

The Legendary Man Novel

Chapter 26

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Legendary Man Novel /

By infobagh

Chapter 26 Shameless

It was the head of the

Blackwood family,

Anderson Blackwood.

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The moment he appeared,
the guests in the hall
gasped.

No one expected the
argument between James
and Harrison to have
attracted Anderson's
attention.

Anderson's exceptional
status in both the
Blackwood residence and
Jadeborough was
undeniable. In other
words, other than the
mayor of Jadeborough, no
one was more powerful
than he was.

The instant he appeared,
the entire hall fell silent.

Even James, who was
behaving haughtily a
moment ago, lowered his
head in acquiescence and
greeted, "Mr. Blackwood!"

"Mm-hmm."

With a wave of his hand,
Anderson gestured for
everyone to sit.

"Are you the head of the
Blackwood family?"

Jonathan could recognize
the elderly man in a grey
robe as the host of the
birthday banquet.

"That's right!"

After glancing at
Jonathan, Anderson
remarked, "I would be
surprised if you didn't
know me, considering
you're at my birthday
dinner."

Sensing the mockery
insinuated by Anderson,
the crowd burst into
hearty laughter as they
looked at Jonathan with
even greater contempt.

Weren't you boasting
about being some big shot
just now? And that the
Holler family didn't have
the right to throw you
out? Now that Mr.

Blackwood has appeared in person, let's see how you continue with your charade!

"I do!"

Jonathan added indifferently, "However, I just knew who you were a few minutes ago."

If it weren't because of the Smith family,

Jonathan wouldn't have
bothered with the
Blackwood family even if
they groveled in front of
him.

"But, I don't know you!"
Anderson's gaze turned
cold. "Who are you? I
don't recall ever inviting
you to the banquet."

Not invited?

Anderson's words caused
an uproar in the hall.

How can someone who Mr.
Blackwood doesn't know
attend his birthday
banquet and brazenly sit
at the most important
table? How audacious can
he be?

"It's true that you didn't
invite me," Jonathan
admitted. After all, that

was the truth, but he
wasn't there to attend
the banquet.

"Since you're not invited,
why are you even here?"
Anderson scoffed. "How
did you even sneak in?"

"I was the one who
brought him here!"
Harrison declared, unable
to resist any further.

"Harrison?" Anderson
looked at Harrison
quizzically. "You brought
him here?"

"Yes!"

Harrison's expression was
grim.

"Since he is your guest, I
will let the matter slide."

Anderson didn't let the
matter escalate further

on Harrison's account.

After all, he still
respected Harrison, and
ejecting Jonathan from
the banquet would be a
slap in the face for the
latter.

"However, given his
status, I'm afraid it isn't
right for him to sit at
this table." Just as he
spoke, Anderson shot

Jonathan an icy glare.

"Since this is your first
time attending a
Blackwood family banquet,
I will forgive you once for
not knowing the rules. But
now, go back to where
you're supposed to sit.
Your place isn't at this
table."

Since Harrison proclaimed
that he was the one who

brought Jonathan,
Anderson assumed that
Jonathan was Harrison's
subordinate.

Even though Anderson
showed Harrison some
respect, it didn't mean he
had to do the same for
Jonathan.

"Not my place?" Jonathan
couldn't help but smirk.
"If I'm not qualified to

sit here, I'm afraid no
one else in this country
is."

Idiot!

When the crowd heard
Jonathan's words, all of
them couldn't resist
laughing.

No one else is worthy?
Who the f*ck does he
think he is? Asura? Or

the King of War,
Zachary? If not for Mr.
Seymour's graces, you
wouldn't even get past the
main door. Idiot!

"Oh? Is that so? In that
case, should the
Blackwood family feel
honored to be graced by
your presence?" At the
end of the day, Anderson
was still a wily old fox.

Although he was triggered
by Jonathan's words and
was tempted to throw him
out, he managed to keep
his temper in check.

Since it was his birthday,
he didn't want it to be
marred by bloodshed.

Under different
circumstances, he would
have killed Jonathan many

times over for what he had said.

"That goes without saying!" Jonathan replied in nonchalance.

"It's obvious you don't know how things work around here," Anderson sneered as he raised his hand. "In that case, let me educate you on what the rules are!"

"Harrison, don't blame me
for not showing you any
respect. It's just that
your subordinate needs to
learn to appreciate the
chances given to him.

"Men, teach him a lesson!"

At Anderson's cue, tens
of his subordinates
charged at Jonathan with
clubs in their hands.

"Teach me a lesson? No
one in this country ever
dared to teach me,
Jonathan Goldstein,
anything!" Jonathan
scoffed as he was
unfazed by his attackers.

During the war, he didn't
even bat an eyelid when
faced with thousands of
enemy soldiers and their
guns. Hence, tens of

ordinary men were
naturally nothing to him.

Insolence!

When he saw the
attackers taking action,
Harrison pulled out his
gun from his waist and
aimed it at them. He
bellowed, "Let's see who
dares to come any closer!"

The moment he brought
out his weapon, the entire
atmosphere changed.

No one had expected
Harrison to confront
Anderson over an
insignificant clown.

Anderson was equally
surprised by it. With a
darkening expression, he
snapped, "Harrison, are

you declaring war on the Blackwood family?"

"So what if I am?" It didn't matter to Harrison that the Blackwood family was the most prominent family in Jadeborough.

"Whoever dares to lay a finger on Mr. Goldstein, I will take his life! If you don't believe me, why

don't you be the first to try?"

Just as he spoke,
Harrison cocked the gun
in his hand. He looked
serious enough to fire at
anyone who lay a finger
on Jonathan.

"Fine, Harrison, you've
got guts." With a grave
expression, Anderson
declared, "From today

onward, you are an enemy
of the Blackwood family!
Attack!"

Given that both of them
had fallen out with each
other, there was no need
for Anderson to be civil
with Harrison anymore.

After all, the most
prominent family in
Jadeborough had nothing
to fear of Harrison.

Realizing that a war was on the brink of breaking out, Jonathan suddenly waved his hand. "Put away your gun!"

"Mr. Goldstein..."

Harrison was stunned by Jonathan's order. Just when he was about to say something, Harrison cut him off. "I said, put the gun away!"

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein!"

Harrison naturally dared not disobey Jonathan.

However, the former's subservience toward

Jonathan stunned

Anderson and caused his expression to change drastically.

The Legendary Man Novel
Chapter 27

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*Chapter 27 Kneel And
Apologize*

*After all, Harrison was
the most ruthless man in
Jadeborough.*

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Although he wasn't as powerful as the four prominent families, he was still someone who commanded respect within the legal and underground circles.

Why is he treating the young man with such deference?

It might not be obvious to ordinary folks, but

Anderson was a cunning
old fox who sensed
something about their
relationship.

Just a while ago, he had
assumed Jonathan was
the brazen man's
subordinate. But from the
way events unfolded, it
seemed to him that it was
the other way around.

Can the young man be
from one of the prominent
families of the state? Or
perhaps, he is from
Yaleview? Since there are
no prominent families with
the surname Goldstein in
the state, could he be
one of the prominent
families in Yaleview?

Just when Anderson was
still making wild guesses,

Jonathan looked toward
him all of a sudden. "My
advice to you is to order
your men to back off
before I'm pissed. Or
else, the Blackwood
family will be wiped out!"

All Jonathan wanted to do
that day was to resolve
the enmity between the
Blackwoods and the
Smiths. Other than that,

he had no interest in the Blackwood family at all.

However, if the Blackwoods didn't know better and insisted on provoking him, he would not mind destroying them along the way.

To him, annihilating the Blackwood family was as easy as squashing an insect.

And that would be the
end of the Blackwoods.

Before Anderson could
respond, everyone else
was already in stitches.

The more they looked at
Jonathan, the more they
thought of him as a fool!

Does he know who the
Blackwood family is in
Jadeborough? Even the
mayor of Jadeborough

wouldn't dare say
something like that, let
alone someone lesser like
Harrison.

"Hmph, even if you are
from the Goldstein family
of Yaleview, I'm afraid
it's not going to be easy
for you to destroy the
Blackwood family,"

Anderson scoffed with a
grim expression. Even

though he was concerned
about Jonathan's identity,
he wasn't afraid of him.

"Don't forget that this is
Jadeborough and not
Yaleview. Your family
might be powerful there,
but you have no influence
here."

The Goldsteins of
Yaleview?

Jonathan smirked to himself. Evidently, Anderson had assumed he was part of them. Not bothering to explain, he simply replied, "To me, the Goldsteins of Yaleview are nothing but insects too."

What? The Goldsteins of Yaleview are nothing to him too?

With his eyelids twitching, Anderson couldn't help but wonder if this was just a charade put on by Jonathan and Harrison.

The Goldsteins are one of the four prominent families of Yaleview and were infinitely more powerful than the Blackwoods. And yet,

Jonathan simply sees
them as insects?

"I am here today on
account of the Smith
family!" Jonathan
declared the purpose of
his visit. Anderson
furrowed his eyebrows in
response. "Do you mean
the Smiths of
Jadeborough?"

"Yes!" Jonathan casually
nodded.

The Smiths of
Jadeborough? How is he
related to them?

Anderson knitted his
brows in thought. Knowing
the Smith family very
well, he was aware that
they were a lesser-known
family. If it weren't for
the ecological park

project, he would never
have anything to do with
them at all.

So, how is the
insignificant Smith family
related to the Goldstein
family of Yaleview?

"What's your relationship
with the Smiths?"

Anderson couldn't resist
asking.

"I am their son-in-law!"

The Smith family's son-in-law?

Sensing that he had been fooled, Anderson's expression darkened instantly. Before he set the Smith family up, he had investigated their background and found that Jonathan was not only a live-in son-in-law

but also a good-for-
nothing who disappeared
for three years.

There's no way a scum
like that is related to the
Goldstein family of
Yaleview.

The next moment,
Anderson thundered
furiously, "Oh? In that
case, are you here to

stand up for the Smith family?"

"That's right!"

Jonathan nodded.

"How are you going to do that?" Anderson's expression was extremely grave. If not for the fact that there were many guests around, he would've had Jonathan dragged

out, beaten up, and fed
to the fishes in Goda
River.

Idiot!

Anderson couldn't resist
giving Harrison the side-
eye. This piece of shit
must have somehow
tricked Harrison into
believing that he is a
member of the Goldsteins
of Yaleview. And that

must be the reason why
Harrison dared to
challenge the Blackwoods!

"It's simple. Compensate
the Smiths one billion and
apologize on your knees to
my wife, Josephine. I will
then consider the matter
resolved!" Jonathan
declared.

Instantaneously, his words
riled the crowd up.

What?

Pay the Smiths one billion
and apologize on his knees
to Josephine?

Is he mad?

Where did this idiot come
from?

Does he think nothing of
the Blackwood family's
reputation as the most
powerful family in

Jadeborough? All of them
could imagine how furious
Anderson was when he
heard those words. They
expected him to order
Jonathan to be torn apart
limb by limb and fed to
the fishes in Goda River.

Just as expected,
Anderson's expression
drastically changed as he

could no longer hide the
rage in his eyes.

"Where are the Smiths?
Come out here right this
instant!"

The moment he bellowed,
everyone turned to look
at Connor, Margaret, and
Josephine, who were
sitting in a corner beside
the toilet.

When Margaret noticed
that everyone's attention
had fallen upon them, she
began to panic.

Springing up to her feet
in desperation, she
pointed at Jonathan. "Mr.
Blackwood, listen to me. I
don't know who that guy
is. He has nothing to do
with our family. In fact,
I don't even know which

hole that idiot crawled
out from!"

"You don't know him?
Then why did he claim
that he is your son-in-law
and demands that I
apologize on my knees to
you?" Anderson's eyes
were already spitting fire.

Throughout his entire life,
no one had dared

humiliate him that way
before.

"He... He is spouting
nonsense! I really don't
know who he is!" When
she saw how outraged
Anderson was, Margaret
quickly tugged at Connor's
arm and pleaded, "Connor,
quick, do you know who
that cowardly piece of
trash is?"

"No! I don't!" Connor
shook his head vehemently
as he severed all ties with
Jonathan.

"Did you hear that? They
said they don't know you!"
Anderson smirked at
Jonathan as if he was
waiting for Jonathan to
be embarrassed.

Ignoring the look
Anderson was giving him,

Jonathan answered
calmly, "It doesn't matter
if they know me or not.
What matters is that I
promised my wife that I
would have you apologize
to her on your knees
today! Therefore, I would
have broken my promise if
I didn't make you admit
your mistake in front of
her. Consequently, I have

no choice but to keep my
word today!"

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Chapter 28

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Chapter 28 Ten Minutes

"Come again?" Anderson's
anger was written all over
his face. He warned

Jonathan, "It has been a few decades ever since someone raised his volume against me, warning me in such an arrogant manner!"

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Jonathan glanced at Anderson and remarked, "It's because you've never run into me throughout

the years. You need to
stop wasting your time. If
you don't get down on
your knees and apologize
for your mistakes, I'll
wipe you and the rest of
your family out of
existence. The future of
your family depends on
you."

Anderson started
shivering in wrath. Veins

could be seen bulging all
over his hands. He then
responded to the young
man, "Ha! Go ahead and
give it a try! We shall see
if you're competent
enough of wiping my
family out of existence!"

He turned around and
pointed at Harrison with
his walking stick, asking
rhetorically, "Why don't

you ask Harrison if he has
the guts to challenge
me?"

Ha! Not even this
influential figure of
Jadeborough can defy me!
As long as I wish, I can
take him out without much
of a challenge! If he has
the guts to challenge us,
I'll take him out!

Harrison snorted and
remarked, "Indeed, I
don't have what it takes
to challenge you and the
members of your family,
but it's merely a piece of
cake for Mr. Goldstein!
It's an insult for you to
consider him someone on
par with me because he's
superior to me!"

Hello? I'm merely an
infantry of Fang Dragon
Guards! An instruction
from Mr. Goldstein is all
it's going to take to kill
me! It's not even
necessary for him to
waste his time since
others will carry out the
instructions on his behalf!

Anderson burst out
laughing and repeated

after Harrison, "It's an
insult? Since he's such a
capable man, I'll wait and
see if you're telling the
truth!"

Jonathan interrupted the
duo and inquired, "Oh?
Are you indicating you're
not going to apologize? If
that's the case, get
yourself ready for the
things awaiting you!"

"Hurry up and get going
already! I can't wait to
see the things awaiting
us!"

Anderson had no intention
to take Jonathan seriously
and thought Jonathan
wasn't much of a threat
unless he was a member
of the renowned family
from Yaleview.

He's just a freaking live-
in son-in-law! How dare
he gets ahead of himself
and pick on a member of
the Blackwood family?

"I'll send you to hell since
you have a death wish!"

Upon another glimpse at
Anderson, Jonathan
retrieved his phone and
instructed the moment
the person on the other

end picked up, "Send
someone to get rid of the
Blackwood family in ten
minutes! I'll hold you
accountable in case of a
delay!"

