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## The Legendary Man Chapter 136

### Chapter 136 Buzz Off

“What’s this about people hunting you down in the middle of the night? I don’t know what you’re talking about!” Cowering on the ground, Tavion desperately crawled toward the door.

All he wanted to do right then was to make a run for it, not at all interested in risking his life with a nutcase like Jonathan.

He’s just a pauper whose life isn’t even worth a dime, so it doesn’t matter even if he dies. But it’s different with me! With a fortune of a few billion, I’ve got money I can’t ever finish spending in this lifetime and countless women waiting to warm my bed! How could I die?

“You won’t be able to escape, so just save your energy!” Pinning an indifferent gaze on the man crawling on the ground, Jonathan slowly stalked toward him.

From the moment I found out that he conspired with someone else to set me up and bring about my bankruptcy, he was destined to die!

“Stay away from me!” At the sight of the man’s approaching footsteps, a glimmer of panic flashed across Tavion’s eyes. But at just that precise moment, the private room door was suddenly pushed open.

Subsequently, a middle-aged man in a black suit strode in.

“What’s happening here?”

Upon glimpsing Tavion, who was huddled on the ground and crawling toward the door frantically, he recognized him at a single glance. “Mr. Callahan?”

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"Q-Quick, have someone restrain this lunatic! He wants to kill me!" The moment Tavion caught sight of him, he clutched at his shirt as though he had seen a ray of light at the end of the tunnel.

"A lunatic?" The middle-aged man instinctively lifted his eyes and cast his gaze over. The instant he spotted Jonathan, a flash of surprise flickered in his eyes. "Mr. Goldstein?"

"Get out of my way!" Jonathan threw him a blasé look, scaring him so greatly that he hastily backed up several steps.

"What happened, Mr. Goldstein?" The middle-aged man looked at Jonathan cautiously.

After all, he had personally witnessed how humble the owner of Empyrean Palace, Luna, was in front of the man the last time.

"Don't ask questions you shouldn't be asking. Get out!" Jonathan wore a cold expression on his face.

"Understood, Mr. Goldstein!"

Without further ado, the middle-aged man spun on his heels and left as though he had never been there.

Bang!

The private room door was slammed shut once more, causing Tavion's heart to abruptly sink to rock bottom.

What's going on here? Why would an employee of Empyrean Palace fear Jonathan? Isn't he just an impoverished man who went bankrupt and owed a slew of debts a few years ago?

"There's no need for you to stare at the door. No one in this world can save you!" Jonathan's remark doused the man's final spark of hope. As Jonathan drew ever close, Tavion gritted his teeth and fell to his knees before him without another word.

"I'm sorry, Jonathan! I was momentarily blinded by greed back then. I've seen the errors of my way, so please give me another chance! You want money, right? I'll give it to you! If a

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hundred million isn't enough, I'll give you a billion! If even that isn't sufficient for you, I'll give you half of Tavion Group, okay?"

Tavion Group has a market value of a few billion, so even if it's only three billion, that's at least one and a half billion right there. I only cheated him out of a hundred million back then, so it's more than enough that I'm returning him one and a half billion now, isn't it?

"No, that's not enough." Jonathan shook his head apathetically. "I've got no interest in Tavion Group."

"What exactly do you want, then? As long as you spare me, I'll agree to whatever you want!" Tavion hissed through clenched teeth.

"I want your life! When one commits a mistake, he naturally has to pay the price. And the price of you betraying me back then is death!" Jonathan asserted frostily.

When Tavion heard that, his expression underwent a drastic change. "Quit while you're ahead, Jonathan! You won't get a single dime if you kill me! Instead, you'll even end up sacrificing your life in return! Is it worth it to exchange your life with mine?"

"Not at all." Jonathan shook his head before continuing, "Your life should have ended four years ago. I've already allowed you to live four extra years. Are you still not content?"

After saying that, he didn't want to yak with him anymore.

