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The Legendary Man Chapter 121

Chapter 121 A Beast

The Special Forces?

Everyone blanched in horror at the mention of the Special Forces.

The Special Forces were under the jurisdiction of the Jazona Military District.

Normally, they'd only be summoned when a dangerous individual or drug dealer posed a threat to the public.

The aim of the Special Forces was not to arrest but to kill the criminal.

Oh, no! We're screwed!

That was Josephine's first thought.

I'm so doomed! I can't believe Jonathan dared to resist arrest and shoot the deputy police chief! Does he have a death wish?

"Have you gone mad, Jonathan? Do you know what you're doing? After assaulting a police officer, are you resisting arrest? You're not a cat with nine lives!" Josephine snapped as anger stirred within her.

She didn't bother hiding the disappointment she had for Jonathan.

He's really a disappointment! I thought he would at least change a bit after three years, but he's still the same. Evidently, old habits die hard. He never thinks twice and acts recklessly! This time, even my family has been dragged into his mess.

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Jonathan glanced at her and answered placidly, "I know what I'm doing! It's just the Special Forces. Let's see what they are capable of. Dare they take action against me?"

He was utterly confident of himself, for the Four Asura Guards were established by him. Even the Special Forces were under the jurisdiction of the Four Asura Guards.

If they dare to take action against me, they are doomed!

"You are mad beyond saving!" Josephine's face turned pale as she quivered with anger. It had never crossed her mind that Jonathan would kick up such a huge fuss at the class reunion.

Not only did he beat up the deputy police chief's son, he even assaulted the police officers and resisted arrest!

He also fired a shot in the deputy police chief's direction without any fear for his own life.

"Jonathan, I'm really sorry. It was all my fault. I'm sorry for causing trouble!" Even a fool would realize the severity of the problem, let alone Tanya.

After all, the Special Forces were deployed, sealing Jonathan's fate.

"This has nothing to do with you. I just didn't like that he was bullying you!" Jonathan replied, casting an indifferent look at Nick, who was hiding behind his father.

Does he think he can do anything he wants just because his father is the deputy police chief?

"You brat! Don't get ahead of yourself. Doomsday is coming for you!" Nick declared, clenching his jaw in anger.

Ha! The Special Forces have been summoned. Jonathan is going to die soon! So what if he's good at fighting? He's no match for a dozen rifles!

"Oh? I think doomsday is coming for you, though," Jonathan retorted. He then ignored him and turned to Tanya. "Is he your ex-boyfriend?" he asked gently.

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Tanya responded with a nod. She dared not glance in Nick's direction.

Clearly, Nick had traumatized her so much that she didn't even dare to look at him.

"Why are you so afraid of him?" Jonathan asked.

Instead of leaving, he struck up a casual conversation with Tanya.

"I..."

A flash of anguish appeared on Tanya's face. Her entire being started trembling as though she was recalling a painful memory from the past.

"If you don't feel like sharing, never mind!" Jonathan could tell what she was thinking. Perhaps it's a painful past that she couldn't bring herself to reveal to everyone.

"It's not a secret," replied Tanya. She bit her lip and exhaled heavily. "He's a beast who doesn't deserve to be called a man. Back when we were dating, I discovered him cheating on me. Instead of repenting, he beat me up harshly, breaking three of my ribs. I even suffered from a serious concussion! After that, he didn't allow me to leave him. I had to report to him my whereabouts in detail every day. He also installed a surveillance camera in my house to monitor my every move. Even if I wanted to buy a drink outside, I'd have to report it to him. If any of my actions made him upset, he'd go crazy and beat me up! Once, he tied me up and tortured me for three days straight!"

Tanya grew extremely emotional as tears streamed down her cheeks. "I'm still suffering from chronic insomnia. Every time I fall asleep, I'll be haunted by the past. I couldn't even take an afternoon nap for fear of him plaguing my dreams. I don't want to recall how he tortured me back then!"

Domestic violence!

Jonathan finally put two and two together after hearing Tanya's explanation.

No wonder Tanya was traumatized by the sight of Nick! Anyone would react the same if they were in her shoes.

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“Why didn’t you call the police?” someone yelled in the crowd.

