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The Legendary Man Chapter 131

Chapter 131 Come Back From The Dead

When the man in the white suit looked at Jonathan, Jonathan likewise stared at him.

It was none other than Tavion.

Even after four years had passed, Jonathan still recognized him at a single glance.

“Mr. Callahan, this man here insists on meeting you. I tried to get him to leave, but he refused to do so,” the receptionist explained frantically upon seeing that Tavion had spotted Jonathan.

Unexpectedly, Tavion didn't even bother looking at her. Instead, his eyes remained fixated on Jonathan with a trace of disbelief in them.

“Jonathan?” he called out tentatively.

“Why, don't you recognize me anymore?” Jonathan quirked an eyebrow.

“It's really you, Jonathan? I thought I got the wrong person!” When Tavion had ascertained that it was indeed Jonathan, he stepped forward to hug him. Alas, Jonathan instinctively took a step back upon seeing that.

Tavion ended up with empty air in his arms.

Nonetheless, he wasn't at all embarrassed. He shot daggers at the receptionist and reproved, “Why didn't you tell me that Jonathan is here? He's one of my best friends! Without

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him, I wouldn't be here today! If he comes again in the future, make sure that you're polite to a fault with him. You'll be dismissed if you dare stop him again! Is that clear?"

"Yes, Mr. Callahan!" The receptionist was so stricken that she had gone as pale as a sheet.

"You must be tired after waiting here for such a long time." Tavion appeared exceedingly friendly and earnest. "Come, let's go to my office for a rest. You there, get someone to brew a pot of tea and bring it to my office!"

"Understood, Mr. Callahan!" Nodding, the receptionist spun on her heels and left.

When she had left, Tavion led Jonathan to his exclusive elevator. In the elevator, he glanced at the man he hadn't seen in several years. "I haven't seen you in a few years, Jonathan! Where did you go in the past few years? I turned the whole of Jazona upside down to look for you, but I simply couldn't find you!"

"Oh, really?" Jonathan eyed him coldly as he lied through his teeth.

Three years ago, I stayed in Jazona for an entire year. Why was it that I never heard of anyone looking for me? Oh, that's not right. There were people looking for me—my debtors and the group of people hunting me down!

"Why didn't you find me, then? I've been in Jazona for the past few years," Jonathan riposted offhandedly.

"What? You've been in Jazona for the past few years?" Tavion abruptly swung his gaze at Jonathan, incredulity brimming in his eyes. "That's impossible! How could that be? In my effort to find you all these years, I paid that useless bunch of people several million in total! Damn it! How dare they take my money without doing any work? They'll be getting it from me very soon!"

His reaction was intense, making it seem as though he had truly been hiring people to look for Jonathan in the past few years.

Regretfully, Jonathan didn't believe him in the slightest, no matter how realistic his act was.

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Jadeborough is so small, yet he couldn't find me even after searching for four years? What a lie!

No sooner had Tavion finished speaking than a knock suddenly sounded at the office door. On the heels of that, a tall and fair woman in a short, black skirt walked in with two cups of hot tea. "Here's the tea you asked for, Mr. Callahan."

"Okay, just put them down." Tavion nodded before shifting his gaze to Jonathan. "Try the tea, Jonathan. A friend of mine brought the tea leaves back from abroad, and I heard that a tael cost a few hundred thousand!"

"Not bad." Jonathan nonchalantly took a sip.

The secretary, however, curled her lips when she heard that.

Not bad? Tea leaves that cost a few hundred thousand a tael are just passable in his eyes? How ignorant! He doesn't even know what fine tea is!

"If you like it, I'll gift you some later!" Tavion then waved a hand at the secretary and ordered, "Go and get my tea leaves."

"Sure, Mr. Callahan!"

The secretary was just about to leave when Jonathan called her back. "No, it's fine. It's too expensive; it isn't suitable for me."

"What are you saying? You're my best friend, so you're suited to drink even tea worth millions a tael, let alone a few hundred thousand!"

