

The Legendary Man Chapter 8

Chapter 8 Is That Reason Enough

“Understood, Captain!”

Following that order, the few police officers from the Vice Enforcement Division whipped out a set of handcuffs and strode toward Jonathan without a single word.

At that sight, the crowd couldn't help sneering.

“Aren't you almighty, Jonathan? Fight back! Why don't you dare make a move against the police?” Ysobel derided.

“Fight back? Look, he appears to have been scared silly! How would he dare retaliate? Don't tell me he has peed his pants in fright?”

“Wasn't he pompous earlier? Why did he become a coward now?”

At that moment, they all started to kick him when he was down.

They simply loathed seeing his superior demeanor just now. Isn't he just a useless live-in son-in-law? Why was he acting as though he's big cheese? Besides, he even claimed that he could give Josephine the world if she wanted it! Why is he now shaking in his boots before he has even seen a gun?

“So, this is the ace up your sleeve, Alvin?” Regardless of their denigration, Jonathan couldn't even be bothered to spare them a glance.

They're just some ants! They're not worthy of my attention!

“If this is indeed your trump card, then I'm truly disappointed in you!” he lamented, shaking his head. Well, well... He wants to take me away with just a few police officers from the Vice Enforcement Division? Isn't he underestimating me far too much?

“Look, he's still putting up a brave front!” At his remark, the others instantly retorted before Alvin could even respond.

“That's enough. Drop the act, Jonathan! Don't you have any idea where you stand?”

“He's really addicted to acting! Mr. Langford, just take him away without wasting your breath with him! I'm sick of seeing him!”

"Hear, hear! Take him away so that he can't further embarrass himself here!"

At the crowd's urging, Alvin stared down at Jonathan condescendingly. Not in the mood to yak with him, he waved a hand and ordered, "Take him away, Captain Jawson!"

"Take him away!"

With the command from Greg, his few subordinates immediately grabbed Jonathan's arm. They even had a hand at their gun holsters at the waist. From their posture, it seemed as though they wouldn't hesitate to draw their guns if he showed even the slightest hint of resistance.

"You'd better behave, lad! Otherwise, don't blame us for showing you no courtesy!" The few police officers of the Vice Enforcement Division didn't take the man seriously.

It wasn't the first time they were doing such a thing, so they knew they only needed to obey their captain and arrest all those who offended Alvin before teaching them a lesson. Then, Alvin would naturally give them some money as a reward.

While it wasn't much, they would get at least ten thousand per person.

That was enough for them to patronize a clubhouse and buy the company of a few chicks to carouse all night.

"It seems that the lot of you are truly lawless!" At the sight of them taking him by force, Jonathan sneered and demanded, "You're simply arresting whomever you like without even a reason?"

"A reason?" Hearing that, one of the police officers gave a snort and replied, "Fine. You want a reason? I'll give you one, then! I now suspect that you're involved in drug trafficking! Is that reason enough?"

"It's indeed enough."

Surprisingly, Jonathan nodded without resisting in the least. Seeing his action, everyone there inexorably sniggered. The look in their eyes as they stared at him brimmed with contempt.

Well, look at that! He's simply scared witless, not even daring to utter a single protest!

"However, I'm afraid that you won't be able to arrest me for just that reason!" Jonathan placidly cast a glance at the door as he softly murmured, "Ten... Nine..."

The police officers naturally didn't care whatever he was muttering about, but when they heard his declaration, they snickered and drawled, "Are you thinking of resisting arrest, lad?"

No sooner had their words rung out than they whipped out their guns without another word and aimed them at Jonathan's head.

"Come on, let me see how you're going to resist!"

That comment of a police officer instantly had the crowd dissolving into laughter.

Without a shadow of a doubt, that action of theirs was to deliberately frighten Jonathan and make him look like a fool.

"I hate people pointing their guns at me, so you'd better put them away before I get angry!" In an instant, Jonathan's gaze turned icy.

The thing I hate most in my entire life is having someone else point a gun at me!

"I just want to point a gun at you. So what?" With a cold chuckle, a police officer made to hit him on the head with the gun in his hand. "Not only am I pointing a gun at you, but I'm also going to hit you with it!"

Right that moment, the gun was only a second away from hitting Jonathan's head. If it truly made contact, there would surely be much blood.

Everyone there had their gazes fixated on Jonathan in anticipation of a show, even seized by the urge to hasten things.

But at that critical moment, Jonathan acted.

He abruptly lifted his right hand and grabbed the police officer's wrist. With a slight force, the snap of bones shattering split the air.

The police officer's wrist was broken, and the gun in his hand fell into Jonathan's hand in the blink of an eye.

"Ahh!" In the next second, an agonized wail reverberated throughout the entire room.

Jonathan then kicked his kneecap, causing the police officer to fall to his knees in front of him with a thud.

"I've told you that I abhor having others pointing a gun at me!" His face was seemingly blanketed with a layer of frost.

"Quick! Kill him! He dared to assault a police officer!"

As the police officer kneeling on the ground howled at the top of his lungs in pain, the others swiftly raised their guns upon seeing the scene before them.

In a trice, five or six guns were all pointed at Jonathan.

“Put down the weapon in your hand! Otherwise, we’ll shoot!” Their index fingers were already resting against the trigger, and they were prepared to blow his brains out if he were to make any sudden movements.

“It looks like the lot of you didn’t understand me.” Jonathan then nonchalantly spun the gun in his hand around his finger and enunciated coldly, “So, you want to see who has more guns, huh? Okay, I’ll give you a chance to do so!”

After saying that, he pulled a chair over and sat down, ignoring the multiple guns pointed at his head. He wasn’t at all panicked but threw an indifferent glance at the door.

“Three... Two... One...”

The moment the last number fell, a flurry of orderly and heavy footsteps sounded outside the door. It was as though there were thousands of troops approaching.

Subsequently, the room door was kicked open with a bang.