

The Legendary Man Chapter 221

Chapter 221 Mister Goldstein

The wedding only ended at a little over ten o'clock at night.

It was as though the four men in black robes who appeared out of the blue had never been there, for they only stayed for a few minutes before they disappeared without a trace.

No one saw their true countenances, much less discerned their gender beneath the masks.

All they knew was that the four people came from that mysterious and terrifying place—Asura's Office.

"I'll drive you home, Mr. Goldstein!" Zachary promptly rushed forward when the wedding was drawing to an end, wishing to drive Jonathan home personally.

His face was pale, making it clear that he had imbibed quite a bit.

Nonetheless, he wasn't the least bit intoxicated.

Considering his high alcohol tolerance, he wouldn't be affected in the slightest even if he were to drink a few more bottles of wine, let alone the paltry amount he had consumed.

In response, Jonathan waved a dismissive hand. "No, thanks. I'll be fine going home alone. Also, you can dismiss the soldiers outside the entrance. After tonight, lead your troops back to your respective territories."

The four Kings of War commandeered a hundred thousand Asura Guards, all guarding a cardinal direction each.

As the Turner family had been wiped out and Jazona bathed in blood, it was time for them to return.

“Understood, Mr. Goldstein!”

Without further ado, Zachary lifted his hand and saluted the man before leaving briskly.

After his departure, Terrence, Dorian, and Reaper stepped forward one by one and saluted Jonathan wordlessly before they left as well.

Subsequently, it was Kingstone’s turn.

However, the man was in no hurry to leave. Instead, he looked at Jonathan with guilt and self-recrimination written all over his face. “Mr. Goldstein, I have no excuse that such a colossal mess happened in Jazona. After tonight, I’ll voluntarily resign my post as the governor of Jazona. Please accept my resignation, Mr. Goldstein!”

A cosmic mess transpired in Jazona, with the Turner family stepping all over him and even kidnapping Josephine’s family, yet I didn’t know anything despite being the governor of Jazona. Even if he doesn’t order me to resign, I’m too ashamed to continue holding that post!

When Jonathan heard that, his gaze abruptly went chilly. “I don’t want to hear such words a second time. When you go back, you’ll be forfeited a year’s salary and prohibited from being promoted within three years in addition to an extra year of probation. If anything happens in Jazona again within the year, you don’t need to tender your resignation to me. Just go and stay at Northern Crimson Prison!”

“Mr. Goldstein, I...”

Kingstone wanted to say something else, but a glare from Jonathan had him instantly zipping his mouth.

“Hmm?”

With just a look, Kingstone didn’t dare argue further.

When the people there witnessed that scene, they all trembled in fear, and their legs almost gave out.

The owner of Velarium Hotel, Xayden, almost fell to his knees with a thud at that sight.

Who is Kingstone Warhol? He's the governor of Jazona, his power so vast in the entire state that he's only second to Zachary Lint! But in front of Jonathan, he doesn't even dare utter a single word of protest. There's only one person in this world who can intimidate him so greatly that he dares not retaliate—Asura!

"I should be leaving as well, Mr. Goldstein." At that precise moment, Luna tactfully took her leave.

Why would I stay here when the Kings of War, Lieutenant Reaper, and Kingstone have left? I don't want to be the third wheel!

Mischievously throwing Jonathan a wink, she added, "Also, don't work too hard tonight. Ms. Smith is dainty and delicate, so don't bully her!"

Despite having guessed his identity, she didn't show it in the slightest.

That was how intelligent she was.

There are plenty of people who fear him in this world, but few who dare to joke with him. Endless flattery will only repulse him, so why not do things another way and feign ignorance? Perhaps that will leave a good impression on him!

"I'll have someone drive you home," Jonathan offered casually.

Luna shook her head, declining, "No, it's okay, Mr. Goldstein. I'm not so beautiful that villains will want to take advantage of me."

Having said that, she sashayed away on her seductive high heels.

