

The Legendary Man Chapter 271

Chapter 271 Phantom

"That's true!"

The short-haired woman giggled in amusement.

From their conversation, one could tell that they treated the competitors in the arena like beasts instead of humans.

In their eyes, underground boxing was similar to a fight between beasts in the Colosseum of ancient Rome.

Winning mattered more than their lives.

"How do you place a bet in here?" Jonathan casually asked Lydia.

From earlier events, he could tell that Lydia frequented the place.

"The underground gambling den works together with the underground boxing ring. Before every match, the gambling den would offer different odds. For every boxer, the bets change too."

Pointing at the defeated man lying on the ground like he was about to pass out, Lydia continued, "For a novice like that guy, who fought only once or twice, the odds of him losing is ten to one. However, the greater the risk, the higher the payout. If he surprises the crowd and wins, the people betting on him will earn tenfold. Therefore, many people here like to bet with a lot of money. As you know, there are many gamblers in a place like this. They might not be interested if the risks are too low."

"Ah, I see," Jonathan acknowledged before turning his attention to the boxing ring.

Bang! In that instant, a loud sound rang through the arena.

The man on the ground received a punch directly to his skull, and blood splattered everywhere.

“Ah!”

Horrified at the bloody and gruesome sight, Sophia screamed and hid behind Jonathan. She could not bear to look up.

Never in her life had she ever witnessed such a gruesome scene.

“Drag him out and feed him to the dogs!” A man in a black suit with a cigar between his fingers ordered. His subordinates obediently climbed onto the boxing ring and tossed the lifeless body off the stage.

Despite the tragic incident, the crowd seemed unfazed. In fact, some even whistled in satisfaction.

“It’s okay! All is fine now.” After seeing the corpse thrown off the stage, Jonathan gently patted Sophia’s back. “If I knew what this event would be like, I wouldn’t have asked Lydia to take you here.”

He felt guilty. After all, he already knew that there were no rules nor protection in an underground boxing match.

Nonetheless, he did not expect this to happen.

The man received a death blow to his head! What kind of place is this? How could this happen in Yaleview where Asura’s Office sits. Who are these men to organize such horrendous fights? Aren’t they worried that the Asura’s Office might feed them to the fishes in the Goda River in the heat of the moment? One should never mess with them. Don’t they know the number of lives the Asura’s Office had taken? Besides, these men here opened an underground gambling den and boxing ring. Even if the four prominent families have their backs, the Asura’s Office will annihilate them.

“Jonathan, is that man dead?” Sophia raised her head timidly with fear in her eyes.

Even at her age, this was the first time she had ever seen something as dreadful as this.

Naturally, she could not stomach it.

"Yes." Jonathan nodded. "This is underground boxing. Like fights during the ancient times, death is rather normal."

"D-Do the officials not care?" Sophia stammered.

It was Yaleview after all.

How could anyone take lives on this land so easily?

"How can they control it?" Jonathan logically analyzed the situation, "Do you think they managed to open the underground boxing ring without someone important backing them? For all we know, they might be making a profit here."

Jonathan would not be shocked by it.

He was only curious about the people behind this underground boxing ring.

If they dared to organize this event, they must be from the Asura's Office. It was the only possible way they could continue operating.

"Hold on a second... No way..."

Sophia looked stupefied by what Jonathan had said. Obviously, his words had shocked her!

"Jonathan, so do you want to place a bet?" Since Sophia had calmed down, Lydia turned to Jonathan to ask.

"We'll see!" Jonathan shrugged.

He was not particularly interested in gambling, but he thought it was okay to do so from time to time.

"Let me know if you want to place a bet!" Watching people clean up the boxing ring, Lydia sighed. "Ah, we came too late and missed the previous bet. If we miss the next one, I'm afraid we won't have any more matches to bet on."

"Is it ending?" Jonathan asked in surprise.

