

The Legendary Man Chapter 163

Chapter 163 A Solemn Vow

“Nonsense! What utter lies!” No sooner did Austin’s words ring out than Randall’s expression abruptly turned wintry. “I now suspect that you’re in cahoots with this group of ruffians and had aided them in extorting the person in charge of the ecological park project!”

Then, he instructed, “Men, arrest him!”

As he spoke, he pointed right at Austin.

“Mr. Swindell... How could you slander me? That’s not true at all!” When Austin heard the order for him to be arrested without any hesitation, panic engulfed him.

“We’ll see about that back at the police station!” Snorting, Randall commanded, “Escort him back to the police station and investigate what exactly his relationship is with this group of ruffians! Also, detain all of them and look into whether the ecological park project really occupied their land!”

Not in the mood to waste his breath with them, he ordered to have Austin and the group of men in black arrested.

That sudden turn of events had Austin’s subordinates at a loss.

The order we received was to arrest the Smith family. However, we ended up failing in doing so. Instead, we’re to arrest our captain now?

“What are the lot of you waiting for? Hurry up and arrest him!” Randall was apoplectic when he saw the group of police officers merely standing there, not daring to make a single move.

“Mr. Swindell, this...” The group of police officers stood there dazedly, caught between a rock and a hard place.

"Is my order not effective anymore?" A layer of frost instantly blanketed Randall's face. "I'm giving you two choices. Either arrest them all, or I'll phone your police chief and have him send some men over again and arrest the lot of you as well!"

After saying that, Randall took out his phone to make a call. The group of police officers glanced at each other before steeling their resolve and coming to a decision. "We're sorry, Captain Stewart!"

When they finished saying that, they frantically restrained Austin.

It wasn't just him; Hagar and the group of people in black behind him were all escorted into the police car without fail.

"Mr. Swindell, everyone has been arrested. What should we do now?"

"Bring them all back to the police station and have the police chief investigate this matter personally. If he even dares to make the slightest mistake, he'll be stripped of his position!" Randall's expression was as grave as a judge.

"Understood!"

Following his order, the police officers escorted the group of people away from the ecological park without delay.

In a trice, the entrance of the ecological park that was inordinately lively earlier became deserted. Randall then strode over to Jonathan and assured, "Mr. Goldstein, I'll personally look into this matter after going back. Once I'm done, I'll definitely give you a satisfactory answer!"

"I'm giving you a day. I want the answer before night falls." Glancing at him dispassionately, Jonathan added, "While you're at it, investigate who wants to nab the ecological park project from the Smith family."

"Mr. Goldstein, are you saying that this incident only transpired because someone wants to swipe the ecological park project from the Smith family?" In an instant, understanding dawned upon Randall.

After all, someone in his position couldn't possibly be dense.

"If not?" Eyeing him, Jonathan explained, "Last night, someone gave the Smith family a call and ordered them to back out of the ecological park project. Otherwise, he warned the Smith family to put their affairs in order."

"What? Such a thing happened?" Randall's face abruptly drained of color.

I'm the mayor of Jadeborough, yet I knew nothing when someone had even threatened Jonathan?

"I'll handle this matter myself after going back. Rest assured that I'll certainly give you a satisfactory answer before night falls." He gave no excuses, for the matter happened on his turf. Therefore, he naturally had to take responsibility for it as the mayor of Jadeborough. He promised, "If I fail to do so, I'll seek Mr. Warhol out myself and voluntarily resign without you having to dismiss me."

That was his solemn vow.

While he still hadn't any idea about Jonathan's background or identity, it didn't deter him from making a solemn vow before the man.

And this time, he placed his future on the line.

He knew all too well that if he dared to make a single misstep in this incident, his rule as the mayor of Jadeborough would likely come to an end.

"Go on."

Jonathan waved a dismissive hand. Without another word, Randall left with the others with a dark expression on his face.

It wasn't until he had gone a distance away that Josephine turned to Jonathan beside her and inquired, "You heard the contents of my phone call last night?"

I thought that I had successfully kept it from his knowledge, so I never expected him to have actually known about it all along!

