

The Legendary Man Chapter 286

Chapter 286 Waiting For Someone

“Really?” Sophia looked up abruptly and blinked.

“Of course. Why would I lie to you?” Jonathan said as he patted her back lightly. “My mom would always tell me to find a wife like my aunt when I was young—someone virtuous, beautiful, and sane.”

“No way. I’m not as good as she says.” She blushed when she heard what he said.

She didn’t expect Elizabeth to speak so highly of her.

“Well, it’d be perfect if you could change your bad habit of flicking my forehead,” Jonathan said seriously. However, Sophia rejected right after he finished speaking, “No way. It’s already a habit of ten years. How can I change just because you say so? Besides, it’s a good habit. Why should I change it?”

Having said that, she flicked his forehead when he wasn’t paying attention. A smile then surfaced on her face. “I think it’s a good habit so I have to continue with it. Isn’t that right, snob?”

“That’s just because you feel great seeing me suffer!” he retorted.

“Well, I don’t care.”

She scoffed and took a glance at him, “Well, you’re my nephew. Who else can I bully besides you?”

Jonathan sighed helplessly and then discreetly put some distance between them. “I’m going to get changed!”

His shirt was covered in Sophia’s tears and snot.

Having heard what he said, she realized how inelegant she was being. She quickly pushed him away and said anxiously, "Um... I'm sorry. I didn't dirty your shirt on purpose."

Her face flushed red when she thought of how she threw herself into Jonathan's arms and cried her heart out.

Sophia!

You're a thirty-year-old woman!

Why are you still acting like a little girl? Why were you crying for nothing?

Not only that, but you were also crying in Jonathan's arms!

How embarrassing!

"It's fine. I didn't see anything." Jonathan got up and walked toward the bedroom. Fortunately, he brought a few sets of extra clothes.

Otherwise, he would have had to go around without a shirt on.

"Snob..."

Sophia opened the door right when he took off his shirt and was about to put on a clean one.

A scream left her mouth right after that.

The woman quickly clasped her hands over her eyes.

"W-Why aren't you wearing a shirt, snob?" she asked with a flushed face.

It hasn't even been a few minutes. How has he taken off his shirt already?

"There's no need to cover your eyes! I only took off my shirt," Jonathan said, exasperated by her behavior.

"No! Hurry up and put on something!" she shouted while turning around.

"All right. I'm done." He grabbed onto the first shirt he saw and quickly put it on. Then, he looked at Sophia exasperatedly, "Can you please knock the next time you enter?"

"I forgot, okay?" the woman said as she uncovered her eyes. Glaring at him, she continued, "Besides, why should I knock? There's not a part of you that I haven't seen when you were younger. I couldn't care less!"

Even though that was what she said, her face was almost as red as an apple.

"Why are you blushing, then?" Jonathan asked as he took the dirty shirt out of the room. "Where is the washing machine?"

"That was because I was feeling warm!" Sophia retorted as she stomped her feet. Then, she snatched the shirt from her nephew and said, "Give it to me. I'll wash it for you."

Once she was done speaking, she headed to the laundry room.

She returned shortly after and was evidently calmer than before. However, her eyes were still red from crying, and her face was still slightly tinged pink.

"Why haven't you gone to bed, snob?" the woman couldn't help but ask when she saw him on the couch, not a hint of fatigue on his face.

"I'm not in a hurry," he replied while shaking his head. Looking at the time, he added, "I'm waiting for someone."

"What? Who are you waiting for?" Sophia asked.

"Someone from the Goldstein family. You can go ahead and sleep first if you're tired. I'm just going to wait here," Jonathan said while looking at her indifferently.

"Someone from the Goldstein family is coming?" Realization dawned on her upon hearing his words. "Oh, right. I almost forgot. Your grandpa said that if he doesn't see us in an hour, he's going to send someone to get us. Let's hurry up and leave, snob. We should look for a place to hide."

She had almost forgotten about it after what had happened earlier.

"There's no need to hide. Do you think those from the Goldstein family can capture me so easily? You're really underestimating me, Aunt Sophia," he replied with a smile.

"No. Listen to me, snob..." The woman couldn't stop herself from panicking when she saw how indifferent toward the situation her nephew was being. "The Goldstein family hires a lot of professional hitmen. I heard all of them retired from the army, and some of them are even from the special forces! Besides, they've killed countless people on the battlefield. Aren't you just giving yourself the trouble if you go against people who don't value their lives? Trust me. Let's go look for a place to hide. We can come back once this whole ordeal passes."