After saying that, Tavion glared at the secretary, chiding, "Why are you still standing there? Hurry up and get the tea leaves!"

"Yes, Mr. Callahan!"

The secretary was so frightened that she quickly scurried away.

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When she had left, Tavion snagged a box of cigars. Lighting one himself, he tossed one to Jonathan. "Try this cigar, too. It was also bought by a friend abroad, and it cost ten thousand per cigar!"

"No, it's okay." Jonathan shook his head. "I prefer local stuff."

"You're simply too rigid!" Tavion shook his head, but he didn't continue persuading him otherwise. Instead, he took a huge puff of the cigar himself before asking, "You must have been doing pretty dismally in Jazona in the past few years, haven't you?"

Neither his clothes nor shoes are branded. I suppose his entire outfit doesn't even cost five hundred in total. And me? My socks alone cost over a thousand! In contrast, I could tell at a single glance that he hasn't been doing all that well in the past few years.

"Well, not too bad." Sweeping a casual glance over him, Jonathan commented, "I heard that you've been doing pretty well in the past few years? Not only do you have a net worth of a few billion, but you even spent several billion to build this Tavion Tower! On my way here, the taxi driver told me all about your acclaimed accomplishment!"

"Ah, I suppose I've been doing okay. It's just a little better than before." As Tavion spoke, he unconsciously elevated himself above Jonathan, a trace of smugness radiating off his eyes.

Back then, we both started a company together. Yet, he couldn't even afford to buy himself some decent clothes now. On the contrary, my net worth has long since gone beyond several billion! Sometimes, destiny is really frustrating!

"Did you come to seek my help this time? Or are you here to ask me for a loan to continue doing business?" He then regarded Jonathan condescendingly.

He isn't doing all too well and has fallen from grace, so he's definitely here for no other reason than to ask me for a loan or a job at my company! Ultimately, he just wants to take advantage of me!

"I'm not here for a loan." Eyeing him placidly, Jonathan remarked, "I came to look for you to ask you about something."

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“What is it?” Tavion inquired, huffing out a puff of smoke.

“I remember that you disappeared for half a year without any news after the company went bankrupt four years ago. Later, your parents told me that you committed suicide. I even went to your village and attended your funeral. As far as I know, you died three years ago.” Staring at the man regarding him condescendingly on the opposite side, Jonathan questioned, “How have you come back from the dead now?”

The Legendary Man Chapter 132

Chapter 132 A Bunch Of Lies

In the blink of an eye, Tavion’s expression changed drastically.

It was as though someone had caught him in a lie, and a pained look crossed his face. “That was a misunderstanding, Jonathan.”

“Oh? How was it a misunderstanding?” Jonathan lightly leaned back against the couch and gazed at him aloofly.

“Actually, I didn’t commit suicide back then...” Tavion’s eyes darted everywhere, not having expected the man to launch a sudden attack at him. “After our company went bankrupt back then, loan sharks were looking for me everywhere. They didn’t just send people to hunt me down but even went so far as to harass my family. Left with no other recourse, I could only fake my death in hopes that I could dupe those loan sharks! You don’t know how dangerous it was back then. I almost got hacked to death a few times!”

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While saying that, his hand that held the cigar trembled lightly, complementing his fearful expression.

If I hadn't heard about how he shoved all the blame of the incident back then on me from the taxi driver on my way here, I might really be taken in by his lies! It's truly a shame that he's not running for the Oscars!

"I don't know if those loan sharks were duped, but I was undoubtedly taken in." Instead of exposing him, Jonathan glanced at him casually and stated, "Not only did I attend your funeral back then, but I even gave the remaining tens of thousands I had left to your parents."

Back then, I was riddled with debts after the company went bankrupt and even had a whole slew of loan sharks hunting me down. Yet, I still gave his family the tens of thousands I had left without any reservations despite my circumstances then!

"What? You really did that?" Tavion arched an eyebrow, acting as though he didn't know anything about it. "Why have I never heard about it from my parents?"

