

## The Legendary Man Chapter 401

Chapter 401 Personal

“Master? Master, you scared me! I thought you were...”

Cecilia was so anxious that tears were welling up in her eyes. She was one of the few, if any, in Gronga who did not want anything to happen to Jonathan.

“What?” Jonathan casually lit a cigarette and shot her a nonchalant look before continuing, “Did you think I got blown up?”

“Yeah!”

Cecilia nodded and then lowered her head.

“Isn’t it better that I die? You’d be free, and so will the Hansley family!” Jonathan said calmly.

His death was a good thing for Cecilia and the Hansley family.

“From the day I agreed to be a servant, you’re my master. As long as my master is alive, so will I. If my master is gone, then there’s no need for me to stay alive!”

Regardless of the genuineness of her words, Jonathan did not expose her. Instead, he casually took a puff of his cigarette and said, “A bomb like this can’t hurt me.”

“I know. You’re Asura. How could this amount of explosives hurt you?”

Biting her lip, Cecilia lowered her head again.

That’s right! He’s Asura, a man like God! How could a mere amount of explosives hurt him?

“Let’s go down. Since someone wants to give me such a gift, I should reciprocate them, shouldn’t I?” With a faint smile, Jonathan threw away the cigarette butt and walked downstairs.

Standing behind Jonathan, Cecilia suddenly felt a chill running down her spine for no reason after hearing his words.

It made her hair stand on end.

Half an hour later, many police officers gathered at the entrance of Velarium Hotel.

Even the riot control unit was deployed to cordon off the hotel to prohibit anyone from entering or leaving.

The explosion of the presidential suite in Velarium Hotel was enough to make a splash in Gronga and alarm the governor.

Meanwhile, reporters kept taking photos outside the hotel.

Even though they were barred from entering and were separated by a thick piece of glass, it still could not stop their enthusiasm for taking pictures.

“Are you Jonathan Goldstein?” The sheriff of Vleshire Harbor’s police station, Roger, came over with his team with a serious look on his face. He wanted to control the situation to the best of his ability before it got out of hand.

“Yes.”

Jonathan was sitting casually on the couch while being surrounded by a group of police. “Mr. Goldstein, according to the hotel’s information, you’re the guest staying in the presidential suite that exploded. Where were you when the explosion occurred?” Roger asked while his subordinate was taking notes with a pen behind him.

“In the room,” Jonathan replied nonchalantly.

“In the room?” Jonathan’s response brought a frown to Roger’s face. “But we checked the scene; every single person in the room was killed by the explosion. Why are you the only one who survived unscathed?”

Roger gave Jonathan a confused yet skeptical look.

Based on the number of explosives found at the scene, he knew that it was enough to blow the entire suite to ashes.

In fact, nothing in the entire room was intact, apart from Jonathan.

The whole room was like hell on earth as the space gave off a nauseating aura.

Yet, Jonathan was unscathed, and there was not even a single tear in his clothes, which did not make sense at all.

“Are you suspecting me?” The look in Jonathan’s eyes instantly turned cold.

Instead of investigating the dead bodies in the room after the explosion, the police are actually suspecting me. Seriously?

“Of course not!” Roger shook his head. “Don’t get me wrong, Mr. Goldstein. I’m just doing my job.”

Even if he did suspect Jonathan, he would not say it out loud.

After all, Jonathan was the real victim of the explosion.

“I just want to know how you survived the explosion,” Roger added.

“I was just lucky. I think you should check the identities of those bodies as soon as possible. Maybe you’ll find something unexpected,” Jonathan hinted calmly.

“What do you mean?” Roger’s face changed as he picked up what Jonathan was implying. “Do you know the identities of those bodies?”

"I'm just giving you some hints." Jonathan shot Roger an impassive glance before adding, "You should send someone to check if there are any huge bounties being offered in Gronga recently."

"You're saying..."

It dawned on Roger in an instant.  
An assassination!

He instantly took Jonathan's hint as he hurriedly instructed, "Men, go and check whether there's any huge bounty on Jonathan's head in the black market recently!"

"Yes, sir!"

A group of police leaped into action.

A few minutes later, one of the police officers was heard shouting, "I found it, sir! Someone in the black market has indeed offered a bounty of five million on Jonathan's head recently!"

"Let me take a look at it!" Roger took the tablet from him and immediately saw Jonathan's photo and some of his information.

Even though there was not much specific information, his photo and address were very detailed.

Sure enough, it's an assassination attempt!

Roger gave Jonathan a meaningful glance and asked, "Take a look at this. Is the information about you here true?"

"There's no need to look at it." Jonathan waved his hand dismissively without the slightest interest. "You should be able to identify those dead bodies soon based on the list of killers who accepted the job."