Shortly after he delivered
his instructions and hung
up the call, those around
him burst out laughing and
made fun of him.

"Hahaha! Is he trying to pull our legs? Where the hell does this fool come from? Does he think he's the protagonist of a movie or something? He can't wipe us out of existence in ten minutes!"

"Isn't he aware of the influence of the family? It's going to take more than a decade to wipe the

Blackwood family out of
existence!"

"Come on, guys! You're not
going to take the words
of this fool seriously, are
you? Only the almighty
Asura and Zachary, the
King of War, are
accomplished to the
extent of pulling off such
an impossible feat!"

Among the rest, only
three figures from
Chanaea were capable of
achieving such an
impossible feat. Apart
from the ones mentioned,
only Kingstone, the
governor of Jazona, was
capable of pulling off such
an impossible feat.

Anderson, who was of the
same idea, couldn't think

of others apart from the
three honorable figures.

Unless this wimp in front
of me is the mysterious
Asura, the King of War,
or the governor of
Jazona, it's impossible for
him to wipe the family out
of existence!

Josephine was
overwhelmed by a sense
of despair as others

continued making fun of Jonathan as if he was just a fool.

It's not only over for Jonathan; it's over for the Smith family! He should've left the rest to me instead of stirring things up! I don't think I can resolve this issue anymore when things have

gotten to the point of no return!

Josephine started stomping her feet when she thought of the possible outcomes had she acquired intermediaries' aid to resolve the issue.

Meanwhile, Anderson asked in a sarcastic tone, "Is this all you have, brat? If that's the case,

it's quite disappointing!
You're not telling me a
call is all it takes to wipe
us out of existence, are
you?"

He thought Jonathan
would get someone
powerful to threaten him,
but Jonathan did nothing
else apart from making a
call.

What kind of joke is this?
It's impossible for him to
get rid of us in ten
minutes! As the most
prominent family in
Jadeborough, not even
the authorities have what
it takes to wipe us out of
existence in minutes! We
weren't the most
prominent family in the

past decade for no
reason!

"Why are you in such a
hurry when there are a
few minutes left until the
designated time?"

Jonathan remained seated
in a carefree manner.

He couldn't care less of
others' humiliating
remarks and considered
them just another bunch

of imbecile fools unworthy
of his time.

Anderson remarked in a
sarcastic tone, "You know
what? I'll spare you ten
minutes and see if you
can achieve something
that's going to take
others a century! I'll
kneel in front of you if
you're telling the truth; if
you can't, I'm afraid

you're the one taking an
express trip to hell
today!"

Anderson made himself
clear he wouldn't allow
Jonathan to walk away
after humiliating him and
ruining his birthday
banquet. Otherwise,
others might consider him
an easy target in the
future.

"Ten minutes is all it
takes since Mr. Goldstein
has said so!" Harrison had
faith in Jonathan when
others wouldn't stop
making fun of him.

The members of the
Blackwood family are
going to regret their
decision to pick on Mr.
Goldstein in ten minutes!

"Ha! I'll spare you ten minutes if that's the case!" Anderson didn't even bother to conceal his murderous intent to take the duo out.

The Legendary Man Novel
Chapter 29

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Chapter 29 Out Of Time

Things got increasingly
tense among the ones in
the hall as those
affiliated with the
Blackwood family returned
with weapons to take out
Jonathan. It was evident
they were ready to kill
Jonathan as soon as
Anderson instructed them
to do so.

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Some of them started
whispering, "How are they
going to take the young
man out if it turns out
he's just bluffing?"

They thought it wasn't
very wise of Jonathan to
start a fight with the
members of the

Blackwood family during
Anderson's birthday
banquet. In an attempt to
intimidate others,
Anderson would definitely
resort to something
extreme to make an
example out of Jonathan.

"Maybe they're going to
chop him into pieces and
dispose of his corpse in
the middle of nowhere!"

"I don't think so! They're definitely going to torture him to his death!"

"Ha! I think that's not the case! I'm pretty sure they're going to chop off the young man's limbs and make him regret his decision of picking on them! Maybe death is the easy way out among the rest!"

As the guests remained seated, Alvin, who was a few tables away, glared at Jonathan with his eyes glinting. He whispered, "Dad, he was the one who ruined my plan!"

"Are you talking about the man over there?"

Sebastian glanced at Jonathan and commented with a contemptuous look,

"It doesn't really matter since he's going to die in another few minutes."

"I'm afraid that's not the case! Even Andrew had to listen to him yesterday!"

"As compared to the Blackwood family, Andrew is just a nobody in spite of his affiliation with Zachary! There's no way he gets to call the shots

in Jadeborough! Have you
forgotten Kingstone's the
one supporting the
Blackwood family?"

"Kingstone? Are you
seriously telling me the
governor of Jazona is—"
Alvin responded to his
father with his eyes
widened in disbelief.

"You need to mind your
volume!" Sebastian

stopped his son from
finishing his sentence and
added, "It might be
another rumor, but it was
possible the Blackwood
family was the most
prominent family due to
their affiliation with
Kingstone. Otherwise,
there's no way they're the
most influential among the
rest since they're not

really on par with the
rest in terms of
capabilities.”

Sebastian sneered and
added, “It doesn’t really
matter who’s the backing
of the Blackwood family
as long as they’re
powerful enough to kill
Jonathan! Harrison
shouldn’t have gotten full
of himself and picked on

the Blackwood family for Jonathan since not even those superior to Andrew can save them!"

The ones superior to Andrew were none other than the high-ranking officials of the Divine Dragon Guards.

Despite their authority, it was a mission impossible for them to rescue

Jonathan due to the
Blackwood family's
acquaintance with
Kingstone.

It had been a few
minutes ever since the
call was made. The guests
couldn't wait to figure out
the things awaiting
Jonathan, whom they
deemed a fool.

"Hey! It has already been a few minutes! Where's the one rushing to your rescue?"

"We're running out of time soon! Where's the one on the other end of the call? If you don't hurry up, you're going to end up in the middle of nowhere soon!"

"Hahaha! Have you guys
been taking him seriously
all this while? Isn't it
obvious it's nothing more
than a bluff?"

As it was almost time,
they started humiliating
Jonathan with all sorts of
harsh remarks again.

Anderson was of the same
idea as the rest. Hence,
he sneered, "Where's this

mysterious figure capable
of wiping my family out of
existence?"

Jonathan wasn't in a
hurry at all. He asked
nonchalantly, "Why are
you in such a hurry when
there are still a few
minutes left?"

"I'll spare you another
four minutes and see how
you'll play this one out!"

Anderson responded with
a vicious smirk and
thought it was impossible
for Jonathan to turn the
tables around in minutes.

It was finally a minute
away from the designated
time. Anderson couldn't
keep himself calm
anymore. He announced,
"All right, time's almost
up. I don't need to waste

my time with the likes of
you anymore. Chop off his
limbs and hang him
somewhere for a few days
until he passes out!"

Seconds after he
delivered his instructions,
the ones surrounding
Jonathan approached him,
ready to kill.

Meanwhile, the guests
were thrilled by the

upcoming event as they
had been anticipating the
arrogant young man's
miserable outcome.

"Stay away from us and
stop trying anything
reckless unless you have a
death wish!" Harrison
yelled and reached for
the gun he brought along,
placing his finger on the
trigger.

Anderson glared at the
retaliating one and asked,
"Harrison, do you have a
death wish or something?
If that's the case, I'll do
you a favor and send you
to hell with him!"

Obsessed with the
thought of killing
Jonathan, Anderson
turned around and
instructed instead of

doing Harrison a favor,
"Take Harrison out as
well!"

Seconds after he made
himself clear, the ones
surrounding Jonathan
catapulted in his
direction. When Harrison
was about to fire a shot,
Jonathan got up from his
seat and frowned upon

another glimpse at his
watch.

"They should be here
since it's almost time!"

When the ones in the hall
heard him, they burst out
laughing and thought
Jonathan was a fool
incapable of reading the
mood when it was time
for him to think of

something to flee the scene.

"Ha! Stop bluffing and surrender yourself! It's time for you to bear the consequences of poking your nose into the affair of the Blackwood family!"
Anderson had his eyes glued to the entrance,
but there was no sign of

others joining them in the hall.

"Time's up!" Jonathan looked at the entrance with a death stare once the ten minutes were up.

It was then he heard a car closing in from afar.

A few seconds later, a sports car barged into the mansion and took everyone by surprise.

Anderson's expression
darkened, but a middle-
aged man in a set of
formal clothes alighted
from the car when he was
about to lose his cool.

The middle-aged man
hurried his way to the
hall while yelling, "O-Out
of my way! I-I'm in a
hurry!"

The Legendary Man Novel

Chapter 30

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Chapter 30 Mayor Of

Jadeborough

Isn't that Randall?

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It wasn't even necessary
for the man to introduce
himself since the guests
were familiar with the
most powerful figure
reigning over
Jadeborough.

Usually, they wouldn't
even think of approaching
him due to his influences.
It was rare for them to

run into him in person as well.

Thus, they fell silent as they couldn't figure out the reason such a powerful figure had made it to the scene.

They held their breaths as the middle-aged man continued marching in the direction of the hall. The guests were in a state of

bewilderment when they
thought the man had
made his way there
because of the live-in
son-in-law.

Due to the absurdity of
the linkage, the guests
thought that wasn't the
case. To be precise, they
hoped it wasn't the case.

As surprised as Anderson
was, his heart skipped a

beat at the presence of
Randall. "Mr. Swindell, w-
what brings you here
today?"

"Out of my way!" Randall
pushed the man aside and
glanced at his watch while
muttering to himself,
"Holy moly! It's over for
me!"

"What do you mean it's
over for you?"

Anderson had a bad feeling about it after seeing Randall act like a cat on hot bricks.

"I'm a few seconds late when I'm supposed to reach here within ten minutes!" Randall gasped out his reply.

What? Please tell me it's just another coincidence!

The guests turned around
and looked at Jonathan
with a look of disbelief.

They couldn't bring
themselves to believe that
the mayor of Jadeborough
was in a hurry because of
a live-in son-in-law's call.

How is that possible? I
must be seeing and
hearing things!

"W-Who's Mr. Goldstein?"

Randall continued

searching high and low for

the man with the name of

Jonathan.

Jonathan glanced at the

mayor and introduced

himself, "It's me."

"You?" Randall was equally

astonished by the

presence of the man in

front of him. He couldn't

believe the legendary
figure was such a young
man as he thought the
mysterious figure was at
least half a century old.

He wiped his sweat off
his forehead and
approached Jonathan with
an apologetic look. "I'm so
sorry for being late, Mr.
Goldstein!"

Glaring at the middle-
aged man in the eyes,
Jonathan stated icily,
"Have I not made myself
clear not to be late? Not
even a second!"

"I-I—"

As Randall was at a loss
for words to defend
himself, the guests
continued looking at the
duo with a look of

disbelief. No one had
ever raised their volume
against the mayor.

Isn't he aware he's
currently talking to the
freaking mayor of
Jadeborough? An
instruction from him is all
it's going to take to turn
someone's life for better
or for worse!

Not even Anderson, the
one leading the most
prominent family of the
city, has the guts to
raise his volume against
Randall!

"Allow me to express my
utmost apologies, Mr.
Goldstein! I had been
rushing over ever since I
received your call, but I

was caught in a traffic jam!"

When everyone thought Jonathan would make a fool out of himself,
Randall bowed and expressed his apologies.

Seriously? What's wrong with the mayor? Is he asking the young man to be merciful? Am I hallucinating?

"Is that any of my concern? I want you to get the hell out of my sight at once!" Jonathan was against the idea of wasting his time with Randall.

Startled by Jonathan's instructions, Randall stuttered, "W-What?"

"I want you to get out and return in a minute! If

you're late again, then
get the hell out of my
sight forever! Who needs
a mayor who can't even be
on time!"

Randall's expression
darkened because it had
been years ever since
someone raised their
volume against him after
he was appointed the
mayor of Jadeborough.

Not even Kingstone, the
governor of Jazona, would
yell at him in the face.

Thus, Randall couldn't
help but wonder if the
young man was truly some
sort of bigshot he couldn't
afford to offend.

After all, Kingstone
wasn't the one who
instructed him to make it
to the scene to wipe the

Blackwood family out of
existence—Zachary, the
King of War, was the one!

To be precise, he was
instructed to reach the
scene in ten minutes to
carry out the instructions
of someone with the name
of Jonathan, as absurd as
the man's instructions
might sound.

Zachary warned Randall
to be mindful of his
attitude since his career
might be at stake
depending on his
performance.

Zachary, the King of
War, was one of Asura's
most trusted aides. They
killed more than a few
thousand people back in
the days.

In other words, Randall knew he couldn't afford to offend Zachary when he was merely a mayor of Jadeborough.

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein!"

As infuriated as he might be, he marched in the direction of the entrance with his fists clenched instead of making a fuss.

His anger was written all
over his face the moment
he turned around and had
his back facing Jonathan.
Zachary was the only
reason he had been
suppressing the urge to
take things out on
Jonathan.

The guests' hearts sank
to the bottom of their
stomachs upon seeing

what was going on. They
couldn't fathom why the
mayor had to do the
bidding of a mere live-in
son-in-law. On top of
that, Randall didn't even
bother to defend himself
when Jonathan wouldn't
stop pushing his luck and
brought up all sorts of
absurd requests.

They started perspiring in
fear when they recalled
the time they made fun
of the man they deemed
just a wimp.

It was the same for
Anderson because he
couldn't believe the man
he thought a wimp was
capable of instructing the
mayor to do his biddings.

To make things worse,
Randall was afraid of
defying Jonathan as if
the latter was affiliated
with some sort of bigshot
he couldn't afford to
offend.

He couldn't help but
wonder if Jonathan was
acquainted with Kingstone
or Zachary.

When everyone lost
themselves in a train of
thoughts, Randall
returned and greeted
Jonathan, "Mr. Goldstein!"

He remained standing in
front of Jonathan instead
of going berserk.

Jonathan took a peek at
Randall and questioned,
"Consider this a warning!
Now, are you aware of

the reason you're here today?"

"I'm not sure, Mr. Goldstein."

Unaware of the things going on, Randall shook his head. He was merely informed to carry out Jonathan's instruction as ridiculous as it might sound.

Jonathan announced, "You have but only one task—to wipe the Blackwood family out of existence in ten minutes."

"What?" After Randall snapped out of bewilderment, he asked to make sure he heard the instructions correctly,
"Mr. Goldstein, are you

sure you're not trying to pull my leg?"

"What do you think? Does it look like I'm trying to pull your leg when you've wasted my time?"

Jonathan glared at the middle-aged man in the eyes and warned, "I'll give you another chance to prove yourself worthy! I don't want to see a

member of the Blackwood
family in Jadeborough in
ten minutes!"