"Your phone's volume was too loud." Giving a light cough, Jonathan simply tossed out an excuse to brush things off.

Alas, that reason didn't work on Josephine.

"Really? But why do I remember that my phone's volume has always been turned down to the minimum?"

"Then, perhaps my hearing is too sharp." Guilt was written all over Jonathan's face.

"Anyway, those people have all been arrested!" Unexpectedly, Josephine didn't pursue the matter of him eavesdropping on her phone call. Instead, she stole a peek at him and whispered, "Thank you, Jonathan! If you weren't here earlier, it would've probably turned into major trouble."

Although I used to despise him, I'm not the kind of woman who can't distinguish right from wrong. If it weren't for his presence just now, that group of men in black would've likely messed up the entire construction site! Even our construction workers would've been injured in droves, not to mention the trouble from the police who were obviously siding with the group of men in black!

"Why are you being such a stranger with me when you're my wife?" Chortling, Jonathan tapped the tip of her nose with a finger. "Protecting you is my greatest responsibility in this lifetime!"

Indeed, protecting her is my most crucial responsibility in this lifetime! I don't care about subjugating the nations or being Asura. For her sake, I don't even mind giving up the world!

"Jonathan, I..." Out of the blue, Josephine felt as though something tender was swelling in her heart. That was a feeling she had never experienced before.

"Are you moved by my actions? If so, give me a kiss!" Jonathan teased with a chuckle at the sight of her biting her lip with her head lowered.

"Cut it out!"

Josephine was so peeved that she glowered at him. I was initially a touch moved, but he ruined it in no time!

The Legendary Man Chapter 164

Chapter 164 A Sign Of Valor

Verily, Josephine was in high dudgeon.

I had actually changed my perception of him slightly, but he obliterated everything in less than a minute!

In fact, she was so enraged that she ignored him for the entire afternoon and even kicked him out of the office, ordering him to go home and return the watches.

My anger from yesterday hasn't yet abated, but he just had to provoke me again today!

"Women are truly petty creatures!" Jonathan curled his lips after having been instructed to go home.

It's been a whole day and night, but she's still holding on to her grudge from yesterday!

To his surprise, no one was in the mansion when he arrived home. Even Margaret, who usually chattered endlessly, was nowhere to be found.

At the rare silence, Jonathan lit a cigarette and returned to the room. Then, he started training in the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique.

If I hadn't come into possession of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique by coincidence back then, I probably wouldn't have transformed from a weak and scholarly man into Asura, who subjugated all nations in a mere three years. But I simply can't figure out why there's only half of the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique. Where is the other half? Back then, I stayed at Northern Crimson Prison for a whole year to find the other half of it, yet I couldn't find it even after turning the entire place inside out!

Before he realized it, the afternoon passed in the blink of an eye.

When he was finally done practicing, Jonathan found that he had long since been soaked in sweat. The reek of sweat clung to him, and there was even a layer of dirt on him.

The stench was so pungent that one's stomach would churn upon catching a whiff of it.

Phew!

Exhaling deeply, he casually stripped and went to the outdoor swimming pool.

As the most luxurious mansion in Edenic Heights, No. 1 Villa naturally had a swimming pool. Besides, it was even of the top-notch borderless design, just like those infinity pools at five-star hotels.

He swam for half an hour before getting out of the pool.

However, the instant he pushed open the door, he was greeted by the sound of something falling onto the floor before the shrill shriek of a woman followed. "Ahh!"

"When did you come home, Darling?" Jonathan looked at Josephine by the door while toweling his hair.

At that moment, Josephine's face was bright red. She hastily clapped her hands over her eyes. "Jonathan, w-why are you walking around naked?"

In response, Jonathan glanced down at himself. "Who said I'm naked? Aren't I wearing shorts?"

"H-Hurry up and cover yourself!" Josephine's face flamed as she covered her eyes. She had never expected to see him standing there in a mere pair of shorts just after entering the house.

"We're married, so I don't mind even if you look." Jonathan wrapped the towel around his waist blasely. "All right, open your eyes. I'm clothed."

