

# The Legendary Man Chapter 4

## Chapter 4 The Birthday Gift

Bang!

Jonathan kicked the door open and stormed into the private room.

The moment Josephine caught sight of him, her expression changed drastically.

Jonathan? He... He's still alive...

After having not seen him for three years, even she had gradually started believing the rumor of his death.

"You don't agree?" Alvin threw Jonathan a frigid look with a trace of contempt in his eyes. "Who do you think you are? Do you think you have the right to disagree when it comes to my marriage with Josephine?"

"I'm her husband. Say, do I have the right to disagree?" Jonathan sneered, not even deigning to spare him a single glance.

Instead, he strolled toward Josephine.

"It's been a long time, Josephine!"

At long last, the others identified the man before them as Jonathan, who had gone missing three years ago.

Jonathan Goldstein? Isn't he dead?

"W-Why are you here?" Josephine reflexively took a step back to maintain a distance from Jonathan.

The estrangement in her eyes shone brightly.

"It's your birthday today, so of course I have to come!" Jonathan flashed her a faint smile.

The reason he had made the decision a year ago to leave Northern Crimson Prison that particular day was none other than Josephine's birthday.

He had waited three long years for this very day.

“So, you’re Josephine’s ex-husband?” Alvin finally took note of Jonathan right then and scrutinized him. Unfortunately, a flash of disdain flickered in his eyes when he noticed that the man’s attire was cheap stuff that didn’t even cost a hundred in total.

Alvin then scoffed, “You’re the good-for-nothing live-in son-in-law who merely lives off a woman and has been sponging off the Smith family for a whole year? Didn’t you die three years ago?”

A good-for-nothing?

Right then and there, a hint of scorn crept into the eyes of the crowd as they regarded Jonathan.

Indeed, he lives up to his reputation as a good-for-nothing! Even after three years, he still seems to be a loser, his entire outfit not even amounting to a hundred! Compared to Alvin, the only son of the Chairman of Langford Group, he’s nothing but a clump of mud! No, equating him to a clump of mud is rather insulting to mud! He’s just a piece of sh\*t!

“I might still be alive and kicking even after you’re dead.” Jonathan cast him a wintry look before shifting his gaze to Josephine and saying, “Come, let’s go home, Josephine!”

“No, I’m not leaving!” Josephine declined without any hesitation.

The second Alvin heard her turning Jonathan down, he instantly guffawed. “Did you hear that? Josephine doesn’t want to leave with you, dud! It’s best that you disappear from my sight before my temper spikes! Otherwise...”

Stretching out his hand, he flicked his fingers. At once, several bodyguards in black suits stepped forward and surrounded Jonathan.

From the look of things, they would instantly beat Jonathan up with an order from Alvin.

“What would you do otherwise?”

Jonathan’s gaze went cold.

“Throw him out of here!” Alvin wasn’t in the mood to yak with him.

With a wave of his hand, several bodyguards promptly stalked forward. One of them swung a fist at Jonathan’s face.

“You asked for it!”

As Jonathan’s expression went chilly, his palm shot out.

A crisp slap split the air, and his palm landed on the bodyguard's face.

Thud!

Subsequently, a booming sound rang out.

The bodyguard was knocked to the ground without any strength to retaliate.

Blood spurted from his nose and mouth, and he passed out on the spot.

"This is impossible!" Alvin was entirely stricken.

These few men are retired special forces I hired at an exorbitant price! They're battle-hardened, ruthless characters who have blood on their hands! How could he have been knocked out by a single slap from Jonathan?

Before the final word in his utterance fell, Jonathan strode forward and punched his palm out again.

In less than three seconds, none of the bodyguards remained standing.

They were all out cold.

H-How could he be so skilled in fighting?

It wasn't just Alvin, but everyone present was stunned by Jonathan's fighting skills.

Isn't he rumored to be a useless piece of trash?

"Jonathan, what did you promise me before we came?" At the scene before her, Ysobel finally couldn't hold her silence any longer. "You said you won't cling on to Josephine anymore. Is this what you mean by that?"

She was so frantic right then that her eyes were turning red.

I was the one who brought him here, and he beat up Mr. Langford's men in front of so many people here! Isn't that tantamount to humiliating Mr. Langford? How am I going to survive in Jadeborough later after having offended the powerful man?

"I was just lying. Did you believe it?" Jonathan drawled, arching an eyebrow.

"You're such a b\*stard, Jonathan!" Ysobel was so infuriated that she stomped her feet and cursed him out.

"Apologize to Mr. Langford, Jonathan!"

Josephine, who had been keeping mum, finally spoke.

With a frosty expression on her face, she pointed at Jonathan and reprimanded him harshly.

Jonathan countered in a glacial voice, "Apologize? Why should I?"

"Shouldn't you apologize after having beaten his men up?" Josephine's expression turned increasingly chilly.

A few years ago, she had gotten accustomed to having him do her bidding.

No matter what I said, he never dared to defy me. But today, he actually dared to question me?

"His men made the first move. I was merely defending myself," Jonathan replied coldly.

Apologize? Is he even worthy of my apology? I can even annihilate the entire Langford family, not to mention beating up his men! Who would dare demand that I apologize?

Josephine was so livid that her chest heaved violently. "Great, just great! You've grown some guts now, huh, Jonathan? It looks like you deliberately came here today to take revenge on me, no? You purposely turned my birthday party into a farce and rendered me the laughingstock of it!"

"I especially came here to celebrate your birthday!" Jonathan explained.

I spent a whole year at Northern Crimson Prison just to find that manual! If it weren't for her birthday, I wouldn't have possibly given up halfway and left the prison early!

Someone sneered before Josephine could respond, "Celebrate Josephine's birthday? In that case, why don't I see you bearing any gift? Look at Mr. Langford! He gifted her with a Seraphic Star that costs eighteen million! Even the lot of us gifted her with the newest iPhone 11 and luxurious goods from Chanel. What about you? What kind of gift did you prepare for her as her ex-husband?"

"That's right! Why don't you take it out and show it to us?"

The crowd mocked him unceasingly in an attempt to expose him and see him make a fool of himself.

"I've long since prepared a gift!" While saying that, Jonathan fished out a plastic bag from his pocket. In there was a necklace that appeared exceedingly cheap.

On the necklace was a forest green pendant.

At a single glance, one could tell that it was an imitation from a roadside stall that only cost a little more than ten.

“Jonathan, this is the gift you prepared for Josephine?”

The moment he took out the gift, the crowd burst into raucous laughter.

They stared at him as though he was a fool. “From which roadside stall did you buy this? Did you spend thirty or fifty on it? I think it didn’t even cost you a hundred, no?”