

The Legendary Man Chapter 241

Chapter 241 Arrest All Of Them

"I don't have the slightest interest in you or your business. I just want to know if you're the one responsible for the fire," responded Jonathan impatiently.

Derrick then gave the man an arrogant smirk. "So what if I am?"

"Then you're coming with us." With that, Jonathan gestured for the officers to arrest Derrick.

"On it!"

Derrick's face immediately turned as pale as a ghost when the Police Tactical Unit rushed toward him. "What are you standing there for? Can't you see that these men are trying to arrest me? Do something about it!"

As though they had gotten a wake-up call, the brutes hurriedly picked up the weapons they dropped a moment ago and lined up in front of Derrick.

To get to Derrick, the officers forcefully rammed themselves into the brutes.

"What do you think you're doing? You're resisting arrest. Do you know what that means?" shouted the Police Tactical Unit leader at the brutes.

However, the brutes remained adamant about keeping the officers away from Derrick. "We don't care! All we know is that if you want to take our chief away, you'll have to go through us!"

"Yeah! We'll die before we let you take him!" All of a sudden, some of the other villagers joined the brutes in defending Derrick.

Before long, the officers found themselves surrounded by the villagers just like they did Derrick and his men.

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Bang! The unit leader pulled his gun and fired at the sky when he realized that things had gotten out of hand. "What the heck is this? Are you trying to rebel against the law? I can have you all arrested for what you're doing right now!"

He was not about to let the villagers get their way just because he and his officers were outnumbered.

When Derrick saw how many stood up to support him, his fear left him and arrogance returned to take its place. "Is that so? I would very much like to see you try. Do you think you can scare us with that little gun of yours? I dare you to shoot one of us!"

"Do you have any idea where you are right now? This is Greendale Village. Our turf! You outsiders have no say here!"

"Yeah! Get out of here, outsiders!"

"Get off our turf!"

With Derrick's instigation, the villagers quickly got bold and started picking up solid objects nearby to throw at the officers, who could do nothing to stop the riot.

Out of options, the officers could only back away from the villagers in the end.

Derrick then turned to look at the unit leader. "Who do you answer to? Chief Simmons just so happens to be a close friend of mine, and I've already informed him of what I did, so you better stay out of this. Otherwise, I'm afraid that not you nor your fellow officers can leave this village without our say-so."

"Are you threatening me?" The leader looked daggers at Derrick when he heard the man.

"Of course not. It's just a friendly reminder." Having said that, Derrick took out his phone and made a call. "Hey, Mr. Crawson. We have a little situation here, so I might need you to send some men to assist us. You will? Oh, thank you so much! I'll be waiting."

After hanging up, Derrick turned to scoff at the Police Tactical Unit leader. "You think you're all that just because you're a police officer? Well, I have friends on the force too. Let's see you try to get rid of them."

At that point, Derrick got so brazen that he was wholly convinced he had the officers in the palm of his hand.

"Why you little..." As much as the leader wanted to humble the insolent man, there was nothing he could do with the villagers hell-bent on protecting Derrick.

Almost as helpless as a baby, the leader decided to turn to Jonathan for suggestions. As a mere unit leader, he could not authorize his men to make a move on civilians. "What should we do, Mr. Goldstein? Should we call Mr. Lautner and—"

In response, Jonathan waved his hand. "That won't be necessary. Order your men to take these villagers down now and let me worry about Mr. Lautner."

"Yes, Sir!"

With Jonathan's assurance, the leader immediately gave his men the order to march forward and subdue the villagers.

However, before they could do anything, they suddenly heard a convoy of police cars coming their way. The sirens and the lights on the vehicles were exactly the same as the ones the Police Tactical Unit officers had.

After the car in the lead stopped, a middle-aged man in a jet-black coat stepped out, and following behind him were dozens of other police officers.

"What's going on here?" questioned the man with authority.