In a heartbeat, Jonathan and Josephine were the only ones left in the hotel that was incredibly lively earlier.

It was plain as day that Josephine had poor alcohol tolerance. She merely drank a glass of red wine just now, but she was already looking tipsy with her eyes glassy and a blush staining her neck to the tip of her ears.

Even her gaze had turned a touch glazed.

"I hope you're not inebriated?" Jonathan quietly walked over to Josephine and wrapped an arm around her slender waist.

The sensation felt as though he was touching silk, smooth and velvety.

"Nope!"

Josephine shook her head, her eyes unfocused. She was about to get her feet, only to sway and inadvertently fall into the man's arms.

"And you said you're not inebriated, huh?" Chortling, Jonathan stroked her head before helping her up from the chair. "How do you feel? Do you want me to carry you home?"

At that, Josephine shook her head profusely. "No! I'm wearing a wedding gown, so I'm going to flash others if you carry me out, no? If someone sees something..."

Even though she was a smidge tipsy, she was still worried that she would flash someone her assets.

Hearing that, Jonathan couldn't help chuckling. "Who would dare? You're my wife, so no one would dare do so."

Josephine rolled her eyes at him and placed her hand on his arm. "But what if someone dares to do so? Just support me for a bit."

"It's a touch cold outside."

While saying that, Jonathan slipped off his jacket and draped it over her shoulders.

Outside the hotel, gusts of autumn wind swept past incessantly.

The biting wind was so chilly that one shivered at it.

That was especially true for Josephine, who was in a wedding gown. When the cold wind hit her, she reflexively plastered herself against Jonathan, quivering.

No sooner had they stepped out of the hotel than a black car drove up to them.

A young man in a black suit swiftly got out of the car and opened the car door for them. "Mr. Goldstein, I'm here to drive both of you back on Mr. Warhol's orders."

"Got it."

Nodding, Jonathan helped Josephine into the back seat.

Throughout the drive, there wasn't a single car to be seen. The whole stretch of road was empty with neither pedestrians nor vehicles.

Theirs was the only car on the road.

Half an hour later, the car came to a stop before No. 1 Villa in Edenic Heights.

Dim lights still lit the mansion from the inside.

Meanwhile, Josephine was breathing evenly in the car.

As Jonathan gazed at the woman who had fallen asleep sometime in his arms, his lips curved upward, and he patted her on the back. "Wake up, lazybones. We're home."

The Legendary Man Chapter 222

Chapter 222 This Is Also My First Time

"Hmm?" A faint murmur sounded in the car, and Josephine opened her eyes groggily.

Her gaze was all the more glassy, for she hadn't sobered up at all although half an hour had passed. Instead, the alcohol had then gone to her head.

"We're home, lazybones!" Jonathan reached out and tapped the tip of her nose.

"I'm no lazybones!"

Josephine languidly propped herself up against the man and straightened up swayingly. Just when she was about to swing open the car door and climb out, Jonathan scooped her up and carried her into the mansion.

"What are you doing, Jonathan? There's someone else here!"

Crimson stained Josephine's cheeks at the sudden bridal carry.

"Who would dare look?" Jonathan glanced back over his shoulder, only to see that the young man in a black suit had astutely turned his back to them, not daring to steal even a peek.

Only after hearing the door slam shut at the mansion did the young man dare to whirl around and climb back into the car.

In the mansion, everyone had long since made themselves scarce.

Margaret and Connor had gone back to their room, leaving the newlyweds alone in the relatively spacious living room.

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"Would you like to have some water?" Jonathan placed Josephine down onto the couch before he straightened to go and pour her a glass of water.

But just as he was doing so, Josephine grabbed at him. "No, I'm not thirsty."

Right then, her eyes were glazed, and her face flushed bright red. Even her breathing was slightly rapid.

Perhaps she had no idea how enticing she was to Jonathan at that very moment.