“Call the police? Will the police help me?” Tanya broke down in tears. “His father is the deputy police chief. After I made a police report, I was detained for a week, but nothing happened to him. I was tortured and assaulted for the entire week. There’s no way I’ll ask for the police’s help again! All I wanted was to stay away from him for the rest of my life. If I hadn’t escaped from Jazona when he was away, he would have still tortured me until today!”

Suddenly, her legs went limp as though she had exhausted her energy from crying. In a small voice, she muttered, “After staying away from Jazona for a few years, I thought I wouldn’t run into him that easily, but the fiendish beast appeared before me days after my return!”

“Nonsense! She’s spouting rubbish! That isn’t true!” Nick promptly defended himself. “Don’t listen to her. I’ve never done that. She’s crazy! A madwoman! If you continue spouting nonsense and accusing me, I’ll tear your mouth apart!”

“Stay away from her!” Jonathan uttered, casting Nick a warning glance. The latter instantly took a few steps back and hid behind his father like the coward he was.

He didn’t even dare to point a finger in Jonathan’s direction!

“Enough, Tanya. Stop talking,” Josephine pulled the emotional Tanya into her arms to give her a comforting hug. “He’s a b*stard who deserves to die!”

“Josephine...” Tanya burst into tears in her arms.

At that sight, the crowd surrounding them couldn’t help but shoot daggers at Nick.

Nick was quick to deny Tanya’s accusations. “Don’t listen to her! She must’ve gone mad to make everything up! None of her words are true!”

Nevertheless, no one believed him, for Tanya was sobbing her heart out in public.

Before he could say anything else, a loud rumble sounded from afar.

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The Legendary Man Chapter 122

Chapter 122 Resisting Arrest

Five police cars were clearing the path for a military truck behind them.

Armed soldiers appeared in sight, their expressions grim and terrifying.

The Special Forces are here!

The alarming sight caused the guests to gasp in shock.

“Oh, they are here!” the middle-aged man exclaimed excitedly when he saw the police cars and military truck. His legs were no longer wobbly as he climbed to his feet and dashed for the police cars.

“Stop!”

As the middle-aged man blocked the path of the police car, an elderly man clad in the police uniform alighted from the car. “What is going on, Jack?”

He was unclear about the situation, as the deputy police chief, Jack Tucker, seemed urgent on the phone.

“Chief Barnstone, there is a terrorist here. Please shoot him right now!” Jack pleaded. Upon hearing his request, his superior, Rhett Barnstone, furrowed his brows. “A dangerous man? Where is he?”

“It’s him!” Jack pointed at Jonathan without hesitation as a faint gleam of malice shone in his eyes.

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At once, Rhett's expression darkened as an ominous black thundercloud of temper settled over him. "Jack, is this the dangerous man you've been talking about?"

"Yes, that's right!"

Seeing that Rhett was scowling, Jack promptly explained, "Chief Barnstone, he may be alone, but he's really lethal. The Police Tactical Unit is no match for him. He's also a great marksman! Earlier, he fired shots at me. If I hadn't reacted swiftly, he would've killed me!"

What a shameless man! That was the crowd's first reaction. How dare you claim to have reacted swiftly? It was Jonathan who spared your life. Otherwise, no matter how swift you are, you won't be alive now.

"He's armed?" Rhett's already dark expression somehow turned even darker at Jack's words.

"Yes," Jack reported respectfully with his head bowed. "He took it from a Police Tactical Unit officer!"

"You're useless!" Rhett glared at Jack, covering the latter in his frosty judgment.

He then turned to a man clad in military uniform behind him and said, "Captain Sharpe, this man is armed and deadly. Please inform your team members to be careful!"

"Got it!" Duncan Sharpe gave a curt nod. He waved and ordered authoritatively, "Everyone, ready your weapons!"

"Yes, Sir!" his men answered in unison.

Following his order, the members of the Special Forces loaded their rifles in a swift manner.

Shortly after, Jonathan became the target of countless rifles.

"J-Jonathan, what should we do?" Tanya's voice was quavering at the horrifying sight of countless rifles aimed at them. Even her hands were shivering. Uneasiness clouded her mind at the thought of their impending doom.

"Don't be scared. They won't dare to shoot us!" Jonathan assured her, his tone gentle.

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He got to his feet and strode over to Rhett and the soldiers. After seeing his action, the Special Forces members promptly put their fingers on the trigger, ready to pull it at any moment.

If the situation wasn't in their favor, they'd definitely start firing shots at Jonathan.