"Mr. Crawson, you're finally here!" exclaimed Derrick before turning to point at Jonathan. "I don't know who gave that outsider command of the Police Tactical Unit, but he's trying to capture me."

"Wait. What? Did you say Police Tactical Unit?" With his brows furrowed in curiosity, Damien quickly walked past Derrick to look at the group of officers opposite of him.

"At least that's what they look like. For all we know, they could be anybody," responded Derrick with a sneer.

Damien then approached the unit leader and questioned, "What unit are you from?"

"We're the Police Tactical Unit, and I'm the leader. We're handling a case now, so please have your men stand down and refrain from interfering," ordered the leader coldly.

"A case? What case?"

"That's classified."

The police chief narrowed his eyes suspiciously at the Police Tactical Unit when their leader refused to divulge the details. "Do you have a badge?"

"Of course. Here." The leader then handed his badge over, but Damien barely took a second to examine it before simply accusing them of forgery. "I need you to come to the precinct with us for further investigation because you're now suspected of forgery."

"What did you say? Are you blind or something? Can't you see the insignia on the badge?" roared the leader while glaring at the man.

"Do you think I'm going to just take your word for it? We'll know if it's the real deal after we get to the precinct." With that, Damien motioned for his men to arrest the Police Tactical Unit.

"Don't you dare lay a finger on me or my men!" threatened the leader.

In response, the police chief scoffed at the unit leader. "Are you trying to resist arrest? Let me remind you that you're in Greendale Village, so you better behave yourself. Otherwise, things will only get worse for you."

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Chapter 242 By Order

“Take them away now!” As soon as Damien gave the order, a large group of officers quickly formed a ring around the Police Tactical Unit, who got even more outnumbered then.

“What is the meaning of this? Are you turning against your fellow law enforcers? Aren’t you afraid of spilling blood on these streets?” questioned the leader anxiously.

Had it been gangsters surrounding them, the Police Tactical Unit would have raised their weapons without a second thought.

Unfortunately, they were confronted by fellow police officers, and the consequences of pitting cops against cops were unthinkable.

Damien chuckled at the unit leader as though he had heard a joke. “Why would I be afraid? Do you think I can get to where I am now if I were a gutless coward? Do whatever you have to do, and let’s find out who between us will get demoted.”

Then, the police chief turned to shout at his men, “What the heck are you people waiting for? Arrest them now!”

“Yes, Sir!”

Looking at the men charging toward his unit, the leader hardened his face. As much as he wanted to retaliate, he was worried about the consequences. If I were to order my men to resist the local police officers, I might just lose my job. After all, our mission is only to protect Mr. Goldstein, so that means we’re not allowed to raise our weapons if he’s not in danger.

“What should we do now, Mr. Goldstein?” The leader turned back to Jonathan again for instructions.

“Tell your men to ready their weapons. From this moment on, you arrest anyone who gets in the way. As for those who resist, let your men know that they’re authorized to use deadly force. One way or another, Derrick is coming with us today.”

The leader widened his eyes in disbelief when he heard Jonathan. What? Are we to shoot the local police officers? Who’s going to be held responsible when innocent blood is spilled?

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“Shouldn’t we discuss this with Mr. Lautner first, Mr. Goldstein?” The leader was hesitant about carrying out Jonathan’s order, for he feared that he could not shoulder such responsibility.

“As I said before, that won’t be necessary. Just do as I command. If Mr. Lautner has anything to say about it, you can ask him to speak to me. There’s nothing to worry about,” insisted Jonathan.

Still, the leader was unsure if that was the best course of action. “But Sir, if we do this, we’ll—”

“Just do what I tell you to do! Or do you think that I’m not fit to give command any longer?”

Upon hearing that, the leader immediately shook his head. “No, Sir. That’s not what I—”

“Then what is it?” interrupted Jonathan as he gave the man an icy-cold look.

“I...” Suddenly, the leader got so nervous that his mind went blank.

Since Jonathan was only a VIP in Cranur, he did not officially have the authority to command the Police Tactical Unit, which meant he could always just walk away if things were to go sideways.

