

The Legendary Man Chapter 12

Chapter 12 Emmeline Smith

It was none other than Emmeline Smith, the youngest daughter of the Smith family.

She was Josephine's younger sister and his sister-in-law.

Why is she here? Jonathan wondered, a frown creasing his forehead. Before I left the Smith family, she was in her senior year in high school. Why is she in a bar now?

Moreover, Emmeline seemed to be drunk, for her gaze was unfocused, and her cheeks tinted coral. Jonathan's eyes trailed to her burgundy-dyed hair before his gaze dropped to her white mini skirt. With the hair color and skimpy clothes, she looked like a delinquent.

The frown on Jonathan's forehead deepened when he saw the hooligans sitting beside her. From their colored hairs and arms covered with tattoos, it was apparent that they spelled trouble.

"Come on, Emmeline. Have another drink! I'll give you a ride home if you finish this drink," one of them urged as he raised a glass. Stealthily, he shook his hand, and some powder fell into the drink.

Meanwhile, another hooligan took Emmeline's arm and pressed her to drink it. It was clear that they would feed her the alcohol by force if she were to say no.

"I can't drink anymore," Emmeline said, shaking her head. Clearly, she was delirious from drinking too much alcohol.

"Seriously? Don't be a spoilsport!" The hooligans shared a look before pouring the drink down Emmeline's throat.

Alas, Emmeline was not strong enough to resist and was forced to gulp down the glass of beer. After that, they helped her up and dragged her to the door. "Come on, Emmeline. Let's have fun tonight!"

"I wonder if she's a virgin. If she is, we've hit the jackpot!"

"It doesn't matter. We're not going to marry her, are we? That's none of our business."

"Yes, it has nothing to do with us!"

The hooligans squeezed past the crowd and brought the unconscious Emmeline to the door.

At that point, she could not even open her eyes.

When they arrived at the door, a figure stood in their way. "Let her go!"

"Who the hell are you?" The sight of a busybody riled the hooligans. "Scram! Otherwise, we'll beat you to a pulp!"

"Damn it! How dare you block our path? Don't you know who we are?"

Under the influence of alcohol, the hooligans did not take the other person seriously.

"Let me repeat myself—let her go and get out of here!" It was Jonathan who had witnessed the whole scene by chance.

Even though his sister-in-law often insulted him in the past, she was still Josephine's sister. Otherwise, he would not have stuck his nose in her business.

"F*ck you, b*stard!" One of the hooligans grabbed a beer bottle as anger poured through him and swung it toward Jonathan's head.

If the bottle were to hit Jonathan's head, he would surely be wounded.

However, they were no match for Jonathan.

Before the beer bottle could even come close to his head, Jonathan gave the hooligan a resounding slap that broke several of his teeth, causing his cheek to swell up.

Thud!

The hooligan's knees went soft, and he collapsed onto the ground.

"Damn it! How dare he attack one of us? Come on, let's get him!" The hooligans swung their fists in Jonathan's direction without missing a beat.

Alas, their weak fists were nothing to Jonathan, who had slaughtered countless lives in wars.

They had barely lifted their arms when Jonathan raised his right leg and sent a flying kick in their direction. In an instant, the sound of bones breaking rang in the air, and the hooligans instantly let out ear-splitting shrieks from the pain.

"I'll break one leg each as a form of punishment!"

Refusing to waste time knocking some sense into them, Jonathan gave them a forceful kick each, and the bones in their legs fractured.

As they wailed in anguish, Jonathan helped the drunk Emmeline up and walked toward the exit.

They were barely out of the bar when Jonathan suddenly frowned in displeasure.

Emmeline's hands were roaming around his body in her state of drunkenness. Her rosy cheek even rested on his shoulder as she breathed into his ear.

"Wake up!"

Jonathan put her down on a nearby bench before calling her, but she paid no heed to him and clung to him desperately. No matter how hard he pushed her away, she refused to move.

"Ah, I-I want you. Take me now, please. Hurry, I can't stand it anymore," she pleaded softly.

Emmeline's eyes were misty as she kept breathing in Jonathan's ear. Without warning, she pressed her lips to his neck.

The moist sensation caused Jonathan's frown to deepen.

"Emmeline Smith, wake up now!" He placed his palm on her back, and a spurt of energy promptly traveled from his fingers into her body.

It was apparent that the hooligans had spiked the beer. Judging from her behavior, he easily guessed what substance they had used.

"Mm..." Emmeline let out a moan as the energy traveled all over her body.

Her irresistibly provocative moan sounded right by Jonathan's ear, but the man was not the least bit aroused.

After all, he had faced numerous seductions by gorgeous women from prominent families in the past three years. Compared to them, Emmeline was a nobody. Therefore, her seductive moans were of no use.

"J-Jonathan?"

Shortly after, Emmeline came to her senses. She opened her eyes and did a double take upon seeing the man standing before her. Shaking her head violently, she muttered, "No, I must be drunk. Jonathan has been missing for years. He might even be dead! There's no way he's standing before me. Where's my drink? I need a stiff drink!"

Thinking she was drunk, Emmeline reached out for a drink. When her hand came into contact with Jonathan, she jolted awake.

Her eyes widened in shock, and she stared at Jonathan for a whole minute before screaming, "Jonathan, you worthless son of a b*tch! Why are you here?"