

## The Legendary Man Chapter 397

### Chapter 397 I Will Give You Three Seconds

However, when the dozens of burly men wanted to hit Jonathan with their steel pipes, they heard a loud bang.

Jonathan swung his fist, and the group of people fell to the ground instantly.

The men didn't even have the chance to touch the hem of Jonathan's clothes. At that instant, they felt like a train had knocked over them.

Bang! The impact made them spit out a mouthful of blood.

It was as though their chests were about to shatter to pieces.

"What?" Witnessing the scene before him, Anson's face darkened. With a twisted expression, he exclaimed, "What is going on?"

Moments ago, he was still pondering what position he would prefer Yuliana to make on the bed at night. He didn't expect that his subordinates would be knocked to the ground in such a short amount of time.

"Useless! All of you are useless trash! How can dozens of you lose to a student? What is the point of me feeding you useless beings? If you guys can't break all four of his limbs tonight, I will dismiss all of you! The Wagner family isn't interested in having quacks around!" Anson scolded furiously.

"Charge!" A group of muscular men took out their cleavers as they attacked Jonathan without hesitation.

However, how could they possibly hurt Jonathan with their weapons?

"You guys must have a death wish!" Before the cleavers could reach Jonathan, he had lifted his leg and kicked his enemies.

Pow!

Jonathan's kick sent the muscular man, who led the attack, flying across the place.

Immediately after the man fell to the ground, another person charged forward.

They were fearless as all of them waved their cleavers in Jonathan's direction.

Unfortunately, although they had the numbers, they didn't have the upper hand.

No matter how many people charged toward Jonathan, the latter could kick them to the ground effortlessly. During the fight, Jonathan didn't even pant.

Within a minute, none of the dozens of strong men remained standing.

At that moment, they curled up like shrimps as they wailed painfully.

“Stand up, all of you! Get up!” yelled Anson angrily.

How can a student defeat dozens of my men?

The situation was embarrassing for both the Wagner family and Anson.

“Are you the person who said you want to break my limbs?” Jonathan walked in Anson’s direction slowly as he stepped over the bodies of the group of burly men.

Every time Jonathan took a step forward, Anson would retreat a step behind.

I can’t possibly run! This is Gronga, and I’m the second son of the Wagner family! How can I let a snob make me run away in fright? If something like that is made known to the public, how will I face other people in the future?

“So what?” Anson pretended to be calm. “Besides breaking your limbs, I want to hit you until you can’t take care of yourself. I want you to be in a vegetative state for the rest of your life and can only lie on the bed. I’ll make sure your life will be a living hell!”

With that said, Anson took a gun from his pocket and aimed it at Jonathan.

Instantly, the crowd shrieked.

Those taking photos of the situation were so terrified they fled the venue.

They didn’t bother watching the ongoing drama anymore.

On the mainland, the officials imposed strict rules on guns. Thus, most people might not have a chance to see an actual gun in their lives.

The only place they would see a gun was on television or in the movies.

However, the case was different in Gronga.

One could find a gun anywhere there because smuggling was serious in Gronga.

Besides that, there were many organizations and gangs in the place.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that an individual could purchase guns, grenades, and mortars in Gronga as long as they had the money.

“The thing I hate most in my life is someone pointing at me with a gun!” Jonathan looked at Anson coldly as an icy glint flashed across his eyes without him noticing it.

“What are you going to do about it, huh?” Anson let out a hysterical roar with a distorted face.

The veins on his neck were almost torn apart.

As Anson had a gun in his hand, his anxious feeling faded. He felt calmer than before.

Anson thought that the gun would put him in an advantageous position.

Oh, Jonathan, what is the use of being a good fighter? Can you beat a gun?

“Hey, so what if you’re good at fighting? You will be a dead body once I shoot through your temples!” shouted Anson ferociously.

“You idiot!” Witnessing Anson’s stupidity, Cecilia couldn’t help but scold in a low voice before Jonathan said a word.

How dare he threaten Jonathan with a gun? Does he have a death wish, or is he sick of his life? Back when we were in Jipsdale, a private army with hundreds of guns was no match for Jonathan. In the end, Jonathan annihilated the entire group of people. Does he think he can scare Jonathan with a gun?