Lifting his leg, he kicked the man in the chin. At once, blood spurted out from Tavion's mouth and nose, and he collapsed onto the ground.

Just when he struggled to climb to his feet as his vision threatened to go black, the private room door was pushed open again without warning.

On the heels of that, a young man in casual clothes strutted in briskly.

Tavion's eyes lit up the second he saw him. He rushed forward and grabbed the hem of his pants like a drowning man clutching at straws. "Please save me, Mr. York!"

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Preston was taken aback to have a man covered in blood throwing himself at him out of the blue. But when he had finally made out the person's identity, a flash of surprise glinted in his eyes. "Tavion? How did you end up in such a state? Who did this to you?"

"You've got to save me, Mr. York! Someone wants to kill me!" Tavion grasped at the hem of his pants tightly, refusing to loosen his grip no matter what.

"Kill you?" Preston sneered upon hearing that, a flicker of disdain creeping onto his features. "Are you serious? Who would dare kill someone in Emphyrean Palace unless he has a death wish?"

Emphyrean Palace belongs to Luna, the Dark Widow! This is her turf! Only those who are sick of living would dare kill someone on her turf!

"Let me see who's so gutsy to kill someone in Emphyrean Palace!" Right after saying that, Preston raised his eyes and looked over at Jonathan, drawling, "Kid, is it you who want to kill someone at Emphyrean Palace?"

"Buzz off!" Jonathan warned in an icy voice.

"What did you just say? I didn't mishear you, did I?" In a flash, Preston's expression contorted into a mask of rage. "You ordered me to buzz off? Do you know who I am?"

"No, and I'm not interested in knowing either." A trace of impatience shone in Jonathan's eyes. "I'm only giving you a minute. If you're still here after a minute has passed-"

"What will you do, then?" Preston cut him off before he had finished speaking. "Why, are you planning to beat me up as well? Kid, you dare to make a move against me before you had even asked around about my identity? Mark my words that you won't be walking out of Emphyrean Palace alive today if you dare harm even a hair on my head!"

Hah! Tavion might be afraid of him, but not me! Tavion is nothing, just a nouveau riche who had only recently made a name for himself. But I, on the other hand, am the heir of the York family, one of the four prominent families in Jazona! Would anyone dare to raise a hand against me? Well, unless he has a death wish!

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“Oh, really?” At his threat, Jonathan swept a nonchalant glance over him before countering, “Then, I’ll just wait and see how you’re going to stop me from walking out of Emphyrean Palace alive!”

As his words rang out, he stepped forward and kicked the man in the stomach.

Following that blow, Preston’s weak and flimsy body instantly flew out like a kite with a snapped string and hit the private room door heavily.

A thud then reverberated around the room.

His legs immediately went weak, and he dropped to his knees before Jonathan.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 137

Chapter 137 You Are Being Too Garrulous

“How dare you hit me, kid?” Preston remained on his knees on the ground with shaky legs while clutching his stomach. Even at that very moment, he still couldn’t quite believe that someone actually dared to get physical with him.

Someone actually dared hit me, the heir of the York family, in Jazona?

“That kick was just a warning to you. If you dare poke your nose into this matter, I don’t mind killing you, too!” Jonathan’s face was devoid of emotion, and the look in his eyes as he regarded the man was as though the latter’s death was near at hand.

“Do you know who I am? I’m Preston York, the heir of the York family! Would you dare kill me?” Preston glared at him with eyes blazing scarlet.

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I'm dead certain that he only dared make a move against me because he had no idea about my identity! If he knows who I am, would he still dare do the same? Well, unless he's sick of living!

"What's so great about the York family? If the York family dares to meddle in this matter, I'll wipe it out of existence as well!" Jonathan declared coldly.

It's just the insignificant York family in Jazona. I can obliterate it anytime with a simple order!

Oh my God, he's truly off his rocker! He's stark raving mad!

Almost everyone there felt that he was out of his head when they heard his audacious statement.

