

The Legendary Man Chapter 291

Chapter 291 Live Firing Exercise

The night went by in the blink of an eye.

The next morning, the incessant ringing of Jonathan's phone woke him up at the crack of dawn.

Frowning, he answered in an irritated tone, "Hello?"

After all, he had always hated being woken up from his sleep by someone else.

"Mr. Goldstein, have you gone back to Yaleview?" The moment the call connected, he heard a hoarse voice over the line.

"Who told you that?" Casually lighting a cigarette, Jonathan turned on the lights and glanced at the clock.

He realized it was only five in the morning.

It was still pitch-black outside.

"It was Andy!" the hoarse voice continued. "Last night, I heard him say that you had returned to Yaleview. But since it was midnight, I didn't dare disturb you. Hence, I called you first thing in the morning instead."

"He sure is a blabbermouth!" Jonathan snapped. "Tell him he has to serve detention for one month starting from today, and he's not allowed to step out of the military base. If he dares to disobey, I'll break his legs myself! Do you hear me?"

"Yes, Sir!" Even though it was over the phone, the caller was still intimidated by Jonathan's instructions. "Mr. Goldstein, is one month too short? Why don't we detain him for six months?"

“Do you want to join him?”

“No, I don’t!” The caller denied at once. “Mr. Goldstein, when did you come back?”

“A few days ago,” Jonathan casually replied. “Who else knows that I’m back?”

“No... no one. Just the few of us.” Those few naturally meant the elders of Asura’s Office and the four Kings of War.

“Go ahead. What did you call me for?” After tapping the ash off his cigarette, Jonathan got up and drew back the curtains.

The caller was one of the four Kings of War, Karl Hamilton.

Back in the day, he was Jonathan’s subordinate. The commander had handpicked him to join Asura’s Office as one of the four Kings of War after many hard-earned victories under his belt.

“It’s something trivial.” Karl chuckled like a fool over the phone. “Mr. Goldstein, where are you? Why don’t I come pick you up?”

“You don’t have to,” Jonathan answered plainly. “Whatever it is, you can just tell me over the phone.”

“It will be the eight Asura Guards’ annual live-firing exercise soon. Since you didn’t attend last year, would you like to drop by this year, given that you’re in Yaleview?”

“Live-firing exercise?”

The question surprised the commander.

Is it that time of the year already?

After all, the annual exercise was established by him three years ago.

All eight Asura Guards would take part. The winner would have the honor of being the crème de la crème of the team until the next exercise.

Most importantly, the goal of the yearly event was to increase their combat ability so that they could perform better as a team on the battlefield one day.

“When is this?” Jonathan casually asked.

“In two weeks.”

“Fine. I’ll be there.”

“Really, Mr. Goldstein?” Karl sounded ecstatic because he didn’t expect the commander to agree.

Ever since the training exercise was established, Jonathan had only been present for the first one. Subsequently, he never attended the rest.

Therefore, Karl was just trying his luck when he posed the question. Jonathan’s affirmative answer surprised him.

“Mm-hmm! Is there anything else?”

“Sir, will you also be dropping by Asura’s Office?” Karl continued, “You’ve been gone for too long. We’re beginning to forget what you look like!”

Ever since Jonathan’s disappearance one year ago, no one had heard from him. Even the four Kings of War weren’t able to track him down.

“No, I’m not going back there,” he declined without a second thought.

The reason he didn’t tell anyone about his trip to Yaleview was that he didn’t want to see them.

After a year, he wanted to observe how much his men had grown during his year-long absence.

“Why don’t you give us your address, and we’ll come to visit you?” Karl insisted.

“Alternatively, I can visit you discreetly without letting the others know.”

“You simply talk too much. Is it because you’re not getting enough training? Do you want me to increase the intensity of your training?” Jonathan’s tone grew stern.

"No, no, Sir. Not at all."

Karl was so terrified that he didn't dare say another word. Back when he was under Jonathan's command, he had personally experienced the torturous training which was his worst nightmare.

It was something he never wanted to go through ever again.