"So you think I'm lying to you?" Jonathan raised an eyebrow as well.

"Of course not!" Chuckling, Tavion countered, "How could you possibly lie to me? It's just tens of thousands, isn't it? Okay. When you leave later, I'll have someone give you a million as compensation for your money back then. How about that?"

"Do you think that I'm here to ask you for the money?" Jonathan cast him a frigid look.

Back then, he signed a bad contract with someone else and caused my listed company with a market value of over a hundred million to not only go bankrupt overnight but even end up owing a ton of debts. Yet, I didn't even ask him to compensate me a single dime! Could I possibly be here now to ask him about the tens of thousands?

"Of course not! I just feel that I owe you too much regarding the matter back then!" Smiling, Tavion maintained, "The million is just a teeny-weeny compensation from me. After all, our company wouldn't have gone bankrupt overnight if it weren't because of me back then. Besides, I even caused you to be saddled with a slew of debts."

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Naturally, he wouldn't push the blame onto Jonathan right in front of the man himself.

Meanwhile, Jonathan didn't expose him either. I'll just see how much longer he's going to keep this act up!

Knock, knock!

A few minutes later, the secretary knocked on the door again. But this time, there was a tray in her hands, on which laid the tea leaves wrapped in a piece of golden paper.

"Here are the tea leaves, Mr. Callahan." In a soft voice, she added, "There are three taels of tea leaves in here, and the market value outside is over a million."

The second half of her utterance was deliberate, expressly meant for the ignorant man who was unschooled in tea so that he would know how much three taels of tea leaves cost and use them sparingly.

"Why are there only three taels?" Tavion frowned slightly.

"Didn't you also give your friend a few taels when he came to visit back then?" While saying that, the secretary put the tray down. Then, she looked at Tavion and reminded, "It's about time, Mr. Callahan. You have a dinner appointment with Mr. Whittaker and Mr. Ziegler."

"Are they here already?" Tavion dipped his head and glanced at his watch.

"Yes, they're waiting for you in the waiting lounge," the secretary replied in a murmur.

"Okay, then tell them that we'll be going over to Emyrean Palace for dinner tonight," Tavion instructed airily. After doing so, he turned to Jonathan. "Why don't you join us, Jonathan?"

"Mr. Callahan, you're going to be talking business with Mr. Ziegler and the others, remember? Won't it be inappropriate for him to tag along?" the secretary prompted.

Frankly speaking, she didn't quite like Jonathan.

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Mr. Callahan usually only comes into contact with either wealthy heirs from prominent families or the super-rich with a net worth of billions. He never associates with the dirt poor like this man here whose entire outfit seemingly doesn't even cost three hundred!

"What's inappropriate about it?" Tavion shot her a glare, asserting, "Jonathan is my best friend! And it's just dinner, is it not? What's the big deal about bringing him along? Cut the crap and make the arrangements quickly!"

"Understood, Mr. Callahan!" Biting her lip resentfully, the secretary stormed off.

When she had left, Tavion looked at Jonathan and invited, "Let's have dinner together tonight. I'll introduce a few big shots to you."

"Big shots?"

"One of them is the heir of the York family, one of the four prominent families in Jazona! How's that? A big shot, huh?" A flash of triumph flickered in Tavion's eyes.

If I don't bring him along, he'll probably never have the opportunity to eat at the same table with the heir from one of the four prominent families in his entire life! After all, Mr. York usually associates with affluent people such as the wealthy heirs from Yaleview and Kingshinton. The least of them still have a net worth of billions. Would someone like Jonathan, who had gone bankrupt a few years ago and even owed a boatload of debts, have the opportunity to dine with him? That's a pipe dream!

"Indeed!" Jonathan chuckled.

If my memory serves, the person who bid on the lavender jade figurine with me during the auction back then was also the heir of the York family.

"Let's go! Otherwise, I'm afraid that you wouldn't have the chance to dine at the same table with him in your lifetime!" Tavion's tone and gaze carried a distinct hint of disdain toward him.