The Legendary Man Novel
Chapter 31

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By infobagh

Chapter 31 Jonathan
Goldstein

Randall's mind went
completely blank when he
heard Jonathan. "Mr.
Goldstein, I'm not sure if
I'm supposed to share this
with you..."

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At the end of the day,
the Blackwood family was
the most prominent in

Jadeborough. Even though
he was the mayor, it
would take more than ten
minutes for him to wipe
them out of existence.

"You have nine minutes
remaining to get the job
done!"

Randall gulped and
whispered, "Mr.
Goldstein, aren't you

aware they're acquainted
with the governor?"

"So? Is that any of my
concerns? Kingstone won't
even try to poke his nose
into the affair of the
Blackwood family if he's
the one standing in front
of me!"

Kingstone was the highly
regarded governor of
Jazona, but he was just

another nobody in front
of Jonathan because
Jonathan was the sole
reason Kingstone was
appointed the governor.

Similarly, it wouldn't take
much to sack Kingstone
off his current position if
Jonathan were to change
his mind.

"Mr. Goldstein, you—"
Initially, Randall thought

he could intimidate
Jonathan with the
affiliation of the
Blackwood family and
Kingstone.

To his surprise, that
wasn't the case. He felt
his heart skip a beat as
he continued speculating
the identity of the
mysterious figure in front
of him.

Jonathan had no intention to waste his own time. He stated in a callous tone, "You're also running out of time as we speak! If you can't get rid of them in ten minutes, it's time for you to leave with them!"

"Has he lost his mind? Who's this ignorant brat trying to order the mayor to do his biddings?"

"Duh? Have you not heard him? He said not even the governor could stop him!"

"Ha! He's just trying to get on everyone's nerves! I'm going to bet that he's going to die in a short while!"

"Count me in! I'm sure he won't even get to step out of the residency!"

"Shh! Stop stirring things up! Are you guys trying to get on the mayor's nerves as well when he's already infuriated?"

They thought it was over for Jonathan when they recalled Randall was capable of anything and everything as the mayor of the city.

They were certain it was
only a matter of time
until Randall made up his
mind to kill Jonathan
after being offended
more than once.

Randall couldn't take it
anymore. He asked in a
solemn tone, "Mr.
Goldstein, are you aware
of the consequences of
your actions? Are you

sure you're not going to regret your decisions?"

Maybe this young man is just a nobody! I've never heard of such a fearsome figure! I'm sure he's merely trying to leverage his acquaintance with Zachary to order me around!

Jonathan thought it was a hassle to explain himself.

He glanced at his watch
and urged, "You have five
minutes left!"

"Y-You—"

The enraged Randall
turned around and warned
Anderson, "You have five
minutes to reach the
governor! Otherwise, it's
time for you to get lost
with the rest of your
family!"

"Mr. Swindell, who's this
young man over here?"

Anderson was certain

Jonathan wasn't just the
Smith family's live-in son-
in-law because of the
duo's interaction over the
past few minutes. No
ordinary wimp could push
the mayor to his limit.

"It's none of your
business! All you need to

do is to get in touch with
the governor because he's
the only one who can save
you!"

No one has ever pushed
me to my limit ever since
I was appointed the
mayor!

"Get me my phone! Quick!"

Anderson was afraid
things would spiral out of

control if he couldn't do
something about it. It
was then he knew he had
messed with the wrong
person.

With that being said, he
had no intention to give in
just yet. He thought
Jonathan's backing
wouldn't be a match for
Kingstone in terms of
accomplishment.

The man on the other end
asked in a hoarse voice
once he picked up the
call, "Hello?"

"Mr. Warhol? It's me!" It
was merely a call, but
Anderson carried himself
humbly throughout the
conversation. He made it
sound as if he was nothing
more than the man's
lackey.

"What brings you to me today?"

"Mr. Warhol, I need you to do my family a favor! Mr. Swindell has received an instruction from someone to wipe the family out of existence in ten minutes!" Anderson looked at Randall with his teeth gritting; he couldn't think of anything else

apart from holding Randall accountable.

Randall was irked by the things Anderson brought up when he heard the man on the other end yelling, "What? Who's this fearless man we're talking about? I want you to put Randall on the phone!"

"Yes!" Without a second thought, Anderson handed

Randall his phone as
Kingstone had instructed.

"Hello, Mr. Warhol!"

Randall carried on with
the conversation in a
courteous manner instead
of raising his volume.

"Why don't you tell me
who's the fearless man
trying to get rid of the
Blackwood family? How
dare you pick on the

members of the
Blackwood family? Aren't
you aware of their
affiliation with me? Do
you think I'm some kind
of easy target?"

"Mr. Warhol, it's the King
of War's instructions!"
Randall gasped out his
reply when he heard
Kingstone's rhetorical
questions.

Confused by what was
going on, Kingstone
queried in return,
"Zachary? Why has he
delivered such an odd
instruction out of the
blue?"

"I-I'm not sure of the
things going on, but I was
instructed to carry out
the instruction of the man
with a surname of

Goldstein once I'm here.
He told me to do the
bidding of the man as
ridiculous as it might be.
Once I made it there,
the young man asked me
to get rid of the
Blackwood family in ten
minutes."

A few minutes into the
conversation, Randall held
Zachary and Jonathan

accountable for the series
of incidents he had to go
through.

Kingstone raised his
volume and asked, "Come
again? A man with the
surname of Goldstein?
What's his name?"

"Mr. Warhol, what's—"
The confused Randall had
a hard time
comprehending the sudden

change of attitude of the man on the other end.

"Answer me and tell me his name!" Kingstone stopped Randall from finishing his question and urged.

"Jonathan Goldstein!" Randall looked at Jonathan in the eyes with a contemptuous look as if

he was certain Jonathan
would be doomed.

He couldn't wait to take
out the young man
whenever he recalled the
sort of humiliations he
had gone through.

The Legendary Man Novel
Chapter 32

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Chapter 32 I Am Sorry

Jonathan Goldstein!

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Kingstone couldn't even
carry on with the
conversation as his lips

started twitching against
his will. Overwhelmed by
distress, he murmured to
himself, "I-It's him! H-
He has finally returned!"

"Mr. Warhol, what are
you talking about? Who's
the man we're talking
about?" Randall was
hopelessly muddled by
Kingstone's response.

"It's none of your
business!" Kingstone
returned to his usual self
in a few seconds. He
added, "Randall, I'm not
going to repeat myself
anymore! I want you to
listen to him and carry
out his instructions as
absurd as it might be! If
you dare defy him, you're

the one I'm taking out
next!"

Kingstone had made
himself clear he wouldn't
allow others to challenge
his authority as the
governor of Jazona.

"Y-Yes, Mr. Warhol!"
Randall couldn't stop his
heart from racing the
moment he turned around
and found out the young

man was someone capable
of turning his life upside
down.

As a result of his
arrogant speech a few
minutes ago, he had a
hard time stopping himself
from shaking.

What have I done? It
turns out this young man
isn't merely a nobody
from Jadeborough, trying

to get his way through his
acquaintance with the King
of War! There's no way
someone from the streets
can intimidate the
freaking governor!

"H-Hand Mr. Goldstein
the phone!" Kingstone
stammered when he
brought up another
instruction. It was
evident he was startled

by the thought of
engaging himself in a
conversation with
Jonathan.

"Yes!"

Randall was afraid of
wasting the young man's
time. He returned to
Jonathan and mentioned in
a hushed voice, "Mr.
Goldstein, Mr. Warhol
wishes to speak with you."

Others couldn't hear him
since his volume was
almost inaudible. On the
other hand, Jonathan
said, "I don't have time
for him!"

"Mr. Goldstein—"

Just when Randall was
about to say something,
Jonathan responded with
a frown, "Hmm?"

The former immediately kept his mouth shut.

He had to make something up in fear of offending the governor on the other end of the call. No one in Jazona had the guts to answer Kingstone in a similar manner. "M-Mr. Warhol, Mr. Goldstein is occupied with something else at the moment."

Instead of losing his cool,
Kingstone responded,
"Kindly express my utmost
apologies for bringing up
such an unreasonable
request. Assure him I'll
be there in an hour to
meet him in person."

Randall felt his legs
turning to jelly because
Jonathan turned out to be

an accomplished figure
beyond his comprehension.

What the hell? Is he
seriously coming here just
to meet the young man in
person? Why is he in such
a hurry when the young
man didn't even bother to
answer his call?

"Tell him that won't be
necessary because I don't
have time for him,"

Jonathan got ahead of
Randall and broke the
silence before Randall
could deliver the message
on Kingstone's behalf.

It wasn't even necessary
for Randall to deliver
Kingstone's message due
to Jonathan's exceptional
senses.

"Y-Yes, Mr. Goldstein!"
Randall answered with

bated breath as Kingstone
went dead silent once he
heard Jonathan's words.

A few seconds later,
Kingstone answered in a
defeated tone, "All
right."

Shortly after Kingstone
wrapped up the call and
hung up the phone,
Randall secretly gulped
while turning around.

"You have three minutes left," Jonathan announced when Randall was about to say something.

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein! I'll get going at once!" Afraid of offending the young man, Randall brought himself up and looked at Anderson.

It was a waste of time to be courteous with the

Blackwood family since
Kingstone had given up on
them as well. As a result,
he yelled, "I'll give you
three minutes to evacuate
with the rest of your
family! I don't want you
to set foot in
Jadeborough anymore!
Three minutes later, I'll
do you a favor and send
all of you out with as

many stretchers as I
need!"

Anderson found out
Kingstone must have told
Randall something. In an
attempt to figure out the
content of their
conversation, he asked,
"M-Mr. Swindell, can you
tell me what Mr. Warhol
has told you?"

"You don't think you get
to poke your nose into
Mr. Warhol's business, do
you? All you have to know
is he has given up on you
and your family!"

"It's impossible! He'll
never give up on us!"
Anderson started
trembling. He tried
stopping himself from
falling with the support of

his walking stick.

Subsequently, he slurred,

"W-We contributed more

than a billion on a

yearly—"

"You need to mind your

words! If not, I'm afraid

it's time for you to leave

Jazona instead of

Jadeborough!" Randall

finished with a stern look.

"No! I'm sure there's
some sort of
misunderstanding! Allow
me to call him again!"
Anderson lost his cool and
reached for his phone
once more. Sad to say,
the person on the other
end hung up the moment
the call made it through.
In the end, the person on
the other end blocked

Anderson's contact
number to stop him from
contacting him.

Anderson dropped his
phone and lost himself in
a train of thought to link
the missing pieces of
puzzles together.

"You have two minutes
left!" Randall scowled at
Anderson.

He wasn't sympathetic
toward the family at all.
It was time for Anderson
to bear the consequences
of messing with the wrong
person.

Unable to fathom the
things going on, Anderson
asked in a final attempt
to sort out his confusion,
"Mr. Swindell, can you

tell me the identity of
Mr. Goldstein?"

Who the hell is Jonathan?
How has he managed to
intimidate Kingstone and
get the powerful governor
to give up on us?

"Will you learn to read
the mood and stop asking
questions?" Unaware of
Jonathan's actual
identity, Randall made

something up to divert
Anderson's attention.

"A-All right!"

Anderson stopped
retaliating and marched in
Jonathan's direction after
taking a deep breath to
get himself ready for the
upcoming session.

When everyone thought
Anderson would start

beating Jonathan up with
his walking stick, they
saw Anderson casting
everything aside,
prostrating himself in
front of Jonathan.

"I'm so sorry, Mr.
Goldstein! Can you please
forgive this foolish one
for offending you? I
wasn't aware of your
identity! It was never my

intention to pick on you!
Please be merciful and
spare the rest of my
family!"

The Legendary Man Novel
Chapter 33

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By infobagh

Chapter 33 Out Of
Jadeborough

The crowd let out an
incredulous gasp when the
leader of the most
prominent family started
begging for mercy from a
trivial member of the
Smith family.

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The guests couldn't
remain calm anymore when

they found out Anderson
had succumbed to the
threat of the young man
they deemed a wimp.

What the heck? Has Mr.
Blackwood really gotten
down on his knees in front
of the wimp? Can someone
slap me in the face and
tell me I'm not dreaming?

When everyone went dead
silent, someone asked as

he could no longer keep
his curiosity to himself,
"A-Am I seeing what I'm
seeing? Why has Mr.
Blackwood kneeled in
front of the wimp?"

Margaret was of the same
idea. She pinched Connor
and asked, "Are you
seeing what I'm seeing?
Is Mr. Blackwood kneeling

in front of the good-for-nothing?"

Holy moly! Mr. Blackwood is the one leading the most prominent family in Jadeborough! Why has he gotten down on his knees in front of Jonathan?

That live-in son-in-law of ours is just a good-for-nothing! How the heck has he gotten the influential

figure to succumb to his threat?

Connor gulped to keep himself calm. "You're not seeing things! He has just kneeled in front of Jonathan!"

"What's going on? Can anyone tell me it's not real?" Margaret started shouting.

On the other hand,
Josephine was also
confused. She couldn't
believe the man, who was
on the verge of death
four years ago, managed
to force Anderson into
submission when he didn't
even defend himself
throughout the years her
parents humiliated him.

Back in the hall, none of them were aware of the things going on due to the distance. They couldn't even see what was happening up close, let alone hear the content of the conversation that had taken place among the men.

However, they knew things had taken a drastic

turn shortly after Randall
hung up the call with
someone else.

Upon another glimpse at
Anderson, Jonathan
remarked, "It's too late.
You should've made up
your mind when you were
given a chance. Among
the options available,
you've chosen to learn

your lessons the hard way."

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Goldstein! Please forgive me for being an imbecile fool!" Anderson was afraid of offending Jonathan more than he had.

I shouldn't have looked down on him! It was very ignorant of me to pick on him just because he didn't

seem like someone
accomplished!

"Don't you think it's too
late?" Harrison scoffed at
the kneeling Anderson
when he recalled the
latter getting full of
himself, acting all high
and mighty in front of
them earlier.

"Mr. Goldstein, I'm willing
to compensate a total of

one billion for the Smith
family's loss! On top of
that, I'll appoint them as
the ones in charge of the
ecological park's
development! If these
aren't enough, I'm willing
to hand over the
ownership of over half of
my family's assets to the
Smith family as long as
you show us some mercy!"

A potential gain of more than tens of billions is nothing compared to the family's future! I don't need anything apart from his mercy!

"I'll consider giving you another alternative—get out of my sight with the rest of the family, and I'll stop pushing you to the limit."

Anderson was no longer
the arrogant man leading
the most prominent family
he was a few minutes
ago. He slurred, "M-Mr.
Goldstein, it's over for my
family the moment we
leave Jadeborough!"

"Is that any of my
concerns? Have I not
warned you that you were
responsible for your

family's future a few
minutes ago?"

"I-I—"

The leader of the most
prominent family made a
tough decision to keep the
rest of the family safe
without a second thought.
He started slapping
himself until his face was
swollen in a final attempt

to salvage whatever was left.

