

# The Legendary Man Chapter 19

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Sebastian had arrived at the party with his son.

Compared to the Smiths, the Langfords were clearly more important guests as someone promptly hurried over to welcome them before leading them to their seats in the third row.

If one were not worth billions, one would not be qualified to sit in the first three rows at the Blackwood family's party.

"Mr. Langford!" Margaret called out from afar.

Hearing her voice, Sebastian turned around. His expression immediately darkened when he realized it was Margaret who had greeted him.

Alvin was already clenching his jaw, trying to suppress his rage at the sight of Josephine.

Acting like she had not seen their reactions, Margaret dragged her family over to them. "Mr. Langford, what a coincidence to run into you here!" she said in a shameless manner.

She then tugged at Josephine's arm and urged, "Josephine, where are your manners? Come on, greet Mr. Langford."

However, Josephine felt awkward as memories from the previous day's events were still fresh in her mind. She never expected to run into the Langfords so soon. "Mr. Langford,"

"There's no need to greet me. Why are you here?" Sebastian questioned, his lips drew back in a snarl.

"The Blackwood family extended an invitation to us, of course," Margaret answered politely.

"Hah! They extended an invitation?" Sebastian laughed. "Who are you for them to extend an invitation? Hugo might have the right to attend the party, but you don't deserve to be here."

He did not bother concealing his disdain for Margaret.

Hearing his haughty remark, Margaret paled. "Mr. Langford, what do you mean by that?"

"You know what I mean," came Sebastian's curt reply. With a face like a thundercloud, he announced, "Margaret, the Smith family is doomed!"

"Mr. Langford, please tell me what's going on." Margaret panicked at the sight of Sebastian's scowl. */remember how happy he was yesterday when he told me it would be easy to solve our family's crisis. Why is he going back on his word?*

"You should ask your beloved daughter that question," Sebastian answered icily before turning to his son. "Come on, Alvin. Let's go."

"Yes, Father!" Alvin responded.

He gave both Margaret and Josephine a hateful look before stalking away.

"Josephine, what happened?" Margaret burst out angrily once they were out of sight. "Did you stir up trouble again?"

"I didn't do that..." Josephine said as she nibbled on her bottom lip, seemingly seized with a qualm of uneasiness. "It was Jonathan who gave Alvin a beating!"

"What?" Margaret's eyes blazed with anger. "That piece of trash! How dare he beat Sebastian's son up? Is he that eager to meet his doom? That son of a bitch!"

Her chest heaved angrily, the anger in her eyes replaced by hatred. *I wish I could rip that b\*stard apart! It took me ages before I could establish connections with the Langford family, but that loser rendered my efforts down the drain!*

"Stop shouting like a madwoman. Perhaps Jonathan has been denied entry into the Blackwood residence. There's no use shouting here." Josephine glared at her mother as she sighed inwardly.

*I've also offended the Langford family! No one will save us now.*

Just as Margaret was yelling indoors, Jonathan appeared at the entrance of the Blackwood residence, closing the distance with quick strides.

Before he could enter, the security guard stopped him. "Please show your invitation card!"

"What is that? I don't have one." Jonathan answered with a frown.

"Why bother coming if you don't have an invitation card?" The security guard instantly shooed him away. "Scram! Don't block the entrance!" he barked impatiently.

"Tell the head of the Blackwood family that Jonathan Goldstein is here to see him. Ask him if I can enter without an invitation card," Jonathan commanded, his stern tone of voice brooked no rejection.

*I can understand if the general public is unaware of my identity, but the head of the most affluent family in Jadeborough should know.*

“Who the f\*ck is Jonathan Goldstein? I’ve never heard of that name. You’d better leave now, or I’ll throw you out!” the security guard threatened.

*Just today itself, at least dozens of people have tried to sneak into the Blackwood residence on this special occasion, just like this so-called Jonathan Goldstein. There’s no way I’ll fall for your cheap trick. Dream on!*

“Throw me out?” Jonathan laughed out loud in disbelief. “You should ask the head of the Blackwood family if he dares to do so!”

