could Asura himself die?

If anyone had dared to say that in front of Andy himself, he would personally kill them.

“There’s no need for that. I’ll go back when I’m supposed to.”

“Understood, Mr. Goldstein!”

Andy had always treated Jonathan’s word as gospel and didn’t dare to say a word otherwise. However, he urgently asked, “Mr. Goldstein, if I may ask, how did you bump into someone like Allen?”

Andy wasn’t even trying to hide his disdain toward Allen in the slightest.

“I met him at an underground boxing ring,” Jonathan replied coldly.

“Underground boxing ring?”

Andy’s voice became cold at those words. “Was that little punk bullying others again?”

Being his older brother, Andy was perfectly clear of the things Allen was up to.

"Yes," Jonathan said casually. "He made me pick between getting a leg broken or giving him a hundred million."

"F*ck. I should have known!"

Andy was furious after hearing what Jonathan had said. "How dare he mess with you out of all people? Please don't be angry, Mr. Goldstein. He's been spoiled rotten at home. It's his luck for ending up messing with you out of all people. You can settle this any way you see fit. Even if you decide to take his life, I won't even blink an eye."

Andy had chosen Jonathan over his own brother without even batting an eyelid.

Sure, Allen may have been Andy's blood, but Jonathan was practically his god.

He was the one and only Asura.

"Since it's your brother we're talking about, you can decide what you want to do with him," Jonathan said as he looked at Allen, who was still kneeling on the ground. "The reason I called you today was to warn you that if you don't teach him properly, he'll soon end up dead."

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein!"

Andy finally let out a sigh after hearing that Jonathan would spare Allen's worthless life.

"Don't worry, Mr. Goldstein. From today onward, I'll be keeping a close eye on him. I swear on my life that I'll teach him a good lesson!" Andy promised without a second thought.

"Okay. That's all," Jonathan said. He couldn't be bothered to talk to Andy any longer and returned the phone to Allen.

The moment he got his phone back, Allen instantly said, "Andy, kill him!"

"Shut the hell up!" Andy shouted angrily before Allen could say anything else. "Apologise immediately. Also, tell those people from Asura's Office to get their sorry ass*s back here right now!"

"Why should I?"

Allen immediately threw a tantrum at the sound of having to apologise to Jonathan. "He was the one who beat me up, so why should I apologize to him?"

"Why should you? I'll tell you why. He just spared your life! He was being kind enough to not kill you on the spot. Stop whining and say sorry to him right now. If not, I'll break both of your legs."

"But..."

Allen was practically in tears at this point.

He couldn't believe it! He, the esteemed descendant from the Morsley family, got beaten up. Yet, he had to apologize to his assailant!

If word of this got out, how could he bear to show his face in Yaleview ever again?

"Stop barking and apologize right now. I'll be keeping you at home for three months. If you even dare to step out during those three months, I'll break both of your legs."

Andy hung up right after that without giving Allen the slightest chance to argue.

Right after Andy hung up, Allen looked pissed off.

Apart from that, he was also embarrassed.

Even in his wildest dreams, he would never imagine that the person who had always had his back would suddenly clean his hands of him so easily.

Brotherhood?

All of that is fake.

All lies!

"I'm sorry," Allen finally spat out after a long internal battle.

For once, he bowed down to someone else and apologized.

For some reason, those two simple words seemed to drain him of all of his energy.

Sorry?

The moment Allen said those words, the room was practically frozen in surprise.

They all looked at him in shock, as if wondering if they had heard it wrongly.

Were they actually hearing Allen Morsley apologize to someone else?

How could that be?

"I'm guessing you don't want that hundred million anymore?" Jonathan said, glancing at Allen.

"N-No," Allen mumbled as he lowered his head, not daring to look at Jonathan.

How he wished the ground would open up and swallow him whole.

He was so humiliated that it felt like someone was pressing his face to the floor and stepping on it.

Allen had never been this humiliated in his entire life.

"What about the two of them?" Jonathan asked as he looked at Sophia and Lydia. "Do you want their money?"

"No!" Allen was about to grind his teeth to a stump with how hard he was gritting them.

Since when had he ever had to suffer through such humiliation?

"W-What about me?" Jerry, who had been keeping his distance from them before, hurriedly ran nearer and asked, "I don't have to give any money either, right?"

"What do you think?"

Jonathan glanced at Jerry in disdain. "Have you forgotten your own words? You said that we weren't related in any way."