"You're Chief Barnstone?" Jonathan queried as he glanced at Rhett.

"Yes, I am!" Rhett acknowledged with a frown. "You wanted to meet me, right? I'm here. If you have something to say, say it now!"

"Tell them to stop pointing their rifles at me. I hate it when others aim their weapons at me," Jonathan replied, his brows knitting together in displeasure.

The thing I hate most in my entire life is having someone else points a gun at me!

"No! Don't do that!" Before Rhett could say anything, Jack cut in hastily, "Chief Barnstone, don't forget he's armed! He even beat the Police Tactical Unit officers to a pulp earlier!"

"Are you the chief? Or am I the chief? Don't forget that I'm your superior!" Rhett gave him a fierce stare. He then waved and issued an order. "Put down your guns. Let's see what he has to say!"

Jack countered weakly, "But he's extremely dangerous, Chief Barnstone..." His words were cut short by Rhett who exclaimed, "Shut up!" His voice betrayed his annoyance.

"I..." Jack trailed off at the sight of Rhett's impending wrath.

"An extremely dangerous terrorist? Says who? You?" Jonathan scoffed upon hearing Jack's comment. "Just because I beat your son up for making a pass at an innocent lady in public, now I'm an extremely dangerous terrorist?"

"What happened?" Rhett demanded as a vortex of anger swirled inside him.

His expression turned as dark as thunder after hearing Jonathan's account.

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“Chief Barnstone, listen to me. He’s nothing but a liar. That didn’t happen!” Jack denied vehemently. “He was the one who worked with the two ladies to seduce Nick to extort money from him! Nick refused to give in, so they beat him up!”

“Wow, I’m amazed by how quick you came up with a lie!” Jonathan sneered.

“Enough, stop with the argument. We can talk at the police station!” Realizing this would not end anytime soon, Rhett interjected and ordered, “Bring them all back to the police station!”

He looked at Jack and added in a stern manner, “You and your son are coming along, too!”

“Chief Barnstone, I...” Jack’s voice fade away when he sensed Rhett giving him a frosty glare.

He clamped his lips together.

“Since you deny being a terrorist, come back to the police station with me. We shall find out whether you are lying back there!” Rhett told Jonathan.

“What if I refuse to go back with you?” Jonathan enunciated in a cold voice.

“You don’t have a choice!” Rhett snorted. “You’re guilty of assaulting police officers and resisting arrest, among others. You do realize I can shoot you right here, right?”

“No, I don’t!” came Jonathan’s icy reply.

“Men, arrest them now. If any of them resist arrest, shoot them dead!” Ignoring Jonathan’s reply, Rhett announced an order for his subordinates to arrest the ones involved.

“Yes, Sir!”

The police officers stepped forward to carry out his order. Meanwhile, the Special Forces members raised their rifles and aimed at Jonathan.

“Shoot me dead? Let’s see who has the audacity to do so!” Jonathan’s gaze turned glacial at the sight of the soldiers pointing their rifles at him. “Are you from the Special Forces? Which division are you from? Who gave you the order to abuse your positions together with the police? Zachary Lint? Or Thierry Cloutier?”

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"You know our commanders?" His words caused Duncan to knit his brows in confusion.

After all, both Zachary and Thierry were the commanders of the Special Forces.

Zachary was the supreme commander of the Jazona Military District while Thierry was the top dog of the Divine Dragon Guards, and his power was only second to that of Zachary in the Jazona Military District.

Why does it sound like Jonathan knows the both of them?

The Legendary Man Chapter 123

Chapter 123 What Is His Name

"Cut the crap and tell me who issued the order!" Jonathan gave him an impatient look. "I want to know who made the Special Forces listen to the police's order!"

The Special Forces were under the jurisdiction of the Jazona Military District, with the Divine Dragon Guards as their superior.

The Special Forces weren't under the administration of the police, as both of them were under different systems.

I'd like to know who gave the order for the Special Forces to join forces with the police and run amok here! How dare they point their rifles at me?

"No one gave us the order," Duncan answered. "We came here at Chief Barnstone's request." He couldn't help but wonder who Jonathan was, for no one in the state of Jazona had the

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guts to speak to the Special Forces in such a commanding tone, let alone call Zachary and Thierry by their names.