No matter how the man put it, the unit leader knew that he would be held accountable in the end.

“Fine. Don’t trouble yourself. I’m going to get myself somebody who’s more decisive.” With that, Jonathan took out his phone and dialed a number.

It did not take long before the call was answered. “Mr. Goldstein! How can I help you?”

"I don't care where you are right now, Andrew. You have twenty minutes to lead your team here to Greendale Village. Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein," replied Andrew without any sign of hesitation before jumping to his feet to gather his team.

"Mr. Goldstein, you know Colonel Morsley?" The leader's eye widened in surprise yet again after Jonathan mentioned Andrew's name. Colonel Morsley is the commander-in-chief of the Divine Dragon Guards' Jadeborough division! As far as I know, Zachary Lint, the Vanquisher King of War, is the only one in Jadeborough who can order the commander-in-chief. Not even Mayor Randall can instruct Colonel Morsley, but somehow, the commanding officer listens to Mr. Goldstein? Does that mean Mr. Goldstein is the Vanquisher King of War?

The leader immediately widened his eyes even further when he thought of that.

"Yes. What about it?" Jonathan brushed off the question as though it was the stupidest one he had ever heard, causing the leader to regret his inquiry.

The two then remained silent for around twenty minutes before they heard a loud rumbling sound coming from afar.

After a few minutes more, countless military off-road vehicles could be seen escorting a convoy of military trucks. Inside the vehicles were tough-looking soldiers clad in black armor.

Holding heavy weaponry with a stone-cold expression, one could be forgiven for mistaking them for merciless robots.

Even from afar, everyone at the scene could immediately sense the deadly aura emanating from the convoy.

"It's the Divine Dragon Guards!"

"He's right. Look! It really is them!"

Just one look at the soldiers and the unit leader could tell that those soldiers were indeed the Vanquisher King of War's personal army, the Divine Dragon Guards.

The vehicles stopped when they reached around thirty feet from Jonathan, and stepping out of them in an orderly manner were the armored soldiers, who hurriedly gathered before him.

Then, a soldier in a green camouflage uniform knelt in front of Jonathan. "Andrew Morsley, commander-in-chief of the Jadeborough division, reporting for duty!"

Everyone was instantly taken aback when the commanding officer reported respectfully to Jonathan, especially the leader of the Police Tactical Unit.

While everyone else was still struggling to return to their senses, the army of armored soldiers followed Andrew's lead and knelt before Jonathan as well. "Soldiers of the Divine Dragon Guards reporting for duty, Sir!"

Their shout was so loud that it pierced through the clouds and shook the ground.

Surrounded by widened eyes and dropped jaws, Jonathan calmly ordered, "Rise."

"Yes, Sir!" The sea of soldiers immediately stood up as commanded.

Then, Andrew hurriedly approached Jonathan. "Commander, as ordered, I've led the army of the Divine Dragon Guards' Jadeborough division here. We're awaiting your orders."

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Chapter 243 Take Them All

"See those guys out there, standing like idiots? I want them all arrested. If anyone tries to resist, you have my permission to kill them on the spot." Jonathan shot a cold, murderous glare at Derrick. When Derrick saw it, he felt a chill run down his spine, and terror welled within him.

The fact that Jonathan would really kill them if they tried to resist made him blanch, and his legs started to tremble in fear.

“Yes, sir!” Andrew had his orders, and he would not hesitate to execute them. He waved down and commanded his army, “Divine Dragon Guards, heed my order! Prepare for battle! Immediately!”

“Yes, sir!”

The sounds of the army assembling their guns roared across the room. The armored soldiers quickly reloaded their firearms and pointed them at everyone on the scene.

“Will you be coming with us without resistance, or shall we do it the hard way?” Andrew looked coldly at Derrick and everyone around him. Whenever anyone met his gaze, they averted their eyes by staring at the ground.