Wipe the York family out of existence? Has he got a screw loose? Does he really know the status of the York family in Jazona? It's one of the four prominent families in Jazona and has been rooted in the city for decades! It wouldn't be an easy task even if the governor of Jazona, Kingstone Warhol, wanted to do that, much less him! Who does he think he is? The King of War, Zachary Lint? Or Asura himself?

"Wipe the York family out of existence? Kid, I didn't mishear you, no?" Surprisingly, Preston wasn't at all enraged to hear that. Instead, he guffawed. "In all these years, you're the first person who dared say such a thing to me!"

"Is that so? That's because you've never met me in the past!" Not in the mood to waste his breath with him, Jonathan gave him another swift kick. A thud sounded as Preston's body slammed against the private room door once more.

Spat! He coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Then, he struggled up from the ground while clutching his stomach. Gritting his teeth, he glowered at Jonathan and vowed, "Kid, you'll definitely die a horrific death! I promise you that!"

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Ever since young, no one had ever dared to treat me in such a manner! As the heir of the York family, it had always been me beating others up! No one had ever raised a hand against me!

“Did I say that you could get up?” Jonathan’s gaze went chilly, striking such fear into Preston that his legs went weak, and he unwittingly dropped to his knees before the man with a thud.

Never once in his life had he ever seen such a strong sense of oppression as reflected in the man’s eyes right then.

“It seems that you’re determined to interfere in this matter, yes?” Staring down at the man kneeling on the ground, Jonathan stated glacially, “All right, I’ll grant you that opportunity, then. I’ll see whether the York family can save you and Tavion.”

When he had said that, he surprisingly didn’t continue stalking forward. Instead, he went back to his seat and casually lit a cigarette.

Eyeing Preston and Tavion dispassionately, he drawled, “I’m giving you an opportunity now. You can make however many calls you like and call anyone over. I’ll see whether there’s anyone in Jazona who can save you both!”

He’s allowing us to make calls and even call anyone over?

The second Preston and Tavion heard that, their eyes lit up. Conversely, the few people standing behind Jonathan gazed at him as though he was an idiot.

What a fool! Sure enough, he’s a moron! Not only is he foolish, but he’s even arrogant! If it were just the people in this private room now, no one could save them even if he wanted to kill them. Even if the York family were to rush over, they couldn’t possibly be any faster than he is to act! As long as they couldn’t leave this room, they would be up the creek without a paddle with no one to come to their rescue.

But once they were given a chance to contact people outside this room, death would be imminent for him! Regardless of whether it’s the York family that is one of the four prominent families in Jazona or the vast connections Tavion amassed in the city throughout the years, someone like him was no match for neither! After all, his company had gone

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bankrupt a few years ago, and he even owed a shedload of debts. As long as they were given the opportunity, they've got a hundred ways to beat him at his game!

"Kid, you said that, so don't go about regretting it!" Upon hearing that, Preston called home right away. A moment later, an age-weathered voice sounded from the other end of the phone. "Hello, Pres?"

"Grandpa, I'm at Empyrean Palace, and someone has beaten me up! He even said that he wanted to kill me and wipe the York family out of existence! Come and save me, quick!" Preston cried out into the phone as soon as the call was connected.

"What did you just say? Wipe the York family out of existence?" A hint of fury colored the voice on the other end of the phone when the person heard that. "I didn't hear you wrongly, did I? Who was so conceited to say that?"

"I don't know who he is! I only know that he wants to kill me! Quick, come and save me, Grandpa!"

"Tell him to just wait. I'll be there right away!"

The call was then disconnected with a snort. After making the call, Preston stared at Jonathan while on his knees on the ground as though the man was moments away from certain death.

You're so dead, kid!

As part of the York family, he was all too familiar with his grandfather's temper. From the phone call earlier, he could distinctly sense that the man was livid.

"Kid, I can give you a chance before my grandfather arrives. If you get on your knees and grovel before me now, calling me your lord and master, I can consider sparing you. I'll merely break both your legs. However, it won't be that simple anymore when my grandfather arrives!"