Once he was done, he requested, "I'm so sorry for offending you, Mr. Goldstein! I'll take the rest of the family and leave Jadeborough at one! Kindly honor your promise and stop coming after us once we leave!"

"You and the likes of you aren't really worthy of my time. Also, Josephine, my wife, is the one you've offended. You need to bow before her and seek for her forgiveness instead of mine."

Those were precisely the things he had in mind the moment he showed up at the Blackwood residence.

"All right, Mr. Goldstein!

I'll get going at once!"

Anderson brought himself

up with the aid of his

walking stick and started

marching in another

direction.

"Mr. Blackwood..."

Josephine was anxious

when Anderson was on his

way to her. She thought

the man was about to

take things out on her
when her husband had
offended him.

To her surprise, he
kneeled in front of her
and orated, "Ms. Smith,
please forgive me for
offending Mr. Goldstein
and you! It was very
foolish of me to pick on
the two of you! Allow me
to express my utmost

apologies for my
mistakes!"

He couldn't care less of
things others had in mind
and continued bowing just
to keep the rest of his
family safe.

His action took the guests
by surprise—they were
stupefied because a few
minutes was all it took to
get the arrogant

Anderson to kneel in front
of Jonathan and
Josephine.

"M-Mr. Blackwood—"

Josephine couldn't even
finish her sentence as
Anderson returned to
Jonathan shortly after he
sorted things out with
Josephine.

He asked, "Is that all,
Mr. Goldstein? Is there
anything else I'm supposed
to do to ensure
everything's over?"

His sole objective was to
leave Jadeborough with
the rest of the Blackwood
family. He had to stop
pushing his luck to prevent
the worst possible

outcomes awaiting the family.

"I want you to appoint Harrison as the person in charge of the Blackwood family's business and hand over everything regarding the development of the ecological park to him.

Also, compensate the Smith family for the loss they have occurred

because of you. Once
you're done, feel free to
leave with the rest of
your family."

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein!"
Anderson didn't even
bother to defy Jonathan's
instruction to hand over
everything he had to
others.

With a tinge of
resentment, he glared at

Harrison in the eyes and
asked, "Were you aware
of Mr. Goldstein's identity
all along?"

Harrison returned the
favor and questioned with
a scowl, "What if I was?
Stop holding others
accountable when you
wouldn't stop pushing your
luck!"

Gritting his teeth,
Anderson approached
Harrison and whispered,
"Since you've acquired
ownership over everything
of my family, can you at
least tell me the identity
of this mysterious figure
over here?"

The Legendary Man Novel
Chapter 34

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Chapter 34 Son In Law

Anderson was astounded
because he wasn't even
aware of the identity of
the one chasing them out
of the city. To leave
right now seemed very
cowardly of him as the
one leading the most

prominent family in
Jadeborough.

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"You don't deserve to
know his actual identity!
Here's a heads-up for
you—get out of
Jadeborough as soon as
possible unless you wish to
get on his nerves more

than you have. Otherwise,
not even Kingstone is
capable of keeping your
family safe!"

"Y-You—" As infuriated
as Anderson might be, he
knew it wouldn't be wise
to start another fight.
He turned around and
announced, "The banquet
is over! Kindly evacuate

the hall at once! Thanks
for showing up!"

Huh? Why has he
canceled the banquet?

As confused as the guests
might be, they knew
Anderson was serious due
to the stern look on his
face.

What's going on? Didn't
we gather around here

today to celebrate his
seventieth birthday? Why
has he changed his mind
out of the blue?

"On top of that, the
Blackwood family is going
to leave Jadeborough in a
few hours. Please stop
dropping by the mansion in
the future. If there's
anything you need, kindly
get in touch with

Harrison—the person in charge of the company from now onward.”

Anderson marched away seconds after he finished his announcement, leaving the confused guests behind in the hall.

What! Why are members of the Blackwood family leaving Jadeborough? Have they lost their

minds or something? Why
have they handed
everything over to
Harrison? How is Harrison
related to the Blackwood
family?

A series of unprecedented
events had thrown off
most of the guests. While
everyone had their eyes
glued on Harrison,
Harrison kneeled in front

of Jonathan. "Thank you
so much, Mr. Goldstein!"

In spite of the questions
he had in mind, he was
afraid of poking his nose
into the business of the
man in front of him. It
was almost impossible for
him to figure out the
things going on in the
mind of Asura.

Jonathan glanced at Harrison and queried, "Do you know the reason I appointed you as the person in charge of the Blackwood family's business instead of the Smith family?"

"No!" Harrison shook his head when Jonathan brought up the most prominent question in his

mind. After all, Jonathan
was the son-in-law of the
Smith family.

It didn't make any sense
for him to appoint
someone else when he had
chased the members of
the Blackwood family out
of Jadeborough because
of the Smith family.

"I don't have any
intention of doing the

Smith family a favor. My wife is the sole reason I'm resolving the conflict between the two families. The Blackwood family's business is merely something blown down by the windfall."

It was never his intention to chase the Blackwood family out of Jadeborough.

Unfortunately, Anderson
refused to admit his fault
when he had the chance.

Therefore, Jonathan
thought of teaching
Anderson a lesson the
hard way.

Harrison continued
kneeling and answered,
"Yes, Mr. Goldstein!"

"Keep in mind it's not
meant to be your personal

keepsake. It's something
I've acquired on behalf of
my wife. In other words,
Josephine's the one in
charge of the Blackwood
family's business from now
onward."

"Yes, I'll definitely keep
that in mind!"

Seconds after he assured
Jonathan, he stammered
his question, "I-If that's

the case, why don't you
appoint her as the person
in charge instead?"

"She's not a match for
the vicious members of
the Smith family. They
will try everything and
anything just to get their
hands on it. They would
assume I was handing the
business over to them and
not Josephine herself."

Jonathan sneered when he recalled the nature of the Smith family. The greedy bunch wouldn't even conceal their intention to get their hands on the Blackwood family's business if he were to appoint Josephine as the person in charge.

"I want you to appoint her as the person in

charge of the ecological
park's development
project." After wrapping
up his conversation with
Harrison, Jonathan
marched in Josephine's
direction.

On the other hand,
Josephine was afraid of
looking Jonathan in the
eyes. She had her lips
pursed in an aggrieved

manner as she thought
about how the man
seemed different.

Although it merely lasted
for several seconds, she
thought the man was none
other than the almighty
Asura.

How is that possible! As
capable as he might be,
he's just relying on the
influence of the strong

backing he's affiliated
with! There's no way he's
Asura!

When she recalled the
back of the almighty
figure she once saw on
the television two years
ago, she got lost in her
thoughts.

Jonathan returned to
Josephine's side and
announced in a gentle

voice, "See? I told you I
was going to make them
regret their decisions!"

Although the man was no
longer the intimidating
figure he was a few
minutes ago, Josephine
couldn't get used to it.
She asked with her lips
pursed, "That's great! H-
How did you do that,
though?"

Despite racking her brain
to make sense of
everything, her effort
was to no avail. It was
close to impossible to get
Anderson to grovel at
others' mercy, let alone
leave Jadeborough with
the rest of his family.

"Have I not promised to
get you everything you
desire even if it's the

world we're talking about?
Why are you astonished
when we're merely talking
about the Blackwood
family?"

Unable to think of
anything else to justify
the series of absurd
incidents, she questioned,
"Is the one supporting you
behind this again?"

If a phone call was all it
took to get rid of Mr.
Blackwood and the rest of
his family, it must be the
one hiding behind the
scenes again! If not,
there was no way Mr.
Blackwood would get down
on his knees in front of
Jonathan!

"Well, you're not entirely
wrong."

Jonathan played along as
it was too much of a
hassle to explain himself.
On top of that, Josephine
wouldn't believe him even
if he told her the truth.

I knew it! That's the only
possible reason behind
everything! No one apart
from that mysterious
figure is capable of pulling

off such an impossible
feat!

Just who the hell is this
mysterious figure? Could
it be Kingstone or the
King of War, Zachary?

Maybe it's Zachary!

Andrew and Randall would
never take Jonathan
seriously if it weren't
because of Zachary's
orders!

She asked in another attempt to get to the bottom of everything, "Is it Zachary? I can't think of anyone else apart from him. How did you get yourself acquainted with him?"

"It was nothing more than a mere coincidence."

Jonathan made something up to deceive his wife. He

ended up laughing as he
couldn't even imagine
Josephine's response if
Zachary were to show up
and bow before him one
day in the future.

"As long as he's around,
no one is going to pick on
you anymore unless you
leave Jadeborough or me!"

When Josephine was
about to say something,

Margaret rushed to their
side and greeted
Jonathan, "Oh Jonathan,
what a good son-in-law
you are! It's been such a
long time! Where have you
been throughout the
years? How did you
suddenly become so
amazing?"

She was no longer the
harsh mother-in-law of

Jonathan. Instead, she
carried herself as if she
had always considered him
a member of the family.

I don't care if he's
affiliated with an
influential figure or not!
All that matters is the
fact he's powerful enough
to force Anderson into
submission the moment he
shows up! I need to patch

things up with him as soon
as possible!

Staring at the pretentious
woman, Jonathan
answered with a sudden
gush of vitriol, "Weren't
you just making it clear
earlier that we're not
acquainted with one
another?"

The Legendary Man Novel
Chapter 35

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Chapter 35 Making Use
Of Him

"What are you talking
about? Did I mention
anything of that sort?
Why don't I remember
saying that?" Margaret
started playing dumb as
she had said those words

in fear of Jonathan
dragging the family down.
Since he was no longer
the good-for-nothing son-
in-law of the Smith
family, there was no way
she would allow him to
sever ties with them.

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"Mom—"

When Josephine was about to say something because she couldn't take it anymore, Margaret yelled at her, "Shut up!"

A few seconds later, she carried on with the conversation and added, "Jonathan, weren't you thinking of getting married to Josephine again? Just consider it

done! You're the son-in-law of the Smith family again from today onward!"

It was Jonathan's turn to stop Margaret. He rebuked, "What sort of nonsense are you talking about when Josephine and I have never filed for divorce?"

Margaret couldn't wait to take Jonathan home with

them. Thus, she played
along and said, "You're
right! It must be my
memory messing with me
again! Anyway, since
you're also a member of
the Smith family, don't
you think it's better to
appoint someone from the
family as the person in
charge of the Blackwood
family's business?"

See! It turns out she's up
to no good again! She
can't even conceal her
intention when we're
merely a few minutes into
a conversation!

Instead of promising
Margaret, Jonathan
suggested, "Why don't
you approach Harrison and
see if he's willing to hand
it over to you since he's

currently the person in charge of everything?"

Margaret wouldn't stop cursing her son-in-law in her mind, but she did a great job keeping her emotions to herself.

"Jonathan, stop joking around. It's not like he would know who I am.

Why don't you approach him on our behalf since

he's your subordinate? He was kneeling in front of you earlier, wasn't he?"

Since Josephine was insistent on believing he had a powerful and mysterious backer, he decided to add on to that misconception. He came up with something fun and announced, "Actually, that's not the case; they

kneeled to show respect
to the one I'm affiliated
with, not me! It was also
his instructions to appoint
Harrison as the person in
charge. All I did was
deliver the message on his
behalf."

Margaret commented with
a scowl, "Huh? Are you
telling me you're nothing

more than a dog for
someone else?"

"Mom, can you be mindful
of your choice of words?"

Josephine grasped the
hem of her mother's shirt
to stop her from ruining
things.

Margaret snorted and
ridiculed, "Stop getting in
my way! I thought he had
finally made it in life, but

it turns out that's not the
case! He's still doing
someone else's bidding
without being compensated
for his services!"

Josephine couldn't stand
it anymore. She tried
defending Jonathan.

"Mom, can you stop asking
for the impossible? Hasn't
he resolved the conflict

between the two families
on our behalf?"

"So? You don't think
that's some sort of merit
worthy of being
mentioned, do you? He
passed everything to an
outsider instead of
prioritizing the family!"

Margaret was infuriated
by the thought of gaining
nothing when the

mysterious figure had
done them such a huge
favor.

Connor was of the same
idea as their daughter.

He bellowed to defend his
son-in-law, "It's fine as
long as the issue has been
resolved!"

"You need to keep your
mouth shut as well!"

A glare from Margaret
was all it took to render
Connor speechless.

Meanwhile, Jonathan
chuckled as he had long
foreseen things turning
out as such immediately
after he resolved the
issue on the Smith
family's behalf. He was
glad he had a
countermeasure to stop

the greedy bunch from
trying anything.

"Jonathan, who's the one
backing you up? Can you
introduce him to us?"

Margaret asked with her
head held high.

"Zachary Lint!"

Margaret arched her
brows in confusion while
her husband's eyes

widened in disbelief upon
Jonathan's announcement.

Connor wondered, "Are
you serious?"

His son-in-law asked
rhetorically, "Would I lie
to you?"

The confused Margaret
questioned, "Huh? Who's
this Zachary we're talking

about? Is he a big deal or something?"

"He's the King of War! Kingstone, the governor of Jazona, has to show him some respect as well! If Jonathan is really on good terms with him, no one is going to pick on us as long as we're in Jazona!" Connor answered with a quavering voice.

"If that's the case, we'll
get Jonathan to introduce
him to us." Margaret
came up with something
else after a few seconds.

Jonathan's merely a good-
for-nothing. I'm sure he
was just lucky to have
gotten himself acquainted
with that influential
figure. As long as I get
him to introduce this

Zachary to us, I can then
sever ties with him.

"Jonathan, did you hear
me or not? No matter
what, you need to
introduce him to us!
Otherwise, I won't allow
you to get married to
Josephine!"

"Mom!" Josephine couldn't
stand the thought of her

mother using Jonathan
again.

"Shut up!" Margaret
snapped at her daughter
with a snort. Turning to
Jonathan, she continued,
"Jonathan, did you hear
me or not?"

Jonathan replied
nonchalantly, "I'll give it a
try."

Truth be told, a call from him would send the man on the other end rushing to Jadeborough. However, he was irked by the thought of his mother-in-law using him like that.

"No! It's a must! I'll allow you to return home with us for the night!"

Since I need to leverage his relationship with

Zachary, I need to please
him for the time being.

All it takes is to allow him
to return home with us,
right? I'll allow that for
the convenience of
keeping an eye on him.

"Are you telling me you're
allowing me to return
home with Josephine?"

Jonathan couldn't believe
his ears since he had

been chased out of the family just last night.

"What? Are you against the idea or something? If that's the case, just forget about it!" Margaret started playing hard to get.

"No! I mean, I'd love to!"

Jonathan took a peek at Josephine and found he

couldn't bear to leave the
woman he held dear in
mind after being indebted
to her for the things she
did throughout the years.

"With that being said,
you're not allowed to join
Josephine in her room!
You're spending the night
on the couch!"

