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The Legendary Man Chapter 111

Chapter 111 The Ximenez Family Of Jazona

A food deliveryman?

Upon hearing Kyson's words, the crowd burst into peals of laughter.

It was abundantly evident that he was deliberately insulting Jonathan.

"Why are the lot of you laughing?" At their hysterics, Kyson snorted before retorting, "Tell you what, don't look down on the food deliverymen in my production team. I pay them over seven thousand a month! If it weren't for Josephine's sake, I wouldn't have offered him such a cushy job."

As his words rang out, the crowd's laughter grew in volume.

Over seven thousand! It might be an astronomical sum to others, but it's nothing to us! We effortlessly get paid over ten thousand a month without having to stand in the sun or rain. All we've got to do is to tap away on the keyboard. Unlike us, he's only getting five or six thousand a month when he's running errands for someone else!

In a thrice, contempt brimmed in their eyes.

"You think it's a cushy job?" Jonathan threw Kyson a chilly look.

"Of course! It's far better than you having to stand in the scorching sun at the construction site yet making less than seven thousand a month, no?" Kyson sneered.

"Since you think that is a cushy job, I'll pay you ten grand to deliver food to my house every day!" Jonathan eyed him coldly, drawling, "What do you think about that?"

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“What are you implying?” Kyson’s expression instantly darkened when he saw that the man actually dared talk back to him. “Do you think I look as though I’m short of ten thousand?”

“Then, do you think I look as though I’m short of seven thousand?” Jonathan riposted in a glacial voice.

“That’s the truth, isn’t it?” Kyson couldn’t help guffawing after hearing that. “I really don’t know where you got the courage to act all high and mighty before me when you’ve only got a monthly salary of five or six thousand. If it weren’t for Josephine, do you think you’ve got the right to sit here with us? Every one of us sitting at this table has a net worth of a couple hundred thousand except you. Even the worst of us here makes more than ten thousand a month! You’ve probably never even been here in Emphyrean Palace, have you? Actually, have you ever been to such a high-end restaurant or had such an expensive meal?”

“What an idiot!” Jonathan scoffed at the man’s pompous attitude, not in the mood to bicker with him.

He’s no different from an idiot! He thinks Emphyrean Palace is considered a high-end restaurant? Then, he must not have seen any high-end restaurants in his life before. Back when I was in Yaleview, a dozen state banquets chefs cooked for me, but I didn’t find anything special about the food either. What’s a mere Emphyrean Palace in comparison?

“Who are you calling an idiot?” Seeing that he actually dared to call him names, Kyson slammed his hand on the table, seemingly on the verge of flipping his lid. Judging from his posture, he was going to get physical right away if Jonathan were to say a single word that displeased him.

“I said you’re an idiot!” Jonathan enunciated coldly.

“How dare you?” In a flash, Kyson grabbed a beer bottle and swung it at Jonathan’s head. If the bottle were to find its mark, the man would certainly end up with his head bashed in.

By then, the timider women had already screwed their eyes shut in fright.

Conversely, many of the men had their gazes fixated on Jonathan with anticipation shining brightly in their eyes, fervently hoping that he would be beaten up badly.

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He's just a gofer at a construction site, yet he dares to act brazenly at such a place? Does he have a death wish?

"You asked for it!"

Harrumphing, Jonathan lifted his right hand slightly. A mere second before the beer bottle in Kyson's hand hit his head, he grabbed the man's wrist.

As he applied a smidge of force, the snapping sound of bones breaking split the air.

"Ahh! My hand!"

In an instant, Kyson's agonized wail echoed in the private room. While he was howling in pain, Jonathan lifted his hand and struck him across the face.

The slap was so forceful that one of Kyson's teeth was almost knocked out.

"You're too noisy. Keep it down!"

Then, Jonathan kicked him in the stomach, bringing him to the ground on his knees with a thud.

"How dare you get physical with him? Do you know who he is?" Right that moment, Clay shot to his feet and pointed an accusing finger at Jonathan.

"Does it matter?" Casting him an indifferent glance, Jonathan murmured, "I only know that he disrupted my peace."

"How dare you!"

Clay pointed at Jonathan, yet he didn't dare do anything.

At the end of the day, they were mere students who had only graduated a few years ago. They had no qualms picking on ordinary people with no power or influence, but in the face of a ruthless man like him who almost killed someone, they were so frightened that they hardly dared to breathe.

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“Just you wait! How dare you hit me? You’re done for!”

Kyson, who was lying on the ground, had struggled up at some point in time. Blood trickled out the corner of his mouth, and he couldn’t even remain steady on his feet, yet he didn’t forget to threaten Jonathan.

“Are you going to make a call and have someone come to back you up?” Eyeing him apathetically, Jonathan ordered, “In that case, make it quick. My patience is limited, and I don’t have that much time to waste with you!”