In the blink of an eye, he again regarded Jonathan condescendingly. In his eyes, the man was no different than someone with his neck on the chopping block.

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"You're being too garrulous!" Jonathan's gaze turned wintry, instantly terrifying him so badly that he hastily stumbled back several steps and almost knocked into the door.

But at that exact moment, someone abruptly swung open the private room door once more.

In the next instant, a group of police officers barged in, followed by an elderly man in plain clothes. No sooner had they entered the room than the man demanded, "Who called for the police?"

"Me!"

The moment she caught sight of the police, Tavion's secretary, who had gone as pale as a sheet, immediately stepped forward.

"It was you who lodged a police report?" Looking at her sternly, the elderly man questioned, "On the phone just now, you said someone wants to commit murder in Emphyrean Palace, right? Who was it?"

"It was him!"

Tavion's secretary pointed at Jonathan without a second's delay.

The elderly man reflexively cast his gaze in the direction she was pointing, only to be greeted by the sight of Jonathan. At once, his expression changed. "It's you?"

Good Lord! It's him! It's the bane of my life again!

As soon as his eyes landed on Jonathan, he recognized him at a single glance.

Last night, it was because of him that my deputy police chief was detained by the Divine Dragon Guards! Even now, that man is still in custody! And it was also because of him that I'm now under investigation and will even likely be dismissed!

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## The Legendary Man Chapter 138

Chapter 138 Do Not Ask For Trouble

When Jonathan heard the voices, he instinctively glanced over.

After doing so, his brows knitted together.

Why is it him again? Are there no other police officers in Jazona?

“What exactly is happening here, Mr. Goldstein?” In the face of Jonathan, Rhett inexplicably felt a touch unnerved.

As the police chief, few can intimidate me in the whole of Jazona that I’d feel daunted and lose all courage. Yet, he happens to be one of them! Even the top dog of the Divine Dragon Guards, Thierry, didn’t dare utter a single word of protest before him. What am I, a mere police chief, in comparison? I’ll lose my position if I dare go against him!

“Can’t you see what’s going on here?” Jonathan replied airily.

“Ah, this is a misunderstanding! This is definitely a misunderstanding! How could Mr. Goldstein possibly commit murder?” Since Jonathan refused to help him out, he could only make up an excuse himself.

Alas, before he had even finished speaking, Tavion’s secretary screeched at the top of her lungs, “It’s no misunderstanding! I witnessed him beating Mr. Callahan up to within an inch of his life with my own eyes and he almost killed him! How could it be a misunderstanding? Quick, arrest him and take him to the police station!”

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While she was petrified in the face of Jonathan, who shattered Mike's leg without an ounce of hesitation, that she didn't dare utter a single word, she was no longer afraid since the police were here.

Her confidence had returned in a trice.

"Are you instructing me here?" Rhett's expression promptly darkened at her commanding tone. "Do I need you to teach me how to do my work?"

"How dare you?" Tavion's secretary grew so furious that her face contorted into a mask of fury. "What kind of attitude is this? Do you believe that I'll call and lodge a complaint against you to the police chief?"

"Do you want to lodge a complaint against me? Well, just go ahead. I'm the police chief!"

Rhett hadn't any avenue to vent his anger, so her action was tantamount to volunteering herself to be his punching bag.

If there weren't so many people looking on, I'd whirl around and leave right this instant! I inadvertently stuck my oar in his affairs yesterday, and I almost got dismissed from my position! Would I dare make the same mistake again?

"You're the police chief, you said? I'm Preston York, a member of the York family!" Preston, who was slumped at a corner near the door, exclaimed all of a sudden.

Preston York?

Rhett frowned upon hearing that.

The heir of the York family, Preston York? While I've never seen him, I've heard of his name. He's a notorious playboy with a legendary reputation in Jazona. Why is he here?

"I can testify that there's no misunderstanding here! He indeed has the intention of committing murder here, and he almost killed me!" Throwing him a frosty look, Preston added, "Do you see the injuries on me? It was all thanks to him!"