“So you acted on your own, huh?” Jonathan said, his expression frigid. “Call the person-in-charge of the Special Forces. I would like to ask him how he usually manages your team! His subordinates have conducted an operation behind his back. He deserves to be punished. If he can’t provide a satisfactory explanation today, he’ll lose his position as the person-in-charge of your team!”

I established the Four Asura Guards single-handedly, and the Special Forces fall under the Four Asura Guards’ jurisdiction. How dare the Special Forces point their rifles at me?

“Nonsense!” Duncan hissed angrily. “What right do you have to order us and our head around? Who do you think you are?”

“You’ll find out whether I have the right to order you around when you call your head!” Jonathan didn’t want to waste any more time trying to convince him.

“All right. You are that eager to meet your doom, huh? Let me fulfill your wish!” Duncan then whipped out his phone to make a call.

How dare he interfere in the Special Forces’ business? He must have a death wish!

Shortly after, a man’s deep voice boomed out from the other end of the line. “Hello?”

Duncan reported, “Commander Cloutier, I am Captain Duncan Sharpe of the Special Forces Team One—” Before he could finish his sentence, Thierry cut in impatiently, “What is this about?”

“I ran into a terrorist in a restaurant in Jazona, but he seems to know you and insisted for me to call you,” Duncan revealed, flashing a sinister grin in Jonathan’s direction.

He knew that Thierry was the grumpiest person in all of Divine Dragon Guards.

As Jonathan dared to order them around, he assumed Thierry would explode in rage.

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“Why did you do as told? Are you the captain of Special Forces Team One, or the hostage of that person? I don’t see you being this obedient during training.” As expected, Thierry flew into a fit of rage and declared furiously, “Why would you think I’d know a terrorist? If you call me in the middle of the night next time over such a trivial matter, you’ll have to reflect on your mistake for a month in a dark room!”

“Yes, Commander Cloutier!” Duncan answered, his hands shaking from being yelled at.

When he was about to hang up, Thierry suddenly asked, “By the way, what is that person’s name?”

“What is your name?” Duncan repeated his question as he glowered at Jonathan.

“Jonathan Goldstein,” came Jonathan’s calm and collected answer.

“His name is Jonathan Goldstein, Commander Cloutier,” reported Duncan dutifully. Hearing that, Thierry asked, “What? Come again. What is his name?” His breathing became rapid.

“Jonathan Goldstein,” Duncan answered obediently though he had no idea why Thierry’s tone had changed all of a sudden.

“Where are you? I’ll be there as soon as possible!” Thierry yelled from the other end of the line. Without giving a chance for Duncan to speak, he babbled on, “Tell him I’ll be there in twenty minutes. No, scrap that. Make that ten minutes! I’ll be there in ten minutes!”

“Commander Cloutier—”

“Shut the f*ck up.” Duncan was cut off once again by a surly Thierry. “Before I arrive, don’t lay a hand on him. Otherwise, you shall pay the price!”

Having said that, he hung up on Duncan.

Duncan couldn’t help but gulp at how abruptly the line was disconnected. He forced himself to calm down as his instincts told him he was in trouble!

“Commander Cloutier said he’ll be here in ten minutes,” Duncan announced.

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After pocketing his phone, Duncan scrutinized Jonathan, hoping to find a clue from his expression. However, to his disappointment, Jonathan's face was devoid of expression.

He couldn't figure out anything.

"Then let's wait for his arrival," Jonathan answered readily.

Ten minutes later, not a minute more, and not a minute less, a loud rumble was heard in the far distance.

An olive-green military truck zoomed toward them, weaving through the crowd and ramming into the restaurant surrounded by plenty of police cars.

A resounding click rang out when the door was opened.

Then, a middle-aged man clad in military uniform jumped down from the vehicle.

With his suntanned skin, short hair, and ripped muscles, he looked extremely masculine and powerful, like the military commander he was.

It would only take one glance from him to force one to come to a halt, gripped with the feeling that Grim Reaper was waiting to take one's life. It was clear that this man had been through many battles since his aura reeked of death and menace.

The murderous aura he exuded was suffocating the surrounding crowd.

"Commander Cloutier!"

As soon as he stepped down from his vehicle, the soldiers saluted him in a respectful manner.

"Commander Cloutier!" Duncan rushed forward to greet him, but the man merely gave him a rude shove.

"Get out of my way! Where is Mr. Goldstein? Where is he?" Thierry demanded in a loud voice.