"Yes. Usually, there are only three fights held each night. The event ends after that." Glancing at her watch, Lydia commented, "The one we just caught was the second match. It will be the last one next."

As soon as she finished speaking, a few women in bright red bikinis appeared. In their stilettos, they sashayed into the ring. They had the perfect figures.

Without a doubt, the crowd roared at the sight of them.

"The challenger for our next match is Phantom!" The host introduced while the spotlight shone on a tanned man with a chiseled body.

It was a man wearing a demon mask.

Under the light, he looked extra terrifying.

"I'm sure all of you are familiar with Phantom's records. Out of the ten battles he participated in, he won them all! He had not lost a single one thus far."

The audience cheered even harder.

It was obvious that Phantom was the crowd's favorite.

"Who do you think will be up against him?" The host paused for a dramatic effect before the other spotlight shone on a skinnier middle-aged man. He had a long scar across his face, as though his face had been slashed open.

The most baffling thing was he had a pair of handcuffs around his wrists.

Several men in suits behind held him back by his arms. It looked like they had detained him.

"He is Ghost Fire, and this is his first fight!"

Gasp!

Instantly, the crowd began jeering.

"Get off the stage!"

“Don’t let him fight!”

Everyone seemed unwilling to let him participate in the fight because no one thought that skinny man had a chance against Phantom.

He looked weak with no visible muscles, like a gust of wind could blow him away.

Who the hell is this man? How dare he challenge Phantom? He must be courting death!

“Everyone, calm down. Aren’t you interested in watching Phantom trashing this man?” The host tried to excite the crowd.

“Yes! Get on with it!”

The crowd started roaring.

The Legendary Man Chapter 272

Chapter 272 Die Little Lamb

“You can start placing your bets!”

As soon as the host finished speaking, a handful of men dressed in black suits released the iron chains clamped around Ghost Fire’s arms.

The moment they shoved him forward, the look of nonchalance on Ghost Fire’s face was quickly replaced with a bloodthirsty gleam.

“Come over, you little brat! I can’t wait to pulverize you,” Phantom thundered as he brandished his fist menacingly. Judging from his scornful gaze, it was clear that he didn’t see Ghost Fire to be a threat at all.

Both men made their way into the arena, where they squared off against each other.

Immediately, everyone could see the stark contrast between Ghost Fire and Phantom.

Due to Ghost Fire's skinny frame, he looked like a helpless little lamb standing in front of a fearsome tiger.

With a single swipe of its paw, the tiger would rip Ghost Fire into bloody shreds.

"What do you think, Jonathan? Do you want to place a bet together?" Lydia asked as the match was about to begin.

"Who do you plan to bet on?"

"Of course, I'm going to bet on Phantom," Lydia replied without hesitation. "He's the undisputed champion of this arena. Ever since Phantom started fighting here, he has never suffered a loss in his winning streak against his opponents. Jonathan, are you planning to place your bet on Ghostfire?"

Lydia couldn't help but look at Jonathan in disbelief.

"That's right. What are his betting odds?" Jonathan questioned nonchalantly.

"Twenty to one."

Lydia's eyes widened in utter shock when she heard Jonathan's inquiry. "Jonathan, are you joking? Do you really plan to place your bets on Ghost Fire?"

"I'm not fooling around." Jonathan glanced at Ghost Fire and said, "Don't underestimate him. He's definitely not a helpless lamb."

Though others might not be able to tell, Jonathan could see the murderous intent in Ghost Fire's eyes.

Even if Ghost Fire found himself imprisoned, he would still be a deadly force to be reckoned with.

During his sentence in Northern Crimson Prison, Jonathan had encountered many men like Ghost Fire.

In front of the guards, they acted like obedient little lambs. However, they would reveal their true colors the minute the guards looked away. These men were capable of committing atrocities without even batting an eye.

“But he-”

Before Lydia could argue any further, Jonathan cut in, “Don’t bother trying to convince me. It’d be best if you follow suit and bet on Ghost Fire if you don’t want to lose.”