"Stay the h*ll away from me if you don't want to!" Jonathan snapped. "Before the live-firing exercise, you had better not call me or appear before me. Otherwise, get ready to strip off your rank and be banished to Northern Crimson Prison, where you can enjoy the sand together with Dorian."

"Yes, Sir. I'm ending the call right away."

Not daring to waste any more time, Karl ended the call with a click. He was so worried that another word out of his mouth would cause him to be exiled to Northern Crimson Prison in Mysonna.

It was a place no one wanted to go. There was nothing other than sand as far as the eye could see.

"Despite not seeing him for a year, he hasn't progressed at all!" Jonathan tossed his phone aside and stubbed out the cigarette in his hand.

Just when he was preparing to take a shower, he suddenly heard light footsteps coming from outside his room.

Regardless of how faint the footsteps were, the sound didn't escape his ears.

Is someone outside?

Jonathan furrowed his brows instantly. He was about to get to the door, but the sound of the footsteps was gone.

Was it just my imagination?

Maintaining his frown, the man quietly walked to the door and opened it abruptly.

However, there was no one in the dark hallway.

It was pitch black except for the dim shadows of tree branches swaying with the wind.

Nevertheless, Jonathan was unsettled because it was just too quiet. Years of battle had sharpened his keen sense of awareness. Without that, he would have died a long time ago.

Suddenly, Jonathan slammed the door shut with a loud bang. Staring at the empty corridor, he plainly remarked, "Come on now, there's no point hiding."

His voice echoed in the hallway.

No one responded, and there was no one to be seen. It felt as if he was shouting into thin air. His eyes narrowed immediately as he took a swift step forward and threw a punch into the darkness.

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Chapter 292 Assassination

Bang! The sound shattered the silence in the hallway.

Jonathan could feel his fist come into contact with something or someone.

The next moment, he heard a muted groan as a black figure staggered backward and crashed into the wall behind him.

"How did you notice my presence?" the black figure asked in a raspy voice.

As an assassin, he was proficient in hiding in the shadows and striking when his victims least expected it.

However, not only did his attack fail, but his prey also discovered him.

For a man of his profession, it was an outright humiliation.

“What’s so difficult about it?”

Staring coldly at him, Jonathan charged forward and launched another punch. He wasn’t going to give the assassin an opportunity to counter-attack at all.

The next moment, a loud crack of fractured bone rang out. The latter had zero chance of defending himself. He spewed a mouthful of blood before dropping to his knees in front of his target with a thud.

“Considering how weak you are, how did you end up becoming an assassin?” After shooting the assassin a glance, Jonathan stomped on his knee to shatter it into pieces.

The black figure slumped onto the ground after losing all his strength.

“Wh-Who exactly are you?” Staring up at Jonathan’s condescending expression, the assassin’s face was red with indignance.

Throughout his years as an assassin, he had killed many victims but had never suffered such a humiliation before.

The tables had turned. From a hunter, he became a prey before he could fire a shot. It was an outrageous disgrace.

“You should’ve done your homework. How dare you attempt an assassination if you know nothing about your target?” When he noticed the dissatisfaction on the assassin’s face, Jonathan eyed the man nonchalantly. “Before you came to kill me, did no one tell you what happened to the last assassin who tried?”

“What happened?” the latter asked as he glared at Jonathan.

“I blew his head off with his own sniper rifle and dismembered his corpse.”

Jonathan stared indifferently at the crippled hitman. “So, what do you think will happen to you?”

"I don't know what will happen to me, but I'm certain the person in the other room is screwed!" Having heard those words, the man sneered, "Do you think I'm the only assassin who came today?"

"So, you weren't targeting me?" Jonathan's expression drastically changed.

He had assumed the Goldstein family sent the assassin to kill him, but he had not expected Sophia to be targeted, too.

For goodness' sake, she's Emmett's biological daughter!

"You are one of the targets, along with the woman in the room!" The assassin scoffed, "So what if I have failed to kill you? As long as the lady in that room is dead, my mission is not considered a total failure!"