Chapter 36 Get Going
Already

Members of the
Blackwood family were
nowhere to be seen in
Jadeborough a few hours
after the cancellation of
the birthday banquet.

Most of the citizens
couldn't be bothered by
the disappearance of the
Blackwood family.

Nonetheless, they would

talk about it every now
and then.

Meanwhile, the guests of
the banquet were
conscious of the fact they
couldn't afford to mess
with Jonathan. After all,
he was powerful enough to
force Anderson into
submission.

"Dad, what's going on?"
Alvin asked when he was

on the way home with his
father. He was astonished
by the drastic turn of
events as he thought
Jonathan would be killed.
Not only had that not
happened, but the
Blackwood family had
been chased out of
Jadeborough as well!
How is that possible?

Sebastian reprimanded,
"You need to stop being
such a busybody! Never
pick on the Smith family
and Jonathan Goldstein
again! You're as good as
gone if you get on the
nerves of the one behind
Jonathan!"

I'm sure Jonathan's
acquainted with the most
influential figure in

Jazona because no one
apart from Zachary would
have been capable of
stopping Kingstone from
protecting the Blackwood
family!

"Dad, are you telling me
to stop going after
Jonathan?" Alvin cried out
in frustration.

"If you don't stop this
foolishness of yours, I'll

sever ties with you! I
can't afford to have you
drag down the Langford
family!"

Within one night,
Jonathan's name spread
far and wide among the
families in Jadeborough.

On the other hand,
Jonathan was on his way
to the residence of the
family on the outskirts of

the city with the rest of
the Smith family.

Connor had never been
considered an important
member of the Smith
family. The ones in
charge didn't even bother
to grant him a mansion
when he left.

A unit at a second-rate
residential area was the
only thing they offered

him when the most
inferior members would be
given a mansion along with
an Audi when they were
about to start a family.

On the contrary, Connor
wasn't even given a car
when he made up his mind
to start a family with
Margaret.

"Come on in!" Margaret
turned around and urged

once she unlocked the door. She would have never allowed Jonathan to return home with them if it weren't because of his connection.

Things were still the same as they were three years ago. Ironically, the only difference was Jonathan's belongings were nowhere to be seen anymore. It

was almost as if he had
never been a part of the
family at all.

"You're spending the night
here!" Margaret pointed
at the seat next to her
after she took a seat.

She looked at Jonathan in
the eyes and commanded,
"Now, go get me a basin
of water to wash my
feet!"

Much like she did years ago whenever she was exhausted, she ordered Jonathan around as if he was the housekeeper of the family.

"What? You're not the only one who's exhausted!" Jonathan took a seat on the couch instead of getting her the basin of water she wanted.

Does she really think I'm
going to take her
instructions seriously? No
way!

Glaring at her son-in-law
in the eyes, she repeated
herself, "Jonathan, have
I not made myself clear?
Go get me a freaking
basin of water to wash
my feet at once!"

"You know what? The only time where you'll see me getting you a basin of water to wash your feet will be in your dreams!"

Jonathan retorted with a scoff.

Do you really think I'm the same man I was three years ago?

Back then, he had endured all the humiliation

and insults only because
he wanted to repay
Josephine for saving him.
Yet, reality had proven
that no matter how hard
he tried, Margaret would
still take him for granted.
In fact, she even became
harsher and harsher on
him, demanding more. She
would take advantage of

him, instructing him to wash her feet every day.

"Jonathan, what's with that attitude?" Margaret sprang up from her seat in anger and asked, "Are you even in your right mind? How dare you defy me?"

Jonathan wasn't the wimp he was a few years ago. Thus, she was astonished

by the drastic change in
her son-in-law's
character.

"There's no way I'm
allowing you to take
advantage of me
anymore!" Jonathan had
no intention to carry on
with the conversation.
Josephine was the sole
reason he hadn't sent

someone to kill Margaret
yet.

The enraged Margaret
went berserk and
bellowed, "You need to
mind your manners and
consider yourself lucky
I'm willing to let you
return home with us!"

"Can you come up with
something new to threaten
me? Do you really think I

enjoy staying here? If Josephine weren't around, there's no way I would have set foot here!"

"I guess you're no longer the same, huh? Do you think this house is too small for you? What makes you so confident in yourself when you can't even get yourself accommodations after

stepping out of this
house!"

He's merely the dog of an
influential figure, but
that doesn't mean he's as
powerful as the
mysterious man! I will
never allow him to
challenge my authority
when he's just a wimp!

"Hello? I can gain access
to the most premium

residential area and
neighborhood of
Jadeborough whenever I
want!"

Margaret thought it was
another joke when
Jonathan was just telling
the truth.

"Will you stop bluffing in
front of me? Are you
aware of the fortune it
takes to acquire a unit in

the most premium residential area? It's going to cost you at least tens of millions for the cheapest unit! Do you even have ten thousand with you?"

"I don't, but what's the big deal?"

It wasn't even necessary for him to pay most of the time. Others would

welcome the almighty
Asura with open hands
due to his contribution to
the nation.

"Can you stop bluffing
when you don't even have
ten thousand with you?
Now, get going and bring
me my basin of water to
wash my feet! If not, do
me a favor and get out of
the house!"

Three years ago, it
worked like a charm
whenever she brought up
something similar to
threaten Jonathan.

Instead of succumbing to
her threat this time, he
reached for his phone and
instructed the man on the
other end, "I want you to
purchase the most
extravagant mansion at

the premium residential area on my behalf in ten minutes."

"Ha, go on! Aren't you aware it's going to cost you an arm and a leg? We shall see if you're the owner of an extravagant mansion in ten minutes!"

"Does it really matter how much it's going to cost? Ten minutes is all

it's going to take! I'll show
you this mansion of mine
soon enough!"a

—

Chapter 37 Join Me

"Go on! I'll give you
twenty minutes just in
case ten minutes isn't
enough! Show me how
you're going to get your

hand on the most
extravagant mansion!"

Margaret continued
provoking Jonathan. She
was certain it was
another bluff as her son-
in-law was stone broke.

It takes more than a
fortune for members of
the upper echelon to
become residents of the
most premium residential

area in Jadeborough. The
cheapest mansion already
costs more than ten
million.

Not even ordinary
millionaires can get their
hands on the mansions
there because only
influential figures are
allowed to join the
neighborhood.

Most of them are the
persons in charge of
renowned organizations or
political figures of the
city. I heard it was the
favorite hang-out spot of
socialites from Jazona as
well.

Three years ago, someone
told me it would cost
them more than a hundred
million to acquire the most

extravagant mansion
there. I'm afraid it's
going to cost about three
hundred million due to
inflation over the past
three years.

There's no way Jonathan
can afford such an
exclusive mansion even
with the aid of the
mysterious figure. No one
in their right mind would

purchase a wimp
something as extravagant
as that.

"We shall see!" Jonathan
thought it was a waste of
time to bicker with his
mother-in-law. If
Josephine wasn't against
the idea of moving out
with him, he would
definitely take her to the

most lavish mansion in
Jadeborough.

No matter who the
inhabitant might be, he
was confident he could
get rid of them since not
even Zachary had the
guts to defy him.

Josephine couldn't stand
the bickering duo
anymore. "Just give me a
break! Mom, when will you

stop making a fuss and
learn to appreciate the
favor Jonathan has done
us? Are you seriously
asking him to wash your
feet when he has resolved
the conflict between our
family and the
Blackwoods?"

Her mother shot daggers
at her. "Why are you
taking his side again?"

Unable to stand her
mother anymore,
Josephine stomped her
way to her room. "If you
want someone to wash
your feet, why don't you
go ahead and do it
yourself?" Then, she
called back to Jonathan,
"I want you to come with
me! You don't have to

spend the night on the couch!"

Did she just ask me to join her in her room?

It took Jonathan a few seconds to snap out of his confusion as he had never been allowed to join Josephine in her room, even when they got married a few years ago.

He had spent most of his
time on the couch or the
storeroom. To his
surprise, she had asked
him to join her today.

"Josephine, have you lost
your mind?" Margaret
jolted up from the couch
when she heard her
daughter. She blurted out
her concerns, "What if he

takes advantage of you
when you're sleeping?"

"What do you mean I'm
going to take advantage
of her? I'm her lawfully
wedded husband, so it's
not much of a big deal
even if we do sleep
together or something,
isn't it?" Jonathan
interrupted with his brows
furrowed.

Truth be told, Jonathan
had never consummated
his marriage with
Josephine despite being
married for four years.
Heck, he hadn't even held
her hand before!

He was a perfectly
healthy man. However, he
was against the idea of
forcing her into
submission.

"No! I don't care if you're
her husband or not! I'm
not allowing you to sleep
with her!" Margaret
raised her volume since
she knew it was over if
her daughter
consummated her
marriage with Jonathan.

After all, how could
Josephine get her another

wealthy son-in-law if she
was no longer pure?

"That's enough! He's
spending the night in my
room!" Josephine dragged
Jonathan into the room
instead of arguing with
her mother.

Meanwhile, Jonathan was
in a state of awe because
it was the first time he

had the chance to hold Josephine's hand.

"Connor, you weakling, are you going to sit here and do nothing when he's going to take advantage of our daughter? Aren't you going to do something to stop him?" Margaret started squabbling with her husband.

Her confused husband
queried, "Why are you
making a fuss when
they're legal husband and
wife? It's not like they're
up to something illegal."

He couldn't make heads or
tails of his wife's process
of thought as Jonathan
was their daughter's
husband.

"Come again? I'm merely
trying to make use of him!
It's only a matter of time
until they file for divorce.
Never will I allow them to
spend the rest of their
lives together! With her
looks and figure,
Josephine can easily get
herself another wealthy
husband! There's no way

I'm allowing the wimp to ruin her future!"

Connor finally figured out what Margaret was up to. He couldn't think of anything else to carry on with the conversation. Instead of wasting his time, he returned to his room to call it a day.

Margaret began reprimanding her husband,

"Where do you think
you're going? Go get me a
basin of water to wash
my feet!"

As the duo continued
squabbling in the living
room, Jonathan's mind
was all over the place in
Josephine's room.

He was surprised as
everything in the room,
including the furniture and

Josephine's belongings,
was pink in color.

The pink enthusiast
unfastened her grip
seconds after they made
it to the room. She
warned him in a serious
tone, "I'm allowing you to
spend the night in my
room only because I don't
want you to continue
arguing with Mom

anymore. You better not
do anything out of line. If
you try taking advantage
of me when I'm asleep,
I'll—"

A few seconds of pause
later, Josephine
enunciated her warning,
"I'll bite my tongue until I
die!"

Although she wasn't
repulsed by Jonathan's

presence anymore, she
wasn't ready to take their
relationship to the next
level just yet. She
started trembling in anger
whenever she recalled the
budget date they went
on.

"I'll keep that in mind and
refrain from trying
anything!" Jonathan wasn't
agitated at all; he had

long foreseen her bringing up something similar.

He wasn't in a hurry either. Instead of relying upon some cheap tricks, he had faith she would open up to him in the future.

There's no way I'm going to resort to something as lowly as forcing her into

submission when I'm the
almighty Asura!

"I'll hand you one of my
extra blankets. You're
sleeping on the floor next
to my bed."

She tossed a blanket in
Jonathan's direction
before curling up in a
corner of her bed with a
suspicious look on her
face.

Jonathan shook his head
at her wary actions.

Spreading the blanket on
the floor, he thought it
was time to call it a day.

He heard her breathing
increase once he switched
off the light. She had a
hard time breathing due
to her racing heart.

Out of nowhere, the man
asked in the pitch-black

room, "Aren't you going to take a shower?"

He was well aware of her habit of taking multiple showers throughout a day ever since they were married a few years ago.

Chapter 38 A Night In The Same Room

"W-What exactly do you want?" Josephine was

startled by Jonathan's
question. She was initially
against the idea of
spending a night with him
in the same room.

Therefore, she couldn't
help but think of the
worst when she heard
those words.

"You need to calm down
because I'm not up to
anything at all. I'm just

wondering the reason
you're not taking a shower
when it's a habit of yours
to take one before calling
it a day. If my presence
is a nuisance, I'll return
after you're done."

"I-It's fine!"

She wrapped herself up
using her blanket as she
continued biting on her
lips in the dark. Silence

fell when Jonathan found out Josephine was uneasy with him around.

Once again, they heard the sound of one another's breathing.

After a short while, she thought Jonathan had fallen into a deep slumber and muttered, "Jonathan?"

Jonathan ignored her as if he was asleep. She repeated herself in a hushed voice, "Jonathan?"

After another few attempts, she got out of bed and tiptoed her way to the bathroom with a set of pajamas for her to change into.

Jonathan was spot on— Josephine couldn't stand

going to bed without
taking a shower. She
would've long taken her
shower if it weren't
because of the man in her
room.

She started showering in
the bathroom a few
seconds after she turned
on the tap. On the other
hand, the man outside of
the bathroom opened his

eyes and let out a long
sigh.

I knew it! She wouldn't
take her shower unless
she was sure I was
sleeping!

Halfway through his
process of thought, he
noticed the bathroom
merely had a frosted
glass door. Therefore, he

caught a glimpse of the showering woman's figure.

He had a hard time breathing when he saw Josephine's hair drooping over her shoulders as water continued running down her body.

He couldn't help but imagine her response if he were to join her in the bathroom. She would be

utterly shocked, wouldn't she?

Chuckling softly, he shut his eyes and tried to calm his racing heart down.

Throughout the years, countless women had tried hitting on him. However, he did a great job of keeping his lust in control instead of messing around with them. He thought he

had no right to consider
himself the almighty
Asura anymore if he
couldn't even control
himself.

A few minutes later,
Josephine came out of
the bathroom and
returned to her bed
dressed in her pajamas.
She was afraid of rousing
the man from his sleep,

so she tried to walk as lightly as she could.

Alas, she staggered and fell when she stepped on something as she couldn't even see the things in front of her in the pitch-black room.

As a result, she let out a shriek of surprise as she fell into Jonathan's arms.

Jonathan's eyes snapped open. "Josephine, are you okay?"

Then, he caught a whiff of a pleasant scent coming from the woman in his arms. It was a unique smell that was even more amazing than any perfume.

"I-I'm fine!" Jonathan's mind was all over the

place when Josephine
started running her hands
across his body to bring
herself up.

Seconds after she
brought herself up in the
dark, she ended up in the
man's arms once again.

She felt him wrapping his
arms around her waist
with his gigantic palms.

She groaned against her will and warned the man, "D-don't touch me!"

"All right, I'll move away from you if that's the case." The moment he let go, she fell once more.

Jonathan hissed in a similar manner when he felt her warm body on top of him. He was on the verge of losing control

over himself after staying
away from a woman for
years.

"Ahh!"

It was the same for
Josephine. Immediately
after she moaned against
her will, she rushed to
switch on the light.

Once the room was
illuminated, Jonathan

finally got a clear glimpse
of the woman's figure
since she had nothing but
a flimsy nightgown on her.