“Just you wait!” Kyson shot him a furious glare before he tremblingly picked up his phone and made a call. “Hendrick, someone beat me up at Empyrean Palace! Come and save me!”

“What? Someone beat you up?” A man’s harsh voice drifted out of the other end of the phone. “Hang in there! I’ll come over with some men right away!”

Subsequently, a beep sounded as the man hung up the phone.

Gritting his teeth, Kyson pointed at Jonathan. “You’re dead! Just stay if you’ve got the guts and see whether I’ll send you to meet your maker later!”

“I won’t be leaving. I’ll just stay and wait right here.” To Kyson’s surprise, Jonathan didn’t flee. Instead, the man snagged a chair and sat down, even pouring himself a cup of tea.

Meanwhile, Kyson was so livid to see the scene unfolding before his eyes that he almost burst a blood vessel.

Hmph, go ahead and continue acting all high and mighty! You’ll be getting it later, you punk!

“Josephine, is Jonathan usually t-that v-violent?” Tanya stammered softly, tugging at Josephine’s sleeve.

Oh God, he almost gave me a heart attack!

“He doesn’t usually act in such a manner.” Josephine felt a headache coming on.

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I only wanted to bring him to a class reunion with me. I never thought that he would end up brawling in mere minutes! While Kyson's words were rather nasty, he was still too impulsive!

"Josephine, you should really advise Jonathan to make a run for it quickly. I heard that Kyson's brother is a notorious ruffian in Jazona and has dozens to a hundred lackeys! If he continues to tarry, it'll be too late!" Tanya urged, whispering into Josephine's ear.

"Make a run for it? Is that even possible?" Although Tanya's voice was barely audible, the conversation was still overheard by a woman with heavy makeup beside her. The woman curled her lips and drawled, "How could anyone take off after beating Kyson up? The Ximenez family is not to be trifled with, you know? Do you know how powerful they are in Jazona?"

The Legendary Man Chapter 112

Chapter 112 Showing Off

"Oh? How big is it?" Jonathan asked plainly when he heard the remarks made by the lady in heavy makeup.

"Hmph, how big? You might pee your pants if I tell you," the lady sneered. "The Ximenez family owns businesses in every corner of Jazona with assets worth billions. Even the governor of Jazona, Kingstone, has to personally receive Kyson and his father. Furthermore, his brother, Hendrick Ximenez, dominates both legal and underground circles. Have you heard of Hendrick the Terrible?"

Hendrick the Terrible is Kyson's elder brother?

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The moment they heard the name, the students' expressions drastically changed.

I heard Hendrick the Terrible is a famous gangster in Jazona. He is someone ruthless and has taken many lives throughout the years.

All this while, they were aware of the moniker Hendrick the Terrible. It was just that they didn't know he was Kyson's brother.

"I have not heard of him before." Jonathan took a sip of his coffee. "Are you done? Is that all there is to the Ximenez family? What's the big deal?"

What's the big deal?

In response, the lady looked at Jonathan as if he was an idiot.

How can the Ximenez family, who owns billions of assets and is extremely well-connected in Jazona, not mean anything to Jonathan?

She wasn't alone in her sentiments.

Everyone else looked at Jonathan as if he was a fool.

In fact, some of them even thought that he was crazy.

How dare a gofer at a construction site trivialize the Ximenez family? Does he have a death wish? Does he know that they can squash him like an insect anytime they want?

"Hah, I hope you can still maintain the arrogance you have right now for later," the lady sneered at Jonathan's words. "Please make sure you don't end up begging on your knees later. Or else, I will look down on you!"

"Stop it!" When Josephine heard the lady's sarcastic comments, she couldn't help but snap, "Are you done yet?"

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“What’s wrong? First, your husband beats up someone, and now, you refuse to let us criticize him?” the lady retorted with a sarcastic tone. “Look at how badly your husband has beaten up Mr. Ximenez. How is he going to join the film crew for work tomorrow?”

At that moment, someone from the crowd questioned the lady, “What has that got anything to do with you?”

“I’m sure none of you are aware that Lily is the female lead in Kyson’s new movie,” another lady remarked with a smirk. “If Kyson can’t continue filming, her role would naturally be jeopardized.”

“Oh? Lily is the female lead? Does she and Kyson have some sort of clandestine arrangement?”

The crowd gazed suspiciously at both Lily and Kyson, causing Kyson to blush in response.

Obviously, someone had struck her nerve. “Shut up and stop making wild speculations. Mr. Ximenez has a girlfriend, for goodness sake.”

“So what if he has one? That’s doesn’t stop both of you from cheating together.”

“Exactly, but don’t worry, we will not tell Kyson’s girlfriend about it.”