"Darling, you'd better not tease me in such a manner. Otherwise, I can't promise whether I'll ravish you on the spot!" Smirking, Jonathan leaned close to her. He then dipped his head and captured her lips.

Josephine went limp at the unexpected assault, and her breathing promptly sped up.

"S-Stop it... We're in the living room here... It'll be bad if Mom and Dad happen upon us..."

Despite having had quite some liquor and was pretty sloshed, she still maintained her last shred of sobriety.

We're in the living room here, so how am I going to hold my head up anymore in public if Mom catches us red-handed?

"Then... Shall we go to your room or mine?"

Jonathan smiled down at her, making her lower her head at once, not daring to look him in the eye.

"If you don't say anything, I'll assume that you're going with the second option." Upon seeing that she was keeping her head hung without saying anything, he scooped her up and headed toward his room on the second floor.

Josephine naturally struggled, but she couldn't possibly break free from him with her puny strength.

Just when she was about to start struggling again, Jonathan slapped her on the bottom. "Don't blame me if you wake your parents up with your continual struggles."

"Mmph..."

Josephine almost wailed in pain, but she could only bite her lip in fear of waking Margaret and Connor. She glowered at the man resentfully.

Her aggravated gaze lit a blazing inferno within Jonathan, and he just about lost control right then and there.

Bang!

Kicking the door open, he tossed her onto the massive bed, garnering a surprised shriek from her.

That was Josephine's first time entering Jonathan's room.

Hmm, it's clean and tidy with a faint hint of cigarette smoke. It's not messy or reeking of some peculiar stench as I expected. Instead, there's only the rich aroma of manly musk.

"What are you looking at?" Jonathan pushed her onto the bed when he noticed her darting her eyes around.

"N-Nothing..."

As they were truly alone in the room then, nerves suddenly assailed Josephine.

All her life, she had never been in a room alone with an unknown man.

The only time that happened was when Margaret kicked Jonathan out of the house, and they slept in the same room.

However, Jonathan took the floor while she slept on the bed then.

"Why are you scared? It's not like I'm going to devour you!" Glimpsing her nervous expression, Jonathan couldn't resist flipping over and pinning her beneath him.

His heavy breathing had Josephine's heartbeat racing.

Although she had long since expected that moment to come, she was still so apprehensive when it was time that words eluded her.

"Jonathan, you—"

Josephine wanted to say something, but Jonathan stopped her with a kiss.

"Mmph!"

Her soft moan instantly sparked Jonathan's desire, and her silent struggles triggered his urge to conquer her.

His hand started brushing down her back, slowly traveling down to her waist before moving to her long and slender legs.

The soft and supple sensation had his fingers trembling slightly.

The moment his fingers came into contact with her skin, Josephine's body shuddered violently.

"Jonathan, I-I'm a tad afraid..." Biting her lip, Josephine gazed at Jonathan with red-rimmed eyes. At the sight of her pitiable expression, Jonathan immediately stopped everything he was doing.

Unbeknownst to Josephine, her posture at that very moment was most effective in enkindling a man's alpha tendencies.

No man would be bereft of the desire to dominate a woman pinned beneath him, and Jonathan was no exception.

"What's wrong?" Jonathan gently caressed her face.

"I don't know. I just feel somewhat scared..." Josephine was so nervous that her body had been quivering nonstop. Such an experience was new to her.

She had heard about it in the past, but when she was experiencing it in person then, she found herself so terrified that she trembled all over.

"Will you please hold me, Jonathan?" She reached out and hugged him around the waist gently, hoping that it might give her a sense of security.

"Don't be afraid. I'm always by your side." Flipping over, Jonathan pulled her into his embrace.

"Jonathan, I heard that the first time hurts badly. Is that true?" Josephine rested in his arms with her head against his chest.

She could hear his heartbeat clearly, and it was hammering away.

In other words, she could sense his desire and also his restraint.