I've got to admit that he was indeed an entrepreneur genius back then. In just a year, he managed to transform a small and insignificant company into a gigantic company with a

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market value of over a hundred million! And at that time, I only invested fifty thousand. In a year, my fifty thousand ballooned to more than ten million. Nonetheless, that was then. Today, I already have a net worth of a few billion! All who associate with me are bigwigs with a net worth of billions and even tens of billions!

Therefore, he had no respect for a pauper like Jonathan.

“Sure! I’m not in a hurry to go back anyway.” Jonathan calmly stood up and strolled out of the office with him.

It so happens that I’d like to see what other tricks he has up his sleeve!

The Legendary Man Chapter 133

Chapter 133 It Was Him

A few minutes later, Jonathan saw Tavion’s car below Tavion Tower.

It was a black Rolls-Royce that appeared extremely grand, sparkling under the sunlight.

As soon as Tavion got downstairs, the driver immediately stepped forward and opened the car door for him.

Surprisingly, Jonathan saw no sign of the two men who were purportedly waiting for him in the waiting lounge. Instead, the secretary got into the car with Tavion.

“How’s it, Jonathan? This is a pretty nice ride, isn’t it?” Lighting a cigar, Tavion leaned back against the seat and puffed out a cloud of smoke at the starry sky above.

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“Not bad,” Jonathan answered blithely.

Tavion casually flicked the cigar as he revealed the price of the car, saying, “I spent over thirty million on this car and had it air-freighted over. You can’t buy this here, but then the maintenance is just too expensive. It costs me hundreds of thousands every year!”

He seemed to be chatting with Jonathan about the car, but in reality, he was using that method to widen the gap between them.

It’s just been a mere four years, yet there’s already a world of difference between us! So what if he was vastly capable back then? He’s still doing so dismally now that he can’t even afford to buy a decent set of clothes! Contrarily, I already have a fortune of a few billion and am currently sitting in a car worth over thirty million! Just the amount of money I’m spending on this car’s maintenance is enough to last him half his lifetime!

“Oh, really?” Jonathan responded nonchalantly.

That attitude of his had chagrin flooding Tavion.

I initially thought that he would appear envious or resentful, but I never thought that he would be apathetic as though a luxury car worth tens of millions is nothing to write home about in his eyes. He’s unimpressed?

At once, his expression darkened.

If he weren’t with me, would he have the opportunity to ride in this car?

Half an hour later, the car came to a stop before Emyrean Palace.

No sooner had they alighted from the car than beautiful and alluring female servers came forward, ushering them into the most lavish and stately private room in Emyrean Palace—the Supreme VIP Room.

“This way, please, Mr. Callahan!” The server’s voice was a touch coquettish, and she even seemed to be fawning over him. “Mr. Whittaker and Mr. Ziegler have been waiting for you in the room for a long time!”

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“Got it.”

Nodding, Tavion followed the server to the Supreme VIP Room.

While walking, he turned to Jonathan and remarked, “You’ve never been to Empyrean Palace, have you? This is the most expensive restaurant in the whole of Jazona. The minimum spend for the Supreme VIP Room alone is eight hundred and eighty thousand! Also, it’s not open to the public. It’s only for patrons of Diamond VIP and above. To be a Diamond VIP, one has to spend at least eight million in a single bill!”

As he walked, he boasted of his grandeur and magnificence to Jonathan.

It was as though he could only flaunt his superiority through such a method.

“So you’re a Diamond VIP patron here?” Jonathan inquired casually.

“Yes!” After saying that, Tavion added, “But I don’t spend that much. The most I spent was a little over ten million. I heard that Mr. York spent over thirty million here in a single bill to woo the heiress of the Hansley family!”

When he mentioned ten million, he was so blasé that it was as though he was speaking of a thousand.

However, Jonathan was quite surprised that the heir of the York family was actually interested in Luna.

“Go on in, Mr. Callahan!”