“All right, I’ll trust you then. Ghost Fire it is.” Although Lydia was reluctant, she ended up changing her mind at the last minute.

Promptly, Lydia beckoned at a nearby worker. “Please come here.”

“Ms. Lydia, are you going to place your bets?” From the way he addressed her, it was clear that the worker recognized Lydia.

“That’s right. I’m going to bet one million on Ghost Fire,” Lydia declared with a grit of her teeth.

“Ghost Fire?” The worker was taken aback. “Ms. Lydia, why are you picking him? Just look at his small and weak stature. He probably won’t even be able to endure a single punch from Phantom.”

“What are you blabbering about? I want to place my bets on him!” Lydia shot him a stern glare and fished her card out to pay.

Ding! Just like that, one million was gone from her bank account.

Lydia whirled around and asked, “Jonathan, how much are you going to bet?”

“I’m just betting on this match for fun.” Truthfully, Jonathan could hardly be bothered with such a predictable fight like this. It didn’t pique his interest at all. He handed his black card to the worker and said dismissively, “I’ll bet ten million.”

“What?” Lydia was so shocked that her eyes nearly bulged out of her head. “Jonathan, where did you get your hands on such an outrageous sum of money?”

Didn't Sophia say that she has not heard from her nephew ever since he was young? Apparently, Jonathan has been missing for more than ten years. How did he obtain ten million? Furthermore, he claimed that he's betting for his own amusement?

"Ten million is a small sum. Charge my card right now," Jonathan instructed the worker.

"Yes!" Following Jonathan's instructions, the worker took the card from Jonathan's outstretched hand and hesitantly swiped it in the machine.

A ding sound echoed in the air as ten million was charged on Jonathan's card.

"Sir, here's your card." When the transaction went through, the worker's respect toward Jonathan increased tenfold.

Although the arena was packed, only a handful of people could fork out ten million with such ease. In fact, the worker was sure that less than ten people here perform such a hefty transaction.

Upon seeing this, Sophia couldn't help but inquire curiously, "Jonathan, where did you get so much money?"

"It's the money that I've earned through my business. Didn't I tell you about this earlier this afternoon? Yet, you didn't believe a word I said." Jonathan came up with an excuse.

"I thought that you were lying to me." Sophia glanced at Jonathan as she spoke. When he first told her about it, she assumed that he was merely trying to save himself from embarrassment. I can't believe he paid ten million without any hesitation.

Initially, Sophia even planned to use the remaining balance in her card as a down payment for Jonathan. In the end, Jonathan appeared to be much wealthier than her.

Bloody hell! I can't believe this.

"You brat! It looks like you have a lot of secrets and you have even tricked me!" Sophia snapped and whacked the back of Jonathan's head.

"I didn't lie to you. You were the one who didn't believe me when I told you about it," Jonathan mumbled in exasperation. Sometimes, women are so difficult to understand. Even if I'm clearly in the right, the blame falls on my shoulders.

Sophia's seemed to get even angrier when Jonathan tried to defend himself. "Are you trying to give me an excuse?"

"Look, the fight is about to begin!" Jonathan blurted out in a hurry when he saw Sophia raise her hand again.

Bang!

The deafening sound of the gong rang in the air, indicating that the match had officially begun.

Without any delay, Phantom leaped toward Ghost Fire like a ravenous wolf.

While Phantom swung his fist at Ghost Fire, he let out a fearsome battle cry.

"Little lamb, I'm going to crush your skull!" Phantom's lips upturned into a cruel smile.

To him, Ghost Fire was nothing but a weak plaything. Phantom was confident that he could end his opponent's life whenever he wanted.

"Little lamb? Are you talking to me?" Unexpectedly, Ghost Fire responded to Phantom's words with a smile. "The last person who called me that had met his maker," he rasped in a raspy voice.

Mercilessly, Ghost Fire aimed his clenched fist at Phantom's skull.