At her question, exasperation crept onto Jonathan's features. "How would I know? This is also my first time!"

“Really?” Josephine eyed him dubiously, making it abundantly clear that she didn’t believe him. “Then, why did I hear from Ysobel that you solicited the services of a roadside hooker for a hundred?”

All at once, Jonathan turned morose. “How could you believe her? Even if I were starving, I wouldn’t go for a roadside stall for a hundred, would I?”

Throughout the years, countless women wanted to sleep with me, be it smooth and slick socialites, wealthy heiresses, or superstars with international renown. Yet, I’ve never spared them a single glance. I knew full well their intentions, and though I could’ve given them their hearts’ desires with a flick of my finger, I never gave them the slightest opportunity!

And all that was for no other reason than him knowing that a woman was waiting for him somewhere for three long years!

The Legendary Man Chapter 223

Chapter 223 Wedding Night

“That’s true...” Josephine agreed with Jonathan’s remark.

If it were a few months ago, she might doubt his character or even believe Ysobel’s lie.

However, as she spent more time with him and understood him better, she grew to question the truth of Ysobel’s claim back then.

He has the Vanquisher King of War backing him up, and even Randall, the mayor of Jadeborough, acts all submissive with him. Would a man like him go for a hooker by the roadside for a hundred? That’s impossible! After all, he can have any woman he wants!

“So, why did she slander you?” Josephine burrowed into Jonathan’s arms, just like a kitten.

Rubbing his stubble, Jonathan reckoned, "Perhaps she envied you, jealous that you found such a handsome husband!"

"Tsk!"

In response, Josephine rolled her eyes at him.

She had no idea of her infinite allure to the man right that moment. Coupled with her cheeks that were stained crimson and her glazed eyes, she looked exceedingly adorable and sensual.

In a flash, Jonathan's control snapped, and he pounced on her.

"Mmph!"

Before Josephine could brace herself, the man had already pinned her beneath him.

All that followed was a feminine cry.

She was pulled under the covers, upon which the atmosphere in the room turned risqué in the blink of an eye.

"I'm scared, Jonathan."

"Why are you scared?"

"I'm scared of the pain."

"Don't be afraid, for it won't hurt."

"Don't lie to me! Books always say that it hurts badly. Will you tell me a story, Jonathan?"

"What story do you want to listen to?"

"Your story when you were in the military."

The entire room was pitch dark.

Jonathan had long since turned off the lights sometime or other, but just when he was about to flip over and enter her, she requested that he tell her a story out of the blue.

Only God knows how tormenting it was for a man at such a time, especially for a man who hadn't been with any women for years.

Asking him to stop at that very moment was even crueler than killing him outright.

"Okay, I'll tell you my story if you want to listen to it." Left with no other choice, Jonathan rolled back over and flopped onto the bed.

Upon hearing that, Josephine stifled a giggle and nestled into his arms.

"I just knew that you're the best!" Flipping over, she sprawled on his chest and pecked him on the lips.

That simple action almost had Jonathan's desire exploding once more.

He gritted his teeth and suppressed his desire before he started narrating his story. "The story begins from three years back. Three years ago, I accidentally broke into a military camp. I later went to battle everywhere with Asura to restore peace to the nations. It wasn't until after the world was peaceful that I retired from the military and returned to Jadeborough..."

He continued telling his story while keeping a tight rein on his desire. However, Josephine had actually drifted off at some time, sprawled on his chest.

Soon, her even breathing drifted into his ears.

Stroking her head in exasperation, he tucked the covers around her and left the room with a cigarette in hand.

Since she has married me, I'm in no rush to consummate our marriage. I've already waited for four years, so what's another day or two?

Nevertheless, a wave of depression washed over him at the thought that other people's wedding night was filled with bliss and pleasure while he only had a cigarette keeping him company.

Click!

Lighting the cigarette, he put on a jacket before striding out of No. 1 Villa.

A while later, he stopped at the gate of Edenic Heights.