"J-Jonathan, you need to
remain calm! If not, I-
I'll..." Josephine found
herself a pen for self-
defense purposes against
the man. The look in his
eyes now terrified her.
She was horrified by the

thought of him letting
himself loose.

"You don't have to be
scared. I won't do
anything to you. Besides,
if I truly wish to try
anything, do you think you
can stop me when not
even the bodyguards at
Phoenix International
Hotel could put on much
of a fight against me?"

He wouldn't have resisted
the urge to sleep with her
for years if he wasn't
against the idea of
forcing her into
submission. There were
more than a thousand
ways for him to do so if
he was serious.

"T-Then, turn around and
stop looking at me with
that look!" When

Josephine recalled the
time at Phoenix
International Hotel, she
got increasingly anxious.

Ugh! Was it a mistake to
allow him to spend a night
in the room? What am I
supposed to do in case he
gives in to his lust and
tries something?

"What are you afraid of
when you're wearing

clothes? Besides, it's not
illegal to stare at my
wife, is it?"

Instead of looking
elsewhere, Jonathan had
his eyes glued to
Josephine's great figure,
something which others
could only dream of
seeing.

She had curves in all the
right places, and not a

hint of fat was on her.

To be precise, she was on
par with the top models in
terms of appearance.

As expected of my wife!
She can easily put others
in the fashion industry to
shame without much of a
challenge!

"No! You need to close
your eyes at once!"
Josephine repeated

herself as she continued
flushing in
embarrassment.

She reminds me of a kitty
in the middle of a heavy
downpour, in need of
someone's love!

He snapped out of his
thoughts and marched
toward her when he
recalled something.

"Josephine, are you okay

after falling down thrice
in a row? Are you hurt
anywhere?"

—

Chapter 39 I Am Asura

"H-Hey, stay away from
me!" Josephine was
panicking as the man
marched toward her. She
ended up shivering in fear
in one corner with the pen

she got herself for self-defense purposes.

Jonathan took a step back while holding his hands out, showing her he meant no harm. "I'll stay here and stop approaching you as long as you calm down. I'm merely afraid you've accidentally hurt yourself."

"C-Close your eyes!"

Josephine pointed the pen
at Jonathan and inched
toward the bed. Jonathan
found her cautious
movements hilarious and
closed his eyes with a
smirk.

A short while later,
Josephine announced, "All
right, I'm done! Go ahead
and open your eyes!"

She had wrapped herself
up in the blanket and
shrank away to one corner
of the bed. Not even a
hint of her collarbone
could be seen.

Once again, she looked
like she was guarding
herself against an immoral
man with bad intentions.

Jonathan was exasperated
at her behavior. He said,

"I'll go ahead and switch off the light then."

A few seconds later, the room was pitch-black once again. Jonathan remained silent in fear of startling Josephine.

She finally put the pen aside a short while later. Once she tucked herself in, she asked in a hushed

voice, "Jonathan, have
you fallen asleep?"

"Nah. What's wrong?"

Ever since he started
practicing the Ancient
Sacred Dragon Technique
three years ago, it wasn't
even necessary for him to
sleep as much as others.
A little over three hours
of sleep was all he needed
to feel rested.

"Where have you been throughout the past three years?" Josephine turned around and asked when she couldn't see him in the pitch-black room.

"Am I supposed to tell you the truth?" He finished the rhetorical question with a chuckle before he added, "I spent the first two years waging

war against the foes of
the nation. The last year
I spent in Northern
Crimson Prison, not
because I was put in jail
but because I was
searching for something.
I was only discharged on
your birthday."

Is he trying to tell me
he's Asura? Wait! He
must be trying to pull my

leg again! Ugh! I shouldn't
have gotten my hopes
high! He's still the same
as he was three years
ago!

Josephine rolled her eyes
in the dark when she
thought the man had
returned to his usual
flippant self once more.

"Are you telling me that's
the truth? Aren't you

aware only one man is
strong enough to pull off
the things you've just
brought up?"

"Who exactly is that?"
Jonathan queried
nonchalantly.

"Who else apart from
Asura? He was the hero
waging war against the
foes of the nations and
who restored peace and

order in two years!"

Josephine remarked as if
the man was the figure
she looked up to the
most.

She had heard countless
tales of wonders of the
almighty Asura, but she
had never had the chance
to meet him in person.
The only time she had

ever seen him was his
back on the news.

"Would you believe me if
I tell you I'm the
almighty Asura you look
up to the most?"

Jonathan queried with a
smile.

"Nah!" she answered
without hesitation because
the man next to her
wasn't even close to the

description of Asura she had heard from others.

Rumors had it that Asura could easily intimidate his foes with his menacing presence. A strike from him was all it would take to kill the one leading their foes. Hence, she thought it was impossible for the goofy man in the room to be Asura.

"I knew you wouldn't believe me." Jonathan wasn't surprised at all. Instead of the man who had been washing her mother's feet three years ago, Josephine might be more likely to consider a random soldier from the streets as Asura.

"What if I tell you I was the King of War's

strategist? I'm one of his
most trusted aides due to
my contribution over the
years. Technically, I'm
superior to Andrew in
terms of hierarchical
structure. My affiliation
with the King of War was
also the reason Anderson
had to kneel before me
because he knew he

couldn't afford to offend Zachary."

Jonathan came up with something reasonable to persuade Josephine. At the very least, it wasn't something as absurd as him being the mysterious Asura.

Josephine took it in as if it was the truth. She asked, "Have you seen

Asura when you were with Zachary?"

"Yes. He's a few feet taller than me, but others told me he's married. You need to give up on him since he's also known as quite an uxorious man."

"W-What do you mean I need to give up on him? I'm merely curious, okay? Speaking of which, have

you seen his wife? Is she
an equally gorgeous
woman?"

Jonathan took a peek at
the woman on the bed.

"Well, she's not as
gorgeous as you!"

"Hey, you need to stop
making fun of me. Have
you always been such a
smooth talker? Is this

something you picked up
when you were away?"

Three years ago,
Jonathan was a man with
an easy-going personality.
He wouldn't even defend
himself when others made
fun of him.

"Shall we let bygones be
bygones? I'll show you a
different side of me from
now on! With that being

said, the affection I have
for you remains the same
up until today ever since
three years ago."

"You need to give me a
break! It's time to sleep
because I still have to
get up for work in the
morning!"

As her heart started
racing, she turned around
and brought up something

else to change the topic
of their conversation. She
didn't want Jonathan to
notice anything strange.

"Do you need me to send
you there?"

"Nah!" Josephine shook
her head when she
thought of her colleagues
making fun of her if she
were to allow him to take

her to work with the electric scooter.

Although Josephine had turned him down, Jonathan paid no heed to it and suggested, "Okay, I'll wake up early to get myself ready as well."

He fell into a deep slumber minutes after he wrapped up his conversation with her.

In the morning,
Emmeline's eyes widened
in disbelief when Jonathan
and Josephine marched
out of the same room
together.

Emmeline asked,
"Jonathan, what's a wimp
like you doing here? Also,
why the hell did you
spend the night in my

sister's room? Have you
taken advantage of her?"

—

Chapter 40 None Of Your
Business

Josephine glared at her
sister and barked,
"Emmeline, shut up!"

She couldn't help but
flush when she recalled
the intimate session in

the man's arms after she
took her shower. It was
the first time a man had
ever touched her
throughout the past two
decades.

Emmeline started stomping
her feet to express her
frustration. "Josephine,
have you lost your mind?
How could you spend a

night with this good-for-nothing?"

Jonathan launched a strike at his sister-in-law's head and warned,
"Where are your manners? When will you learn to show your brother-in-law some respect?"

"Stay the hell away from me! I will never

acknowledge you as my
brother-in-law!"

"Ugh! Give me a break!
I'm off to the office!"

Josephine sprinted toward
the entrance after she
got herself a few pieces
of bread to eat along the
way.

"I'll drop you off!"

Jonathan went after
Josephine.

"Josephine—"

It took Emmeline a few
minutes to regain her
composure as the duo
marched out of the house
side by side. She
muttered to herself, "I'll
come up with something
else to teach you another
lesson soon enough!"

Jonathan showed
Josephine the way to the

half a decade old electric scooter and urged, "Hop on, Darling! We'll go for a ride together!"

Josephine was speechless because the man seemed to be proud of the scooter when there was nothing special about it.

It's not like it's a Lamborghini!

"Hold on tight! If not,
you're going to fall once I
start accelerating!"

Once Jonathan zoomed
off, Josephine grasped
the hem of the man's
shirt to stop herself from
falling as he warned.

"You need to stop being
so shy! Go on and hold on
to my waist tightly!"

"Shut up!"

Josephine glared at him
and continued grasping
the hem of his shirt to
prevent any form of
physical contact.

Jonathan maneuvered
around the bustling
streets easily with the
electric scooter. The
moment he thought things
would get very nasty if

there was a heavy
downpour, he suggested,
"Shall I get you a car for
the ease of commuting to
work?"

"No need! Are you sure
you have enough to get
me a car when it's going
to cost you a little more
than fifty thousand to get
even the cheapest car?"

Josephine turned him
down the moment he
brought up the
suggestion. She thought
he didn't even have ten
thousand with him, let
alone fifty thousand.

"I do have enough money!"
Jonathan wasn't a huge
fan of cash, but he had a
debit card with him. He
wasn't certain of the

amount available, but one
thing was for sure—he
had more than he would
ever need.

In short, it wasn't a big
deal to purchase
Josephine a car when he
could easily get her a
shopping mall.

"You need to save up as
much as possible and
start up a business,

maybe something small
like a breakfast stall. It's
time for you to learn to
stand on your feet."

Josephine was merely
against the idea of
Jonathan living off her
instead of being
independent. She thought
a man was meant for
greater things apart from

spending most of his time
doing nothing.

"I can't really think of
anything suitable for the
time being." Jonathan
thought others would
make fun of him if they
were aware Asura had
started a breakfast stall.

"What do you mean you
can't think of anything
suitable? As long as

you're willing to work hard, everything is possible!" Josephine was infuriated and perceived him as the unreliable man he had always been.

He needs to stop blaming others for his pathetic future since he's the one who isn't willing to work hard when he has nothing much to offer!

"Darling, shall we talk
about the type of car to
get you? Do you like
Lamborghinis or
Maseratis? I thought of
getting you a Rolls-Royce,
but it isn't the best type
of car for a woman. Shall
I get you the brand new
Aston Martin—"

"Jonathan Goldstein!"
Josephine raised her voice

while her expression
darkened. She thought
those words were nothing
but another bluff of
Jonathan's.

Is he even aware the cars
he has mentioned are
going to cost him at least
five million?

"Jonathan, do you know I
hate it whenever you
pretend as if you own

everything when you're
not even capable of much?
When will you stop talking
big? It's nothing to be
ashamed of if you're
stone broke! However, it's
very embarrassing if you
don't stop bluffing in
front of others!"

Josephine was enraged
because of the things
Jonathan brought up just

when she thought he was
no longer the unreliable
man he used to be three
years ago.

"Darling, I'm not
bluffing!"

It's just a sports car,
isn't it? If she wants it,
I can get her the
ownership of every luxury
car dealership in
Jadeborough!

Unable to stand the man
anymore, she yelled,
"That's enough! Stop right
here! I don't need you to
send me to my workplace
anymore!"

"H-Huh? W-We're almost
there!"

They finally made it to
Smith Group. Although
the company merely had a
net worth of a few billion,

it was considered sizable
in Jadeborough.

As soon as Jonathan
brought the scooter to a
halt, a woman questioned
sarcastically, "If it isn't
the oldest daughter of
the Smith family, Ms.
Josephine Smith!"

Zoey, a woman in her
mid-twenties, sashayed
her way in the direction

of the duo shortly after
she finished speaking.

She did a great job
maintaining her youth and
showed up in a crimson
dress with her ginger hair
drooping over her
shoulders.

The mean woman didn't
even bother to keep her
intention of making fun of
them to herself and

continued humiliating
Josephine.

"Josephine, when will you
get yourself something
else to commute to work?
Will you consider getting
yourself a wealthy
husband anytime soon?
Why are you still wasting
your time with this stone-
broke man over here?"

She paused and started
sizing Jonathan up with a
scowl. A few seconds
later, she remarked,
"Why have you gotten
yourself married to
another dirt-poor man
after the passing of
Jonathan? What is it
about them that intrigues
you so much?"

Zoey had no intention to
conceal her hostile intent
toward Josephine. She
deemed Josephine a filthy
woman unworthy of
others' sympathy and
hated it when the other
woman pretended to act
innocent and pitiful.

Jonathan would never
allow others to pick on his
wife when he was around.

He got ahead of Josephine and returned the favor. "Who are you to poke your nose into her business? Besides, don't you know you're not supposed to judge a book by its cover?"

Chapter 41 Humiliation

"Are you indicating you're different from the way you look? Have you ever

seen this key I have with
me? I'm sure you haven't
because you've never had
the chance to go for a
ride in a BMW throughout
your entire life!"

The headlamps of the
luxurious BMW behind her
flickered once she
unlocked the car using the
remote control after

finishing her rhetorical question.

Jonathan burst out laughing and commented,
"Huh? Since when have others started considering BMW a luxurious vehicle? I wouldn't even want it if you offered me one!"

How dare she show off something that's worth a

little less than half a million in front of me?

"Is that your sense of pride speaking? Do you even know how much this costs? I'm afraid the two of you can't even accumulate enough even after working your asses off for the down payment of the car because it's going to cost you three

hundred thousand in
total!"

We know she's relied on
that electric scooter of
hers to commute to work
for the past half a
decade because she
couldn't even afford an
ordinary car that would
cost her more than forty
thousand! There's no way
she can afford a freaking

BMW when she can't even
get herself a car!

Jonathan added, "Is that
a big deal? I mean, is
three hundred thousand a
lot?"

My main mode of
transport is a helicopter!
A chopper is going to cost
tens of millions to
produce! On top of that,
the ones I have are

custom-made to fulfill my needs! Those cost at least a hundred million each!

It's not an exaggeration to consider a BMW inferior to those, is it?

"What sort of car do you think qualifies the ranks of luxury cars?" Zoey asked in an attempt to push Jonathan to his limits.

"Cars that cost at least a million!"

Instead of squabbling with Jonathan, Zoey yelled at Josephine, "At least a million? I doubt if you've even touched one as expensive as that before! Josephine, how the hell did you get yourself acquainted with this man over here? If he's so

rich, get him to do
something about your
trashy scooter!"

She rolled her eyes and
remarked to Jonathan,
"Stop talking shit when
you don't have the
capability to back your
words up. All you're doing
is just humiliating
Josephine."

Zoey sashayed into the office ahead of Josephine. Jonathan was about to say something, but he kept everything to himself when he caught a glimpse of Josephine's grim look.