Josephine skeptically peeked through her fingers, only to hurriedly cover her eyes again when she saw that he had merely used the towel to shield his lower body. "P-Put on a shirt as well!"

Ever since young, she hadn't even touched a man's hand before, much less experienced such a scene.

"My body is still wet. I'll put on a shirt later after I've dried off." While saying that, Jonathan silently walked toward Josephine. Alas, Josephine didn't realize it at all. Keeping her eyes closed, she shook her eyes and countered, "No! Do it right away!"

"Okay, then. I'll go upstairs to put on a shirt," Jonathan replied. Subsequently, the living room plunged into silence.

After a long time went past without a rustle to be heard in the living room, Josephine tentatively called out, "Jonathan?"

There was no forthcoming answer.

Only then did Josephine breathe a sigh of relief and drop her hands from her eyes.

But when she lowered her hands, she abruptly realized that Jonathan hadn't gone upstairs at all. Instead, he was sitting on the couch in front of her.

In a flash, the man's bronzed skin and his bare upper body were all taken in by her eyes.

"How dare you dupe me, Jonathan?" She was so frightened that she hurriedly covered her eyes again.

Stark embarrassment and sheer rage inundated her.

"Hurry up and put on some clothes! Stop being such a rogue!"

"How is this me being a rogue?" Jonathan quirked an eyebrow and drawled, "We've been married for several years now, so it's not a big deal even if I don't wear a single stitch, much less just baring my upper body."

"You..."

That retort had Josephine at a loss for words.

Indeed, we've been married for many years now, but he has never crossed the line with me. At times, even I myself wondered whether he didn't dare do so or was impotent! Only later

did I gradually realize that it was out of respect for me. Otherwise, I wouldn't have any way of resisting with my puny strength if he truly wanted to force himself on me.

Sighing, she slowly eked out a gap between her fingers. Nevertheless, her face was still flushed bright red, and she didn't dare face the sight right before her eyes.

Despite knowing that Jonathan was her husband, she still couldn't accept him wholeheartedly.

"Can you please wear a shirt, Jonathan? I-I'm not quite used to it." This time, she no longer phrased it as an order but a tentative request.

"My shirt is behind you, so please snag it over for me." Jonathan cast his gaze beyond her, and his shirt just so happened to be at her back.

"Is this the one you're referring to?"

Glancing over her shoulder, Josephine spotted a black shirt.

"Yeah. Just throw it to me," Jonathan replied airily.

After a moment's hesitation, Josephine opened her eyes a fraction and tossed the shirt to him.

"Okay, I'm dressed, so you can open your eyes."

When Jonathan's voice drifted into her ears, Josephine slowly opened her eyes. But when she did so, she caught sight of him with his back to her as he slipped his shirt on to cover his exposed back.

But that single glance stunned her greatly, rooting her to the spot.

Oh my God, what happened to his back?

On his back were crisscrossing scars from blades, bullets, and even extensive burns after being bombarded by missiles.

If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, she would never believe the sheer number of scars on his back.

People often say that scars are a sign of a man's valor, but aren't the signs of valor on his back a little too much?

"What's wrong?"

After putting on his shirt, Jonathan turned around, only to see Josephine staring at him with a trace of absolute incredulity in her eyes.

"W-Why are there so many scars on your back?" Josephine couldn't resist asking.

"Oh, so that's what put you into a trance, huh? They're injuries I suffered on the battlefield back then. It's no big deal, and they don't hurt either," Jonathan answered nonchalantly.

The Legendary Man Chapter 165

Chapter 165 The Turner Family

When Jonathan said that, he wore a relaxed expression on his face.

Such scars were all too common to him, for the battlefield was a fight to the death.

Only by killing one's opponent would one have the opportunity to live. And he had encountered near brushes with death countless times in the past few years.

"Didn't you say you merely strategized for Zachary? Why would you be on the battlefield?" Josephine bit her lip hard.

She had always thought that he was far removed from the battlefield and had never even been to the frontlines, merely having followed Zachary around and devised battle plans for the man in the past few years.