A short while later, the beautiful and alluring server pushed open the door to the Supreme VIP Room.

They were greeted by the sight of a huge sliding screen in the room.

The murmur of a stream drifted into the air. A few carp were swimming in the stream.

On both sides of the stream were two young ladies in traditional clothing playing the harp.

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The stunning visual and dulcet melody complemented each other. It was an absolute delight.

“Mr. Callahan!” As soon as Tavion stepped into the room, two middle-aged men in black suits instantly came forward to greet him. “It’s really difficult to ask you out for a meal, Mr. Callahan! We’ve waited for over a week!”

“I’m sorry, but I had too many things to handle at work that I truly couldn’t spare the time!” Chuckling, Tavion shrugged his shoulders slightly. Immediately, his secretary behind him stepped forward and removed his jacket for him.

Then, he continued, “If I hadn’t bumped into my good friend whom I hadn’t seen in years, I might not even have been free today.” After that, he glanced over his shoulder at Jonathan and declared, “Let me introduce them to you, Jonathan. These two are the general managers of Zion Group, Mike Ziegler and Vincent Whittaker. Rumor has it that their net worth had long since exceeded a billion, but they staunchly refuse to admit it.”

“Nah, not at all! Don’t listen to Mr. Callahan! He’s just joking. We’re mere employees at Zion Group! The middle-aged man introduced as Mike chortled before shifting his gaze to Jonathan and querying, “And this is...”

“My good friend, Jonathan Goldstein!” Tavion answered. “But something happened back then, so I haven’t seen him in several years.”

“Since you’re Mr. Callahan’s good friend, you’re naturally our esteemed guest! Do have a seat!” Mike was exceedingly enthusiastic.

Right after saying that, he lifted a hand and beckoned at the server, booming, “You may serve the food now!”

“Sure!”

The alluring server bowed before leaving the room.

When she had left, Mike turned to Jonathan while the strains of the harp were still floating in the air and asked, “Where are you currently employed, Mr. Goldstein?”

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"I'm unemployed," Jonathan answered airily.

"Unemployed?" Mike's brows abruptly scrunched together when he heard that. "You're really hilarious, Mr. Goldstein. All who are friends with Mr. Callahan have a net worth of a billion at the very least! How could you be unemployed? You're too modest!"

Despite his words, the contempt in his eyes was plainly evident and the corner of his lips curled scornfully when he noticed that Jonathan's attire didn't even cost five hundred in total.

Where did this impoverished guy come from? And how is he worthy of sitting at the same table with us?

Glimpsing the disdain in his eyes, Tavion explained, "Jonathan hasn't been doing too well recently, but don't underestimate him! He was a billionaire a few years ago, and he started from scratch at that! Do you remember me saying some time ago that I once partnered with someone and started a company a few years back?" At that, he offhandedly glanced at Mike and Vincent before announcing, "He was my business partner back then!"

"He was your business partner back then?" In a thrice, the expressions of both Mike and Vincent changed. The contempt in their eyes as they regarded Jonathan intensified, and a trace of repugnance crept in. It was as though they were sickened to even look at him. "So he was the one who caused the company to go bankrupt and even owe a shedload of debts, Mr. Callahan?"

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The Legendary Man Chapter 134

Chapter 134 Break My Legs

I caused the company to go bankrupt and even owe a shedload of debts?

Despite Mike's and Vincent's contemptuous gazes, Jonathan was in no hurry to explain things. Instead, he shifted his gaze to Tavion.

I'll just see what he's going to say!

However, Tavion acted as though he didn't notice the man's gaze on him. He merely waved a hand and urged, "Let's not talk about that. It's all in the past! Besides, he wasn't to be blamed entirely for the incident back then. I was also partially responsible!"

While he was seemingly defending Jonathan, he was actually answering the two men's question in the affirmative.

In other words, he was saying that it was indeed Jonathan who had caused the company to go bankrupt back then!