As she spoke, the woman got up to get changed in her room. However, right when she was finished speaking, intense knocking sounded from the door.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The sound was unusually loud, and Sophia jumped in surprise even though she was standing quite far from the door.

"Are... Are they here, snob?"

"Coming!"

Jonathan got up and walked to the door. "It's great that they're here so early. At least this won't waste my time and keep me up tonight."

With that, he reached out to open the door.

At the sight of this, Sophia quickly shouted, "Don't open the door!"

But she was too late as he had already pulled open the door.

Tommy stood waiting outside.

Behind him were a dozen stocky men, all of them dressed in black.

They were armed with metal pipes and batons. There were also some armed with triangular bayonets.

"I'm surprised you didn't run away, Jonathan."

Surprise flashed across Tommy's face when he saw how casually Jonathan had opened the door.

He thought that the latter would have run away by the time he arrived.

Yet not only did he not run away, but he also opened the door for him.

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Chapter 287 Where Are You Going

"Run? Why should I do that? Do you think you'll be able to bring me away with a few hooligans like them? Don't underestimate me, Tommy," Jonathan said as he took a glance at the man.

Upon hearing the former's words, Tommy stared coldly at him and said, "You better surrender now, Jonathan. It'd be bad if you get hurt. I'm sure you don't want to end up getting your arms and legs broken like Troy, do you?"

"That's enough, Tommy. Stop with the act now. If you can really break my arms and legs, would you really still be standing here talking to me? I'm sure you won't be able to sleep peacefully if I'm alive, isn't that right?" Jonathan sneered.

"It seems like you're the one who knows me best. It's too bad that your grandpa wants me to cripple you instead of taking your life. Do you think you can live past tonight otherwise?" Tommy said, too lazy to put up a pretense any further.

He didn't want to speak to Jonathan any further as he ordered right after that, "Move. Beat him all you want if he resists even a little. Do whatever you want with him as long as he's still breathing in the end."

"Yes, sir!"

At that, the men behind him raised their weapons and started charging.

However, Jonathan merely sneered at the sight of this. He was just about to attack when Sophia suddenly appeared in front of him. She opened up her arms and shielded him with her body. "What do you think you're doing, Tommy?"

"Get out of the way! This is none of your business!" Tommy snapped.

"He's your nephew and Daniel's only son, Tommy! How could you do this to our brother?" she exclaimed. Her body trembled from anger as she stared at her brother.

"I'm already giving Daniel face by not killing his son. Otherwise, do you think he'd still be alive now? If it weren't for our brother, I would have ordered someone to kill him off when he was chased out of the Goldstein family back then. So get out of the way!" the former replied after giving her a cold look.

He then pushed Sophia away and shouted, "Get him!"

"Yes, sir!"

All it took was one order.

The men instantly charged at Jonathan with their weapons.

"No, Tommy!"

Sophia trembled with rage having seen this.

Nonetheless, Tommy didn't even spare her a glance. He stared at his nephew coldly and said, "Just one last reminder for you, Jonathan. You better not put up a fight and just surrender. If not, don't blame me for being ruthless."

"Oh? That's great. I want to see just how ruthless you can be too." Not wanting to waste any more time, Jonathan stepped forward and slammed a kick in one of the men's stomach.

The kick sent him flying over three feet away.

Those who were behind that man were also sent flying out of the door.

However, just as they were about to get back up to attack again, Jonathan went out to them and slammed the door behind him.

“Don’t open the door within the next ten minutes, Aunt Sophia. You’ll just risk getting your floor dirty if you do.”

His aura turned the second he closed the door. Since Sophia was with him earlier, he didn’t want to cause any bloodshed in the place.

He didn’t want to make it messy for her eyes.

However, it was time for the group of men’s death now that the door was closed.

The men in black could only see a black shadow flashing across their eyes in the next instant. Before they could even react, their faces were met with Jonathan’s fist.

He had put in all his strength while punching them and didn’t hold back at all.

The head of the man standing in the front shattered with a blow from him.

Blood splattered everywhere in a flash.

A revolting stench filled the corridor the next second.

The sight of this bloody scene terrified the rest of the men. None of them had seen such a gory scene even though they used to be in the army.

One punch was all it took to crush his head?

What kind of sick joke is this?

They were a group of retired special forces, but they weren’t even able to stand a chance against Jonathan’s punch.

