

The Legendary Man Chapter 7

Chapter 7 As Usual

Sebastian Langford? If he's standing right here, he would've thrown Jonathan into the Goda River to feed the fishes!

Several people among the crowd regarded Jonathan as though they were looking at an idiot.

Who in Jadeborough doesn't know how Langford Group made it big? Back then, it was with Sebastian's ruthless methods did he climb to the top, sacrificing countless people as stepping stones. As such, half of his wealth is stained with blood! Even those with a net worth of over a hundred million avoid him like the plague, so an insignificant live-in son-in-law like Jonathan isn't even worthy of note!

Alvin's expression turned wintry after he heard Jonathan's words. "Did you hear that, Josephine? He's the one digging his own grave, so I can't do anything about that!"

Having said that, he picked up his phone and dialed a number without chattering further. "Hello, Greg! I've run into a problem here, so come with a few men to handle it! As usual, remember to bring some weapons!"

The Greg he was referring to was none other than the captain of the Vice Enforcement Division in Jadeborough, Greg Jawson.

Greg usually accepted a lot of benefits from the Langford family, so he was basically the one who helped to handle things whenever Alvin caused any trouble outside or ran into a tricky situation.

"I'm at Room No. 1 at Phoenix International Hotel!"

When Alvin had finished speaking, he hung up and stared at Jonathan as though the man's death was near at hand. "You're very skilled at fighting, huh? Fine. I'll see how good you are later, whether you're any match for guns and bullets!"

The threat in his declaration was abundantly clear.

Everyone there looked at Jonathan in anticipation of watching a show upon hearing that threat.

The look in their eyes was plainly condemning him for inviting disaster.

Ysobel, especially, couldn't resist sneering after perceiving Alvin's words, "Some people truly don't know their place. Do you think you're really a big shot just because you stumbled upon a worthless stone by the roadside and met a big shot

from Baykeep? Alas, a clump of mud is always a clump of mud, never amounting to anything!”

Her remark seemingly echoed the sentiments of everyone there.

Exactly! Jonathan is just a useless live-in son-in-law, so what if he was lucky and stumbled upon a worthless stone by the roadside? Alvin didn't dare do anything to him when that big shot from Baykeep was here, but now that the big shot has left, Jonathan's nothing but a clump of mud! What a fool!

“Why are you keeping mum now, Jonathan? Weren't you all arrogant earlier, not even having the slightest modicum of respect for my father?” Alvin couldn't help mocking when he noticed that Jonathan was so frightened by his threat that he couldn't even utter a single word.

Sure enough, he's a coward! He hasn't even seen a gun, yet he's already petrified to the point that he doesn't dare make a peep!

“What's there to say?” Jonathan glanced at him blandly, not in the mood to bother about him. “Don't you think you're courting death to threaten me with a gun?”

In this world, there are only two types of people who dare point a gun at me. One is a dead man, and the other is a man who's moments away from death!

“Did you guys hear that? He said that I'm courting death!” Hearing his comment, Alvin acted as though it was the world's biggest joke.

“Why are you bothered about a fool, Mr. Langford? Who knows, he might even pee his pants when he sees a gun later!”

“Exactly! He's just acting all calm and unruffled, but he might be the first one to pee his pants later!”

The crowd followed Alvin's lead, all making sport of Jonathan with nasty remarks.

Nonetheless, Jonathan didn't want to waste his time with them. He merely replied airily, “Really? Then, I'd truly like to see whether the people you called over will dare fire their guns at me.”

All at once, his proclamation had peals of laughter ringing out from the crowd.

Their eyes were stained with disdain, for they regarded his words as just a last-ditch effort.

While they were laughing uproariously, a feeling of detestation toward Jonathan inexorably welled within Josephine. While she didn't like him much three years ago, she didn't loathe him as much.

At that time, he was at least nowhere near as boastful as he is right now though he was a bit of a dud and merely depended on the Smith family to support him. Now, however, he doesn't even know his place anymore! I wonder if he suffered a heavy blow out there in the past three years that his personality changed so drastically, and he became such an extreme person.

Josephine finally snapped and roared at him, "That's enough, Jonathan! Why are you still here? Hurry up and get out of here! You're not welcomed here!"

Although she was berating him, she actually wanted to save him for the last time.

No matter how much I hate him, it's not some bone-deep grudge that I want to see him die at someone else's hands. And I know all too well the kind of person Alvin is. Someone like Jonathan who has no power or status will be worked over if he were to fall into his hands, if not die a ghastly death!

Alas, Jonathan didn't appreciate her kindness at all. He made no move to leave. Instead, he even gazed at her and asserted, "Don't worry, Josephine. No one in this world dares to fire a gun at me or pick on you!"

"Did you all hear that? He's still acting tough at such a time!" His words again caused the crowd to shriek with laughter.

In their eyes, his actions were no different from digging his own grave.

He's about to die, but still, he's acting high and mighty! He's going to look an utter fool with all the acting he's doing!

"You're truly beyond saving, Jonathan!" Josephine lost all hope in him.

Ah, forget it! Even God himself won't be able to save this damnable guy! Since he's determined to court death, why should I poke my nose into his affairs?

Just when despair was etched on her face, a flurry of footsteps suddenly sounded outside the door of the private room. In the next instant, a middle-aged man in a police uniform with a few subordinates hastened into the room.

"Mr. Langford!" As soon as they entered the room, the middle-aged police officer—Greg Jawson—went over to Alvin right away. "So, which ignorant fool offended you this time?"

"There! It was him." Curling his lips, Alvin trained his gaze on Jonathan. "As usual, take him away with some random excuse. Remember to take good care of him while in custody! Even if he doesn't die, I want him to end up within an inch of his life! Do you hear me?"

"As usual, right? Okay, got it!" It was clear as day that this wasn't the first time they were doing such a thing, for Greg waved a hand and pointed at Jonathan after receiving his orders from Alvin. "Men, take that lad away!" he barked.