"Hmph! You're too generous, Mr. Callahan, to not take offense at such a trivial matter! If it were me, he would be getting off easy with two broken legs!" Mike proclaimed with a harrumph after hearing that.

"Mr. Ziegler, you haven't even imbibed, yet you're already drunk?" At that, Tavion threw him a glare and chided, "Whose legs are you threatening to break? Jonathan is my good friend, so I won't just stand by and do nothing!"

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"I just feel sorry for you, Mr. Callahan! Say, how could someone like him still have the audacity to seek you out and even sit at the same table with you?" Snorting, Mike glowered at Jonathan with repugnance written all over his face.

It was as though sitting at the same table with Jonathan was a great insult to him.

"Why would you feel sorry for me? I don't even mind, so it should go doubly for you!" Tavion shot him a hard look before he turned to Jonathan and urged, "Just ignore him, Jonathan. He has an inherently sharp tongue. I'll have him down three glasses later as an apology!"

"That's unnecessary." Seeing them both singing to each other's tune to demean him in every way possible, Jonathan merely smirked and said to Mike, "Earlier, you were the one who wanted to break my legs, yes?"

"So what if it was me?" With a frosty expression on his face, Mike barked, "If it weren't for Mr. Callahan's sake, lad, I would've long since had your legs broken! Who do you think you are? And what right do you have to sit at the same table with us? Wasn't it enough that you caused him to go bankrupt back then? Yet, you still have the audacity to seek him out? What's your motive in doing so this time? To ask for a loan or to procure a job in his company?"

While saying that, he stared at Jonathan condescendingly as though the man was dirt beneath his shoe and would never amount to anything.

"You're talking too much, Mr. Ziegler!" Frowning, Tavion shot daggers at him.

Hearing that, Mike snorted and asserted, "Don't hold me back, Mr. Callahan! He has long since been getting on my nerves!"

Subsequently, he turned to Jonathan and mocked, "You want to get a job at his company, don't you? He still needs a driver for his Rolls-Royce! Are you interested in that? Otherwise, how about joining our company? Our company is short of a security guard! Are you taking the offer? If you are, I'll inform the finance department tomorrow and have them contact you! But before that, you've got to prostrate yourself before us and apologize. You can only join our company if we're satisfied with your apology. After all, we don't employ deadbeats!"

In his eyes, Jonathan was no different from a deadbeat.

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So what if he had a net worth of over a billion a few years ago? He still ended up with his company going bankrupt and owing a slew of debt! If it weren't for Mr. Callahan bringing him along, would he have the right to dine at the same table with us? He's a total loser!

"He's right in that you're being too loquacious." Jonathan wasn't the least bit enraged despite the man's interminable snubs. Instead, he cast him a bland look and repeated, "Earlier, you said you wanted to break my legs, didn't you? How were you planning on doing that?"

As his words fell, he stepped forward and kicked him in the stomach.

In the next instant, a muffled thud sounded. Mike's plump body was knocked to the ground following that kick.

On the heels of that, Jonathan lifted his right leg and stomped on the man's knee.

At once, a crisp snap split the air as the man's knee was shattered.

"Ahh!"

A shrill, agonized wail reverberated around the entire room.

"H-How dare you make a move against me?" Mike roared at Jonathan, glowering even as he clutched his shattered knee.

Never had he expected the man to get physical without warning and go so far as to shatter his knee.

"What's the big deal about that?" Eyeing him indifferently, Jonathan remarked, "Before you stood up for someone else, did no one ever tell you that a loose tongue leads to trouble?"

"You've gone too far, Jonathan!" Precisely that moment, Tavion, who had been keeping mum, abruptly shot to his feet. Glowering at the man with a dark expression on his face, he demanded, "What is the meaning of this? Mr. Ziegler is my guest, yet you beat him up so badly right before my eyes!"

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"You know the answer to that full well, no?" Jonathan was no longer in the mood to continue playing games with them.