She resisted the urge to let her emotions loose and announced while gritting her teeth, "Jonathan,

return home at once and
get out of my sight!"

"Huh? What's wrong,
Josephine?" Jonathan's
confusion was written all
over his face.

Josephine could no longer
contain her rage. She
yelled, "Are you seriously
asking me why? I can't
take it anymore,
Jonathan! When will you

ever stop bluffing and exaggerating things?"

"It wasn't a bluff! I haven't been exaggerating things either! I really want to get you a car—"

What's the matter? It's just a luxury car that's going to cost me nothing more than a million! Why would she think it's a bluff?

Josephine got increasingly
infuriated when she heard
him. "Haven't you had
enough of embarrassing
yourself and me? When
will you stop living in your
imaginary world? Have I
not told you it's not a big
deal if you're poor? It's
embarrassing whenever
you allow your ego to get
the better of you and

start acting as if you're a member of the upper echelon!"

Unable to stand the man's presence any longer, she stomped her way to the office the moment she finished her sentence.

This is more than enough! Why hasn't he changed at all when it's already been three years? Will he ever

learn to carry himself
more humbly?

Staring at the infuriated
woman's departing figure,
the stupefied Jonathan
murmured, "What's the
matter, Josephine? It's
just a car, isn't it? If the
world's the thing you
want, I'll conquer it and
hand it over to you!"

Seconds after Josephine's departure, Jonathan reached for his phone and made a call, asking in a serious tone, "Have you purchased the mansion I needed?" On top of a car, Jonathan thought of getting Josephine the most extravagant mansion in Jadeborough.

Harrison, who was on the
other end of the call,
assured Jonathan, "Mr.
Goldstein, the mansion is
ready. Initially, the
owner was against the
idea of selling it, but he
changed his mind when he
found out the almighty
Asura would be the one
purchasing it. If I'm not
mistaken, he has only just

renovated the entire place recently."

It turned out he had gotten in touch with Harrison to have him sort out everything on his behalf.

"Good job. How much did it cost you?"

"It's not much, Mr. Goldstein! Just consider

this a token of gratitude
from me!"

As much as Harrison was
against the idea of
accepting Jonathan's
payment, Jonathan
repeated his question,
"How much is it?"

"T-Two hundred million!"
Harrison answered with
his voice quivering.

"Drop by my place in two days to collect the payment."

Two hundred million in return for the most extravagant mansion at Jadeborough was considered an absolute steal when it cost him more than ten billion to acquire his palace at

Yaleview and get it
renovated.

"My wife, Josephine, will
be the owner of the
mansion."

"Yes, Mr. Goldstein."

"Speaking of which, do
you know where I can get
myself a luxury car in
Jadeborough?"

"Mr. Goldstein, do you need a car? I'm actually the owner of a car dealership! Why don't you drop by and get yourself a Lamborghini?"

Lamborghini? I guess it's not half bad as a gift for Josephine!

"Sure, I'll drop by in a while! Can you text me

the address of the store?"

"S- Shall I head over to welcome you?"

"Nah, I'll head over and get everything done as soon as possible."

Jonathan was against the idea of Harrison tagging along, or else he would be in the limelight again.

The staff might do
Harrison a favor and
offer me an incredibly low
price. I may get to leave
the store without paying
anything, but that's not
what I want. I don't wish
to take advantage of him
since it's nothing I can't
afford.

"All right, I'll text you
the address immediately."

Harrison carried himself
in a humble manner even
though it was nothing
more than a phone call.

Jonathan hung up the call
once he wrapped up the
conversation with
Harrison. On the other
hand, Harrison made a
call and instructed the
person in charge of the
car dealership, "An

important guest of mine
will visit the store in a
short while! You know the
protocol, don't you?"

—

Chapter 42 Buying A Car

An hour later, Jonathan
made it to the central
business district of
Jadeborough with his
electric scooter.

As one of the most
luxurious sports cars in
the world, the showroom
of a Lamborghini car
dealership would put the
brand's competitors to
shame.

Apart from the cheapest
model that would cost the
owner at least two million,
there were another few

limited edition exorbitant cars in the showroom.

To everyone's surprise, someone with the look of a fugitive made his way to the store with an electric scooter.

"What's that man doing here? Is he seriously thinking of visiting the showroom of such an exclusive brand?"

"Huh? Can he really afford a freaking Lamborghini when it looks like he doesn't even have enough to purchase a spare tire of the brand?"

"Maybe he's just a plumber or a technician! You don't think he has anything more than a few hundred with him, do you?"

"He stinks! I can smell his
odor when we're a few
feet apart from one
another!"

Those around Jonathan
engaged themselves in
another round of heated
discussion shortly after
he pulled over at the
entrance of the
showroom.

It wasn't much of a
surprise because even the
most inferior customer
would show up at the
showroom with a
Mercedes-Benz or a BMW
instead of an electric
scooter that was half a
decade old like Jonathan.

Minutes after he parked
the electric scooter,
Audrey, an arrogant sales

assistant, got in his way
and asked, "Hey, what
are you doing here? Who
allowed you to come in
here?"

"What? Am I not allowed
to be here?" Jonathan
queried while furrowing
his brows.

"We don't need your
service since everything in
the store is fine!" Audrey

answered with her face
scrunched up in disgust.

"Did I mention I'm here
to repair anything? Are
you implying I can't be a
customer of yours?"

Jonathan's expression
instantly chilled.

"Huh? You? A customer of
ours? Why don't you tell
me if you can afford the
cheapest merchandise or

not? Are you aware an umbrella of ours costs more than a hundred thousand? It's worth more than your electric scooter over there!" the sales assistant scoffed.

"What's the matter? Can't the owner of an electric scooter be the owner of a Lamborghini? You need to

step aside and stop
getting in my way!"

"I'm afraid I can't if
you're merely here to
shelter from the heat! If
that's not the case, are
you here to take a few
pictures to deceive the
ladies in the club? If you
can afford a freaking
Lamborghini, I'll get down

on my knees and bow
before you!"

Huh? Shelter from the
heat? Take a few pictures
to deceive others? Is
something wrong with this
sales assistant?

Jonathan's face darkened
in irritation—he couldn't
stand others insulting him
when he would never rely
on such petty tricks to

get others to open up to him.

"Get me the manager at once!" Initially, he had no intention of making a fuss out of something trivial, which was why he told Harrison his presence wouldn't be necessary. However, he couldn't stand the snobbish woman

looking down on him
anymore.

"Huh? My manager has no
time for the likes of you!
He only has time for
potential owners of
Lamborghinis! If you don't
see yourself out, I'll get
the security guards to
show you the way out!"

The sales assistant turned
around and yelled, "Can

someone show this beggar
the way out of here?"

The security guards
rushed out of the store
with their batons as soon
as they heard Audrey.

One of them asked, "Are
you sure you're not going
to leave? You better not
hold us accountable for
the things awaiting you!"

They thought Jonathan
was there to take a few
photos for his social
media account. With that
being said, Jonathan was
different from the
pretentious people they
had encountered before.

At the very least, they
would dress up as if they
were members of the
upper echelon. On the

contrary, Jonathan didn't
even bother to put on his
best outfit and showed up
without getting changed.

"You're trying to kick me
out? Heh! We shall see if
your boss Harrison has
the guts to take me out,
let alone you!" The
moment Jonathan was
about to retrieve his
phone, he heard the shrill

blaring of a car horn from behind him.

A crimson Maserati pulled over at the entrance of the car dealership before a young man alighted from the car.

He scowled at the presence of the electric scooter a few feet away and asked, "Since when has the store included

electric scooters as one
of their merchandise?"

It was obvious it was a
sarcastic remark meant to
humiliate Jonathan.

On the other hand,
Audrey greeted the young
man with a wide smile,
"Hello, sir! Welcome!
Please come with me!"

It merely took her a few
seconds to change her
expression when she was
utterly disgusted by the
presence of Jonathan a
short while ago.

"Where did this electric
scooter come from?

Smash it and dispose of it
somewhere! It's such an
embarrassment!" The
young man swaggered into

the store instead of
engaging himself in a
conversation with
Jonathan.

Audrey assured him, "I'll
get it done as soon as
possible."

She glared at the
security guards next to
her and asked, "Stop
standing around idly and
take him and that electric

scooter of his out at
once!"

"Yes!"

Jonathan's fury was
written all over his face.

The security guards
couldn't even reach the
defenseless Jonathan as
they were forced to their
knees with two well-
placed kicks from him.

"How dare you try to lay
your filthy hands on me?
I'll break the arms of
anyone who tries to
destroy the electric
scooter!"

"H-Help! Someone's trying
to beat up the staff of
the store!" Audrey's
shriek successfully
grabbed the attention of
a suited man in the lobby.

He rushed out of the store and asked, "What's going on? Who's making a scene outside the showroom?"

"It's him! Mr. Sandwith, this dirt-poor man over here beat up the security guards of the store! He parked his electric scooter at the entrance,

getting in the way of
potential customers!"

"It's not necessary to
waste our time with him!
Just get the cops to take
him into custody!" Oliver
Sandwith, who was a
middle-aged man, glanced
at Jonathan before
returning to the store. He
greeted the young man

next to him, "Hi, are you
Mr. Gold—"

—

Chapter 43 A Snob

The young man who came
in the Maserati, Charles,
stopped Oliver from
finishing his sentence
when he heard the latter
greeting him in a

courteous manner. "Have you been expecting me?"

"It's really you! Come with me, Mr. Goldstein!" When Charles responded enthusiastically, Oliver thought he was the important guest Harrison had mentioned.

Although Charles wasn't aware of the reason Oliver had addressed him

with a different surname,
he thought of playing
along with Oliver because
it felt great to be
considered superior to the
rest.

A few gorgeous sales
assistants showed up and
joined Audrey in greeting
him once he marched into
the showroom. "Good
morning, Mr. Goldstein!"

Charles was overwhelmed
with a sense of
achievement when he saw
those gorgeous sales
assistants. They had put
on their best fits for the
important guest of
Harrison.

Despite the lecherous
thoughts he had in mind,
he tried his best to

remain calm and
responded with a nod.

With that being said, he
had his eyes glued to the
sales assistants as he was
intrigued by their busty
figures.

"I want all of you to keep
Mr. Goldstein company
until he finds the car he
needs!" Oliver instructed
the ones with sexy outfits

to join Charles when he
saw right through the
young man's naughty
thoughts.

"Yes, Mr. Sandwith!"

Without a second
thought, the sales
assistants joined Charles
and started tending to
the young man's needs.

Charles couldn't remain
calm anymore when one of
the sales assistants
served him a glass of tea
in an ostentatious manner.

"Mr. Goldstein, do you
need me to massage your
back?"

"Mr. Goldstein, leave your
shoulders to me!"

As they continued
offering all types of
additional services to
flatter the young man,
Charles couldn't help but
wonder if he had made his
way to a spa instead of a
Lamborghini car
dealership.

Holy moly! I wouldn't have
purchased a freaking
Maserati if I had been

aware of the extensive services available here!

He remained seated as the sales assistants continued serving him his glass of tea, keeping him pleased through a wonderful massage session on par with the best spa of Jadeborough.

"Mr. Goldstein, here are the latest models of

sports cars we have! We
have a few globally
limited edition sports
cars! You're merely one
step away from becoming
the owner of an exclusive
car in Chanaea!"

"Globally limited edition?"

Charles responded with a
satisfied nod upon a
glance at the
aforementioned limited

edition cars around him.
He was pleased with the
unique and sleek designs.

After a few seconds of
consideration, he asked,
"How much is it going to
cost me?"

In response to Charles'
query, Audrey started
introducing the exotic
cars to the young man,
"I'm sure it's nothing you

can't afford! The
cheapest one only costs
you a little more than
thirty million, while the
one in the middle will only
cost you a little more
than fifty million."

Charles almost fell from
the couch when he heard
the price of those cars.

It's nothing I can't
afford? Are you freaking

kidding me? Do I look like
I'm someone with fifty
million when I don't even
have five million in my
account?

My Maserati was a
refurbished car from
someone else! These
gorgeous sales assistants
were the sole reason I
brought it along with me!

It was something I
needed to hit on them!

Once he gathered his
thoughts, he asked,
"What about the ones
over there?"

"I'm afraid those aren't
suitable for someone as
accomplished as you, Mr.
Goldstein! Those merely
cost a little more than
eight million," she

answered in a mellifluous
tone when she heard
Charles inquiring about
the price of the inferior
sports cars.

Those aren't suitable for
someone as accomplished
as me? Come again? Just
how accomplished am I to
the extent I'm not even
aware I'm such an
honorable figure?

A little more than eight million? Oh, God! Also, can she stop making it sound as if eight million isn't a big deal? Is she indicating she can purchase one if she wishes to?

Charles clenched his fists in an attempt to remain calm. He asked, "Are

there any cheaper alternatives available?"

"Y-Yes—" Audrey arched her brows in confusion and stuttered when she heard Charles.

Seconds after she returned to her senses, she questioned to make sure she hadn't been hearing things, "The cheapest ones will cost

you a little more than two million, but are you sure it's fine since those are outdated models?"

"Huh? The cheapest ones are going to cost me a little more than two million as well?"

Charles was on the verge of losing his mind. His face scrunched up since he merely had a million to

spend despite being the
heir of a relatively well-
off family.

He knew he couldn't
afford to embarrass
himself after being highly
regarded by the staff of
the car dealership.

He cleared his throat and
announced in a hushed
voice, "I-If that's the
case, get me the

cheapest car the store
has to offer!"

"Are you sure it's fine,
Mr. Goldstein? Isn't it
too much of an
embarrassment for
someone as accomplished
as you?"

"It's merely one of my
attempts to remain
humble! We're not really
supposed to flaunt our

achievement and wealth in front of others!" Charles made it sound as if it was the right thing to do.

"Y-Yes, Mr. Goldstein!"

The pretentious Audrey had something else in mind when she made it sound as if she was the one at fault for misperceiving Charles' intention.

Huh? How are you
supposed to remain low
profile with a sports car
worthy of two freaking
million? If you're really
trying to live a humble
life, why don't you go get
yourself an electric
scooter?

"Mr. Goldstein, please
follow me!" Just as she
thought of showing

Charles the way to a
different showroom,
Jonathan finally walked
into the store.

Audrey brought herself to
a halt at his presence and
started commenting with
her face puckered, "He
stinks a lot! Who the hell
let him in? Hurry up and
take him out of the store!
What are we supposed to

do if he gets on the nerves of Mr. Goldstein?"

There's no way we're allowing someone as inferior as him to join us in the showroom when he has nothing but an electric scooter!

Moreover, we have an important guest with us today!

"Just leave him alone until
the cops are here! I'm
sure they're going to
arrive sometime soon!"
Oliver instructed the
sales assistant to pay no
heed to Jonathan.

He couldn't wait to see if
the dirt-poor man was
courageous enough to
challenge them when he
was the one out of place.