The crowd began cracking jokes at Lily and Kyson’s expense. Of course, if they could ridicule Jonathan, they naturally wouldn’t hold back against Lily.

Given what a slut she was, there were plenty of narcissistic women who were ready to humiliate her.

“All of you, shut your trap!” Lily was infuriated by the snide comments made by the other ladies.

Amidst their quarrel, Josephine furrowed her eyebrows. She was in no mood to care about whether Lily was in a relationship with Kyson.

Instead, she was more concerned about what was going to happen when Hendrick arrived.

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After all, they were in Jazona and not Jadeborough.

In Jadeborough, Jonathan had a wide network to rely upon. Either Randall, Harrison, or Andrew was capable of resolving any problems Jonathan had.

But we're in Jazona right now, where his contacts in Jadeborough are of no use here. What are we going to do?

Josephine was consumed by anxiety. Although she went to university in Jazona, she didn't have any friends there.

Within the entire Jazona, Tanya was her only close friend.

"Josephine, calm down. Perhaps, Jonathan has a way to solve this problem?" Tanya couldn't resist comforting her when she saw how distraught Josephine was.

"How can I not be worried?" Josephine retorted with a frown.

After all, Hendrick was about to arrive with his men, and yet, she was still at a loss.

"What should we do? Why don't I give my dad a call?" Tanya, too, was stressed out by Josephine's nervousness. "But, but my dad is powerless against the Ximenez family."

Her family's background wasn't a particularly influential one. In fact, they were even less illustrious than Josephine's.

Her parents were just employees in an ordinary company. Hence, there was no way they could stand up to the Ximenez family.

"Josephine, why don't you get Jonathan to apologize to Kyson?" Left without a choice, that was the only thing Tanya could come up with.

After all, admitting one's fault was certainly better than being beaten up.

"Apologize? Does Jonathan look like someone who is willing to submit?" Josephine's frown intensified further.

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Ever since he disappeared three years ago, Jonathan seems to have changed into a different person. Apologize? Back at Phoenix International Hotel, he refused to submit even at gunpoint. Hence, there's no way he is going to apologize now.

"In that case, what should we do?" Tanya gave Josephine a frantic look.

"Forget it. I'll give Grandpa a call." Having no other choice, Josephine decided to give Hugo a call even though she had never been fond of him since she was young.

After all, Jonathan did help the Smith family once. Therefore, she felt that it wasn't too much to ask for Hugo's help in return.

However, she wasn't sure if Hugo, who was based in Jadeborough, had the capacity to resolve a problem in Jazona.

With that thought in mind, Josephine picked up her phone and prepared to dial Hugo's number. Unexpectedly, the moment she took it out, Jonathan stopped her. "There's no need to give anyone a call. I can solve a trivial problem like this myself."

"Solve? How are you going to do that?" When she heard Jonathan's response, Josephine suppressed the raging anger in her and replied, "Jonathan, when will you ever grow up? Can you stop being so impulsive all the time? This is Jazona, not Jadeborough. Your network there can't save you here!"

Josephine was someone who never liked to beg for help ever since she was young. However, she was so infuriated by Jonathan that she didn't even know what else to do. Given how things stood, she was even willing to do so for his sake.

Why doesn't Jonathan know better? Why must he insist on showing off still?

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The Legendary Man Chapter 113

Chapter 113 Lady Of The Family

“To me, it makes no difference whether we’re in Jadeborough or Jazona,” Jonathan replied calmly.

The Ximenez family is nothing but an insignificant family. If I wanted it, they would disappear from the face of Jazona the very next morning.

“Jonathan, enough with that attitude!” Josephine could no longer hold her anger back when she heard Jonathan’s response. Just when she was about to say something, the door to their private room was kicked open.

The next moment, a bald man in a black short-sleeved shirt with dragon tattoos on his arms barged in.

Behind him were tens of lackeys standing ready.

All of them had their hair dyed in a colorful manner, and it was obvious to everyone that they were street hoodlums.

“Hendrick!”

The moment Kyson saw the bald man, his face lit up as if he had seen his savior. He was so relieved that he didn’t even bother to wipe off the blood in his mouth. “Hendrick, save me!”

“Who did this to you?” Hendrick was incensed when he saw the terrible condition Kyson was in.

“Hendrick, it was him!”

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Kyson raised his hand and pointed at Jonathan. "Kill him!"

Trailing his gaze to where Kyson was pointing, Hendrick asked, "Are you the one who beat up my brother?"

"So what if I am?"

Jonathan glanced at him indifferently. "Why have you brought so little men?"

"They are more than enough to take care of the likes of you!" After glaring coldly at Jonathan, Hendrick waved his hand at him. "The few of you, break his legs!"

"Yes, Boss!"

Upon Hendrick's orders, the few hooligans chuckled insidiously. Grabbing a couple of beer bottles, they walked in Jonathan's direction.