"Little lamb, are you trying to fight back?" Phantom chuckled when he noticed Ghost Fire's attack. "Die!" The burly fighter sent a punch squarely at Ghost Fire.

The Legendary Man Chapter 273

Chapter 273 Received Twenty Million

If Phantom's fist found its mark, there was no doubt that the latter would lose his life.

At that very moment, there was a sudden twist of fate.

Nimbly, Ghost Fire dodged to the side as Phantom missed him entirely. Without giving Phantom any time to react, Ghost Fire leaped into the air and slammed his fist into Ghost Fire's face.

Bang!

Piercing pain exploded across Phantom's nose, causing him to stumble backward.

"F*ck, what on earth just happened?"

"Look at this trash! I can't believe he got blindsided by a weakling like Ghostfire."

"He's utterly useless!"

Promptly, the audience began to hurl profanities at Phantom.

Not a single one of them expected a skinny man like Ghost Fire to wield such immense strength.

"Little lamb, how dare you attack me!" Phantom roared in outrage. As soon as Phantom finished yelling, Ghost Fire lunged into action again. Boom! Ghost Fire struck the side of Phantom's head.

Although Ghost Fire appeared like prey in front of Phantom, he did not show any mercy. On the contrary, he even retaliated against Phantom's attack.

This scene instantly caused the onlookers' hearts to skip a beat.

F*ck, is Phantom going to lose?

"Little lamb, you are doomed!" Phantom responded to Ghost Fire's strike by grabbing the latter's arm and roughly yanking him downward.

A loud thud reverberated across the arena as Ghost Fire collapsed to the floor.

"Good job!" The audience cheered enthusiastically.

"Oh no, Ghost Fire is going to lose." Lydia heaved out a heavy sigh of disappointment. It looks like my money is going to go down the drain.

"He won't lose," Jonathan said impassively.

He looked totally unfazed by the fact that Ghost Fire had just fallen to the floor.

"Why are you so confident in his abilities?" Lydia glanced at Jonathan in confusion. Clearly, Ghost Fire was in a disadvantageous position. Nonetheless, why does Jonathan keep insisting on his victory?

"I'm not confident in him." Jonathan kept his gaze fixated intensely on the ongoing fight. "I betted on him simply because their fighting prowess is on two different levels." At the same time, Phantom stomped his foot on Ghost Fire's head. It looked like he was trying to crush Ghost Fire's skull with this method.

"Kill him!" the crowd chanted in a frenzy.

Just as Phantom wanted to kick Ghost Fire again, Ghost Fire extended his arms and grabbed onto Phantom's ankle. Promptly, he tugged on Phantom's leg, making him lose his balance.

Caught off-guard by Ghost Fire's sudden movement, Phantom staggered and almost fell to the ground.

On the other hand, Ghost Fire seized this opportunity to pounce at Phantom. He quickly grabbed Phantom's nape and yanked the larger man downward.

Simultaneously, Ghost Fire jerked his knee toward Phantom's face.

Snap!

In an instant, there was the sickening sound of broken bones. Crimson blood began to trickle out of Phantom's nose.

Despite Phantom's injuries, Ghost Fire showed no mercy. He was determined to finish Phantom off.

Promptly, Ghost Fire slammed his elbow against Phantom's exposed back, making him double over in pain. While Phantom tried to gather his wits, Ghost Fire clamped his fingers around Phantom's ears and pulled them with all his strength.

"Argh!" A bloodcurdling scream was ripped from Phantom's throat when Ghost Fire tore his ears away from his head.

Immediately, blood began to gush out of Phantom's wounds.

Phantom's agonizing shriek continued to ring in the air.

Nonetheless, Ghost Fire did not even bat an eye. While Phantom continued to wail in pain, he wrapped his right hand around Phantom's neck to keep him securely in place. With his other hand, Ghost Fire repeatedly pummelled against Phantom's skull.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Again and again, Ghost Fire continued to rain down brutal punches on Phantom.