The sky was already pitch dark, and the chill from the cold wind that blew past had one shivering. Puffing away, Jonathan stalked toward a black car in the distance.

Bang, bang, bang!

He pounded on the window of black car.

Following the loud raps, the car window of the black car rolled down slowly.

Sitting in the car was a middle-aged man in a black suit.

"How may I help you?" The middle-aged man looked at Jonathan in puzzlement.

Casting him a blasé glance, Jonathan sneered, "All right, drop the act. You've been tailing me all the way. Do you really think I'm that ignorant? Well? Who sent you to tail me?"

"You must have gotten the wrong person. I just happened to pass by here." The middle-aged man wanted to deny it further, but Jonathan's gaze abruptly turned chilly. "I'm only giving you three seconds. If you still refuse to speak the truth, I don't mind making it so that you can't speak for the rest of your life!"

Right after saying that, his hand shot beyond the car window, and he grabbed the middle-aged man by the neck.

In a cold voice, he started, "Three! Two! One!"

The instant the final figure rang out, he slammed the middle-aged man's head into the car window by the neck.

A bang split the air, and the car window shattered into smithereens.

In a heartbeat, blood gushed out of the middle-aged man's head.

With his gaze as frosty as ever, Jonathan demanded, "Talk! Who sent you?"

Still, the middle-aged man gritted his teeth and staunchly denied it. "N-No one sent me!" Alas, just as his words fell, Jonathan grabbed his neck and twisted hard. A crack pierced the air, and his neck snapped.

In the blink of an eye, the middle-aged man who was still gasping for breath earlier was no longer breathing.

At that exact moment, a woman's voice rang out behind Jonathan. "Don't kill him! I sent him to tail you!"

Nonetheless, Jonathan slowly dropped his hold from the middle-aged man's neck and turned around coldly.

"It's too late. He's already dead."

"How dare you, Jonathan?"

When his words fell into the ears of the woman behind him, her expression abruptly changed. Likewise, Jonathan's expression changed the moment he glimpsed her countenance.

"It's you?"

Standing behind him was an elderly woman with gray hair.

While she was up in years, she maintained her looks well.

After all, it was pretty unbelievable that she hadn't any wrinkles on her face despite her age.

Wearing a long black dress, she exuded a sense of chilliness even as a trace of fury showed on her face.

Behind her were a dozen burly men in black suits who all stared at Jonathan fixedly.

It was as though they would immediately take his life if he were to make a wrong move.

“Why are you here?” Jonathan glanced at the elderly woman placidly with an utterly indifferent gaze.

Forcefully suppressing her wrath, the elderly woman—Loretta Thompson—eyed him and declared, “I heard that you were getting married today, so I purposely came here from Yaleview to attend your wedding. Aren’t you going to invite me into your house for a cup of tea?”

However, Jonathan declined without an ounce of hesitation, “That’s unnecessary. My house is too shabby, thus unsuited to receive such noble guests from the Goldstein family.”

The Legendary Man Chapter 224

Chapter 224 I Have A Condition

When Loretta heard Jonathan’s remark, a glint of anger flashed across her eyes. “What’s the meaning of that, Jonathan? Aren’t you of the Goldstein family as well?”

With an apathetic expression on his face, Jonathan replied, “I’ve long since ceased to be a member of the Goldstein family. From the moment you banished me ten years ago, I had nothing to do with the Goldstein family anymore!”

The moment his words fell into Loretta’s ears, the fury in her eyes blazed all the hotter. “Jonathan Goldstein! Don’t forget that the blood flowing in your veins is that of the Goldstein family! As long as you live, you’ll remain a member of the Goldstein family all your life!”

“The blood flowing in my veins is that of my parents and has nothing whatsoever to do with the Goldstein family!” Not in the mood to yak with her, Jonathan cut right to the chase. “All right, cut the crap! Just spit it out! Why are you here to seek me out? If it’s to persuade me to return to the Goldstein family, you can save your breath! I’ll never do that!”