Derrick started to ask questions, but his voice was trembling from sheer terror. “Y-You have no right to arrest us! You have no grounds to do that!”

“Irrelevant. We need no reason to arrest you. We do as we please,” Andrew snapped, his voice as harsh and cold as the winter air.

The Divine Dragon Guards needed no reason to arrest anyone they wanted. All they had to do was raise their guns, and they would either come back with the target, or they would drench their hands with blood. Such was the lawlessness of the so-called ‘land of peace’; a band of murderers and tyrants posing as bearers of justice, justifying their murders with ‘national security,’ and branding those they deem as threats as ‘traitors.’

“T-That is just—” Derrick wanted to retort, to defend himself, but before he could manage to get even a whimper out, Andrew cut him short, “You have until the count of three. Either you get into the car, or I’ll get my men to take you in.”

“One!”

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“Two!”

“Three!”

Once Andrew had reached the count of three, all the Divine Dragon Guards, as if on cue, raised their guns once more, but this time, they were prepared to pull the trigger.

If Derrick refused to comply, they would shoot him without any hesitation.

"I'll go with you! Don't shoot me!" Derrick raised his hand without any hesitation and showed a gesture of surrender to the army. The moment he raised his hands in the defeat, his team of burly men put down their steel pipes and bats immediately.

They decided to give up fighting. After all, their chances of getting out of the fight alive were slim to none. They were armed with nothing but steel weapons, but the Divine Dragon Army had firearms. Going up against them would be a suicide mission unless they were gods.

"And what about you lot? Will you surrender, or will you fight?" Andrew looked at Damien and his team of police officers. After all, Jonathan also included them in the list of people to be arrested.

"I-I am a police officer." Damien was starting to get a little nervous after Andrew turned his sights on him. "Y-You have no authority to arrest me."

"I am not here to hear your nonsense." Andrew didn't even give him a chance to defend himself like he did Derrick. Instead, he waved his hand forward, "Guards! Take this sorry lot back."

"Yes, sir!"

Hundreds of armored soldiers equipped with firearms quickly came toward the group of policemen, which struck fear within them, and they raised their hands in defeat.

"D-Don't shoot us! W-We'll come with you, we promise!" The police officers could not find it within themselves to go up against an army of fully armed soldiers.

"Trash! All of you are trash!" Damien insulted his team of officers after realizing that they were going to go down without a fight. But the moment he opened his mouth, he saw hundreds of guns turning to him as if they would shoot if he even said one more word.

"Shut up and get in." One of the soldiers smacked Damien's head impatiently with the gun he was holding, which silenced Derrick immediately.

He didn't dare to pull any tricks or grumble about the rough treatment at all. Instead, he followed the Divine Dragon Guards and went into the military automobile as he was told.

"Sir! We have arrested everyone, sir!" After the group of burly men and police officers were taken in, Andrew quickly marched to Jonathan to give his report.

"I can see that." Jonathan nodded calmly. "Take them back to Jadeborough and hand them over to Randall. He'll know what to do. Tell him I want answers by the break of dawn, and make sure it's a good answer.

"If he fails this task, he'll be resigning as mayor. Remember to tell him that. Especially that."

"Yes, sir!" Andrew stood up straighter and gave Jonathan a salute before going into the car as well.

The drivers revved up, and the engines roared at the same time as if countless lions were screaming into the heavens. The group of cars then quickly turned around and shot off into the distance.

Once they were gone, a deafening silence fell upon the scene, which had been noisy just mere moments ago.

All that was left of the crowd were a few villagers, but none of them dared to so much as make a sound. All they did was watch the show quietly from the sidelines, waiting for the next scenario to unfold.

The silence dragged on for a moment longer, but Jonathan broke it eventually, "Let's go. Our business is done here."

Once the silence was broken, the crowd became slightly livelier. Arnold, who had been hiding and keeping his silence among the crowd, finally asked, "You're done? Then what about our homes?"