"Kid, I'll give you one last chance. If you want to keep your legs, kneel and bow to me for forgiveness. If you do that, I'll let what happened today slide. Or else, you can kiss both of your legs goodbye!" Hendrick threatened with a smirk just when his lackeys were about to strike Jonathan.

The most thrilling part about beating someone up isn't in how badly they are beaten, but watching them grovel at my feet begging for mercy. That is certainly more entertaining to watch than seeing both his legs broken.

"I, too, can give you a chance." Jonathan's gaze turned frosty suddenly. "Before I get angry, you had better kneel on the ground and beg me for forgiveness. After that, you will break your brother's leg, and I will pretend none of this ever happened."

"It seems you have no interest in saving your skin!" Upon hearing Jonathan's words, Hendrick's expression drastically changed. "In that case, don't regret the choice you made!"

"Attack and break his legs!"

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On his cue, the hooligans grabbed the beer bottles and smashed them toward Jonathan's head. When she saw what happened, Josephine couldn't help but scream, "Jonathan, be careful!"

Even though she was furious at Jonathan, she still didn't want to see him beaten up by a group of men.

"Don't worry, this group of thugs won't be able to lay a finger on me." Jonathan was a sea of calm. The moment the hoodlums struck, he dashed forward and slammed his fist onto the nose bridge of the front-most gangster.

His nose was broken with a loud crack that rang out through the room.

The next moment, Jonathan's victim crashed onto the ground after being struck.

Before the rest of the hoodlums realized what was going on, Jonathan had launched a kick into their stomachs.

Bam!

Instantaneously, the thugs dropped to their knees with a thud. Just like a dead animal, they were unable to get up anymore.

"What's going on?" Hendrick was given a shock when he saw his lackeys being taken down by Jonathan in less than a minute. Without a second's delay, he pointed at the rest of his followers and yelled, "What are you spacing out for? Attack him right now!"

"Yes, yes!"

Regaining their senses, the hoodlums grabbed some beer bottles and charged at Jonathan.

Smash! Crash! The sound of breaking beer bottles caused the girls inside to scream in fear.

Their screams consequently caught the attention of those outside the private room.

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Suddenly, the doors to the private room were pushed open. It was followed by the entrance of a man in a black suit. With his gold-rimmed glasses, the middle-aged man dashed in frantically.

When he saw the hoodlums with colorful hair holding beer bottles in their hands and ready to strike, the middle-aged man couldn't help but yell, "What are you doing?! The lot of you, who let you in here? Get out at once!"

As the manager of Emphyrean Palace, he wasn't afraid of a bunch of small-time gangsters.

When Hendrick saw the manager criticizing his men, he berated him in return, "You have no place here. Get lost!"

"Are you their boss?"

When he saw Hendrick, the manager quickly understood that the bald man had to be the hoodlums' leader. "Do you know whose turf the Emphyrean Palace is on? How dare you cause trouble here? Do you have a death wish?"

"In that case, do you know who I am? How dare you stick your finger into my business?" Hendrick was already enraged by the fact his lackeys had been beaten up by Jonathan.

And now, the manager fanned the flames of Hendrick's fury by sticking his nose into Hendrick's business.

Consequently, Jonathan was utterly incensed.

"I don't care who you are. Why didn't you think about whose turf Emphyrean Palace is on before causing trouble here?" The manager pointed his finger angrily at Hendrick. He obviously didn't see him as a threat at all.

Are you guys kidding me? How dare a group of street hoodlums like you disrupt the peace at Emphyrean Palace? Do you think the boss of Emphyrean Palace is someone to be trifled with?

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"You b*stard, get out of my sight!" Infuriated by the manager's attitude toward him, Hendrick gestured with his hand and ordered his men to throw the manager out.

"How dare you lay a finger on me? Just you wait!"

The manager of Emphyrean Palace was furious that he was being kicked out of his own place by a couple of hooligans.

Without another word, he turned his head and left.

After he was gone, one of Hendrick's lackeys murmured, "Boss, I heard the Emphyrean Palace belongs to the Hansley family. Will something happen to us for causing trouble here?"

"Nothing is going to happen."

Hendrick squirmed his lips and replied, "The Hansley family wouldn't dare hit me just for beating someone up here."

"But Boss—"

Before the lackey could continue, Hendrick cut him off. "Enough, stop this f*cking nonsense! If you say another word, I will beat you up myself!"

The lackey was terrified into silence. Just as Hendrick had spoken, the doors of the private room were pushed wide open.

Next, tens of burly men in black suits swarmed into the room holding security batons.

Behind them was the manager who had just been thrown out. Lowering himself in a servile manner toward a young lady, he spoke, "Ms. Hansley, this is the brat that is causing trouble in our establishment."

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