What? He beat Preston up?

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Rhett's eye twitched when he heard that.

Dear Lord, he even dares to go against someone from the four prominent families? Worse still, he beat up the heir of the York family? Does he have a death wish? Or is he sick of living? Everyone in Jazona knows the influence of the York family! If he provoked them, even the mayor of Jazona wouldn't be able to save him, let alone an insignificant police chief like me!

Caught between the devil and the deep blue sea, Rhett wore a frightfully grim expression on his face. Just then, Jonathan, who had been keeping mum, abruptly seconded, "He's right. There's indeed no misunderstanding here. I want to kill him, and it was also me who inflicted the injuries on him!"

What?

In an instant, Rhett's legs went weak in fright.

He actually admitted to it? Worse still, he did so in front of so many people here?

For a moment, he was seized by the urge to slap himself across the face.

Da\*n it! Why did I have to get involved in this? Now, even I can't save him anymore. What can I do when he has admitted to it himself?

"Uh, Mr. Goldstein..." Noticing that everyone there had their gazes fixated on him, he could only bite the bullet and reproach, "Mr. Goldstein, murder is against the law!"

"So what?" Arching an eyebrow, Jonathan turned to him and announced, "I'm going to kill Tavion Callahan today, and no one can save him! If the York family dares to butt into this matter, I'll obliterate them! And if you dare do the same, I'll have you sacked!"

Have the police chief sacked?

When his words fell, almost everyone there felt that he had gone out of his mind.

Who does he think he is? Does he think he's Zachary Lint or Kingstone Warhol? In the whole of Jazona, only two people dare say such a thing—one is the governor of Jazona, Kingstone

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Warhol, and the other is the King of War, Zachary Lint! This punk is a nobody, yet he dares make such a proclamation?

After hearing that, Preston couldn't help sneering, "Hah! How arrogant, kid! Obliterate the York family and have the police chief sacked? I'll just wait and see how you're going to accomplish either of that!"

Having said that, he eyed Rhett coldly and thundered, "Why are you still standing around? Hurry up and arrest him! Or does the police merely takes the citizen's money without doing anything? Didn't you hear him insulting you?"

Insulting me? I don't find it insulting at all! Even the top brass of the Divine Dragon Guards was all deferential in front of him and hardly dared to breathe. What's a small police chief like me in comparison? It'll just take a single word from him for me to be given the boot!

"I think there must be some misunderstanding here. Why don't we resolve it first?" Left with no other recourse, Rhett could only steel his resolve and turn to wave a dismissive hand at his subordinates, ordering, "Go out first!"

"Yes, Chief Barnstone!"

Following that order, the group of police officers left the private room without any hesitation. When they had left, Rhett continued forging on and shifted his gaze to Jonathan. "Mr. Goldstein-

"If you want to keep your nose out of this, stand there and keep your mouth zipped. Don't ask for trouble!" Jonathan interrupted him mid-sentence.

He could tell that the man obviously didn't want to get involved in the mess, and he didn't want to waste his breath with him either.

"Understood, Mr. Goldstein!" Upon hearing that, Rhett instantly retreated as though he had been granted amnesty and hid in the corner wordlessly.

At the sight of the scene unfolding right before their eyes, incredulity manifested on the faces of everyone there.

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How is this possible? The police chief didn't even dare utter a single word of protest before him? And simply because he said not to intervene in the matter, he truly followed his order to the letter? Could it be that he has some hidden identity?

In a flash, that question popped up in their minds.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 139

Chapter 139 The Patriarch Of The York Family

That's impossible!

Tavion didn't believe that Jonathan could have some hidden identity.

I know him all too well! After the company went bankrupt back then, he owed a boatload of debts and was even hunted down by the loan sharks! If he really has some hidden identity, how could he possibly have been pursued for an entire year? Just look at him! He's so broke that he can't even afford to buy a set of decent clothes. Also, he has never even ridden in a Rolls-Royce. How could he be some anonymous big shot?