“Is that so?” At Anson’s words, Jonathan glanced at him expressionlessly. “Shoot me then!”

“What?” Anson was stunned. He couldn’t believe his ears.

“I said, shoot me!” Jonathan’s eyes became cold instantly. “I will give you three seconds. If you don’t shoot, you will never have the chance to do it in this life!”

After finishing his sentence, Jonathan counted down in a flat voice, “Three, two, one!”

“Quick, get him to come back. Is he crazy?” Yuliana, who wasn’t far away, shouted at Cecilia as her face turned pale.

That’s an actual gun! He might die because of this!

“He’s not crazy!” Cecilia wasn’t worried at all. “It’s just a gun. It can’t hurt him!”

Just a gun?

Hearing Cecilia’s words, Yuliana was dumbfounded as she looked at Cecilia as if the latter was mad.

Oh, my! Everyone here is crazy! They must be out of their minds! Who gave them the courage to be this confident!

However, just as she finished her words, they heard a loud bang from the gun.

As Jonathan pressured Anson, the latter's finger trembled as he pulled the trigger uncontrollably.

Right now, the gun was less than a meter from Jonathan.

If the bullet hit Jonathan, his life would definitely end.

Anxious, Yuliana quickly covered her eyes because she wasn't courageous enough to look at the bloody scene.

Bang! Someone fell to the ground.

Yuliana opened her eyes and was surprised to find out that Jonathan was the person standing.

He looked calm.

As for Anson, he collapsed on the ground with a pained expression. He widened his eyes because he couldn't believe what had happened. "H-How is this possible? How could this be?"

I've aimed and shot Jonathan's head. Why am I the person who is on the ground now?

"Why not?" Jonathan glanced at Anson's shocked expression coldly. He said, "I've told you I would only give you three seconds. I've given you a chance, but, unfortunately, you didn't appreciate it!"

At that, Jonathan marched forward and stepped on Anson's arm.

Crack! A crisp bone-breaking sound could be heard. Immediately afterward, Anson cried out in pain.

"M-My arm..." yelled Anson furiously.

However, Jonathan didn't even bother looking at him. Instead, he raised his leg and stepped on Anson's thigh.

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### **Chapter 398 He Must Die Tonight**

In an instant, the ear-splitting crack of breaking bones resounded through the air. It was accompanied by Anson's shrill screams of pain as he lay sprawled out on the ground helplessly. All four of his limbs had been cruelly stomped on and broken by Jonathan.

For his part, Jonathan had an impassive face as he remarked coldly, "I did warn you that I'm only giving you three minutes."

Yuliana finally sighed deeply in immense relief as she took in this scene from where she stood, a distance away from the pair.

Thank the heavens! Jonathan is all right!

However, just as those thoughts ran through her mind, she suddenly came to her senses and hurriedly rushed over to pull on Jonathan as she said, "Hurry! Let's go!"

"Where to?" asked Jonathan with a slight frown in confusion.

"Let's find somewhere to hide and lay low for a start," replied Yuliana as her head started throbbing rhythmically. She hadn't expected that things would develop to this extent. Even though assaulting Anson didn't make for a huge issue, breaking all four of his limbs certainly counted as one. She knew that the Wagner family wouldn't let Jonathan off that easily for this, and there was little that the Hansley family could do to protect him if they even wanted to.

She continued, "I'll buy a plane ticket right now so you can leave tonight. If you make haste and travel through the night, I'm sure you'll manage to get out of Gronga in time. Regardless of how powerful and influential the Wagner family is, there's nothing they can do to you once you're out of their reach. They wouldn't even know where to look to find you!"

With that, Yuliana proceeded to pull out her phone and purchase the flight ticket she had mentioned. However, Jonathan didn't have the slightest intention of leaving and replied, "You don't have to get the tickets. I don't plan to leave."

"No! You absolutely must go, and the further you go, the better it is! If we delay any further, it may become too late for you to flee!" exhorted Yuliana anxiously as she completely disregarded Jonathan's response.

"I said I'm not leaving!" Jonathan frowned and repeated himself.