Loretta was so infuriated at Jonathan's indifferent expression that she shook with rage. Her hand that was grasping her cane, in particular, trembled violently. "What kind of attitude is this, Jonathan? Is this how you speak to your grandmother?"

Upon hearing that word, Jonathan couldn't help sneering, "Grandmother? From the day my parents passed away ten years ago, I no longer have any relatives in this world! How could I possibly have a grandmother? You must have gotten the wrong person."

Loretta trembled incessantly after hearing that. Gripping her cane in hand, she pointed it at him and snarled, "You unfilial wretch! How treacherous of you, Jonathan! You're simply disgraceful!"

Throwing her a wintry glance, Jonathan snapped, "That's enough! Stop making me the villain here! Where were you when I was kicked out of the Goldstein family ten years ago? And where were you when I was wandering the streets in the past ten years? You were nowhere to be seen when I was starving! Why, you've suddenly remembered me now that Tommy's son had an accident, and his life is now hanging in the balance?"

"H-How dare you!" Loretta was so incandescent at his continual accusations that her chest heaved violently, and her hand holding the cane pointed at him started shaking violently. "How audacious, Jonathan! Do you know how much effort your grandfather and I expended in the past ten years for the sake of locating you? Back when your parents met with an accident and passed away unexpectedly, you were banished from the family before we even knew about it! Then, there had been no news from you ever since!"

Subsequently, she continued, "We haven't had a night of peaceful sleep in the past ten years! In order to find you, we used the entire might of the Goldstein family and searched for you for ten whole years! It had been ten years. Do you have any idea how it was for us in the past ten years? We almost thought that you were dead! It was just a while ago that we received news of you. Learning that you're still alive and currently living in Jadeborough, I took a flight over from Yaleview overnight! Yet, this is your attitude toward me? Do you even have a shred of conscience, Jonathan?"

She jabbed a finger at him with fury etched on her face as though he wasn't the one abandoned back then but the Goldstein family.

If he hadn't known that his banishment from the Goldstein family back then was done with the agreement of everyone in the family, even he would be taken in.

A frown marred Jonathan's countenance, and a flash of impatience flickered in his eyes as he watched her putting on an elaborate show in front of him. "Okay, drop that act! You know full well whether you've ever searched for me in the past ten years. Back when I knocked on the door of the Goldstein family while running a high fever, who was it who ordered the servants to kick me out? And who was it who booted me out from the cemetery right in front of my parents' grave and forbade me from paying my respects to them?"

After I was kicked out of the Goldstein family and was reduced to living on the streets ten years ago, I was once a hair's breadth from dying, running a high fever following a huge downpour. In desperation, I knocked on the door of the Goldstein family. But how did they treat me? Without even sparing me a single glance, they ordered the servants to kick me out of the door! Why didn't any of them regard me as a member of the Goldstein family back then? Now that Tommy's son got into an accident, they finally remembered that I'm a Goldstein?

"When did that happen? Why didn't I know about that?" Surprise manifested on Loretta's face, and she pretended as though she didn't know anything about it.

Alas, the panic in her eyes betrayed her.

Jonathan lost his patience entirely when she continued putting on a show with him. "That's enough! Cut it out, for I haven't the time to watch you put on a show! Let me tell you for the final time that I have zero interest in the Goldstein family! If you sought me out to inform me that the Goldstein family is willing to accept me again and wants me to go back, I'd advise you to return to Yaleview as soon as possible. Don't waste my time here!"

After saying that, he spun on his heels and stalked away without a single word further.

But just after he had taken a few steps, Loretta suddenly called out to him. "Stop right there, Jonathan!"

"Is something else the matter?" Annoyance was written all over Jonathan's face.

"Jonathan, as long as you return to the Goldstein family with me, I'll designate you as the heir of the Goldstein family!" Loretta announced out of the blue.