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“Mr. Goldstein?” Duncan looked genuinely baffled. He parted his lips, about to ask who that was, when his superior’s gaze landed on Jonathan. “Is it really you, Mr. Goldstein? I’m not seeing things, am I?” Thierry asked. He could barely believe that Jonathan was standing before him.

Am I dreaming? It has been a year since I last met him!

Yes, Thierry had not met Jonathan for a whole year. After defeating the enemies and restoring peace to the world, he had disappeared from sight. No one had seen him ever since.

The undefeatable Asura, who had led the Four Asura Guards to crush all their enemies, was no longer seen in public.

The Legendary Man Chapter 124

Chapter 124 Get To Your Knees

“You’re not seeing things,” Jonathan answered, giving the incredulous Thierry an impassive look. “It’s me!”

“Mr. Goldstein!”

In a flash, Thierry’s eyes reddened as he fell to his knees before Jonathan with a resounding thud.

“Greetings, Sir! Thierry Cloutier of the Divine Dragon Guards in the Jazona Military District at your service!”

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I've not seen Asura for a whole year! Some said he lost his life on the battlefield, and some said he retired and is living in seclusion in the mountains. Since his retirement, he has stopped interfering in worldly affairs. I never believed any of those rumors!

Indeed, Thierry had never believed in those rumors, as Asura had single-handedly led them to conquer the world. Someone as strong as Asura wouldn't have died on the battlefield.

He found all the rumors absurd.

The sight of him getting on his knees stunned everyone into silence.

Everyone blinked in disbelief, especially Duncan and his subordinates. They wondered if they were seeing things.

Are we hallucinating? Is the top dog of the Divine Dragon Guards, the second in command in the Jazona Military District, who is only a rank below the King of War, kneeling before a young man in his twenties? How is this possible? He has never even knelt before the King of War!

"Remain on your knees," Jonathan ordered in a glacial tone. "Look what the Special Forces have turned into under your lead. They have the guts to point their rifles at me!"

"What?" Thierry's eyes opened wide in shock. "T-They pointed their guns at you?"

They must be crazy! Bunch of insolent fools! How dare they point their rifles at Asura? It will only take one punch from Asura to wipe them out!

"Who the f*ck pointed their guns at Mr. Goldstein? Come out right now!" Thierry turned at his shoulder, his gaze spitting fire. He didn't bother concealing his rage.

"Commander Cloutier, that would be me. I was the one who issued the order." Duncan had no choice but to step out and own up to his mistake.

After all, he was the one who had brought his men here and ordered them to aim their weapons at Jonathan.

There was no one else to blame.

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"You gave the order? How dare you?" Thierry shot Duncan a hostile look before whipping out a gun from his waist and aiming it at Duncan's head. "I could shoot you in your head right now!"

Duncan instantly broke out in a cold sweat at Thierry's sudden action. "Commander Cloutier..."

He knew Thierry would fire the shot, being the irritable man he was.

If Commander Cloutier flies into a fit of rage, he'll shoot me without hesitation!

"Commander Cloutier, it's a misunderstanding," Duncan hastily explained, his face drained of color. "It was Chief Barnstone who called me and requested for the Special Forces' help to capture a terrorist. I only deployed the troops under his request."

"Utter nonsense! Mr. Goldstein isn't a terrorist!" Thierry bellowed angrily. He was so fuming mad that he nearly shot his foolish subordinate.

It was Jonathan Goldstein who led the Four Asura Guards to conquer and unite Chanaea. How could he be a terrorist?

"I-I didn't know the terrorist they accused was Mr. Goldstein," Duncan answered. His eyes reddened. As the captain of the Special Forces Team One, he had never been yelled at harshly.

Alas, he dared not talk back to Thierry.

"I'll teach you a lesson when we get back!" Thierry declared, pinning him with a withering look. He then turned to Jonathan and asked carefully, "M-Mr. Goldstein, may I know what happened here?"

"What do you think?" Jonathan gave him a chilly look. "Why are you asking me the reason the Divine Dragon Guards are pointing their guns in my direction? Thierry, if I'm not satisfied with the way you deal with this situation, you'll lose your position as the commander of the Divine Dragon Guards! Pack your stuff and scram."

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Thierry apologized without missing a beat. "I'm really sorry, Mr. Goldstein. It was my fault for not keeping an eye on them. I'm willing to accept any kind of punishment!" He dared not defend himself, for it was indeed his negligence.