He saw no reason for him to flee this fearfully and desperately from the likes of the Wagner family. In fact, Jonathan never had the thought of escaping even when completely surrounded by an army of thousands back then, let alone when faced with a mere family like the Wagner family. As Asura, he would rather die in battle than bear the shame of fleeing like a coward.

"As long as you remain in Gronga, there's no way that the Wagner family would let you off!" exclaimed Yuliana anxiously in her panic. However, Jonathan did not share her panic and kept his face calm as he replied in a steady voice, "If that's the case, I'll destroy the Wagner family as well!"

Destroy the Wagner family as well?

Yuliana couldn't help but think that Jonathan was well and truly insane. After all, each of the four prominent families held tremendous sway and influence in Gronga.

"You simply don't understand just how terrifying the Wagner family's influence in Gronga is!" replied Yuliana with increasing levels of distress as she shook her head.

From what she knew of the Wagner family's influence in Gronga, it wouldn't take more than a half-hour for them to scour the island to find Jonathan. Once that happened, there was no avenue of escape for him, even if he wanted to flee. In fact, the Wagner family didn't even have to step in personally. All they had to do was issue a bounty for Jonathan's head, and that would immediately send all the assassins and contract killers on the island on Jonathan's tail. Without hesitation, they would whiff him out and serve him up in exchange for their reward.

Jonathan continued to gaze at Yuliana calmly and didn't seem to set much store by her warning. He replied, "Is that so? If they don't know what's good for them and insist on coming after me to create trouble for me, I'm afraid that's when they'll find out precisely what true terror is!"

With that, Jonathan turned and strode away.

Yuliana saw that he was leaving and frantically asked, "Where are you going?"

It was nigh impossible for Jonathan to escape to a safe haven, especially since he had assaulted the second son of the Wagner family in Gronga and right in front of a watching crowd.

"I'm going back to the hotel," answered Jonathan coolly without bothering to turn his head to look at her.

"Hang on!" yelled Yuliana upon seeing Jonathan stride off nonchalantly. She wanted to chase after him, but it was clear that Jonathan had no intention of stopping to wait for her.

"Don't bother chasing after him. He won't care about you," remarked Cecilia as she blocked Yuliana's path forward. Then, Cecilia casually recited a series of numbers.

"What?" asked Yuliana in surprise. She was caught off guard by what Cecilia had suddenly said.

"That's my phone number! Feel free to give me a call if the Wagner family messes with you. Just remember that nothing is insurmountable or unsolvable as long as Mr. Goldstein is here," declared Cecilia.

With that, she immediately rushed off and chased after Jonathan.

Yuliana was a little taken aback by Cecilia's proclamation and felt dazed as she watched Jonathan retreat into the distance. She thought back to her first encounter with Jonathan on a plane, where he had effortlessly dealt with potential hijackers. Now, at

their second encounter, he had broken all four of Anson's limbs without so much as a hint of hesitation.

It seemed like there was nothing or nobody in this whole wide world that Jonathan was afraid of.

Who exactly are you, Jonathan?

When Jonathan finally arrived at the hotel about an hour later, everything that had transpired at Vleshire Harbor had already dominated the headlines of Gronga and became the talk of the town. Jonathan's figure and silhouette were exceptionally striking in the news features.

Furthermore, they had somehow managed to capture a shot of Anson as he lay helplessly on the ground with a ferocious yet pained look on his face. In that shot, Jonathan's leg was firmly pressed against Anson's arm.

The headlines were eye-catching and read: Outlander Brutally Assaults the Wagner Family's Second Son! The Enraged Wagner Family Commences an Islandwide Manhunt!

Over at one of the hospitals in Gronga, countless reporters gathered on-site and blocked every single entrance. Flashes of light repeatedly struck the eldest son of the Wagner family, Samuel Wagner's face upon his arrival, but he showed no intention of stopping.

Regardless of how persistent the reporters were, he retained his icy cold expression and pretended as if he hadn't heard anything.

That continued all the way until he arrived at the entrance to the hospital's emergency department. He opened his mouth for the first time and directed his question toward his family's butler. "Is Anson dead?"

"No, he's not. His arms and legs are both broken, but he's a long way from dying," replied the butler with his head lowered.