*An invitation card? I, Asura, have conquered the world. No one can stop me from going anywhere! I can even intrude on the governor’s residence, let alone the Blackwood residence. How dare they deny me entry?*

“Stop pretending to be a big shot. You don’t even have an invitation card,” the security guard jeered. “Young man, I warn you not to kick up a fuss unless you have a death wish. Do you know who gets invited to this party?”

As he spoke, he pointed at a car parked near the entrance. “See that Bugatti Veyron? It costs eight million! That Rolls-Royce is worth thirty million! Even those Bentleys cost five million each!”

After making sure Jonathan took everything in, he concluded, “See for yourself. Everyone who attends the Blackwood family’s party owns at least one car worth five million and has a net worth of at least one hundred million. Look at your shabby outfit. I bet you can’t even fork up five hundred!”

The security guard had worked for the Blackwood family long enough to recognize big shots. The big shots that he knew drove expensive cars and wore custom-made suits worth up to hundreds of thousands. Jonathan, however, was clad in a cheap outfit. It might not even cost one hundred.

*Ha! I can’t believe he’s bold enough to come to the Blackwood family’s party. What a fool.*

“So what? Is owning luxury cars that important?” Jonathan asked calmly, not the slightest bit unnerved by the security guard’s remarks. *If I want, I can summon dozens of helicopters worth millions to give me*

*a ride in an instant!*

“Ugh, stop making up lies and scram!” the security guard snapped. He whipped out his baton and was about to chase Jonathan away when a trembling voice sounded from some distance away. “A–Are you Mr. Goldstein

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*Mr. Goldstein?*

When he heard the familiar greeting, Jonathan turned around by reflex.

He then saw a man in his forties dressed in a sharp black suit and leather shoes. With a group of bodyguards behind him, the man trembled at the sight of Jonathan.

In fact, his eyes were filled with disbelief.

“Do you know me?”

Jonathan furrowed his eyebrows, as he didn't recognize the middle-aged man at all.

“It really is you, Mr. Goldstein!” The middle-aged man widened his eyes the moment he heard Jonathan speak. Even his lips began to tremble. Feeling his legs give way, he dropped to his knees with a thump in front of Jonathan. “Harrison Seymour, former platoon leader of the second platoon of Fang Dragon Guards, at your service, Mr. Goldstein!”

*Former platoon leader of the second platoon?*

Jonathan glanced at him plainly. “So you're from the Fang Dragon Guards?”

*No wonder he knows who I am!*

Fang Dragon Guards was one of the Four Asura Guards established by Jonathan. Therefore, as a former platoon leader within the Fang Dragon Guards, it wasn't a surprise for Harrison to recognize

him.

“Yes, Mr. Goldstein!” Kneeling on the ground, Harrison didn't dare get up. “One year ago, when you went missing, I left Fang Dragon Guards and went back home. However, I didn't expect to run into you here!”

Harrison didn't hide his admiration for Jonathan at all.

Three years ago, Jonathan led the Four Asura Guards to wipe out the enemies within the nation. As a member of the Fang Dragon Guards, Harrison saw Jonathan's face with his own eyes from afar.

During that time, the almighty Jonathan, who was overlooking the entire operation, was exactly like a king!

However, when Jonathan disappeared one year ago, he felt disheartened and left the army for home. Therefore, he was surprised to run into Jonathan in the small city of Jadeborough.

"Get up!"

Only after Jonathan waved his hand did Harrison get up to his feet. However, one of the bodyguards couldn't help but yell, "Mr. Seymour, is this a mistake? Isn't he the poor b\*stard that can't afford a luxury car? Why are you kneeling to him?"

Harrison was the most ruthless man in Jadeborough.

One year ago, he came to Jadeborough and made a name for himself in a very short time, earning him the moniker.

Therefore, no one in Jadeborough dared to disrespect him.

Even the mayor of Jadeborough had to acquiesce to him.

There were no exceptions, as Harrison had shown the locals their place.