"Don't you want to know who offered the bounty?" Roger looked at Jonathan in surprise. He could not believe that a bounty of five million was actually offered on the head of a young man in his twenties who looked like a fresh graduate.

After all, it was an amount that could make all the top assassins in Gronga go wild.

"No, I don't!" Jonathan remained uninterested. "There's only one party that can offer such a bounty and have a grudge against me! It's the Wagner family!"

"The Wagner family?" Roger was shocked as his eyes widened. "The Wagner family, one of the four prominent families in Gronga?"

"That's right!"

"What business do you have with the Wagner family?" Roger's face instantly turned gloomy. It'll be troublesome if the four prominent families are involved! The Wagner

family is one of the four prominent families in Gronga! Even the governor wouldn't want to offend them!

"It's personal!" Jonathan did not bother to talk too much to them as he had never thought of counting on the police.

He knew that they would steer clear of any matter that involved the four prominent families, so it was impossible that they would get themselves into trouble.

"What exactly is it?" Roger obviously wanted to get to the bottom of it, but Jonathan rose to his feet and flatly replied, "I can't tell you."

Apparently, he did not want to waste any more time.

Before Roger could speak, a police officer behind him yelled at Jonathan, "Stop right there. How dare you talk to him like that? Just answer the sheriff when he asks you a question. You're in no position to say no. Now sit down!"

## The Legendary Man Chapter 402

Chapter 402 Unauthorized

"You want me to answer his question?" Jonathan scoffed without turning around to spare the officer a glance. "He doesn't even have the authority to ask!"

He then strolled off without a care.

"Stop right there!" the officer hollered from behind. He even turned to his superior and asked, "Sheriff, should we bring him back here by force?"

"What do you mean by force?" The sheriff's brows drew close upon hearing the former's words. A furious glare marred his face as he snapped, "Do you not have anything better to do? He's a victim in this situation, not a suspect. Get your attitude in check!"

"Y-Yes, sir!"

After getting put in his place by Roger, the officer instantly became as tame as a hare.

"Connect to the police force's intranet, and investigate Jonathan Goldstein's identity at once!" Roger ordered. He had been a sheriff in the police force for many years, so this was not his first rodeo, nor was he an inexperienced rookie.

After all, how could he offend someone that could not care less about upsetting the four prominent families?

"Yes, sir!"

The officer instantly whipped out a tablet, logged into the police network, and typed Jonathan's name.

Minutes passed before the tablet went pitch black.

Only one bold, red word flashed on the screen: Unauthorized!

“S-Sheriff, what’s going on?” The officer scratched his head while raising his brows in shock. He asked, “Is my tablet malfunctioning, or is there something wrong with the police force’s intranet?”

“Nonsense!” The sheriff was quick to thunder, “Don’t you understand what ‘unauthorized’ means? Are you illiterate, or do you not understand the Chanaean language?”

“Sh-Sheriff, I—”

Before the officer could say anything, Roger interrupted, “Shut up!”

Just then, a chill crept into Roger’s heart, causing it to tremble vigorously.

Even our police force isn’t authorized to run an investigation on his identity. Does it mean he’s someone terrifyingly powerful?

The other officers were too startled by Roger’s sudden anger to even let out a squeak. However, it was then that the latter’s phone rang.

“Hello?” asked Roger.

“Are you the Sheriff of Vleshire Harbor’s police station? I’m the chief superintendent of Gronga’s police force, Finnigan Langlely. Were you trying to look into someone named Jonathan Goldstein earlier?” An elderly’s voice came from the phone. After hearing this, Roger’s spine straightened on the spot like he was facing a more powerful being. “Yes, Chief Superintendent Langlely.”

“You can forget about it. No one in all of Gronga’s police force, not even I, have the authority to go through his personal files. Only the governor of Gronga has that right. Oh, right, is he also a victim involved in the bombing of Velarium Hotel?”

“Yes, Chief Superintendent Langlely,” replied Roger, whose face had paled drastically ever since he heard the words, “chief superintendent.”

No way. All of Gronga’s police force has no authority to access Jonathan Goldstein’s files? What kind of monster is he?

At that thought, cold sweat suddenly formed and glided down his back.

Fortunately, he had not intentionally made things difficult for Jonathan earlier. Otherwise, he knew he would lose his position as sheriff in no time.

“I want you to check who’s behind the bombing right away! I don’t care what the perpetrator’s background is, or if the person comes from a prestigious family. I want this matter solved. Don’t let them get away!”

“Yes, Chief Superintendent Langlely. I’ll have someone run an investigation at once!”

Once the call ended, Roger's knees softened like jelly as he slumped onto the couch.

"What's wrong, sir?" the officers asked after noticing Roger's odd behavior.