Hearing that, Jonathan frowned slightly and echoed in surprise, "Designate me as the heir of the Goldstein family?"

"Yes! This is also your grandfather's decision!" Loretta asserted with a nod.

"What about Tommy's son? What's to be of him?" Jonathan inquired intriguingly.

Snorting, Loretta scoffed, "Him? The Goldstein family doesn't need him anymore!"

While saying that, there wasn't a hint of emotion in her eyes. It was as though she was simply chucking a piece of garbage.

In fact, it was very much like the scene whereby Jonathan was kicked out of the family ten years ago.

"The Goldstein family nurtured him for more than twenty years, yet you're just going to give up on him?" he sneered.

Giving a cold chuckle, Loretta countered, "So what? He only has himself to blame for being such a disappointment! Who asked him to race with others in the middle of the night and even got himself into an accident that he's still in a coma now? The Goldstein family doesn't need a worthless creature, much less a comatose man!"

Jonathan couldn't resist remarking with a snicker, "Ah, the Goldstein family is really ruthless. It's the same today, just as it was ten years ago! Are blood ties and kinship nothing to the lot of you?"

This time, Loretta didn't continue putting on a show but admitted frankly, "Exactly! Back when your father got into an accident and passed away unexpectedly, I could only banish you and have Tommy inherit the Goldstein family! Now that his son got into an accident, I'm left with no choice but to give his son up and have you inherit the Goldstein family! As I said, the Goldstein family doesn't harbor useless people, nor do we need anyone of that sort!"

Then, she continued, "Since you're an astute person, Jonathan, you should know the purpose of my visit. As such, I won't beat around the bush with you anymore. As long as you're willing to follow me back to the Goldstein family, the position of the third-generation heir of the Goldstein family is yours! However, I have a condition!"

The Legendary Man Chapter 225

Chapter 225 A Bounty

“What’s the condition?” Jonathan’s brows scrunched together.

“You’re to divorce Josephine Smith!” Loretta stated coldly.

“Never!” Jonathan declined without the slightest hesitation.

Upon hearing that, Loretta uttered frostily, “Jonathan, you’ll be the only third-generation heir of the Goldstein family after you return to the fold! The blood of the Goldstein family flows in your veins, so a woman from a third-rate family is unworthy of being your wife!”

“Was this what you said when my mother married into the Goldstein family back then?” Jonathan sneered all of a sudden.

When I was young, I heard countless stories of how they made life difficult for Mom after she married into the Goldstein family back then. And now, they want to poke their noses into my affairs?

The instant his words fell, Loretta harrumphed. “That girl from the Smith family can’t hold a candle to your mother! No matter how poor Elizabeth’s background was, she was a superstar at the very least! But what about that Smith girl? What else does she have going for her other than her above-average looks?”

She seemed to harbor great prejudice against Josephine, for contempt shone distinctly in her eyes as she spoke of the latter. She then declared, “I’ve already arranged a marriage for you in Yaleview with the eldest daughter of the Zeller family. Marry her after you return!”

Hearing that, Jonathan frowned and questioned, “The Zeller family, one of the four prominent families in Yaleview?”

Loretta nodded, enunciating, "Yes! As long as you marry her, the Goldstein and Zeller families will be forming a strong union to achieve greater heights! Then, the Goldstein family will have the opportunity to be the true forerunner among the four prominent families in Yaleview!"

While saying that, a glimmer of desire flickered in her eyes.

Being the head of the four prominent families in Yaleview was her lifelong dream.

Likewise, it was also that of the Goldstein family.

I've waited for this day for decades!

"I'm not interested in that," Jonathan abruptly stated when she still had stars in her eyes.

That utterance was undoubtedly a bucket of cold water to Loretta, and her expression promptly went chilly.

Her gaze similarly turned frosty, and she gaped at him with utter incredulity as though she had heard something inconceivable. "What did you just say, Jonathan? Do you know what you're saying?"