As a result of the blunt force, more blood streamed down Phantom's neck in red rivulets.

Despite the severe wounds, Ghost Fire showed no signs of stopping.

"Phantom, you'd better fight back!"

"Sh*t, I spent five million on you! I'll hire someone to beat you up if you lose!"

"Fight back! You useless piece of trash!"

Upon seeing how Phantom was getting beaten up, the onlookers couldn't help but holler in dissatisfaction.

Almost everyone present at the scene had placed a bet on Phantom.

Truthfully, they didn't care if Phantom lost his life or not; but, he just couldn't lose this match.

Even if it costs him his life, he'd better win! We don't care if Phantom dies after this match. All we care about is his victory.

Despite their yells, Phantom seemed helpless. No matter how hard he tried to fight back, he could not break free from the iron grip that Ghost Fire had around his neck.

Phantom could barely breathe with the chokehold around his throat.

Gradually, his movements grew slower and weaker.

All of a sudden, Phantom's legs gave way. Without any more support left, he crumpled lifelessly to the ground.

"Get up!"

"Did this b*stard die?"

"F*ck, I'm doomed!"

When Phantom's body showed no sign of movement, their angry cries reached a crescendo.

Unable to control their fury, they threw their water bottles onto the stage.

But no matter how hard they tried, Phantom remained unresponsive.

Soon, his body began to turn cold. Even in his death, Phantom's eyes remained wide open.

"Take Phantom's corpse and feed it to the dogs," the host declared with a wave of his hand. In haste, a few subordinates rushed forward to haul Phantom's bloody body out of the arena.

Now that Phantom was dead, they lost all respect for him. In their eyes, he had become nothing but a piece of trash that should be discarded without a second thought.

“Oh my, G-Ghost Fire won?” When the match concluded, Lydia whirled around to look at Jonathan in surprise.

Although she’d witnessed it with her own eyes, Lydia was still struggling to wrap her head around the fact that Ghost Fire emerged as the winner.

Earlier, Ghost Fire was clearly at a disadvantage. However, he turned the tide and triumphed over Phantom in the blink of an eye.

“What else?” Jonathan spared her a brief glance.

“T-This is unbelievable,” Lydia stuttered. Am I dreaming? Just like that, the one million I betted on Ghost Fire became twenty million. Oh my God! Does this mean that Jonathan’s ten million has been raised to two hundred million?

Although Lydia was from the famed Maxwell family, it would be a struggle for her to earn two hundred million.

On the other hand, Jonathan accomplished this in just a few minutes.

“Jonathan, how did you know that Ghost Fire would win this match?” Lydia asked.

Although Phantom looked like he would be the victor, the results ended up being the total opposite. How could Jonathan tell that Ghost Fire would win?

“Would you believe me if I said that I went with my gut instinct? I betted on him because his betting odds were higher,” Jonathan replied.

“Hmph! I don’t believe a word that you just said.” Lydia rolled her eyes. “I won’t fall for your lies.”

Instead of answering, Jonathan merely kept quiet.

Abruptly, a chime echoed from Lydia’s phone. Her eyes lit up when she read the new text message. “Jonathan, I just received twenty million!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 274

Chapter 274 It Really Is You

“Is that so?” asked Jonathan indifferently since twenty million was as insignificant as twenty to him.

Even if it were two hundred million, it still would not make a difference to Jonathan, for they were just numbers to him.

Narrowing her eyes, Lydia could not believe how composed the man was. “How can you be so calm, Jonathan? Don’t you at least want to confirm if the money has been wired to you?”

“What for? If you got yours, then I should get mine too.”

“Well, mistakes happen sometimes. What if they missed yours? Heck, I wouldn’t be surprised if they did it deliberately.” For some reason, Lydia seemed more concerned about Jonathan’s money than the man himself.

“You don’t have to worry about that. They wouldn’t dare to skim my money. If I’m even a cent short, they can kiss their underground operation goodbye.”