But the second she caught sight of his back, she instantly understood why Zachary had given him a bank card with an unlimited credit line, lent him tens of millions, and even sent someone over to convey his felicitations during the Smith family's annual party. In truth, Jonathan had exchanged all that with his life!

"No one can be far removed from the battlefield while in the midst of war." Chuckling, Jonathan remarked, "During critical junctures, even the cooks in the kitchen have to go on the battlefield with guns and all, let alone me."

"Is that the kind of life you've been living for the past few years?" Josephine sounded a tad morose.

She realized that she had misunderstood the man.

A few years ago, I'd always thought that he was a cowardly man who could never make anything of himself, having no sense of masculinity at all. Regardless of how the Smith family insulted him, he never once uttered a word of protest. Back then, I truly despised him. At times, I even regretted marrying him on a whim. Now, however, it seems that I have too many misconceptions about him. After all, how could a timid and cowardly person go on the battlefield, much less have a back covered in scars?

"I suppose so," Jonathan replied indifferently.

In those years I'd been in the military camp, I was indeed living a life filled with bloodshed. It was either kill or be killed. My position as Asura was never earned through conspiracy or trickery. Instead, I secured it with my life, one slash at a time.

"Let's not talk about that anymore. Nothing happened at the construction site this afternoon, right?" Noticing Josephine's downcast mood, Jonathan surreptitiously changed the subject.

He didn't want her to know about his life in the past few years, nor did he want her to know how much blood he had on his hands.

All he wanted was to keep her away from the conflict and war so that she could retain her innocence.

"Nope." Josephine shook her head. "However, I checked the previous records this afternoon. Back when the Blackwood family was handling the ecological park project, they didn't owe anyone compensation."

"In other words, those few men deliberately came to make trouble, yes?" Jonathan wasn't the least bit surprised, for he had guessed as much when he saw those ruffians.

Someone just phoned and threatened her yesterday, and a group of people came demanding compensation today. If that was just a twist of fate, wasn't it just too much of a coincidence?

"Yes." Josephine nodded in affirmation. "Anyhow, they've all been arrested, so there shouldn't be anyone making trouble anymore."

"That might not be the case. Since they've already set their sights on the highly profitable ecological park project, how could they possibly give up so easily?" Jonathan commented casually.

"Surely, they wouldn't continue persisting? Mr. Swindell has already intervened in the matter personally, after all. Would they still dare to make trouble?" As Josephine spoke of that, a headache assailed her. She never expected to encounter such colossal trouble when it had been less than three days since she had taken over the ecological park project.

That's the mayor of Jadeborough, so aren't they too audacious if they were to continue making trouble?

"He might not be able to intervene in this matter." Regarding her placidly, he murmured, "Have you forgotten what the police officer said?"

"What did he say?" Josephine instinctively questioned.

"There are some people whom we can't afford to offend." Snickering, Jonathan commented, "If I'm not wrong, someone with great influence is backing them up. But that's not a problem. I just want to see who I can't afford to offend in this world! Don't worry about this matter anymore. Leave it to me, for I'll handle it."

"W-Will you be in any danger?" Josephine stared at him, biting her lower lip. I didn't want to involve him in this matter in the first place because I didn't want to drag him into this mess!

"No." Grinning, he tapped his finger against the tip of her nose. "Have you forgotten that your husband used to be in the military? Didn't you see what happened today? Those dozen or so ruffians weren't even a match against me alone."

"I did, but—"

Josephine wanted to argue further, but Jonathan cut her off. "All right, let's not talk about that anymore. Are you hungry? Shall I feed you mine?"

At once, Josephine swept her gaze to him with fury blazing in her eyes.

At the look in her eyes, Jonathan immediately realized the ambiguity in his words. He hastily explained himself, saying, "Ahem, I mean, shall I feed you my cooking?"

"No, I'm not hungry, and I don't need you to feed me anything!"

Shooting daggers at him, Josephine spun on her heels and stormed off huffily.

Damn it! Every time I have some tender feelings for him, he always kills them off in the blink of an eye!

"I really didn't mean anything else, Darling..." Helplessness was etched on Jonathan's face.

Why must she misunderstand me? I'm a gentleman!