“There’s nothing to see. It’s your turn soon.” Jonathan didn’t give them any chance to retreat when he saw that they were moving backward out of shock. He darted forward and grabbed

one of the men by their hair. Immediately after that, he smashed the man's face with his knees.

The latter's nose was broken with a loud crack that rang through the corridor.

The man fainted before he could even let out a scream of agony, and collapsed to the ground with a loud thud.

In less than a minute, two intimidating men were already dead.

The remaining men paled at how merciless Jonathan was as they yelled, "Who the hell are you?"

"Someone who wants all of you dead!"

His gaze steeled coldly as he stomped on the ground. Then, followed by a swift kick, a triangular bayonet landed in his hand. Jonathan took a glance at the weapon and then at the men before saying, "Let me show you how to use a triangular bayonet."

At that, he dashed forward and pierced the weapon through one of the men's chests.

Blood gushed out of his chest immediately after.

But Jonathan didn't even pause to look at him before jabbing his elbow at the man's temple.

Thud!

The man's vision went black, and he collapsed.

"Run! Quickly!"

The remaining men finally realized that something wasn't right. They turned to run, but there was no way that Jonathan would give them a chance to escape.

"Where do you think you're going?" he scoffed coldly.

As he spoke, he bolted forward and caught one of them by their shirt. With a swift movement, the man was thrown off the building.

An agonized wail split the air.

Before he even reached the ground below, Jonathan had already thrown another one of them down.

Screams followed one after another.

A few minutes later, Jonathan stomped on the last man's knees before throwing him off the building.

Only then did the corridor finally quiet down.

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Chapter 288 Getting Even

"Those annoying flies are finally dead." He threw the triangular bayonet away and dusted his hands as he looked around the empty corridor.

It's finally peaceful now that those flies are gone.

"You... What are you doing, Jonathan?" Tommy asked anxiously, stumbling as he watched his nephew walk closer to him.

He would never have imagined that the group of retired special forces he brought would all be thrown off a building before they could even touch Jonathan.

Retired special forces, my foot!

They're all useless!

"What do you think?" Jonathan stared at him indifferently. He lit up a cigarette and took a puff before continuing, "I remember that I told you not to show your face in front of me again back in Jadeborough. Otherwise, I'd make sure you die a horrible death."

"D-Don't come any closer, Jonathan! I'm your uncle!" Tommy was finally seized by fear.

Even the group of retired special forces didn't stand a chance against him and had been thrown off the building.

Let alone him.

"Uncle?"

Jonathan snorted upon hearing that. "You were the one who wanted to break my arms and legs earlier. It didn't seem like you were my uncle then. Those who don't know any better would think that there's a deep-rooted vengeance between us. Weren't you going to show me how ruthless you are? Is this what you call ruthless? This is so disappointing, Tommy."

Not wanting to waste any more time, Jonathan strode toward Tommy and kicked him in his knees.

A loud crack was heard, and before the latter could even let out a scream, the man proceeded to kick his other knee.

"You b*stard! How dare you break my legs?" Tommy reprimanded while shrieking in pain.

Harrowing screams filled the corridors.

He grimaced as he clutched his legs. Pain shot through him but Jonathan didn't even bother to look at him. Instead, the man lifted his leg and stomped on his uncle's arm.

Another crack sounded, and the bones in his arm were broken.

The latter then stomped on his other arm.

"You said you were going to break my arms and legs, didn't you? I'm returning the favor. An eye for an eye."

Jonathan stared down at Tommy, who was wincing in pain.

The latter's limbs had been broken in a blink of an eye.

"You b*stard! You deserve to burn in hell! The Goldstein family won't let you off easily. Just you wait!"

Tommy broke out into cursing him but he couldn't care less. "The Goldstein family? Do you think I'd go easy on them just because they let me off the hook? I've given your family a chance three years ago, but none of you appreciated it. Instead, your behaviors worsened. I'll fulfill your wishes since none of you seem like you appreciate the chance I've given you."

Once he was finished speaking, Jonathan grabbed his uncle by his collar and suspended him in the airwell by the stairs. "Tell Emmett that he doesn't need to come looking for me. I'll be there at the Goldstein residence to teach all of you a lesson once I'm free."

"You imbecile! Let me down this instant!" Tommy's vision began to darken, and he was about to faint when he saw how high up he was.

"Go ahead and continue screaming. The louder you are, the faster your shirt is going to tear. Scream louder if you want to die faster." Jonathan then turned to knock on Sophia's door. "Open up, Aunt Sophia."