There was no need to explain any further.

He was ready to be punished.

"Cut the crap. I'll give you ten minutes to deal with this. I don't have time to waste!" Jonathan threw him a frosty glare. Without further delay, Thierry rose to his feet and strode over to Rhett. "Chief Barnstone, I deserve to know the truth."

"Commander Cloutier, could we take this to the police station?" came Rhett's reply. His expression had turned dark, for it felt humiliating to be questioned by Thierry in public.

"No!" Thierry rejected him at once. "Didn't you hear Mr. Goldstein? I only have ten minutes. Just tell me what happened!"

"I..." Rhett trailed off, his cheeks burning with embarrassment. "Commander Cloutier, even if you're the person-in-charge of the Divine Dragon Guards, you have no right to question me. The police and Divine Dragon Guards are under different jurisdiction systems!"

"Oh? I have no right to question you?" Thierry's lips were set in a hard line as his expression contorted into one of anger. "I shall show you who's the boss here!"

Having said that, he gave a terse order. "Men, bring them back to our base!"

"Yes, Sir!"

The soldiers charged forward to capture them as told.

They paid no heed to Rhett's and Jack's position—the police chief and deputy police chief—as they were bound by duty to obey all commands.

"Commander Cloutier, what is this?" Rhett's expression clouded over at Thierry's command. "What right do the Divine Dragon Guards have to arrest me?"

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“Don’t give me that crap! I will give you one last chance. Will you, or will you not spill the truth?” Thierry warned in a menacing tone.

Even if Kingstone Warhol is here, I’ll arrest him for offending Mr. Goldstein, let alone Rhett Barnstone, who’s just the police chief.

“I’ll reveal everything!” Gnashing his teeth, Rhett forced himself to swallow the humiliation. “Commander Cloutier, I will report this to the governor, Kingstone Warhol!”

“Whatever,” came Thierry’s nonchalant answer. “You have one minute left!”

“Jack, you tell him what happened,” Rhett said, turning at his shoulder. Glaring at Jack, he couldn’t help but curse the former inwardly for causing all the trouble.

It was all Jack’s fault that I’ve been humiliated in front of a crowd.

“I received a call that some people were engaged in a fight here. The person who made the call even got his hand broken by the culprit. That was why I brought the Police Tactical Unit here to arrest the culprit,” Jack answered as a muscle in his jaw twitched. Until now, he insisted on putting the blame on Jonathan. “After I arrived, instead of cooperating, the culprit resisted arrest and assaulted us. He even took the gun from one Police Tactical Unit officer and fired shots in my direction as a form of warning!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 125

Chapter 125 Do Not Ask Questions

“Utter bullsh*t!” Thierry roared, cutting Jack’s explanation short. “Resisting arrest? What right do the police have to arrest Mr. Goldstein? Who gave you the right to do that?”

“He beat someone up, so the police have the right to arrest him!” Jack insisted.

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As long as I insist it was Jonathan who took action first, I have a chance to survive the ordeal! Otherwise, things are going to end badly.

“Cut the crap. I’m going to ask you one last time. What happened?” Thierry demanded impatiently. How dare he claim that Mr. Goldstein was involved in a fight? No one will believe that. Plenty of lives had perished in the hands of Asura over the years! If he wants someone dead, that person will not have the chance to call the police, for he’ll kill that person without even blinking!

“I’m warning you, Tucker. Do you know the consequences of lying to me?” Thierry asked in a warning tone.

“I wasn’t lying!” Jack refused to cave in.

“So you refuse to spill the truth, huh?” Thierry didn’t want to waste more time here and promptly raised his voice. “Men, bring him back!”

“Yes, Sir!”

The soldiers swarmed around Jack and tied him up before dragging him to the military truck. He didn’t even have the opportunity to protest!

“Thierry Cloutier, I will report this matter to the governor! You’re doomed!” Rhett hollered angrily at the sight of Jack being brought into the military truck.

Jack’s the deputy police chief. If Thierry arrests him before me, this will be a black mark in my career! How am I supposed to go out and face the world after this embarrassing situation?

Alas, Thierry paid him no heed.

Right then, Duncan, who hadn’t said anything for a while, spoke up, “Commander Cloutier, don’t forget this person!” He was pointing at Nick.