“Are you serious, Jonathan?” scoffed Lydia, wondering where the man got his confidence.

If these people have what it takes to run an underground boxing ring, surely they have enough influence to take Jonathan’s money from him whenever they want. They could probably even end his life just as easily. Heck, I wouldn’t doubt it for a second if anybody tells me that they’ve killed a couple of guys already.

“Say something, Sophia!” Since she could not move Jonathan, Lydia decided to turn to Sophia.

“Hey, snob! Lydia’s got a point, you know? I think you should check your account just to be sure. After all, it’s not a small amount. We wouldn’t want to be careless now, would we?” advised Sophia.

“Fine. Let’s get it over with.”

With that, Jonathan picked up his phone to check his messages. Then, he turned the device around to show it to Sophia. “There it is.”

“It’s all there?” exclaimed Sophia in surprise, for she did not expect to see the full amount.

“Of course. Why would I lie to you? Here. If you don’t believe me, you can take a closer look yourself.” Impatiently, Jonathan handed the woman his phone.

“Let’s see!”

As soon as she received Jonathan’s phone, Sophia scrutinized the numbers on display one by one. Ten, hundred, thousand, ten thousand, hundred thousand, million, ten million, hundred million... Two hundred million!

Sophia could not believe her eyes after confirming the amount. Suddenly, it felt like she was dreaming. Oh, my goodness! I’ve never seen so much money in my life. And yet, it only took Jonathan half an hour to make this much! This is insane!

“Do you believe me now?” Jonathan could not help but chuckle when he saw how shocked Sophia was.

In response, the woman nodded fervently before returning the phone to its rightful owner. “Yes! Come on. Let’s go, Jonathan. The match is over, so there is no point sticking around any longer.”

Since she had had her confirmation, Sophia decided that it was time to leave.

She never liked the shady-looking place, to begin with. If it were not for Jonathan, Sophia would never agree to step into this place.

“Sure. Let’s go.” Jonathan could tell that Sophia despised the place, so he was ready to leave with her when somebody called out to him suddenly. “Jonathan!”

“Huh?” Naturally, Jonathan turned around when he heard his name, only to see Kylie and Yvette sitting not too far away from him.

Sitting next to the two young girls were a couple of short-haired teenagers about their age.

"It's really you, Jonathan! And here I thought I'd made a mistake!" squealed Kylie the moment Jonathan turned to look at them.

Grabbing Yvette by the hand, Kylie excitedly rushed over to the man.

"Friends of yours?" inquired Sophia curiously as she raised an eyebrow at Jonathan.

"Not really. We met on the train when I was on my way to Yaleview."

By the time Jonathan was done speaking, the two young girls had already reached him.
"What a coincidence, Jonathan! We meet again."

"Right. It really is quite a coincidence!" Jonathan admitted that he too was surprised that they would meet again. Wait a minute. Aren't these two students? What are they doing at a place like this?

"You were in such a hurry last time that we didn't even get a chance to say goodbye. Luckily we bump into you again!" stated Kylie to Jonathan before turning to tug at Yvette's sleeve. "I thought you said you had something you wanted to say to Jonathan. Well, now's the time! Go on!"

"I... " Staring at the man, Yvette was suddenly at a loss for words.

"Is there anything I can help you with?" Jonathan instinctively raised a brow at the teenage girl when he noticed how she had difficulty expressing herself.

The girl was more than an annoyance to him. In fact, he had grown to dislike her.

Seeing how Jonathan was starting to get impatient, Yvette quickly blurted, "I... I want to apologize to you. What happened last time was a misunderstanding, so I want you to know that I'm sorry. I realized that if it weren't for you, our things would've been stolen."

"You don't have to apologize. Is there anything else I can help you with?" Jonathan had a deadpan expression on him, clearly showing that he would like to end the conversation as soon as possible.

"No, that's it." Biting her lower lip, Yvette lowered her head disappointed, for it was obvious that the man would rather not spend another second on her.