Clack!

The woman rushed out worriedly. "Are you all right, Jonathan? Are you hurt?"

"I'm fine. Didn't I tell you that hooligans like them won't be able to hurt me?" he replied with a smile.

"Really? Stop lying! What is this? And you're saying that you're not hurt?"

She started to panic when she saw blood on his shirt. "How's the injury? Is it serious? Do I have to send you to the hospital?"

"I'm not hurt. This is their blood," he answered. Then, he pushed her into the room and closed the door behind him.

He wasn't about to let Sophia see her brother hanging by the stairs.

What if she relents and tries to help him down?

"Really?" she asked. "Take off your shirt and let me see, then!"

"Of course. Why would I lie to you?" As he spoke, Jonathan lifted his shirt helplessly. The woman's face flushed red at the sight of his tan skin and toned muscles.

"See? I didn't lie, did I?" He covered himself up and turned to look at his aunt but noticed that her face was crimson red.

"What's wrong?" he asked after seeing how weirdly she was acting.

"N-Nothing!"

She quickly turned around and pinched herself.

Sophia!

He's your nephew!

What are you blushing about?

"What's up with the scars, Jonathan?" she asked after calming herself down.

"I got hurt when I was serving in the army," he replied.

"What? You got so many scars from serving in the army?" Sophia's expression changed instantly.

She had only taken a swift glance, but there were at least five to six scars on him.

The largest one stretched across his entire back.

"This is nothing. There was one time when a grenade exploded by my feet. If it weren't for my quick reflexes, I would have turned into mush," Jonathan said with a smile.

He sounded so casual when talking about his past.

It was just a few scars.

As a soldier, it was normal to have scars from fighting in a battle.

It was an honor for soldiers to have them.

"It's not funny!" Sophia couldn't stop herself from flicking his forehead upon seeing Jonathan smile while talking about how he was almost killed by a grenade. "I can't believe you're smiling. Do you know how worried that makes me?"

"You flicked me again!" the man exclaimed while glaring at her.

"What about it?" Sophia said, rolling her eyes. "Flick my forehead if you dare!"

"Do you think I don't have the guts to do it?" He pretended to try and flick her forehead, but she didn't give him the chance to do so.

Right when he lifted his hand, she rushed into her room and closed the door behind her.

"Why don't you think about who I am before you try and flick my forehead, snob? Go to bed!" Sophia huffed and threw herself onto her bed.

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Chapter 289 That Monster

The night went by in the blink of an eye!

However, at dawn, someone unexpectedly showed up at Yaleview General Hospital in a body covered in blood!

That person was none other than the second son of the Goldstein family, Tommy!

He would be the future successor of the Goldstein family!

“Quick! Inject the patient with ten milligrams of adrenaline!”

“Ten milligrams won’t be sufficient. Increase the dose to fifteen!”

“Prepare for cardiac resuscitation! Quick!”

In the emergency room, a group of doctors was doing their best to save the man. However, his condition was too serious. Not only were all of his limbs broken but the rest of his bones were smashed as well!

Any delay in the treatment would result in the loss of his life!

Outside the ward, Emmett looked so furious like he was about to kill someone!

Apparently, he had sent Tommy to capture the two unfilial children, Jonathan and Sophia back. Instead of capturing them, Tommy ended up in the emergency room.

“Emmett, you are too lenient with that rascal, Jonathan. If you had sent someone earlier on to get rid of him, Tommy wouldn’t end up in this state,” said the beautiful woman with white hair who was sitting next to Emmett.

That woman was none other than Emmett’s wife!

Mrs. Goldstein!

“What’s the point of saying all these now?” Emmett glared at her. “Tommy is already seriously injured. I did not expect that rascal Jonathan to be so vicious. He actually broke all of Tommy’s arms and legs!”

Emmett only had two sons!

His older son had died in a car accident. Hence, he had always hoped that his younger son would be his successor and helmed the Goldstein family. Unfortunately, his second son was maimed by Jonathan!

No matter what, Tommy was still his uncle!

How can this b*stard be so brutal?

"I don't care. If anything untoward happens to Tommy, I want Jonathan to pay for it with his life!" Hatred was written all over her gorgeous looking face.

Tommy was her only bloodline in this world!

If anything were to happen to Tommy, what is going to happen to the Goldstein family?

Emmett is getting older by the day. When he passes on, who is going to be in charge of the Goldstein family?

Please don't tell me that Jonathan will be the successor.