"They are all burned up. Even if you manage to extinguish the flames right now, it would be all for naught." Jonathan looked at him calmly. "But someone will come to you before morning. They'll provide a new house for you as recompense."

"A new house?" The mention of getting a new house excited Arnold. "Where will it be, then?"

"You will know in due time. Direct your questions to them, not me." Jonathan continued calmly, "But if a new house is not to your liking, you may ask for monetary reimbursement. They will pay you a fair amount, I'm sure."

"W-What about Derrick and the other guys then?" Arnold hesitated for a moment, then he asked the question that had been worrying him for a while, "Will they get released? Will they return?"

"They will receive their just deserts," Jonathan answered coldly. "They oppressed their fellow countrymen, committed arson, and took all the villagers' recompense for themselves. That short list of crimes alone is enough to send them into oblivion. If everything goes as expected, they will never see the outside world again."

"Good to hear." Arnold heaved a sigh of relief after getting confirmation that the tyrants would not come back anymore.

"Thank you, Jonny." Alice carefully came up to Jonathan, seeming reserved and slightly scared. She was shocked when she saw the whole army kneeling before Jonathan earlier, and the imagery was still vivid in her mind.

"Oh, you do not have to be that formal with me." Jonathan patted her little head. "We should be going now. Mrs. Renner must be worried sick about us."

"Okay!" Alice nodded and went into the police car after Jonathan.

The sirens started blaring, and the convoy of police cars turned around before heading to Heart's Hospital.

They first came to the village knowing nothing about what would happen, but after all the arrests, the atmosphere in the car seemed somber and heavy.

Arnold wouldn't even say a word, lest he annoys Jonathan. He could not even sit comfortably and only took up a part of the seat's edge.

Meanwhile, Alice was only stealing glances at Jonathan, but her face was already red, perhaps with embarrassment or fear.

Jonathan, of course, realized that Alice had been peeking at him, so he said, "If you have any questions you want to ask, you may say it right now."

"Jonny, I..." Alice's face turned even redder, and she felt as though Jonathan had caught her stealing a pudding red-handed.

"Alice, you do not have to be so reserved and careful around me." Jonathan looked at her calmly. "I'm still the same person you know, and that will never change."

"I know." She stared down at the ground. A while later, she asked, "Jonny, why did the soldiers call you Commander anyway? Is there a reason for that?"

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Chapter 244 Rumors Spread

"Simple. Because I used to be their commander," Jonathan answered calmly.

"You used to be in the army, Jonny? Really?" Alice's eyes glinted. As a typical girl, she had always worshipped soldiers of any kind.

"That is correct." Jonathan nodded. "I used to be in the army for a few years, but I eventually retired."

"Oh, so have you ever met Asura while you were in the army?" Alice's eyes were shining when she mentioned Asura.

Asura was a living legend among the people of Chanaea, and he was beloved by everyone, including her.

"I did." Jonathan nodded.

"Wow! That is so cool! So is he a giant like what the legends say? Is he more than seven feet tall? Is he a muscular guy? Did he really kill a billion people? Did he really scare a whole

army into submission with a single glance?” Alice was starting to get interested, and she wanted to confirm if the legends were true.

On the other hand, Jonathan looked slightly bemused when she talked about how the legends described him. “Where on earth did you hear those rumors?”

“I heard them from my friends.” Alice stared at the ground sheepishly.

“Those are merely legends. They aren’t true,” Jonathan answered. “Asura is just like any other human. He’s not invincible, so he can get hurt and fall sick like anyone too. Also, he’s only about six feet tall. The legends exaggerated his height a lot.”

“Huh? But that is not possible, right?” Alice looked at him, feeling dubious about what he said. “But everyone says he’s more than seven feet tall, and he’s as strong as a giant. They say he killed a lot of people, and one look from him will strike fear into anyone’s heart.”

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“They are all just legends. Rumors. They cannot and must not be taken as facts.” Jonathan shook his head. “It is best that you take everything your friends say with a grain of salt.