"Kid, it seems that I've underestimated you!" While everyone was still wondering about Jonathan's hidden identity, Preston threw him an icy look and drawled, "I never thought that you'd have a few tricks up your sleeve that even the police chief doesn't dare interfere in your affairs! But so what? Compared to the York family, you're still no more than an ant!"

Rhett was a mere police chief, so he truly didn't take him seriously.

Compared to the York family, what's an inconsequential police chief?

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“In my eyes, the York family is likewise no more than an ant!” Indifference was written all over Jonathan’s face.

Even the four prominent families in Jazona are merely bigger ants in my eyes, not to mention the lone York family!

When Preston saw that, disdain promptly marred his features. “Hah! I hope you can still say that when my grandfather arrives later instead of throwing yourself down before me on your knees and begging me to spare you! If that happens, I’ll be utterly disappointed in you!”

He could seemingly imagine the scene whereby the man would fall to his knees before him like a dog and beg him to spare him after his grandfather arrives in a while.

Regretfully, Jonathan didn’t even spare him a single glance.

He’s just an ant, so there’s no point in me wasting my breath!

As time ticked by, the entire private room was wholly silent.

Everyone was awaiting the arrival of the patriarch of the York family, for they seemingly felt that there was only one way things would end once the man arrived—Jonathan would die a gruesome death!

Truth be told, they were anticipating the show, so much so that they would insist on staying even if they were allowed to leave right then.

All of them were eager to see how Jonathan was going to meet his end later.

Would he end up with his limbs chopped off and fed to the fishes in the Goda River? Or would he be hanged from the roof of Empyrean Palace under the scorching sun for three days and nights before being buried in a hole somewhere?

Just as everything was still and silent in the private room, a bang suddenly split the air as the room door was kicked open from the outside.

On the heels of that, more than a dozen men in black suits stormed in.

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Following behind them was an elderly man with gray hair in traditional attire.

He held a cane with a dragon head in his hand, and every step he took appeared exceedingly weak. It was as though he would keel over and die anytime.

Despite him looking so frail that he seemed to have a foot in the grave, no one there dared to underestimate him.

After all, he was the current patriarch of the York family, Hunter York!

In the past few decades, he had been the one who led the York family into making a name for themselves in Jazona and kept them standing firm throughout the years. Furthermore, he even safeguarded their position as one of the four prominent families in Jazona, a fact that hadn't changed in decades.

"Grandpa!"

Preston's eyes lit up the moment spotted Hunter, and he cried out to him.

"Hmm." Hunter merely nodded placidly upon hearing that.

It wasn't until he noticed the blood all over the man and the bruise on his face that an imperceptible flash of wrath glinted in his eyes. "Who did this to you?"

"It was him!" At his question, Preston pointed at Jonathan at once. "Grandpa, it was him who beat me up! He even said that he'll wipe the York family out of existence!"

"What a useless piece of trash! You're a member of the York family, yet you allowed a snot-nosed kid to walk all over you! You've truly embarrassed the York family!" Snorting, Hunter banged the cane in his hand hard. Preston was stricken that he flinched even as a glimmer of fear flashed across his face. "Grandpa, I—"

"Okay, I don't need any excuses from you! Get on your knees!" With a single reprimand from the man, Preston fell to his knees before him with a thud, not daring to utter a single word of protest.

Ever since young, this grandfather of his was the person he feared most.

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"I'll deal with you when we get home!" Hunter grunted at the sight of the man kneeling on the ground. Then, he turned and looked at Jonathan, whom Preston pointed out. "It was you who beat my grandson up?"

"Yes, it was me. He likes to meddle in other people's business, so I showed him the consequences of being nosy!" Jonathan replied blithely.

"Hmph!" Hunter harrumphed when he heard that, and a gleam of fury flashed across his face. "Why were you, an outsider, teaching him a lesson when he's part of the York family? Even if he's in the wrong, it should be me doing the teaching. What right do you have to do so?"