"Enough! Stop talking so much! I know what to do!" Annoyed, Emmett cut her off and was about to walk toward the emergency room. However, as he was getting up, the door of the emergency room opened up!

Next, a middle-aged doctor dressed in a white coat came out and said, "Old Mr. Goldstein, we have tried our best! All of Mr. Goldstein's limbs were seriously injured. Not only were the tendons torn off, but the bones were all completely crushed as well! We have managed to keep him alive, but I'm afraid his arms and legs cannot be salvaged!"

"It's that serious?" When Emmett heard about the torn tendons and crushed bones, his expression changed instantly. "Isn't there any other way? Money is not an issue. As long as his arms and legs can be cured, we don't care how much it's going to cost us!"

"Old Mr. Goldstein, this is not a matter of money!" Hearing what Emmett had said, the middle-aged doctor shook his head. "Given the current medical standard, there is no one who can cure him! Even if the best doctors in the world won't be able to save Mr. Goldstein's arms and legs!"

"Nothing can be done?" Emmett's face darkened when he heard the doctor's prognosis.

"No."

The doctor shook his head and continued, "In actual fact, your son isn't the first patient that I have encountered today who has the same condition! There is another patient with the exact injuries like Mr. Goldstein. Both his arms and legs were broken, his tendons torn off,

and all of his bones were smashed to bits! Given their conditions, the most well-known specialists in the world won't be able to do anything too!"

"Did you say there is another patient who has the same injuries as Tommy?" Emmett was taken aback when he heard that, and he had a sense of foreboding. "Who is that?"

"It's Troy, the eldest son of the Zeller family! Old Mr. Goldstein, I suppose you know him, don't you?" mentioned the doctor.

"Yes, I do!"

Emmett looked murderous at that instant!

How can it not be the same?

After all, they were attacked by the same man!

Naturally, there won't be much difference in their injuries.

"Should I arrange for the both of them to be in the same room?" asked the doctor. "This way, it will be much easier for the medical teams to look after the two of them!"

"No, don't!"

Emmett declined immediately. "Put them in separate rooms. The further, the better!"

During a time like this, he had no wish to see the Zeller family!

As if we aren't unlucky enough!

"Sure. I will get them different rooms then." Although the doctor had no idea why Emmett had requested for Troy to be placed further away from Tommy, he still went ahead and gave the instruction.

However, the moment he finished talking, an old man dressed in a traditional robe appeared in front of them out of nowhere!

"Emmett, what are you doing here?"

When Nathan spotted Emmett, he appeared upset. "What's wrong? Why aren't you in bed in the middle of the night? Are you here to mock the Zeller family?"

"It's not like that, Nathan. Listen to me—"

Hearing Nathan's nasty remark, Emmett was stunned and wanted to explain himself. However, before he could finish his explanation, Nathan cut him off. "Enough! I don't want to hear your crap! Let me ask you. Where is Sophia and that toyboy? Have you captured them yet?"

He could not be bothered with why Emmett had come to the hospital instead of sleeping at home at this hour!

All he wanted was to apprehend Sophia and that toyboy in order to avenge Troy!

"No!"

Emmett shook his head, and with an ashen face, he continued, "We encountered a little setback. Nathan, give me a little more time. I assure you that I will seize the two of them!"

"That's enough! I have enough of your b*llshit!"

Nathan's face turned cold. He pointed at Emmett and warned him, "I will only give you one more day. By the end of the day, if I have not seen that promiscuous daughter of yours and her toyboy, don't blame me for being ruthless! Since you cannot even control your own daughter, then I will have to teach that whore a lesson myself!"

The Legendary Man Chapter 290

Chapter 290 Dead Men Tell No Tales

“You...” When Emmett heard Nathan accuse his daughter of being a sl*t, he was outraged.

If she’s a shameless sl*t, does that mean I’m shameless, too?

“Remember, Emmett, you have one day. If I don’t see them by midnight, the entire Goldstein family had better be prepared to pay the consequences with your lives!”

Nathan left without giving him a chance to react.

By the time the former was gone, Emmett was shaking so badly from anger that he broke his dragon-adorned walking cane in two.

“How dare he! This is too much! Who do they think they are? Back then, didn’t the Zeller family beg at the door of Asura’s Office like dogs? If it wasn’t for the support from someone at the office, would Nathan Zelller dare to speak to me that way? If us Goldsteins have the same support, I’m sure he wouldn’t have the guts to do it. He’s simply bullying us into getting his way!”