“I see.” She stared at the ground and puckered her lips. There was another question she wanted to ask, and she said, “So... is he as hot as everyone says he is?”

“Not at all. Asura is not what you would call handsome.” Jonathan shook his head. “He is just like me. An ordinary man with regular looks. Just like me.”

You call your looks regular? Alice had to burst into laughter at that point. “Jonny, I think you need to update your definition of ‘regular.’ Anyone else, maybe, but you? No. You do not look ‘regular’ at all. You’re the hottest among the hottest. If you’re regular, then what are the other guys? Trolls?”

Alice would not stop laughing, but Jonathan said nothing about that. He just shook his head and broke into a smile. Thanks to Alice’s laugh, the somber atmosphere in the car had lightened up greatly.

It wasn’t as grim as it was earlier, and Alice was not that scared of Jonathan anymore.

An hour later, the blaring police cars finally stopped at Heart’s Hospital.

When she saw Jonathan and the others coming back so soon, the woman looked slightly shocked for a moment. "Jonathan? You're already back? So soon?"

"Yes. I've settled what I set out to do," Jonathan answered calmly.

"You've settled your matters?" The woman was surprised once more, and she could not believe what she heard. "But if that's true, then you made short work of it. How did you manage it?"

"We have arrested the arsonist who burned your house down. He will be put on trial, and we shall have the answers by daybreak." Jonathan sat down on the edge of the woman's bed and picked up an apple. He peeled the skin off as he told her, "You will receive your recompense in full. That is a promise."

"Is that true?" The woman still found it difficult to believe, even though Jonathan himself gave her the promise. Instead, she turned to Arnold, "Arnold, is it true? Will we get our money? You had better not lie to me, you hear me?"

"It's true. It really is!" Arnold nodded. He would not lock gazes with Jonathan as he felt nervous every time he recalled how he had treated the latter. Since Jonathan arrested Derrick and Damien effortlessly, if he wanted Arnold to disappear, it'd be easier than turning the back of his hand.

Will he take me in like he did the two of them? I hope he isn't that angry with me.

"Thank you, Jonathan. Really, thank you." The woman's eyes teared up after she got the confirmation she needed from Arnold. "We would be at a complete loss if not for you."

They did not even get a single cent of the compensation. To make matters worse, their house was burned down, and they were both sent to the hospital because of the beat-up they got from the thugs.

If it were not for Jonathan helping them with the medical fees, they would have been chased out of the hospital a long time ago.

If it were not for Jonathan stepping in, they would never get a single cent of the recompense, and they would be homeless after they were discharged. If that came to pass, they would have to wander the streets.

"Oh, there is no need to be that formal with me, Mrs. Renner." Jonathan smiled at her and handed the peeled apple over. "Here, have an apple. It's good for you."

"Sure." The woman nodded and took the apple over from him. She was teary-eyed, but she bit down on the apple nonetheless. "It's great. It really is."

The woman's tears would not stop streaming down her cheeks as she ate her apple. "Arnold, do you still think Jonathan is here to scam you out of that recompense?"

"I—" Holy sh*t. Holy holy sh*t. Why did she have to bring this up right now? Arnold started freezing up in fear, and his eyes were filled with panic.

That was the topic he had been trying to avoid. "I... Well, you know I did not mean what I said." He kept glancing around the ward, but he did not have the guts to look Jonathan in the eye.

Finally, he steeled himself and slapped his own face. "Me and my big mouth! I was too paranoid for my own good. I am really, really sorry for ever doubting you, Jonathan. I shouldn't have chased you out when my wife wasn't at home back then."

Arnold took one step further and knelt before Jonathan. "I am very, very sorry, Jonathan. It is all my fault. If it pleases you, you can take me away like you did Derrick and Damien."

"You do not have to do this, Mr. Renner. Please, stand up." Jonathan never expected him to suddenly kneel, but he quickly pulled Arnold up anyway. "The past is in the past now, Mr. Renner. I have never hated you for chasing me out."