“Who is he?” Thierry furrowed his brows.

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“Jack Tucker’s son,” Duncan explained. He glared at Nick, who had paled visibly at his accusation. “It was he who called the police. Mr. Goldstein only beat him up after he made a pass at innocent young ladies.”

“Captain Sharpe, how could you?” Rhett scowled unhappily.

“Don’t blame me, Chief Barnstone. It was your deputy police chief who went overboard,” Duncan answered, his voice dripping with disdain.

I’m not a fool to side with them now. My experience came in handy. Even the top dog of the Divine Dragon Guards is bowing to Jonathan. A deputy police chief is nothing!

“He was the one who called the police?” Thierry frowned. He looked at Nick and exclaimed, “Young man, you’ve got the guts to make a pass at innocent young ladies in public, huh? Bring him back!”

“Yes, Sir!”

The soldiers promptly marched forward to carry out his order.

“Y-You can’t arrest me!” Nick’s face went pale at the sight of the soldiers coming for him. “What right do you have to arrest me? I did nothing wrong!”

“We’ll find out whether you commit a crime back at the military base,” Thierry concluded, rolling his eyes in exasperation.

“Let me go! You can’t arrest me!” Nick tried to free himself, but his slender figure was no match for the Special Forces members. A panicky look took over his face as he experienced a qualm of unease.

Bam! Someone kicked him in the stomach, and he instantly stopped struggling.

“Mr. Goldstein, rest assured that I’ll make sure the matter is dealt with in a satisfactory way!” After Nick was dragged out, Thierry came over to Jonathan carefully.

Jonathan grunted in response and bobbed his head slightly. “If I’m not satisfied with the solution, you will pack up and leave the Divine Dragon Guards!”

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"Understood, Mr. Goldstein!" came Thierry's answer.

He then looked at Jonathan hesitantly before blurting out, "Mr. Goldstein, where have you been for the past year?"

After peace was restored to the world, Jonathan had disappeared without a trace.

No matter how hard he and his comrades had tried, they simply couldn't find any clue about his whereabouts.

The military was capable of finding any information they wanted in the world, but even after they resorted to using the military satellites and other means, Jonathan remained mysteriously missing.

It was as if he had disappeared from the surface of the Earth.

"Don't ask questions you shouldn't be asking." Jonathan glowered at him. Thierry took a step back in response to his sudden outburst and zipped his mouth shut. Seeing his reaction, Jonathan added, "If you're that free, discipline the Divine Dragon Guards! If I see the Divine Dragon Guards helping the police without reason, then there's no need for them to exist anymore!"

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein!" Thierry replied, his face blanching in horror.

If the Divine Dragon Guards is disbanded because of my negligence, Zachary will definitely skin me alive!

"Also, I think Rhett Barnstone doesn't deserve to be the police chief," Jonathan said calmly. He cast a glance at Rhett, who was standing some distance away. "Tell Kingstone to pick another candidate for the position. If he asks about it, tell him that it was my decision!"

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein!" Thierry stood at attention at once.

"You can scram now!" Jonathan gave a dismissive wave as though he were chasing a fly away.

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“Yes, Mr. Goldstein. I shall scam now!” Thierry gave him a salute before turning to face the soldiers.

“You’re dismissed!” he commanded.

Following his order, the Special Forces members filed into the vehicle orderly. A loud roar echoed in the air as the engine roared to life, and the military truck drove away, leaving a trail of dust in its wake.

Right after the military truck left the scene, Duncan, who was in the passenger seat, cast a curious look in Thierry’s direction. “Commander Cloutier, may I know who is Mr. Goldstein? Why do you respect him so much?”

In fact, that was too mild a description.

Before Jonathan, Thierry was so obsequious and acted as docile as a lamb, just like how Duncan acted before Zachary.

It was clear that he feared Jonathan.

Even when Thierry met with Zachary at the military base, he wasn’t this servile.

“Watch your mouth. Don’t go asking about something you shouldn’t be.” Thierry shot Duncan a glare, shutting him up. “When we return to the base, lock yourself up in the dark room for a month. Bring your subordinates who joined you on this operation, too. Remember to keep today’s incident a secret. If any of you leak it out, you’ll be punished for leaking a military secret!”

“Understood, Commander Cloutier!”

Comprehension dawned, and Duncan’s face paled.

The punishment for leaking a military secret is being shot to death!

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