"D*mn you!" Suddenly, Jonathan's expression turned murderous as he crushed the assassin's spine with a stomp.

The loud crack of fracturing bone rang out. The assassin didn't even have the chance to scream in agony before his head fell limp in a pool of blood.

After he dealt with the first hitman, Jonathan dashed to Sophia's room.

Without even knocking, he kicked down her bedroom door.

"Aunt Sophia!" he frantically called out.

The very next moment, the room light suddenly turned on. He was then greeted by the sight of a frightened Sophia who was curled up in her bed, hugging her blanket for dear life. With an anxious expression, she asked, "Jonathan, wh-what are you trying to do?"

"Nothing. I thought you were in danger." When he saw that his aunt was unharmed and nothing was threatening her, Jonathan heaved a sigh of relief.

"How could I be in danger in the middle of the night?" Sophia fumed at her nephew.

Evidently, she had a fright when he barged into the room without warning.

"You're the biggest danger to me, Jonathan Goldstein!" Glaring at Jonathan, Sophia snapped, "Why did you kick open my door in the middle of the night? You even destroyed it!"

Her entire face was red with anger after the commotion. She was sleeping soundly before being rudely woken up when he kicked her down.

The imminent danger she was facing turned out to be none other than her nephew.

"I'm just worried about you, all right?" After heaving a sigh of relief, Jonathan scrutinized the surroundings for any hidden threats instead of leaving.

"What are you looking at? Turn around! You're not allowed to look!" When Sophia noticed Jonathan's wandering eyes, she became more infuriated.

Not only isn't he asleep in the middle of the night, but he also kicked down my door and is now snooping around! If it were anyone else, I would have called the police!

"I'm not looking at you!" Jonathan explained helplessly.

"In that case, what are you searching for?" Sophia couldn't help but roll her eyes. Most of her skin was exposed, including the two thin spaghetti straps on her shoulder.

Given that his eyes were darting around, anyone in her position would naturally be concerned.

"I can't explain right now!" With no time to lose, Jonathan darted past her bed, grabbed the curtains in an attempt to close them.

"Jonathan, what are you doing?" Sophia couldn't resist asking when she saw how strangely her nephew was behaving.

Bang!

Plank!

A shot was fired. The gold bullet flew into the room, shattering the glass panel on the window.

Sophia screamed in response before asking anxiously, "Jonathan, what's going on?"

“Don’t move a muscle!” he yelled as he closed the curtains tightly.

As expected, there was another assassin hiding out there in the darkness.

Fortunately, Jonathan had reacted in the nick of time. If he were a millisecond later, the bullet would likely have pierced his aunt’s head.

“All right now, it’s fine!”

With the curtains drawn, the view of the room was no longer visible to the hitman. He then turned to look at Sophia, who was shaking like a leaf underneath her blanket.

“Jonathan, what’s going on?” The woman’s face was ghastly pale.

“Nothing much. Just an assassin,” Jonathan plainly replied. “Either the Goldsteins or the Zellers have sent one to kill us both!”

“Assassin? Are you saying that I encountered a killer just now?” Sophia widened her eyes in shock.

She couldn’t believe that something she saw in the movies was actually happening to her.

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Chapter 293 Trying To Flee

"That's right!" Nodding, Jonathan elaborated, "There was an assassin outside the door just now. Also, there's a sniper in the opposite building. Their aim is to silence both of us!"

"There was a killer at the door, too?" Sophia panicked at his words. "Wh-What happened to him?"

"He's dead," Jonathan said indifferently.

"Dead?" she repeated numbly.

"Yup." He nodded.

"D-Did you k-kill him?" she stammered. She grew up in a sheltered environment as a child and had never experienced such a situation before.

"That's right!"

Jonathan continued to explain with a nod. "Technically, it was self-defense instead of murder. He tried to kill me but ended up being killed."

"In that case, what will happen when the police arrive?" As an ordinary citizen, Sophia was concerned about Jonathan and how they were going to explain it to the authority.