Alas, all that greeted him was a loud bang from the washroom door slamming shut.

"Gah! Why are women so vindictive?" Jonathan massaged his temples. Then, he got up from the couch to head to the kitchen to cook some noodles. But just when he climbed to his feet, his phone rang all of a sudden.

"Hello?"

He answered the phone flippantly.

"I've already gotten to the bottom of things, Mr. Goldstein. Someone is indeed behind this matter. However, this matter is exceedingly tricky." Randall's voice came from the other end of the phone.

"Who is it?"

Jonathan didn't want to yak with him. All he wanted to know was the identity of the person threatening Josephine in the dark.

"The Turner family."

"The Turner family?" Jonathan frowned slightly. "Which Turner family?"

"The Turner family who's the forerunner of the four prominent families in Jazona."

"The Turner family, you said? Okay, I got it." Jonathan was going to hang up the phone right after getting the answer he wanted.

I don't care whether the Turner family is the forerunner of the four prominent families in Jazona! Since they dared to provoke me, they should brace themselves for death!

"Wait a moment, Mr. Goldstein!" Perhaps having guessed that the man was going to hang up, Randall urgently asserted, "Mr. Goldstein, the Turner family has great influence in Jazona. There's no need to make an enemy of them if it's just because of a paltry ecological park project!"

"Oh? How great is their influence?" Jonathan queried with a sneer.

"Let me put it this way..." Randall hesitated for a moment before he continued, "The Turner family is so influential in Jazona that even the governor's office has a healthy fear of them."

The Legendary Man Chapter 166

Chapter 166 The Office Of The Vice Governor

Hmm? Even the governor's office has a healthy fear of them?

That statement surprised Jonathan, for no one else could ride roughshod over the governor's office in the whole of Jazona other than Zachary and the King of War Division.

In other words, the four prominent families and the Turner family were nothing in comparison to the governor's office.

With the power Kingstone holds in his hands, he can crush the four prominent families together, let alone a mere Turner family. But in Jazona, the governor's office actually fears them?

"Are you saying that the Turner family is even more powerful than the governor's office in Jazona?" Jonathan inquired with his brows furrowed.

"While they're not as powerful as the governor's office, they're almost there." Lowering his voice to a mere whisper, Randall added, "In Jazona, the Turner family is also dubbed the vice governor's office."

"The vice governor's office?" Jonathan raised an eyebrow upon hearing that.

They're a mere family, yet they dare call themselves the vice governor's office? Do they have a death wish?

"They can resolve some things the governor's office can't settle." Randall again wavered for a long moment before he continued, "Let me phrase it this way, Mr. Goldstein. The influence of the Turner family is far beyond your imagination. The Turner family is everywhere in Jazona, including the King of War Division."

"The Turner family is also in the King of War Division?" In an instant, Jonathan's expression turned chilly.

The King of War Division belongs to the four Kings of War who battled the nations with me back then, and I single-handedly founded the Four Asura Guards under its command. I conferred them the title of King of War so that they could maintain peace in all four cardinal directions. But now, people from other families have actually infiltrated into the Four Asura Guards?

"It's not just the King of War Division. The Turner family has even wormed their way into the governor's office and all the various other government departments and industries. Back when the Kings of War followed Asura into battle, many from the Turner family enlisted in the military and fought alongside the Kings of War. Now, they all occupy high positions in the King of War Division. That's not all, for there are also many from the Turner family who

hold high ranks in the governor's office. For that precise reason, they're the only ones who can resolve many of the things even the governor's office can't settle."

In actual fact, Randall shouldn't be telling Jonathan all that since it was an unspoken rule in Jazona. But considering the man's mysterious background, he didn't dare hide anything from him.

"It looks like I've underestimated the Turner family." Jonathan had a general understanding of the Turner family after hearing that.

Ah, no wonder they dare to call themselves the vice governor's office! It turns out that they're on their way to ruling supreme in Jazona!

"Therefore, I'd advise you to best not make an enemy of the Turner family unless absolutely necessary!" That was a heartfelt word of caution from Randall.