"Go and investigate who's behind the bombing now!" Roger sat with his back straight, looking like he was on edge. "I want the perpetrator found, regardless of who they are and what family they come from! No one is to get away with this. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Sheriff!"

Upon receiving this order, Vleshire Harbor's police force hastily got to investigating. Meanwhile, in Kindred Soul Hospital, Anson awoke from his coma.

He was about to get up but abruptly noticed the lack of sensation in all four of his limbs.

What's going on?

Sheer panic coursed through his veins. His gaze shot downward to his body, taking in the gruesome scene.

"Where are my arms and legs?" Anson shrieked like a madman.

"They got amputated."

A voice suddenly rang out from in front. The person was none other than Anson's brother, whom Anson loathed to death—Samuel.

"You did this?" Anson picked up a glass bottle nearby and threw it at him. "Samuel, you rotten punk, have you lost your mind? How could you amputate me while I was in a coma?"

"There's no point in keeping them anyway!" Samuel sneered, "The doctor has already examined your limbs and said even the most advanced technology couldn't heal them! The best way to keep you alive was to remove them!"

"Bullshit!" *Pure rage swarmed Anson's mind while he roared, "You fcking did this on purpose!"*

"Although I wish for your death, I would never dirty my hands by doing that!" Samuel shot a dagger-like glare before tossing the medical report to his brother. It stated the patient's arms and legs were fully broken, and the only treatment was to remove them.

"Lies! It's a f\*cking lie!" Anson bellowed, unwilling to accept the report's findings.

He even suspected Samuel had hired the hospital to forge the medical report.

"Who cares what you think." Samuel was unbothered as he tossed a newspaper at Anson. His steely tone rang out. "Have a look, and tell me what it says."

Anson clenched his jaw while picking up the newspaper. However, what he saw next shocked him. The article read: A bombing took place at Velarium Hotel last night. It caused over twenty casualties, with no survivors at the scene.

“What does this have to do with me?” Anson questioned through gritted teeth, his glare shooting over at Samuel. “You’ve witnessed what has become of me—I’m crippled! There’s no way I can compete against you in being the man of the house. How about this? As long as you track down the brat who broke my limbs, I’ll leave the country at once! I promise to vanish from your sight forever!”

Anson knew full well to accept his helpless situation at that point.

Although he was a prodigal son, he was no idiot.

Now that I’m limbless, how can I compete against Samuel? There’s only one thing I can think of doing now—kill the brat who did this to me! I’m going to do everything in my power to bring him down! Otherwise, this fiery hatred in me will never settle!

“I’ve already got revenge in your stead before you awoke from your coma.” Samuel raised a brow sardonically at Anson as if the latter were an idiot. “I hired others to bomb that hotel.”

“You did that?” Every bone in Anson’s body trembled upon learning the truth. “You’re saying he’s one of the dead people from that bombing?”

“That’s right.” Samuel added icily, “A bounty of five million was enough to end his scum-like life. Among the twenty corpses is your attacker’s dead body! Oh, wait, it’s not a dead body. I would be more accurate to call it dead meat! Or, better yet, meat puree!”

## **The Legendary Man Chapter 403**

Chapter 403 Do You Believe The News

“Is he really dead?”

Anson doubted what Samuel had said and took it to be utter nonsense.

“You think I’m lying?” Samuel snickered and added coldly, “Would I lie to a useless jerk with no arms and legs?”

“You...”

His words sent Anson into an uncontrollable tremble.

“Here’s a Hallsbay Bank check for ten million!” Samuel flicked the check at Anson’s face. “This amount should be enough for you to indulge in women for the rest of your life. Leave before daybreak tomorrow. I have no wish to see you in Gronga ever again.”

“Ten million?” Anson’s face darkened upon hearing that amount. “Are you taking me for a beggar? One hundred million and not a cent less, or I’ll not leave Gronga.”

“Money is useless if you can’t live to spend it. I take it that you understand this rationale,” said Samuel coldly. “What do you say if I get someone to kill you the moment

you step out of Gronga? By then, you won't even have a million, let alone one hundred million."

A threat! A blatant threat!

When Anson heard that, his face turned purple with rage. "Where's our father?"

"He doesn't wish to see you," replied Samuel in a chilly tone. "You are the greatest humiliation in his life—a son who's a squanderer and philanderer and who has allowed his excesses to reduce him to a pile of garbage. He is very disappointed in you."

"That's not possible!"

Anson added in disbelief, "I'm his flesh and blood. How can he not want to see me?"

"You're free to believe whatever you want to." Samuel could not be bothered to waste more time with him. "But come tomorrow morning, if I find that you are still in Gronga, you can go to hell and meet the mainland guy."

So saying, Samuel stood up and left.

At the very moment when he was about to open the door, the door to the ward slid open silently.