"They won't be coming," he said flatly. "You don't have to worry about it because he's nothing more than an assassin. Over the years, I have killed a lot of people. If the police really wanted to arrest me, they would have done so a long time ago."

"H-How many people have you killed?" Sophia gulped.

"Have you forgotten that I was under Asura's command during the war? How could I have avoided killing anyone, especially on the battlefield?" After glancing at her, Jonathan sat by her bed. "All right, now isn't the time for that. It's no longer safe for you here. Pack your things. We're heading to the hotel."

"What are we going to the hotel for?" She still couldn't grasp the reality of the situation.

Evidently, she was still in shock.

"You can't live here anymore. If I'm not wrong, they have posted your picture and address on the Dark Web. If you don't move someplace else, the other assassins will hunt you down! As long as you're still alive, the hit on you will continue to be valid!"

That was the rule of the Dark Web. It would remain an open contract for all the hitmen.

In other words, the mission would end only after the target was eliminated.

Although Jonathan had never visited the Dark Web before, he had a general understanding of how they functioned.

"Then wait for me while I pack." Just as she spoke, Sophia got up without thinking. However, the moment she did, her blanket slipped off to reveal her flawless white skin in front of her nephew.

"Ahhh!" she screamed in fright and quickly covered her chest with her arms.

Blushing like a tomato, she yelled at Jonathan, "You snob, get out right now!"

"Fine. There's no need to shield yourself. Haven't I seen you naked when we were kids?" He threw her words back at her.

Suddenly outraged by his words, Sophia kicked him on the butt.

"Get out of my room!" she snapped with gritted teeth.

Looks like he has grown a lot more brazen to the extent of talking back at me!

"I'll wait for you outside." Jonathan strode out of her room and lit a cigarette in front of the bay window.

Staring at the numerous skyscrapers outside, he knitted his brows.

Given the huge number of buildings around them, there was no way he could identify which one the sniper was hiding in.

However, it wasn't going to be easy for the sniper to escape, too.

After firing at me, do you think you can flee so easily?

Without any hesitation, Jonathan took out his phone and made a call. The next moment, a raspy voice answered, "Mr. Goldstein!"

"Where are you?"

"On my way to detention." When he heard Jonathan's voice, the voice over the phone sounded crestfallen. "Sir, have you forgotten that you have sentenced me to one month's detention?"

"No, I didn't. I'm calling to tell you it's canceled and I want to see you in an hour," the commander said nonchalantly.

"Really?"

The moment he heard he was free, the dejection in his voice disappeared. "Mr. Goldstein, where are you now? Give me your address. I'll head right over."

"Meet me at the entrance of Yaleview International Hotel in one hour. Remember, come alone. Don't bring anyone else."

"Yes, Sir!"

When Jonathan ended the call, Sophia had changed and came out of her bedroom with her luggage in hand. "Hey snob, I'm done packing. When are we leaving?"

"We can go now." He reached out to help his aunt with her luggage and walked toward the door. "You will be staying at the hotel for the next few days. Don't go anywhere until I come and pick you up. If you must leave for some reason, inform me first. I'll get someone to go along with you."

"Huh? Aren't you going to the hotel with me?" Sophia was taken aback when she realized her nephew wasn't joining her at the new location.

"There's something I need to do after I send you to the hotel. Once I'm done, I'll come to pick you up." Pulling the bag behind him, Jonathan opened the door. "Until then, I'll have men standing guard outside your door twenty-four hours a day. If you need anything, just let them know."

"I-In that case, please be careful." She bit her lip and decided against inquiring any further.

"Mm-hmm!"

Jonathan nodded before pressing the button for the elevator.

Half an hour later, their cab arrived at the entrance of Yaleview International Hotel.

It was the most extravagant and prestigious hotel in the city, with facilities far exceeding that of its five-star status.

In fact, it was particularly famous for its ambience and service.

Obviously, their rooms also came at an exorbitant price.

A single night in one of them would cost at least tens of thousands.

"You'll be staying here tonight. I have reserved a room for you, and all you need to do is to show your ID at the front desk." After escorting Sophia into the hotel lobby, Jonathan left her alone instead of escorting her to her room.