It was common knowledge to all in Gronga that Samuel and Anson did not get along despite being from the same family. They hated each other and couldn't be happier if the other met with an early death since it would pave their way toward inheriting the family business.

"Did you send over the group of thugs that Anson had with him?" asked Samuel coldly. Faced with his icy glare, the butler couldn't help but flinch and shy away from him as he meekly replied, "Yes."

The next moment, Samuel's leg landed squarely on the butler's stomach with a solid thump. With just a single kick, the butler was sent sprawling across the ground. "A group of men can't even protect that one individual. What's the point of hiring all of



you if you're so useless?" demanded Samuel icily.

Although Samuel couldn't be bothered in the least whether Anson lived or died, he was concerned with the impact of the entire debacle on the Wagner family's reputation. He knew very well that the family would be made a laughing stock if word spread that Anson had gotten badly assaulted despite having a team protecting him. With that, there was no way the Wagner family could still have the cheek to take up the mantle of one of the four prominent families in Gronga.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wagner!" exclaimed the butler as he cradled his stomach and slowly rose to his feet. Although he was clearly displeased by what had just happened, he didn't dare to express it openly to Samuel.

These two heirs to the Wagner family are simply impossible to deal with! Each of them is worse than the other and more challenging to handle!

"Send someone over immediately to look into that man's location. Capture him the second you find him! I don't care if he's dead or alive, but make sure we get hold of his physical body. Do you hear me?" instructed Samuel.

"Yes, Mr. Wagner!" replied the butler as he anxiously nodded along.

"In addition, send some men over to the black market to hire some contract killers. I want to put a five million bounty on that man's head! I don't care what means or methods they employ. I have to see his head right before me! Failing that, I'll just have to satisfy myself with your head!" declared Samuel.

"Yes, Mr. Wagner!" replied the butler dutifully.

With just that single set of instructions, Samuel had terrified the butler to the point that he trembled where he stood. Without so much as a second word, he turned and left.

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### **Chapter 399 Assassins On The Move**

No matter how big of an uproar the news related to him had caused, Jonathan seemed unfazed by it.

When he returned to the hotel, Jonathan casually lit a cigarette and sat by the balcony.

A few moments later, his phone rang right on schedule.

"Hey, Jonathan..."

Josephine's voice came from the other end of the call. Ever since Jonathan left Jazona, she would call him at eight o'clock punctually every night.

It had been going on for over a month.



This habit of hers had not ceased even when Jonathan was in the army.

“Call me Darling!” Jonathan reminded her.

“Darling...”

One could even hear the helplessness in Josephine’s voice through the phone. After departing from Jazona, Jonathan would always correct her on how to address him whenever she gave him a call.

No matter how many times he had to do it, he never got fed up with it.

“That’s more like it!” Jonathan chuckled. “Darling, how’s everything back at home? Did you miss me?”

“Not at all!” Josephine answered without hesitation.

“Liar!” Jonathan mercilessly exposed her. “Who kept urging me a few days ago to go home and even said she missed me?”

“How would I know? It’s not me anyway.” There was a hint of pretense in Josephine’s tone. “Darling, when exactly will you come home?”

“It’ll take me some time to get things done here!” A cold gleam flashed across Jonathan’s eyes as he casually shook off his cigarette ash.

Unless the matter regarding the Hunters Guild got taken care of, Jonathan would not leave Gronga.

“Okay... I’ll be waiting for you at home.” Josephine didn’t delve into the matter. However, she lapsed into a heavy silence for a moment before adding, “Darling, I got something to tell you.”

“What is it?” Jonathan simply asked.

“You might become a father soon...” Josephine said in the softest voice she could muster. Nevertheless, Jonathan could hear her very distinctly.

Upon hearing those five words, Jonathan leaped to his feet and almost singed his hand with his cigarette. “What did you say? Did I hear wrongly? W-We only did it once, and you got pregnant?”

“Jonathan Goldstein, what do you mean by that? Do you think I’m lying to you?” A trace of anger bubbled up in Josephine’s heart upon listening to her husband’s remarks.

She felt that Jonathan seemed to be doubting her.

“Of course not. Darling, I don’t mean it that way. Listen to me...” When he heard Josephine’s exasperated tone, Jonathan quickly came to his senses and realized he

might be in trouble. Hence, he hurriedly explained, "I just thought I'm truly extraordinary, like how did I impregnate you in one try?"