In response, Jonathan swept a dispassionate gaze over her and drawled, "I know exactly what I'm saying. It's you who can't understand my words. I said, I'm not interested. I have no interest in the eldest daughter of the Zeller family or the Goldstein family, much less in being the forerunner of the four prominent families in Yaleview!"

What's so great about the eldest daughter of the Zeller family or being the head of the four prominent families in Yaleview and the only heir to the Goldstein family? They're entirely useless to me, and I don't give a whit about it in the least!

If I want it, legions of ladies from prominent families will jump onto my bed with a mere hook of my finger. Even if they won't have any rightful status or can only be my mistress, they'll still throw themselves at me! Yet, the eldest daughter of the Zeller family wants to take Josephine's place and be my wife instead? She isn't worthy of that!

"Do you know what you're turning down, Jonathan? Are you aware of what it means once the Goldstein and Zeller families join forces?" Loretta glowered at him, the look in her eyes making it seem as though she was looking at a useless wastrel.

She barked, "It means that the Goldstein family is going to be spearheading the four prominent families in Yaleview! It also means that the Goldstein family will be ruling supreme over the city and even control half of Chanaea! Other than Asura's Office, no one will be our match in the whole of Chanaea! Do you understand that?"

In contrast to her emotional state, Jonathan wore an indifferent expression. "So what? I'm not interested even if you give me the whole of Yaleview, let alone the mere position of forerunner of the four prominent families in Yaleview!"

After saying that, he could no longer be bothered to say another word to her, thus whirled around to leave.

Before doing so, he warned, "Also, I don't want to see you in Jadeborough anymore in the days to come. If I do, you won't be leaving the city alive! While I'm at it, let me also remind you that if the Goldstein family dares to harass Josephine again, there's no longer need for the Goldstein family to exist!"

Back then, I only spared the Goldstein family when I wiped out all the prominent families in Yaleview because of old times' sake. If I hadn't seen the bouquet of flowers before my parent's grave, the Goldstein family would've long since been razed to the ground by the Four Asura Guards! As such, they wouldn't have had the opportunity to waste my time here right now!

"How unfilial! What a wretched creature! How did the Goldstein family beget such an unfilial descendant?" Loretta shook with rage as she stared at the man's retreating back.

He'd rather be a worthless live-in son-in-law in Jadeborough than to follow me back and be the heir of the Goldstein family! What did the Goldstein family do to deserve having such a useless piece of trash?

At that precise moment, a burly man in black behind her suddenly came forward and suggested, "Mrs. Goldstein, how about I just..."

He didn't finish his utterance but mimed slitting his throat.

Slap!

The second his words fell, Loretta struck him across the face.

"An outsider has no right to interfere in the matter of the Goldstein family! If you dare do the same in the future, I'll kill you!"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Goldstein!"

Following that slap, the burly man in black instantly took a step back and dared not utter a single word further.

Throwing him a glacial look, Loretta ordered, "Clean the mess! We're going back to Yaleview tonight!"

"Understood!"

Upon receiving their orders, the few burly men in black swiftly stepped forward and disposed of the corpse on the ground.

While they were doing so, Loretta cast her gaze in the direction of Edenic Heights chillingly. In a cold voice, she muttered, "You won't return with me, huh, Jonathan? All right, don't blame me for being ruthless then!"

Right after saying that, she turned to the few burly men in black and instructed, "When we arrive back in Yaleview, put out a bounty for me. Whoever kills Josephine Smith may seek me out and collect a reward of a million anytime! No, make that eight million! Whoever kills Josephine Smith may seek me out and collect a reward of eight million anytime!"

"Understood, Mrs. Goldstein!"

The burly men in black exchanged glances when they heard that, upon which they glimpsed a glint of greed in each other's eyes.

Eight million is payment enough to assassinate a high-ranking official from abroad. Yet, the Goldstein family is offering a reward of eight million to kill a weak and defenseless woman!