"Really?" Arnold looked at him in disbelief. He kept his eyes fixated on Jonathan as though trying to see if the latter was lying.

"Really." Jonathan nodded. "I have no reason to lie, Mr. Renner. Nobody is going to arrest you, I promise. You have a family to provide for. Mrs. Renner and Alice need you. If I were to arrest you, it would be a huge blow to them."

Jonathan was not lying. If it were not for Scarlett and Alice, he would not even spare Arnold a moment of his time. After all, he owed Scarlett a huge favor, but none to Arnold.

"Just say your thank you, Arnold!" Scarlett urged him. What on earth is that blockhead doing? Is he going to kneel there for the rest of his life or something?

“Thank you, Jonathan. Thank you very much.” Arnold was starting to get some mixed feelings about the situation. Never in his wildest dream would he imagine the snotty brat whom he chased out of his home a long time ago to be the commander of a huge army someday.

“Please stand up, Mr. Renner.” Jonathan went and pulled Arnold up, but the moment he did, Jonathan’s phone started ringing loudly, as if reminding him about an emergency that was about to happen.

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Chapter 245 You Have Three Days

Jonathan picked his phone up and took the call. “Hello? What is it?”

“Mr. Goldstein? It’s me, Randall,” Randall greeted him, but his voice sounded a bit hoarse. “I have looked into this matter. The man called Derrick took all the compensation meant for the villagers of Greendale Village. He is also the leader of a local gang, and they have caused a lot of trouble for the villagers. Suffice to say, they are a local menace. The total recompense for the village is around a hundred million, and Derrick took it all for himself.”

A hundred million? Jonathan’s face fell the moment he heard how much money was involved in the corruption. A village chief alone took a hundred million that is meant for the villagers. The corruption must be worse in the higher echelons then.

The chief of a small village is already taking this much money, so what about the chief of a bigger one? Are they involved in more severe corruption? If that is true, the mayors must be involved in even more egregious transactions. There is no doubt that the chief is involved as well.

"I want you to get to the bottom of this, no matter what," Jonathan ordered coldly, "Drag all these parasites into the sunlight. Find everyone who is corrupted. Leave no stone unturned. I do not care even if Zachary himself is involved. Punish all the corrupted officers, and I mean all of them. Severely, if I may add."

"Yes, sir!"

Even though they were only talking through the phone, Randall could still feel Jonathan's sheer, unbridled fury in his voice.

How could Jonathan not be furious? By all accounts, he should have gone on a rampage. Even he was shocked to hear that the chief of a small village was involved in a corruption case that involved a hundred million.

"I hope you are not involved in this matter, Randall. For your sake, I hope you are clean," Jonathan growled calmly. Despite that, Randall was scared out of his wits. He quickly defended himself, "I have nothing to do with this, sir! I swear."

"You better not, Randall," Jonathan replied coldly. "Because if you are somehow involved, losing your mayoralty will be the least of your worries. If you do not understand what I am saying, let me put it in plainer terms. You will lose your head."

"I understand, sir. I guarantee that I am not even the least bit involved in this matter," Randall quickly clarified again.

"Look into this in Jadeborough as well. You might have left a lot of stones unturned, and I want them to be brought into the sun," Jonathan commanded, his voice as freezing as the winds of Helheim. This case was only exposed because I stumbled upon it. Simply put, by pure luck. Had I not come across this, who knows how much more the people would have to suffer?

This might only be the tip of a titanic iceberg in Jadeborough. Who knows how many people in power are involved in this? Who knows how many corruption cases there are in the nation? Ten thousand? A hundred thousand? Perhaps more.

"Yes, sir! We will be getting to the bottom of this in Jadeborough tonight! I promise nothing of the sort will ever happen again under my leadership! If I somehow fail, I shall bow down before you and accept any punishment you deem fit to dole out, sir!" After that, Randall

issued an order to look into all the public servants in Jadeborough and see if they were involved in any corruption cases.