"Wh-When will you come and pick me up?" she asked anxiously.

"Tonight, at the earliest. Or late afternoon tomorrow." When Jonathan noticed his aunt's reluctance to move, he couldn't resist tapping his finger on her head with a smile. "What's wrong? Are you scared of being alone?"

"I'm not!"

Sophia rolled her eyes in response to his words. "I still remember someone being so frightened by horror stories when he was young that he didn't even dare use the toilet. He even stayed in my bed and refused to leave."

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Chapter 294 The Goldsteins As Expected

"Regardless of who it was, I'm certain that someone wasn't me."

Jonathan felt annoyed when Sophia brought up events from their childhood again.

Geez, why is Sophia constantly harping on to the past?

"Ha! Why don't you admit it, scaredy cat?" Smacking her lips, his aunt flicked her fingers at his head. "You snob. Just admit that you were afraid. After all, who wasn't afraid of ghosts when they were children?"

"Stop yapping about the past!"

When Jonathan saw that Sophia was about to ramble on, he interrupted her at once. Then, he gestured at one of the hotel staff and instructed, "Help her check-in, please."

"Yes, sir!"

At Jonathan's cue, the middle-aged man hurried over and greeted Sophia politely. "Hello, miss. This way, please."

"Hey snob, don't take too long. I'll be here waiting for you." After giving Jonathan a thoughtful look, she followed the hotel staff to the front desk.

The moment she turned away, they heard a thunderous rumble at the hotel entrance.

A green military jeep screeched to a halt in front of the hotel.

When its door opened, a middle-aged man in military fatigues stepped out of the vehicle. He had tan skin and didn't look his age. Moreover, he was wearing a pair of sunglasses that covered half his face.

Although he wasn't in full military gear, it was obvious from his swagger that he was a soldier.

"Mr. Goldstein!"

The moment Andy Morsley entered the hotel, he quickly spotted Jonathan. He removed his sunglasses and hurried over to where the latter was.

"Why did you have to come dressed like that?" Jonathan looked at the man's military fatigue with a grim expression.

"What's wrong with what I'm wearing?" The middle-aged man looked down at his uniform self-consciously and asked, "Mr. Goldstein, what can I do for you?"

"Come with me."

Ignoring his question, Jonathan walked out of the building.

They stopped at a corner outside the hotel a few minutes later.

After casually lighting up a cigarette, Jonathan looked at the middle-aged man and ordered, "Find a mall to get some civilian clothing. I want you out of your uniform."

"Why do I need to do that?" The commander's instructions confused Andy. "What's wrong with what I'm wearing?"

"What's with all the questions? Just do as I say." Jonathan shot him a glare that terrified him into submission.

"Yes, Sir. I'll get changed at once."

When Andy turned around to leave, Jonathan called out to him, "Wait a moment!"

The middle-aged man stopped in his tracks and asked, "Is there anything else, Sir?"

"I called you here today because I need something investigated." Jonathan glanced at him plainly. "Send men to find out who posted a bounty for my head on the Dark Web. Also, check which assassins have accepted the mission."

The moment he issued the orders, a cold glint flashed in his eyes.

I will not let anyone who tries to kill me escape!

"Mr. Goldstein, there's no need to get someone else. I'll do it myself!" Just as he spoke, the middle-aged man took out a black phone that looked like a brick. He flipped it open. What was supposed to be a phone that was only a few inches turned into an eight-inch tablet.

After furiously typing on it, a website with a black background appeared on the screen.

The words "Dark Web" in blood red were staring back at the men.

"Is this a tablet or a phone?" Jonathan was surprised when he saw how the middle-aged man transformed the device into something larger.

"It's both, actually." As Andy continued to type, he explained, "This is the latest product invented by our R & D department. Under normal circumstances, it functions as a phone. But during emergencies, it can function as a tablet too. Other than a radar tracking system, it's also equipped with GPS, Anti-Wiretapping software, and Wi-Fi connection to access the internet."