I was just wondering what other tricks he had up his sleeve, but it turned out that his plan was to join hands with someone else to humiliate me. It's been so many years, but he's still as dumb as a box of rocks!

"I broke his leg as a reminder so that he'll first consider how many legs he has before he agrees to be used as cannon fodder next time!"

"To think that I still regard you as my best friend, Jonathan! Yet, this is how you treat me?" Tavion's expression grew increasingly darker and grimmer. Even he didn't expect the man to get physical right off the bat without any qualms.

"Don't even mention the word 'friend' with me! You're not worthy of it!" Staring at him coldly, Jonathan spat, "How did I treat you back then? You were dirt poor, having no money for your meals nor a roof over your head. You were eating my food, living in my house, and even spending my money! Not only that, but you even used the money you borrowed from me to buy into my company! You didn't even spend a single dime, yet you gained ten million worth of shares for nothing! But what did you do? You conspired with someone else and signed a bad contract to set me up. Was that how you repaid me, Tavion Callahan?"

Tavion initially wore a dark look on his face, but a glimmer of panic flashed across his eyes when he heard that final utterance. Still, he gritted his teeth and refused to admit to it. "What nonsense are you spouting, Jonathan? That's not true! How could I possibly have conspired with someone else to set you up? Back then, I also had a share in the company! What good would it do me if I caused you to go bankrupt?"

"What good would it do you?" Seeing that he was still determined to maintain the act even when things had come to that, Jonathan sneered, "You like to act, don't you? In that case, I'll grant you your wish today!"

After saying that, Jonathan picked up his phone and made a call.

A moment later, Zachary's voice rang out from the other end of the phone.

"Have you gotten everything I told you to investigate?" Jonathan asked in a glacial voice.

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“Yes!” Zachary replied. “Four years ago, after the company you started with Tavion Callahan went bankrupt, a whopping sum of over seven million was transferred into his overseas bank account on that very same day.”

The Legendary Man Chapter 135

Chapter 135 Send You Across The Great Divide

Over seven million? Converting into Chanaean currency, that would amount to about fifty million exactly!

“What’s this about seven million and an overseas bank account? This is all utter nonsense! I never had any bank account abroad, nor had I ever seen the alleged seven million!” Tavion hastily denied after hearing Zachary’s declaration on the other end of the phone.

Alas, his denial had no effect on the man.

Zachary merely continued speaking. “After the seven over million were transferred into his account, he didn’t use it at once. Instead, he left it there for a whole two years before using the money. And it so happens to be the capital he used to register Tavion Group. I also found out that the person who wired the money to him was the person in charge of the company who signed the bad contract with him back then!”

Every single utterance out of his mouth had a flicker of panic flashing across Tavion’s eyes. When he heard the last sentence, in particular, he screeched frantically as though he had lost his mind, “Who the hell are you? Stop slandering me! The capital I used to register Tavion Group was from the loan I took out! What’s this nonsense about an overseas bank account? Stop defaming me there! Come over here if you’ve got the guts and confront me face to face!”

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On the other end of the phone, Zachary seemed to have heard his ear-splitting shout, for he questioned icily, "Are you sure you want me to go and confront you face to face? If I truly do so today, Tavion Callahan, I'm afraid that you'll never have the chance to continue living in this world anymore! Anyhow, you should really appreciate the opportunity you have right now to holler and clamor before me. If it weren't for Mr. Goldstein holding me back, I would've long since sent you to meet your maker!"

I'm one of the four Kings of War, and I rule over the whole of Jazona! If it weren't for Mr. Goldstein warning me not to interfere in this matter, even Tavion Group would've been wiped out in the blink of an eye with an order from me, not to mention an insignificant person like him!

"Who are you trying to scare? Come over here if you've got the guts and show me how you're going to send me to meet my maker!" Utter chagrin showed on Tavion's face.

Did he think that I'm a scaredy-cat? No matter what, I'm the newest billionaire in Jazona and one of the ten most outstanding men in the city! Even Kingstone Warhol once came to meet me personally! Yet, a random nobody wants to send me to meet my maker? What a joke!