The four prominent families of Yaleview were the Zellers, Maxwells, Hamiltons, and Morsleys.

They had survived when the Four Asura Guards’ army invaded because of their contributions towards Asura’s victory.

Now that he belongs to one of the four prominent families, has Nathan forgotten how he had groveled in front of Asura’s Office?

“Enough! What’s the point of bringing up the past now?” Loretta couldn’t help but snort at Emmett. “Isn’t it your fault that you weren’t even worthy to step into Asura’s Office when he led his army during the bloodbath in Yaleview? If only we had someone in the office like they have, do you think he would dare speak to you that way?”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Emmett was infuriated by his wife’s words. “How can you accuse me of being unworthy? What do you know? Back then, I didn’t care for it! I would rather die standing than submit myself to Asura’s Office like a dog.”

“Yea, yea. They wouldn’t have wanted you even if you were a dog!” Loretta scoffed. “What’s the use of acting tough in front of me? Do you think I wasn’t aware that you were trying to pull strings just to get close to Asura’s Office? Unfortunately, you were ignored, and no one was willing to help you at all. After all this time, do you actually think I don’t know what kind of person you are?”

“Shut your trap, woman!” His expression darkened. He was furious at having his weakness exposed. Raising his hand, he confronted her. “If you dare say one more word, I’ll-”

“You’ll what? Hit me?” Loretta sneered. “Emmett, have you forgotten how your status was elevated in the Goldstein family? If not for me, do you think you can take on the position as head of the family? So, what now? Are you going to hit me just because you can?”

“You...”

Despite having his arm in mid-air, Emmett didn’t follow through with the slap.

It was undeniable that he relied on his wife to become the head of the Goldstein family. As her husband, he naturally understood Loretta Thompson very well.

She was ruthless and decisive. In fact, her methods were significantly more superior to his.

Back then, Loretta was the one who decided to banish Jonathan from the family less than an hour after Daniel’s demise. Subsequently, she declared that their second son would replace Daniel as the heir to the Goldstein family.

It was a heartless move that even Emmett felt bad about it.

“Will you drop the act and stop being so dramatic?” When she saw how furious her husband was, Loretta asserted, “Let me tell you, Emmett. Nathan isn’t joking with us. If you want to protect our family, bring Sophia and that b*stard back here. It doesn’t matter if they’re dead or alive.”

“Are you suggesting that we silence them permanently?” Her proposal took him aback.

For goodness' sake, that's my own daughter!

He didn't mind doing that to Jonathan, since he hadn't seen his defiant grandson for more than ten years.

However, Sophia was someone he had raised himself.

"That's right. We have to silence them." Loretta's eyes glistened grimly. "And it has to be a clean job to ensure that neither of them survives the night. Only their deaths can stop the situation from escalating."

"As for the Zellers," she sneered, "remember how Nathan humiliated you in your own home today. At the next opportunity, you will pay them back by utterly destroying them."

"In that case, we'll go along with your plan. I'll send men to execute it right away." Instantaneously, Emmett made his decision.

It was just as Sophia had said over the phone. In the hour of need, he couldn't rule out abandoning her.

Compared to the fate of the entire Goldstein family, Sophia was expendable, even if she was his daughter.

"No, you don't have to." Loretta shook her head at Emmett's words. "There's no need for you to get involved. Do you think you can bring yourself to kill your own flesh and blood?"

"I..."

Emmett was filled with reluctance.

After all, when it really came to it, he still couldn't bring himself to take his own daughter's life.

"Hmph, look at how indecisive you are. Are you even a man?" His wife snorted. "I'll send men to post a bounty on the Dark Web and someone will naturally take the job. All you have to do is to hand over their corpses before nightfall."

The Dark Web?

The moment he heard those words, Emmett's expression drastically changed.

He obviously knew what the Dark Web entailed.

It was the world's largest underground assassin organization.

All the world's top assassins were in it. As long as one was willing to pay, one would definitely find an assassin to get the job done.

Nevertheless, it had never crossed his mind that one day, he would end up hiring someone from the Dark Web to assassinate his own daughter and grandson.

"Just do what you have to. I'm exhausted now, so don't disturb me until it gets dark." Just as he spoke, Emmett turned around and left without another word.

His silhouette seemed to have shriveled, as if he had aged decades in a matter of seconds.

He began to question the meaning of his life.

His eldest son had died in a car accident, while the fate of his other son remained unknown.

And now, he was going to kill his own daughter.

What kind of man am I?