His fingers flew across the keyboard at lightning speed.

"Mr. Goldstein, I found it! Someone posted an open contract last night on the Dark Web. The reward for your head is five hundred thousand-" The moment he read the amount out loud, the middle-aged man rubbed his eyes in surprise. He then took another closer look. "Sir, am I seeing things? How could the bounty for you be only five hundred thousand? It also states here that the sum is for two targets, not just you."

Is this a joke? How can the bounty on Asura be only five hundred thousand? Furthermore, it's in Chanaen currency!

Back when they were overseas, someone once offered a bounty that ran into billions for Jonathan's life. Even then, the assassins had failed in the attempts.

Do these guys really think they can get it done with just five hundred thousand? Are they being delusional?

"You're not mistaken at all. Find out who sent the kill order," Jonathan reiterated, even though he could guess who it was.

Nevertheless, he still couldn't say for sure because Sophia was Emmett's own daughter.

If Emmett can bring himself to take his own daughter's life, he is no different from a beast.

"Let me check." Andy did his magic again. In just a few minutes, his fingers came to a stop. "Mr. Goldstein, I traced the source of the post and its IP address indicates they did it locally. Right here in Yaleview."

"Where in Yaleview? Give me the exact location." Jonathan furrowed his brows.

"Erm..." The middle-aged man hesitated.

"Speak!"

Jonathan could already guess the answer, judging from his expression.

"The Goldstein family of Yaleview," the latter whispered. He was seething through his teeth.

Handpicked by Asura himself to be one of the four Kings of War in the office, Andy Morsley naturally knew how the Goldstein family was connected with his commander.

Moreover, he was also aware of how the family had survived the bloodbath in Yaleview.

If the commander hadn't shown them mercy back then, the hundreds of thousands of Asura Guards would have wiped the Goldstein family out. In fact, they wouldn't even be here posting a bounty on the Dark Web.

"It's the Goldstein family indeed!" The moment he confirmed it was them, Jonathan's expression darkened.

It seems I have overestimated the Goldstein family's humanity while underestimating how barbaric they can be. Blood relations truly meant nothing to Emmett. If he could even order a hit on his biological daughter, he is nothing but a cold-blooded animal.

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Chapter 295 | Am Back

When Andy saw the murderous intent emanating out of Jonathan's eyes, the middle-aged man couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Goldstein, what is going on?"

"Stop sticking your nose where it doesn't belong!" The commander shot a glare at him. "Continue with your investigations and find out which assassin has accepted the job."

"Yes, Sir!"

Having been admonished by Jonathan, Andy didn't dare waste another word. Lowering his gaze, he continued to work on the tablet. After a short while, he looked up and replied, "Mr. Goldstein, I found them. They're just two mediocre hitmen named Scorpion and Cobra. These are their details."

Subsequently, the middle-aged man handed his tablet over to Jonathan. On it were the details of the two assassins.

Scorpion's specialty was close-quarters assassination. His asking price was between five hundred thousand to one million. There was no other information in terms of his height and looks. However, he had a success rate of fifty percent.

As for Cobra, he was a sniper. His asking price was also between five hundred thousand to one million. There were no other available details except for his success rate, which was at sixty percent.

After going through the two assassins' biodata in detail, Jonathan was certain the one he had killed was none other than Scorpion.

As for the shooter who had escaped, it would have to be Cobra.

"Send men to find out where Cobra is. In one hour's time, I want him to disappear from the face of this earth. Do you understand?" Jonathan barked out his orders.

"Understood, Mr. Goldstein!" Upon receiving his instructions, the middle-aged man folded his tablet back into a phone. While he was in the midst of doing it, Jonathan caught a glimpse of a tiny row of red letters on his screen.

It read: Andy Morsley.

The man who was so terrified of him was one of the legendary four Kings of War.

A son of the Morsleys, Andy's capabilities alone had propelled his family's status and established themselves as one of the four prominent families of Yaleview.

"Are you using your real name on the Dark Web?" Jonathan asked as he casually lit up a cigarette.