"What do you think?" Jonathan could imagine Josephine rolling her eyes at him at that moment as the woman continued speaking. "Are you doubting me?"

"No, why would I?" Jonathan instantly felt himself dripping layers of cold sweat. No one else in Chanaea except Josephine could frighten him to this extent. "I certainly wouldn't dare doubt the mighty you! I rather doubt myself instead!"

"You obviously did!" Josephine huffed snappily.

"I swear I didn't!" Jonathan merely snuffed out his cigarette before changing the topic. "Darling, how did you find out you are pregnant?"

"It's been a while since I've gotten my period. Nonetheless, it's only a possibility, and I'm uncertain too. I'll run a check tomorrow!"

"Do you want me to dispatch someone to accompany you when you go for a check-up? How about this? I'll return tonight and bring you to the hospital for an examination tomorrow?" In his eyes, there was nothing more important than him becoming a father in this world.

"Haha! Why are you so silly? Do I have to go to the hospital to check whether or not I'm pregnant?" Josephine could not help but burst into laughter after listening to what Jonathan said. "Do you know what a pregnancy test kit is?"

"Pregnancy test kit? What on earth is that?" Bewilderment was written all over Jonathan's face.

Although he had fought and killed numerous enemies in his life, he was absolutely clueless about matters concerning women.

Up to today, Josephine was the only woman he had gotten together.

"Silly guy, you just need to know that I don't have to make a trip to the hospital!" Josephine giggled. "You can set your mind at rest and deal with your matter in Gronga. You don't have to come back. I'll do the test myself!"

"Really?" Jonathan was filled with uncertainty.

"Why would I lie to you?" Josephine couldn't help but laugh. "If everything I told you turns out to be true, then I'm not the only person at home waiting for you to return to Jazona. Instead, there will be two this time!"

"It could even be three people waiting for me to come home!" Jonathan leisurely found a comfortable position to sit. "Darling, I hope for twins – a boy and a girl! That would be perfect! At least they will have each other as companions when they grow up. If someone bullies our daughter, our son can still protect her!"

“Have you forgotten that you’re Asura? Who would have the guts to bully your children?” Josephine couldn’t resist beaming. “All right. Sleep early, you silly man! Remember that I’ll be waiting for you at home!”

“You should turn in early too. Good night!” With that, the call ended.

However, Jonathan was still deeply immersed in the news Josephine had shared with him previously and could not extricate himself.

I’m going to be a father?

It felt unreal to him, as though everything was just a dream. If Josephine didn’t personally tell him this, he wouldn’t even dare fantasize about it.

In the past, Jonathan had always traveled around the world all by himself.

It was not until he got together with Josephine that he felt he had a family.

If there is a new addition to our family someday, wouldn’t it feel more like a home?

“Mom, Dad, can you believe it? You are about to be grandparents!” Jonathan’s lips curved into a smile as he walked to the window, murmuring to himself while looking at the pitch-black sky outside.

The sky gradually darkened.

However, a storm of events began brewing outside the hotel.

Many assassins had started to gather there.

It was all because of a bounty of five million.

They only knew the target’s name was Jonathan Goldstein, a male from Jazona. Besides these, there was no further information provided.

Every assassin had a photo of Jonathan in their hands.

Although the picture was quite blurry, one could still vaguely see his appearance.

It was a picture of him at a café in Vleshire Harbor when he broke Anson’s limbs by stepping on them.

The bounty of five million would drive countless assassins crazy with greed.

On the top floor of the hotel, Jonathan had just put his phone aside and intended to take a shower before cultivating the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique. Right then, he suddenly heard a rustling sound outside the door.

“Hmm?”

Jonathan knitted his brows and halted his movement.

However, just as he held his breath to listen to the commotion outside the door, he inadvertently looked at the reflection on the window and spotted a few people dressed in black with their faces covered. They were hanging on a rope in an inverted position before leaping down from the rooftop.

“Wow, what a crowd!” Jonathan shook his head, and the expression in his eyes turned frigid.

It seems like there is more than one person who wants to take my life tonight!