"If there's nothing else, I'll be taking my leave now." Jonathan decided that he had wasted enough time on the girls already. Had it not been for that coincidence, they probably would never have crossed each other's path again after leaving the train.

"Huh? Do you have to go already? Why don't you stay a little while longer?" suggested Kylie, reluctant to part ways again.

"We have to go now." Jonathan waved at the girl and was about to walk away when he heard a man's voice from behind. "Who's that, Kylie?"

"Jerry, this is the person on the train that I told you about! He's the one who broke all those hooligans' teeth and threw them out of the train!" answered Kylie excitedly.

"That's him?"

After listening to Kylie, the middle-aged man gave Jonathan a curious look. "My, my. I can't imagine someone as young as you to possess such formidable skills."

"I'm Kylie's cousin, Jerry Walker. I can't thank you enough for what you did for Kylie and Yvette." Jerry then extended his arm toward Jonathan to get a handshake. However, Jonathan had no such intention.

"You don't have to thank me. It was no problem at all. I just happened to be around then."

The Legendary Man Chapter 275

Chapter 275 Unnamed Intentions

Jerry's face immediately darkened when his hand was left hanging like that.

Still, he did his best to suppress his emotions and plastered on a smile. "Oh, no. That won't do. If it weren't for your help, these two would probably be begging for money on the streets after leaving the train station. As Kylie's cousin, I feel like I should at least buy you a drink. What do you say?"

With that, Jerry quickly turned to order his men before Jonathan even had a chance to say anything, "You two, reserve a VIP room at a hotel and have them prepare a few bottles of their best wine. Just give them my name."

"Yes, Master Walker!"

After receiving their instruction, one of the men immediately made a phone call.

"You don't have to do that for me. I don't drink," informed Jonathan, trying to stop Jerry from making unnecessary arrangements.

"What? You don't drink?"

Seeing Jonathan's excuse as another sign of disrespect, Jerry was finally out of patience. Just who the heck does he think he is to turn down my offer like that? I'm only being this generous because he's with Sophia and Lydia, yet this b*stard thinks he's a big deal or something? Never have I stoop so low to converse with a nobody!

Jerry knew he wanted both Sophia and Lydia the moment he laid eyes on them, for he had seen almost all the women in Yaleview, but none of them could compare to the two.

Just by looking at Sophia and Lydia, the man could feel a strong desire burning up inside of him.

"Fine. If you don't drink, why don't you take a seat somewhere and enjoy the fight? When it's over, I'll let you pick a place for a late-night snack together," offered Jerry.

"No, thank you." Without a second thought, Jonathan turned the man once again because it was apparent to him that Jerry had an ulterior motive.

"Do you really think it's a good idea to turn me down just like that?" Suddenly, the smile on Jerry's face disappeared.

"Why not? In case you've forgotten, I don't know you," scoffed Jonathan.

"Why you little-" Scowling, Jerry was about to lose his temper, but fortunately, Kylie stopped him.

"Calm down, Jerry. There's no need to get upset." Kylie then shifted her attention to Jonathan to explain Jerry's rude behavior, "Let me apologize on behalf of my cousin, Jonathan. He didn't mean it."

"I couldn't care less, really," responded Jonathan with his eyebrows tightly furrowed.

More than ready to make himself scarce, the man gestured for Sophia and Lydia to follow his lead. "Come on. Let's leave this place."

However, just when he was about to turn his back on Kylie, she called out to him again.

"What is it this time?" Jonathan could have sworn that the girl was pushing the limit of his patience.

"Jonathan, won't you at least consider staying just a while longer? Yvette and I will keep you company. I promise it will be worth your while," pleaded Kylie with a pair of puppy-dog eyes. "She's never missed any man before, you know? You're the first one! You have no idea what it's like to hear her chant your name every single day!"

"Kylie! Shut up! I don't chant his name every day. Stop making things up!" Blushing, Yvette quickly put her hand over Kylie's mouth to try to hush the girl.