The Turner family's influence in Jazona is truly too terrifying! Despite being the mayor of Jadeborough, even I don't dare offend them!

"After all, it's not worth making an enemy of them just because of a measly ecological park project!"

"No, I think it's the exact opposite. It so happens that I'd like to see precisely how great the Turner family's influence is in Jazona," Jonathan countered in a mild voice.

"Mr. Goldstein, you—" His remark took Randall aback.

Did I mishear him? He actually wants to go against the Turner family just because of an insignificant ecological park project? Just how much profit would that paltry project yield? It's just a few hundred million. Yet, he wants to make an enemy of them for the sake of that pittance?

"All right, you don't need to dissuade me further," Jonathan interrupted him just when he was about to argue further. "You don't need to do anything about this matter anymore. I'll handle it myself!"

"Mr. Goldstein—"

Randall still wanted to say something else, but Jonathan hung up on him.

The moment Jonathan hung up the phone, his gaze abruptly turned glacial.

How dare an inconsequential family dub itself the vice governor's office? Are they sick of living? If things were to continue at this rate, Jazona would probably be the playground of the Turner family in a mere few years!

Bam! The sound of the door opening interrupted his line of thought.

In the next moment, Margaret pushed open the door with a pale expression on her face. She walked right in without even lifting her head or sparing Jonathan a single glance when she would usually find something wrong with him and start insulting or reprimanding him.

That day, however, she said nary a word. Instead, she sat on the couch dazedly as though she was a puppet whose strings had been cut.

"What's wrong with you, Mom?" Upon noticing that something was amiss with Margaret, Josephine, who had just exited the washroom, walked up to her in puzzlement.

"N-Nothing!"

Margaret shook her head, her face paling a shade further.

"Where's Dad?" Josephine inquired about Connor when she saw that she wouldn't be getting any answers out of her mother.

"No idea," Margaret answered without bothering to raise her head.

"Did you have a row with him again?" Josephine questioned, hazarding a guess.

But it doesn't quite look like it either. She's always acted high and mighty after fighting with Dad in the past, never once behaving anything like this.

"No!" Impatience crept into Margaret's features. "Can you please don't talk to me and leave me to my thoughts?"

Josephine eyed her suspiciously, but she didn't continue pursuing the question.

Meanwhile, Margaret remained sitting there alone in a trance, seemingly lost.

A short while later, Connor returned from outside. However, the moment he stepped into the house, he was instantly shocked to see Margaret sitting there with her face drained of all color.

"What's wrong with your mother, Josephine?" Connor asked in a murmur.

"Didn't she have a row with you?" Josephine countered in bafflement.

"I haven't seen her for the entire afternoon. How could I have had a row with her?" Connor wore a mystified expression, but he didn't dare ask Margaret about it. He merely kept himself hidden in the kitchen, afraid that he would somehow offend her and get himself into hot water.

When he had finished cooking half an hour later, Margaret still appeared preoccupied.

By then, even he could tell that something must have happened.

"What's wrong with you, Darling?" Connor cautiously queried as he carried the food to the table.

"Buzz off! Don't talk to me!" Jerking her head up, Margaret glared at him hotly. That scared him so much that he shuddered and dared not say a single word further.

Subsequently, they had dinner with a cloud of oppression hanging over them.

Connor was so frightened that he kept mum and merely buried his head in the food. Meanwhile, Margaret was seemingly distracted even as she ate that even the fork in her hand almost dropped to the floor several times.

Josephine's brows knitted together when she glimpsed her mother's state. Nonetheless, she didn't ask about it again. Instead, she turned to Jonathan and urged, "Jonathan, don't forget to return the Vacheron Constantin watches tomorrow."

Even then, she didn't forget to remind the man to return the watches.

"Okay, will do!" Jonathan replied breezily.

In truth, he was still racking his brains for a way to keep the two watches without her knowledge.

“By the way, Mom, where’s Jonathan’s watch?” Josephine shifted her gaze to Margaret without warning. I remember that she strapped the watch onto her hand this morning.

“Watch? What watch?”

All at once, panic showed in Margaret’s eyes, and the fork in her hand dropped to the floor with a clatter.