He had the impression that everyone used a pseudonym on the Dark Web instead of their own name.

"That's right, Mr. Goldstein. Is there anything wrong?" Andy asked.

"Aren't you worried about someone tracking down your IP address and assassinating you?" Jonathan shot him a glance.

As one of the four Kings of War, Andy's hands were already stained with blood after having taken at least hundreds of lives.

They had made tons of enemies. Just in Yaleview itself, there were plenty who wanted them dead.

Therefore, Jonathan was surprised that he had used his real name to log into the forum of an organization full of assassins.

"What's there to be afraid of?" Andy smacked his lips at his commander's words. With a nonchalant expression, he explained, "Those weaklings wouldn't dare kill me. Even if I gave them my actual address, they wouldn't have the b*lls to come for me, let alone track my IP address down."

After all, he was a King of War. It was a title that couldn't be bought with money.

He had earned it through the blood shed by every single person he killed.

As a result, no assassination organization would dare to touch him for fear that he would raid their base with his troops.

"All right now, stop blowing your own trumpet. Do you think I'm not aware of your abilities?" When he noticed that Andy was about to boast again, Jonathan kicked him in the buttocks. "Anyway, pick a group of your most elite troops and have them patrol the hotel vicinity around the clock. On top of that, send another team to stand guard outside Sophia's door. If she so far as loses a single strand of hair, I'll strip you off your uniform!"

"Yes, Sir!" Having received his orders, Andy picked up his phone and issued them to his men without delay.

Once he was done with the call, he turned toward Jonathan. "Mr. Goldstein, who is Sophia? Is she your sister?"

"She's my aunt!"

Seeing the grim look in his commander's eyes, Andy's face turned pale. He frantically explained, "Mr. Goldstein, please don't get the wrong idea. It was just an innocent question."

"Stop wasting time. Tonight, you will personally lead the men and stand guard by the hotel's entrance. If anything goes wrong, the four Kings of War will all be sent to Northern Crimson Prison as The Four Convicts!" Not in the mood to entertain Andy further, Jonathan prepared to leave.

Just when he turned away, the former asked anxiously, "Mr. Goldstein, what about you? Where are you going?"

"To Goldstein residence!"

Suddenly, Jonathan's gaze turned icy cold. "It's time I settle an old score with them!"

Years ago, he had shown them mercy by letting them go. Unfortunately, that went unappreciated. Not only did they not learn their lesson, but they even tried to take his life.

As a result, he was going to hold them accountable for all their past actions.

"Mr. Goldstein, I'll come with you." Upon hearing that Jonathan was going to confront the Goldsteins alone, Andy suddenly ran after him. The commander stopped him with a glare. "Are you defying my orders? Get back to your station! I will deal with my own affairs myself. Without my permission, no one is allowed to approach the Goldstein family at all. Whoever disobeys will be executed without mercy!"

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein!" The moment he heard that, Andy stopped in his tracks and began backpedaling.

He knew how grave the situation was whenever Jonathan brought up "executed without mercy." Those three words were not something they would usually hear from their commander.

Half an hour later, a cab arrived at the Goldstein residence.

The family home felt so familiar, yet foreign to Jonathan. At that moment, his thoughts drifted back to memories from more than ten years ago.

Back then, the Goldsteins had thrown him out of this house unceremoniously.

This was the same place where he was also warned not to step foot into Yaleview ever again.

Moreover, he was forbidden to return to the Goldstein family.

From that moment on, Jonathan had transformed from the eldest grandson of the family to a vagabond who wandered the streets.

No one had expected that he would return after more than ten years and stand in the same so-called home he was thrown out of.

"Goldsteins, I am back again!" Looking at the two-panel red door at the main entrance, a cold glint flashed in Jonathan's eyes. "However, I wonder if you can still kick me out this time. If you can't, it will be my turn to cast all of you out of the house!"

As he strode toward the Goldstein residence, someone suddenly stopped him at the door. "Stop! Who goes there? How dare you trespass on the Goldstein residence?"