"Are you sure you don't? Because I'm pretty sure I hear his name coming out of your mouth every day," teased Kylie.

When Sophia saw how much the girls wanted Jonathan to stay, she thought it would be cruel for him to deny them their wish. "We can stay for a little while, right, Jonathan?"

Kylie's eyes immediately sparkled when she heard Sophia. "See! Your friend wants to stay, so you should too, Jonathan."

Then, Kylie gave Sophia a big smile. "Don't tell anybody else, but I just won a few grand today from betting. You can have whatever you like later. My treat! Seeing how we're of a similar age, I can probably guess what you like."

Sophia almost burst out laughing when she heard Kylie. "We are definitely not of a similar age. I'm probably old enough to be your mother."

In response, Kylie's mouth was left agape. "How's that possible? You look three years older than me at most. How are you old enough to be my mother? You're trying to fool me, right? I'm not falling for that."

"Why would I do that? I'm Jonathan's aunt, so that should be enough to tell you how old I am." Sophia chuckled, very much amused.

"You're his aunt? No, no, no. That's impossible! I don't believe you. I mean, you look even younger than him," insisted Kylie, refusing to accept that someone could look that young at such an old age.

"Well, aren't you just a sweetheart?" Flattered, Sophia patted Kylie on the head as a show of appreciation before turning to her nephew. "It's decided. We'll stay a little longer, Jonathan. Come on. You don't want to disappoint someone as adorable as this girl, do you? She might cry if you do."

"No, I won't!" protested Kylie, clenching her fists.

"Fine. We'll stay just a little longer." Since his aunt had decided to stay, Jonathan knew better than to insist on leaving.

Immediately, Kylie's heart leaped up for joy when Jonathan finally agreed to stay with them.

"What are you guys waiting for? Go find a couple of seats for our friends!" Jerry commanded his men standing just behind him.

"Yes, sir!" The men then hurried away to carry out their order.

"Please pardon my men's ignorance. Sometimes, they just need a good yelling," joked Jerry before smiling at Sophia and Lydia and gesturing for them to follow him.

They barely warmed up their seats when the gong suddenly rang.

Right after that, a few hourglass-figured women in pink bikinis strutted into the boxing ring.

"Next up, we give you the Phantom! His challenger for tonight is a newcomer. The man only goes by his ring name, Scar!"

As soon as the ring announcer was done with the introduction, the lights instantly fell on Scar, a bald boxer whose half-naked body was entirely covered with tattoos that looked like knife scars.

In the middle of his back was a conspicuous one that seemed much larger than the others.

"Didn't you say that the previous match was the last one?" inquired Jonathan curiously after hearing the announcer.

"Well, Sophia couldn't wait to leave this place just now, so I came up with an excuse," answered Lydia with an embarrassed shrug.

The truth was that Lydia wanted to go home early after placing her bet, but she never expected Jonathan to find out that she lied.

Lydia could immediately feel the guilt set in when Jonathan responded with a mere glance, so she purposely changed the subject. "Who do you think is going to win this match?"

"No idea," replied the man coldly.

"Oh, come on! Don't be mad, Jonathan. I didn't lie to you on purpose. I'm sure someone as magnanimous as you can forgive a white lie like that, right?" Sensing that the man was upset with her, Lydia pouted while holding on to his arm.

"No way!" Jonathan unceremoniously pulled his arm away from the woman.

"Fine! Be petty then!" With her arms crossed, Lydia rolled her eyes at the insufferable man.

“Seriously, Lydia? You just won twenty million. Is that not enough?” Sophia gave her friend a look when she overheard the conversation.

“What? She won twenty million?” exclaimed Jerry in surprise. The man was seated next to Jonathan, so naturally, he could hear Sophia.

Lydia could not help but sneer at the man when she saw how shocked he was. “You think twenty million is a lot? Let me give you a real shocker. Jonathan here won two hundred million!”