Considering how ruthless he was, Harrison surprised his bodyguards when he knelt in front of a broke young man who didn't even have a hundred in his pocket.

*How is this possible? Mr. Seymour must have gotten the wrong guy!*

*Slap!*

Before the bodyguard could finish, Harrison slapped him so hard that a tooth flew out of his mouth. At the same time, blood oozed out of the corner of his mouth.

"Kneel!" Harrison ordered.

Without another word, the bodyguard dropped to his knees fearfully. "Mr. Seymour, I..."

"What did you just call him? A poor bāstard?" Harrison's face darkened at once. With a murderous look in his eyes, he suddenly looked like the most ruthless man in Jadeborough again. It was a huge contrast to when he spoke to Jonathan with a quivering voice while being on his knees.

"Do you know who he is? Even the head of the Blackwood family has to kneel before him, let alone you. And yet, you dare call him a poor b\*stard?"

Snorting, Harrison waved the bodyguard away without even looking at him. "Men, cut off his legs and feed him to the fishes in Goda River!"

"Yes, Mr. Seymour!"

Without any hesitation, Harrison's other bodyguards dragged the guilty bodyguard deep into the woods.

They didn't dare take action in front of Harrison for fear of sullyng his eyes.

"Mr. Seymour, please have mercy. I admit that I was blind. Mr. Seymour, just think of me like an insect and let me go."

At that moment, the bodyguard was finally seized by fear.

With his knees buckling, he peed his pants that very instant.

When Jonathan saw how terrified the bodyguard was, he furrowed his eyebrows slightly. "Forget it, release him!"

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein."

Harrison complied with Jonathan's orders without a second thought. Hence, he waved his hand and ordered, "Let him go."

Upon receiving the instructions, Harrison's subordinates released the bodyguard. The moment he was

set free, he dropped to his knees and prostrated in front of Jonathan. "Thank you, Mr. Goldstein. Thank you, Mr. Seymour, for sparing me."

"Hmph! If Mr. Goldstein weren't here, you would have suffered a fate worse than death itself!" Harrison

scoffed before stomping on his neck. "Get lost!"

The kick caused the bodyguard to sprawl on the ground. After that, Harrison bowed slightly and respectfully ushered Jonathan ahead. "Mr. Goldstein, this way, please."

"Mm-hmm."

Jonathan nodded before heading into the Blackwood residence.

With Harrison by his side, no one dared to stop Jonathan for the rest of his way. At the same time, Harrison looked as if he was Jonathan's lowly subordinate. With a respectful tone, he probed, "Mr. Goldstein, where were you for the past year?"

He finally got the burning question off his chest.

Back then, Jonathan, as Asura, had eradicated all of the nation's enemies. However, he suddenly disappeared after that.

Some speculated that he had retired into seclusion, while others claimed that he was dead.

Hence, when Harrison heard the rumors, he scorned them and declared them to be nonsense.

*There's no way Asura is dead because no one in this world is capable of killing him.*

"In prison!" Jonathan replied casually.

"Prison?" Harrison was stunned. "How did you end up there?"

"I was searching for something." Jonathan wasn't bothered to explain. "Anyway, I can see that you have done well for yourself in Jadeborough after leaving the army."

"Mr. Goldstein, if it pleases you, I can give everything to you," Harrison offered without a second thought. "If it weren't for you back then, I wouldn't even be here today."

"I have no interest in such things." Jonathan replied with a wave of his hand. "Everything here belongs to me. Why would I want anything of yours?"

"I'm sorry to have offended you with a slip of the tongue, Mr. Goldstein. Please don't be angry." Jolted by Jonathan's words, Harrison slapped himself on his mouth.

"Enough!"

When he saw Harrison's reaction, Jonathan knitted his eyebrows. "I'm here today to see the head of the Blackwood family. Do you know him?"

"I do!" Harrison nodded.

"Mr. Goldstein, do you have some business with him?"

"Yes!"

Jonathan added, "He has gotten on my nerves!"