"If you dare poke your nose into my affairs, I'll teach you a lesson as well, not to mention him!" Jonathan remarked in a mild voice.

"What did you just say?" Hunter was apoplectic after hearing the man's audacious threat. "You'll even teach me a lesson as well? You're really arrogant and insolent, young man! I heard from Pres that you even want to wipe the York family out of existence?"

"So what if I do?" Jonathan quirked an eyebrow.

"It seems that I've indeed gotten up in years that many people have forgotten how the York family gained a foothold in Jazona! Now, even a snot-nosed kid dares to walk all over the York family!" Hearing his remark, Hunter shook his head even as a murderous gleam shone in his eyes. "I suppose this is a good thing as well. It's been years since I've last taken a life, so you can be the first in many years! It'll also show everyone in Jazona that I'm still alive and kicking, and the York family is still standing firm!"

After saying that, he didn't want to yak with Jonathan further, so he waved a hand and ordered, "Go and break his limbs! Remember to keep it clean without making things too gory. I'm up in years, so I can't stomach seeing too much blood."

"Understood!"

With that order, that dozen or burly men in black suits instantly swarmed toward Jonathan.

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At the scene transpiring before their eyes, everyone there was filled with excitement and dared not even blink in fear that they might miss something.

Preston and Tavion, especially, could already seemingly picture the scene whereby all of Jonathan's limbs were broken later.

Nonetheless, Jonathan didn't even bother sparing the men a single glance even as they drew increasingly closer. Instead, he lowered his head and picked up his teacup. After taking a small sip of tea, he commented, "I told you not to interfere in this matter, but you just wouldn't listen. In that case, there isn't any need for the York family to exist in this world anymore!"

## The Legendary Man Chapter 140

Chapter 140 A Bunch Of Useless Creatures

Having said that, Jonathan flicked his wrist.

At once, the teacup in his hand flew out and smacked Hunter in the face hard.

Subsequently, a crash pierced the air. The teacup fell to the ground and shattered into pieces. At the same time, there was a bloody mark on Hunter's face.

"Kill him! I want him dead!" As Hunter clapped a hand over the cut on his face from the teacup shard, his eyes blazed scarlet, and he was seemingly moments away from going off the deep end. It was as though he had suffered some great humiliation.

"Understood, Old Mr. York!"

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Following that order, the dozen or so burly men in black proceeded to surround Jonathan without a second's delay.

It was clear as day that they were all trained ex-military personnel. In fact, they might even possibly be retired special forces.

"The lot of you want to kill me? You're about to be disappointed, then." Jonathan snorted at the sight of the men caging him in. Flicking his wrist, he slammed a hand against the table. In an instant, the teacups on the table flew into the air, tea spilling everywhere. Gently catching a drop of water with his right hand, he flicked it hard.

Immediately, a transparent thread extended from the drop of water. With a whizz, it then slammed into the chest of one of the burly men in black at lightning speed.

Whizz!

Before anyone could even discern his movements, the drop of water promptly penetrated the man's body.

In the next moment, blood dripped from the man's chest.

Thud!

A muffled thud sounded, and the man fell to his knees on the ground while clutching his chest.

"You-"

The man was just about to say something when he was abruptly cut off by a spurt of blood out of his mouth. In the end, he dropped dead in a pool of blood before he could even say anything.

The water had been transformed into a weapon, and a mere drop of water could kill.

Although it was just a drop of water, it was even faster than a bullet and sharper than a sword.

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The drop of water could easily penetrate a piece of steel, much less a mere burly man in black.

Jonathan had long since mastered that skill.

Not long after he broke into the military camp, he had started practicing the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique and had now been training in it for more than three years.

If I can't even control a small drop of water, what right do I have to be Asura and dominate the nation?

"How useless! What a worthless piece of trash!" At the sight of the burly men in black lying in a pool of blood, Hunter roared, "Why are you all still standing around? Hurry up and kill him!"