"Mr. Goldstein, I also found some of his bank records in the past few years. There's evidence of tax evasion and some illegal income, as well as proof of him bribing government officials. If you need them, I'll send someone to bring them over to you anytime!" Zachary couldn't be bothered to entertain a fool like Tavion.

He's just an ant, unworthy to have me getting angry!

"No, that's fine. I'll resolve my own problem myself!" Hanging up the phone, Jonathan looked at Tavion impassively and drawled, "What else do you have to say now? Do you still want to continue acting here?"

By then, Tavion gave up maintaining the act as well. "Stop trying to scare me, Jonathan! You want to dupe me by finding some extra to put on an act, huh? Do you think that I'm so easily intimidated? What was that nonsense about tax evasion and bribery? I don't know anything about that!"

"Whether you committed tax evasion or bribery is none of my business, and I'm not the least bit interested in that." Regarding the man who was fuming, Jonathan admitted, "The only

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reason I came to see you today is to verify whether my guess is correct, whether it was you who conspired with someone else back then and caused me to go bankrupt. And the facts proved that it was indeed you! Honestly speaking, I'd rather the truth be the other way round. No one had ever betrayed me in my entire life. You're the first and also the last! To pay for that price, I'll personally send you across the great divide! You should've died a few years ago anyway."

The moment his words fell, he stalked toward the man.

With every step he took, Tavion took a step back. When he had gone as far as the corner of the table, he bellowed at the man with eyes blazing scarlet, "What do you want, Jonathan?"

"To send you across the great divide," Jonathan answered in a chilly voice.

"Have you lost your mind? You just want money, no? I'll give it to you! Is ten million enough? If it's not enough, I'll give you fifty million or even a hundred million! That's more than enough, right?"

Tavion cowered in the corner, gritting his teeth hard.

I've finally realized that he's a damn lunatic!

"No, it's not enough even if you give me ten billion!" Jonathan hadn't the slightest bit of interest in money.

To him, it was just a figure.

If he wanted money, he could have even a hundred billion, not to mention ten billion.

The entire world belonged to him, so money had no meaning for him.

"You've gone mad! You're truly out of your mind!" Hearing that, Tavion was all the more convinced that the man had gone off his rocker. "Jonathan, let me tell you this—you'll never be able to walk out of Emphyrean Palace alive if you dare harm a single hair on my head today! Do you know my status now? I'm one of the ten most outstanding men in Jazona,

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and I have a net worth of several billion! Do you believe that you won't be able to get out of here if you dare raise a hand against me?"

"No." Eyeing him dispassionately, Jonathan took a step forward and kicked him in the chest.

With that kick, Tavion ended up sprawling beneath the table before curling up like a ball.

"Stop! Otherwise, I'm going to lodge a police report!" Tavion's secretary threatened with the phone in her hand just when Jonathan was about to reach the man himself.

"Go ahead." Without even sparing her a glance, Jonathan stalked forward and kicked Tavion in the stomach again. "The thing I abhor most in my life is betrayal, especially by someone I trust most!"

Four years ago, I wasn't yet Asura, nor had I accidentally broken into the military camp. At that time, he was the person I trusted most! Even after the company went bankrupt, I never held a grudge against him. But little did I know that the person who stabbed me the deepest in the back was none other than the person I trusted most!

"Yes, lodge a police report! Quick! He's truly psycho!" Tavion, curled up on the ground, desperately shouted at his secretary after having coughed out a mouthful of blood.

"Understood!" Without further ado, the secretary phoned the police right away. "Hello, is this the police? Someone here wants to commit murder in the Supreme VIP Room in Empyrean Palace! Hurry up and send someone over!"

From the beginning till the end, Jonathan didn't stop her from lodging a police report. In fact, he didn't even spare her a single glance. Instead, he looked down at Tavion on the ground and surmised, "Those people who were hunting me down in the middle of the night three years ago was also your doing, wasn't it?"

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