After Randall had given his promise, Jonathan said, "You have three days. I want you to clean up this mess, and I do not want to see even a speck of dust remaining. Do you hear me?"

"Crystal, sir!" Randall did not dare to hesitate when it came to this point, for his own head was on the line.

After he hung up, Jonathan looked at Alice and her family. "I have the results. It is direr than I thought. Derrick has taken all of the compensation meant for you and the other villagers. The grand total is a hundred million. Give or take a few dozen million."

"He took more than a hundred million all for himself?"

The Renners were even more shocked than Jonathan was when they received the news.

A hundred million was a lot of money. They had never seen so much money before in their whole lives, but Derrick kept it all for himself when it was supposed to be the villagers' money.

"The money belongs to you and the villagers." Everyone was still dumbfounded as they tried to process what they had just heard. "The staff from the military commander's residence will transfer your compensation to you in three days. Maybe less than that. You could potentially receive the money by tomorrow morning."

With Jonathan being the overseer, Randall would not take three days to process the transaction. At the latest, he would come to the village himself by next afternoon.

"T-Then those b*stards won't be released, right?" Scarlett looked at Jonathan, still worried that Derrick would get back at them if he was released. After all, he was only arrested because they meddled in the affair.

"They will not." Jonathan shook his head. "If nothing goes wrong, they will be spending the rest of their lives locked in a prison."

"That is good to hear." Scarlett heaved a sigh of relief. "They should never be released. Let them rot in prison. We'll be a whole lot better without those thugs to lord us around."

"Alice, I shall get you a hotel room later. You do not have to stay in the ward tonight."
Jonathan looked at Alice.

She had been staying with her parents for days on end. Her face looked tired, and her eyes were bloodshot. Jonathan knew she must have been sleeping poorly for the last few days.

"It's all right, Jonny," Alice quickly refused the offer. "I'm fine sleeping here. You don't have to waste your money on a room for me."

It's costly to stay at a hotel. A few hundred for a night, if I remember correctly. He shouldn't waste that kind of money on me.

"She's right, Jonathan. You don't have to waste your money. She can stay with me for the night," Scarlett refused too.

"Mrs. Renner, you shall soon be a millionaire. A night in the hotel room is nothing." Jonathan smiled. "Besides, it has been days since Alice has had a good sleep. Let her take the day off."

"A million? We can get that much?" Arnold asked.

"Around and about," Jonathan answered calmly. A house around two hundred square meters would be worth a few hundred grand in the recompense package. If the need arose, he would take a few hundred grand more out of his own pocket to make it a million.

"But—" Scarlett wanted to say something, but Arnold stopped her, "Just take Jonathan on the offer. Alice looks exhausted. She should get some sleep. And that's final."

"Let's go, Alice." Jonathan waved at Alice. Now that they had come to a decision, Alice had no qualms about staying in a hotel room.

After coming out of the hospital, Jonathan asked a police officer to take Alice to a hotel. Surprised, Alice looked at him. "Aren't you coming, Jonny?"

"No." He shook his head. "Don't mind me, though. I shall be going on a stroll."

"I see." Alice bit her lip and left with the officer. After they were gone, Jonathan went to the roof instead of going on a stroll.

He sat down cross-legged beneath the starry night and started practicing the Ancient Sacred Dragon Technique. Ever since he came back to Jadeborough, he had put his training aside. However, since he got a chance to do it at the moment, he would not allow it to slip through his hands.

The light of the stars showered upon Jonathan, and a blue light vaguely shone within his body, resonating with the galaxy above.

Jonathan finished the first rotation of his technique, then the second, then the third...

He spent the whole night practicing on the roof, never even taking a step off it. When dawn started to break through the horizon, he slowly opened his eyes and heaved a sigh.

Right after he lit a cigarette and came down from the roof, he bumped into Randall, who came to the village first thing in the morning.

"Sir?" Randall was shocked to see Jonathan coming down from the roof. It's only five in the morning, but he's already awake?