He was so incandescent that his eyes blazed scarlet, yet none of the dozen or so men dared to take a step forward. Instead, they were seemingly inclined to retreat.

Verily, they feared Jonathan greatly.

Is he really human? He can kill someone with a single drop of water! With the dozen or so of us, the cup of tea is probably enough to kill us all!

"Da\*n it! You're all a bunch of useless creatures!" Seeing that the dozen of burly men in black were all standing there with none of them daring to make a single move, Hunter became so pissed off that his hand trembled. "What's the use of me employing the lot of you if you can't even finish off a snot-nosed kid? Get him!"

Upon seeing that he was truly infuriated, the dozen or so burly men in black looked at each other. Then, they steeled their resolve and charged at Jonathan.

Even if it means our death, we've got to make a move today! There's no other choice since we're paid to do so!

"You're asking for it!"

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Jonathan's gaze went glacial. Shooting to his feet, he streaked out before they had even reached him and leaped into the air.

As his fist shot out, a resounding bang split the air.

The nose bridge of the burly man in black at the front was shattered with a blow from him.

Blood gushed out of the man's nostrils, down the corners of his mouth and clothes. In the end, his eyes rolled back into his head, and he collapsed in a pool of blood.

The dozen or so ex-military personnel didn't even manage to last more than a minute at Jonathan's hand.

In less than a minute, the dozen or so burly men in black were all lying limply on the ground in a broken heap. Not a single one of them remained standing.

At the sight of the scene before their eyes, not only was Hunter incredulous, but almost everyone there wore expressions of disbelief.

How could that be? How could he possibly be so skilled at fighting?

As part of the York family, Hunter knew their combat prowess all too well.

They were all ex-military personnel I specially hired from the military base itself, and there were even retired special forces among them! They're used to undertaking executing missions abroad, their hands stained with blood after having taken countless lives! Yet, they couldn't even hold out for a minute when it came to him? How is that possible?

"W-Who exactly are you?" He stared at Jonathan intently, and even his lips were quivering slightly. By then, he had finally realized that the man was no easy prey.

"The person who is going to wipe the York family out of existence!" Regarding him placidly, Jonathan asserted, "I told you not to meddle in this affair, but you simply wouldn't listen. Since you're determined to court death, I'll grant you your wish!"

After saying that, he stepped over the dozen of burly men in black who were all lying on the ground and strolled toward the man.

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As he drew all the closer, Hunter felt his knees knocking together. Still, he kept his gaze glued on the man and demanded, "W-What do you want?"

"What do you think?" Casting him a frosty glance, Jonathan bellowed, "Get down on your knees!"

The second his voice rang out, Hunter's legs abruptly went weak, and he fell to his knees before the man with a thud.

In a trice, everyone's expressions changed.

No one expected the high and mighty patriarch of the York family to actually drop to his knees before Jonathan.

"How dare you, kid?" Hunter was so mortified that his face flushed bright red.

Argh! What a humiliation! This is simply the greatest shame ever!

Even he himself had no idea why his legs uncontrollably gave out on him.

I'm the patriarch of the York family, yet I kneeled before a snot-nosed kid before so many people here? If this gets out, how am I going to show my face in public in the future?

"Is that all the York family is capable of? If that's so, I'm truly disappointed!" Sweeping a nonchalant glance over Hunter and Preston, who were both on their knees in front of him, Jonathan urged, "If you've got other tricks up your sleeve, just unleash them all at once!"

"Hmph! Did you think that's all? Then, you've truly underestimated the York family!" Hunter snorted coldly. All of a sudden, he whipped out a gun from somewhere and pointed it right at the man, declaring, "Kid, I admit that I indeed underestimated you previously. But so what if you're skilled at fighting? Can you beat a bullet?"

As the patriarch of the York family, if I had only relied on the dozen or so burly men in black, I would've probably died time and again. Countless people want to kill me in the whole of Jazona, after all. If I don't have any means to protect myself, I can't possibly be still alive now!

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