"Both of you are not going anywhere!" A voice rang out from outside the door. Soon after, a young man in his twenties strode into the room.

"Who are you?" uttered Samuel as he moved to draw his gun. Before he could do anything, Anson screamed from his sick bed, "It's you! You're not dead?"

"Of course, I'm not!" replied Jonathan with a faint smile as he walked into the room.

"So, you are that mainland guy." Samuel stared intently at Jonathan. "It's not possible. The room was blown to smithereens, and not a single soul survived. How can you still be alive?"

"Do you believe everything on the news?" sniggered Jonathan as he casually closed the room door.

"Fck the bl\*dy news!" cursed the enraged Samuel.

He had totally lost his cool. "Since the explosion did not kill you, I'll make sure I do!"

Samuel immediately drew his gun and fired, all in one breath.

He would not waste time with the dead. This guy deserves to die, and it makes no difference whether it is sooner or later. Regardless, he must die at all costs.



Bang! The loud gunshot rang out, and a golden bullet flew straight toward Jonathan's head. At the same time as Samuel fired his gun, Jonathan shifted his stance in the blink of an eye and managed to dodge the bullet.

"How is that possible?" Samuel stared wide-eyed in utter incredulity.

He just turned aside and dodged the bullet? This is what happens in films! How could it happen in reality?

"Nothing is impossible for me," said Jonathan as he walked up to him.

Samuel was ready to fire again, but there was no way that Jonathan was going to let that happen.

Suddenly, Jonathan hastened forward and, with a flick of his wrist, grabbed hold of Samuel's right hand. As he exerted his full force on it, Samuel's wrist broke with a loud crack.

Immediately, the gun fell out of his hand and into Jonathan's.

Bang!

Samuel collapsed with a bloody red bullet wound to his head.

Samuel, the eldest son of the Wagner family, was dead!

"Y-You... Don't come near me!"

Having witnessed Samuel's death before his very eyes, Anson panicked and lost control of himself.

The room was suddenly suffused with a strong stench of urine.

"It seems that breaking your arms and legs previously was too easy on you," said Jonathan as he paced toward Anson.

"Y-You can't kill me. If you do, the Wagner family will come after you!" Anson was making a last-ditch effort in a tremulous voice.

"Is that so?" asked Jonathan impassively. "Then, I'll have to obliterate the Wagner family completely!"

Jonathan raised his right hand, and a resounding bang ensued. The bullet went right through Anson's head.

He was a corpse even before he could scream.

The following day, before the dust had settled on the explosion at Velarium Hotel, another breaking news splashed across the front page of the Gronga news media.

Two scions of the Wagner family, Samuel and Anson, met with violent deaths at the intensive care ward of Kindred Soul Hospital!  
According to investigations, both of them died from gunshots.

The preliminary conclusion by the police was that of revenge through murder.

Immediately, the whole island was shocked by the incident.

The Wagner family was one of the four prominent families of Gronga.  
To have two sons killed on the same day smacked of a deep vendetta.

Jonathan seemed not to have been affected by all these in the least bit. After the explosion incident at the hotel, he was, in fact, upgraded to the most prestigious presidential suite.

On top of that, he was given round-the-clock security protection, in case something untoward should happen again.

Though nothing dangerous came his way that day, a large group of police had appeared.

Roger, the Sheriff of Vleshire, personally led the team that knocked on the door of Jonathan's room.

"Mr. Goldstein."

Roger acted in a very polite manner as if he were meeting his superior. "Mr. Goldstein, there are certain matters that we would like to ask you specifically. May we come in?"

"Come in then."

Only when Jonathan motioned them to come forward did Roger enter.

"Mr. Goldstein, did you hear about the murders last night at Kindred Soul?" Roger asked timidly for fear of offending Jonathan.

"I haven't," replied Jonathan calmly.

"Last night, Samuel and Anson Wagner were both shot at the hospital. In the course of our investigations, we found that there had been some conflicts between you and Anson. Is that correct?" asked Roger in a low voice.

"Correct," answered Jonathan with a nod.

“After our investigations yesterday afternoon, we also found out that the person who set the bounty on you was Samuel,” said Roger in a tentative manner. “And coincidentally, both of them met their end last night. So, you see...”

Roger trailed off without completing his sentence, almost as if he was afraid to create a misunderstanding between them. He added hastily, “Mr. Goldstein, don’t get me wrong. I’m not suspecting you, except that in this particular case, the suspicion on you is the greatest. We have to carry out our duties.”

“Mm-hmm.” Jonathan nodded and continued, “Since you now know the person behind the bounty, I think you can close the case.”

“What do you mean?” Roger asked in puzzlement.

“Just because a man is dead does not mean he did not commit a crime,” explained Jonathan.