Jonathan guffawed and
remarked, "You know
what? I'm not sure if the
cops are going to take me
into custody, but I'm
pretty sure Harrison will
teach you a lesson as soon
as he's here!"

He knew Harrison had
informed the staff of the
car dealership of his
arrival beforehand when

he heard them addressing
the young man with his
surname. Sad to say,
they had gotten the
wrong man with a similar
surname.

To make things worse,
they wouldn't stop chasing
Jonathan out of the car
dealership and even called
the cops to take him into
custody.

Jonathan was certain
Harrison would grovel on
his knees again if
Harrison were aware of
the things his staff was
up to.

"Wow, it turns out you're
aware the owner of the
store is none other than
the honorable Harrison,
huh?" Oliver thought it
was a waste of time to

take Jonathan seriously
since Charles had found
the car he needed.

When Charles returned,
Oliver rushed over and
greeted, "Mr. Goldstein,
have you found the car
you needed?"

—

Chapter 44 The Wrong
Person

Pleased by how humble
Oliver was acting, he
responded with a nod and
answered with his chest
puffed out, "Yes!"

Oliver carried on with the
conversation as if he was
nothing more than the
young man's slave. "May I
know the model of the car
you're purchasing? Is it

one of the globally limited
edition cars?"

Audrey got ahead of
Charles and answered on
his behalf, "No! Mr.
Goldstein has gotten
himself the cheapest
sports car we have to
offer in an attempt to
live a humble lifestyle."

"The one with the cost of
two million? Mr.

Goldstein, we're currently
having a buy-one-free-
one promotion! Since
you're purchasing a sports
car worth two million,
we'll give you another car
of a similar value!

Alternatively, you can opt
to purchase a car that's
going to cost four million
at the price of two
million!"

Charles asked, "Huh?
Why have I never heard
of such a promotion?"

"It's the first day of an
exclusive event!" Oliver
made something up to
keep the young man in the
dark. In truth, there was
no such promotion.

It was something he came
up with to please this
important guest of

Harrison's. Hence, he
couldn't stop himself from
perspiring when he
thought of the potential
loss due to the favor he
had to do for the young
man.

"If that's the case, I'll
get myself a sports car
that's going to cost me
four million!" Charles
thought it was an absolute

steal and completely
disregarded his earlier
words about living a
humble lifestyle.

If I have more than fifty
million to purchase the
freaking globally limited
edition sports car, I won't
even hesitate to bring
that home with me!

"Sure, I'll send someone
to get everything ready

at once!" Oliver turned
around and instructed
Audrey, "Stop standing
around and register the
car Mr. Goldstein needs!"

She leaned over and
whispered her question,
"Mr. Sandwith, why have
I never heard of that
promotion?"

Oliver glared at her.
"Duh, isn't it obvious? It

was merely something I
made up to flatter this
important guest of ours!
Hurry up and sort
everything out! He's
someone the boss regards
highly! Make sure nothing
goes wrong, or else I'm
feeding you to the fishes
in the Goda River!"

"Mr. Sandwith, he doesn't
seem like the real deal at

all!" She had encountered
countless similar
customers from a
relatively well-off family
like Charles. Most of
them were there to get
the cheapest car the
store had to offer to
fulfill their sense of
pride.

"You need to keep that to
yourself! Who else could

it be apart from him?
You're not trying to tell
me the man with an
electric scooter is the one
we're looking for, are
you?"

Glaring at her after his
rhetorical question, he
urged, "Why aren't the
cops here yet? Check on
them and see if they're
nearby! Get this wimp out

of my sight as soon as possible!"

Oliver was infuriated at the presence of Jonathan in the showroom—he thought it was an embarrassment to such a high-end store. Others might consider their store a second-rate car dealership or something

with Jonathan in the store.

"Yes, Mr. Sandwith!"

She paid no heed to Jonathan and returned to Charles' side with a pretentious smile. "Mr. Goldstein, please come with me!"

As he joined her at the showroom for sports cars

with values of four million, he found a suitable one in a few minutes.

When they were about to seal the deal, Oliver received a call from Harrison. Consequently, he sprang up from his seat when he was about to have another sip of tea.

Instead of glaring at Jonathan, he instinctively bowed and greeted the man on the other end, "Hello, Boss?"

"How's it going? Has Mr. Goldstein reached the store?" Harrison asked to make sure everything was fine.

"Yes, Boss!" Oliver turned around and took a peek at

Charles, assuring the man on the other end with a grin, "Mr. Goldstein has found the perfect car he needs! Currently, we're in the middle of sealing the deal!"

Surprised by Oliver's reply, Harrison asked, "Are you serious? Which car has he chosen?"

"Initially, he was about to buy one that would cost him a little more than two million, but I offered him something with a higher value since he's an important guest of yours. In the end, he accepted the offer and bought a car that was about four million." Oliver thought

Harrison would compliment him for a job well done.

To his surprise, Harrison queried as if something was wrong, "Are you seriously telling me he has agreed to take up the offer?"

Not realizing anything strange was going on, Oliver repeated himself in anticipation of Harrison's

compliment, "Yes, he
bought a car that costs
about four million. Haven't
I done a great job,
Boss?"

"A sports car that cost
him a little more than
four million?" Harrison
parroted in disbelief
because there was no way
Asura would set his eyes
on something as cheap as

such when he could easily
acquire the ownership of
the car dealership.

Immediately after he
found out something was
wrong, he instructed in a
stern tone, "I want you
to tell me the name of
the so-called Mr.
Goldstein in the
showroom!"

"What's wrong, Boss?"

Oliver's mind was all over
the place due to
Harrison's sudden change
of attitude.

"Just get going and stop
asking questions!"

Oliver rushed over to
check on Charles' name as
instructed instead of
defying Harrison.

Oliver yelled at the sales assistant, "Hand me the purchase agreement!"

"Huh? What's wrong, Mr. Sandwith?"

The moment she brought him the agreement, he gasped out the name of the young man, "It's Charles! Charles Goldberg, Boss!"

"Charles? Charles
Goldberg?"

Harrison spiraled into an
endless loop of despair at
the announcement—the
ones in the showroom had
gotten the wrong person.

"Boss, are you telling me
we're dealing with the
wrong person?" The color
drained from Oliver's
face.

He broke out into a cold sweat at the thought of them dealing with the wrong person.

"You're just a good-for-nothing! What the hell? Didn't you realize you got the wrong person? Why the hell did you make him such a lucrative offer when I don't even know who this Charles Goldberg

is? If you seal the deal
with him, I'm holding you
accountable for the
incurred loss!"

Immediately after
Harrison hung up, Oliver's
mind went blank as his
legs gave out and he
collapsed to the ground.

Oh, God! I'm done for! It
seems like I've made a
grave mistake! Apart from

offending Harrison, I
need to bear the loss of
that deal!

Once the thought of
compensating for the loss
of the store crossed his
mind, he rushed in
Charles' direction and
yelled, "Hold it right
there! We're calling
everything off!"

—

Chapter 45 The Real Mister Goldstein

"What's wrong, Mr.
Sandwith?" the incredibly
sexy sales assistant
asked, shocked by his
sudden roar. She turned
at her shoulder and saw
how pale Oliver was. "The
customer has just signed
the agreement!"

"Rip it apart!" Oliver
grabbed the vehicle
purchase agreement and
tore it to pieces. "This
contract is invalid!"

"Why is that?" Charles
bristled and demanded,
"What is going on? I
thought you said you have
an ongoing promotion. If I
buy a car, I can either
get the next one free or

pick a sports car worth
four million. Now that
I've paid for it, you're
telling me the contract is
invalid?"

His face turned an ugly
shade of purple in rage.

I've already agreed to
meet a sexy young lady
tonight to ride my new
four million sports car,
and now you say the

contract is invalid? What shall I tell my date, then? She'll just refuse to keep me company! I'm pretty sure of that.

"The buy one get one free promotion has been canceled. It was a bug in our system. As a form of compensation, if you're still interested in buying this car, I can offer you

a one thousand shopping voucher," Oliver answered with a scoff. He didn't bother showing any respect to this young man anymore.

In fact, he was fighting back the urge to slap Charles for having a similar surname.

"How can you cancel it as you like? Is this a joke?"

Charles demanded,
grounding his jaw in fury.

Do I look like I need the
one thousand voucher?

Da*n it! I can't afford
another two million!

At the thought of how his
date would end up with
another man tonight, rage
pulsed through his veins
as he fought back the

urge to give Oliver a tight slap.

"Stop spouting nonsense. It's either you buy it if you can afford it.

Otherwise, get out now!"
Oliver finally showed his true colors, and he refused to waste more time on this young man.

There was no need to be polite to Charles, for he

wasn't the big shot
Oliver's superior was
talking about.

"What kind of attitude is
this?" Charles exclaimed.
He slammed the table in
disgust and barked,
"Where is your superior?
I want to talk to your
superior!"

"My superior doesn't have
time for you." Oliver gave

a dismissive wave. "If he
kicks up a fuss, ask the
security guard to escort
him out!"

"All right. You've got
some nerve, huh? Just
you wait!" Charles warned,
grinding his jaw in fury.

Having said that, he spun
on his heels and stormed
out of the store, rage

flowing through him like
lava.

After losing the four
million new car and his
date for tonight, he
nearly got thrown out of
the store by the security
guard.

There was no way he'd let
this slide.

"Oh, come on. Don't you know the owner of this store? I can't believe you dare to kick up a fuss in Mr. Seymour's store. Do you have a death wish?"
Oliver scoffed at the young man's warning and paid him no need.

Harrison was the most ruthless man in all of Jadeborough.

Anyone who had the
audacity to create trouble
in his store would be
chopped to pieces and fed
to the fishes in the Goda
River

"Mr. Sandwith, what's
going on?" The scantily
dressed sales assistants
immediately gathered
around Oliver curiously

after Charles made his exit.

After all, he was buttering up to that young man a few moments ago but ended up being rude to him.

"What else? I got the wrong person! Da*n it," Oliver cursed angrily. "He isn't the big shot Boss was talking about!"

"What? You got the wrong person?"

The empty-headed sales assistants froze in shock.

"But we just..." they trailed off hesitantly.

In order to please Charles, they had allowed him to take advantage of them by giving in to his advances.

They even agreed to go to dinner with him, and now Oliver was telling them that they had gotten the wrong person.

"Let's cut to the chase and wait at the entrance of the store. Since that person wasn't the man we are waiting for, that means the real Mr. Goldstein hasn't arrived

yet!" Oliver waved his hands impatiently.

This is my last chance is to serve the real Mr. Goldstein well so I can make up for my mistake!

He gave a firm nod to cheer himself up.

"Also, kick that brat that came on an electric scooter out. Don't let him

stay here and risk
offending Mr. Goldstein,"
Oliver commanded. He
was already fuming mad,
and the sight of Jonathan
lounging on the couch in
his store made his anger
spike. "Who the f*ck is
that shameless fool who
refuses to leave our
store?"

"The police should be here soon," one sales assistant commented, shooting Jonathan a disdainful look. There was no way she'd lower her pride to serve this customer.

Look at that man with his electric scooter and shabby clothes. Clearly, he's dirt poor. He must stink a lot!

Suddenly, Jonathan's
phone rang, breaking the
silence.

He pulled it out to reveal
an old phone that was
popular decades ago. It
was literally strong
enough for one to crack
walnuts!

The disdain of the sales
assistants equipped with
flawless curves heightened

when they spotted his phone.

"Hello?" Jonathan answered the call calmly.

"Mr. Goldstein, have you arrived at my store?"

Harrison asked in a careful manner.

"Yes, I've arrived," came Jonathan's calm reply.

"After arriving, your

security guard tried to
kick me out."

"What?" Harrison's legs
went limp at his answer.
Jonathan could hear his
trembling voice on the
other end of the line
asking, "Mr. Goldstein, w-
who did that to you? I'll
get someone to beat him
up and feed him to the
fishes in the Goda River!"

Jonathan Goldstein is
Asura! If Asura unleashes
his wrath, he'll wipe out
millions of lives! I'll
definitely die if I
offended him, let alone
my employees. Even the
Blackwood family who
used to be the most
prominent family in
Jadeborough, had to move
out of Jadeborough after

offending him. They are
not allowed to set foot in
the city for their entire
lives!

Harrison knew his place,
for he was neither as
influential nor as powerful
as the Blackwood family.

"Does it matter who
disrespects me?"

Jonathan snickered.

"They are your

employees, Harrison.

They listen to your
orders. How dare your
store deny me entry and
ask the security guard to
kick me out?" His voice
was cool but threatening.

He concluded, "Looks like
I don't deserve to enter
your car dealership,
Harrison."

"Please listen to my
explanation, Mr.
Goldstein," Harrison
pleaded, his legs nearly
giving way. "I'm really
sorry. I'm at fault for
not disciplining my
employees well. Please
don't be angry. I'll head
over right now to
apologize to you on my
knees!"

"No need for that. Since
I'm not worthy of
entering your store, I
won't be buying anything
here!" Having said that,
Jonathan cut the line
without hesitation and
made to leave. Right when
he got to his feet,
Oliver's phone started
ringing.

Ring, Ring! Ring, ring!

The jarring ringtone gave everyone a shock. Oliver stopped glaring at Jonathan and glanced at his phone. He nearly dropped his phone in fright at the caller ID that appeared on the screen.

"Hello, Boss?" he answered the call carefully.

Chapter 46 Grovel At His Feet

"Don't call me that! I'm not your boss!" Harrison roared once the call was connected. "How dare you kick Mr. Goldstein out of my store?" Fury was evident in his voice.

"I kicked Mr. Goldstein out?" Oliver paled at his words.

I didn't even see Mr. Goldstein today! How could I have kicked him out?

"Boss, Mr. Goldstein is here?" Oliver glanced around frantically, trying to find out if he was here.

The only person in the store was that man who

came on an electric scooter.

"Of course!" Harrison barked furiously. "I'll give you one minute to either apologize to Mr. Goldstein or chop off your limbs and jump into Goda River to redeem yourself! If Mr. Goldstein leaves our store before I arrive, I'll take your life personally!"

He then cut the line abruptly.

Oliver felt his vision turn black when he realized Harrison had just hung up on him.

"M-Mr. Sandwith, what's wrong?" the female sales assistants gathered around him and asked in concern.

"Move aside! Get out of my way!"

He pushed them away impatiently and caught up to Jonathan.

"Are you stopping me from leaving?" Jonathan demanded when Oliver appeared before him, panting heavily.

"N-No! Listen to me, Mr. Goldstein..."

Without warning, Oliver fell to his knees before Jonathan. It was a shocking sight to everyone in the store.

Is Oliver Sandwith, the manager of a Lamborghini car dealership, kneeling before a man who came on an electric scooter?

Didn't he ask the security guard to kick this man out earlier? Why is he on his knees now? How shocking!

"Mr. Sandwith, what are you doing?" The voluptuous sales assistants rushed over to him and questioned in a frantic manner, "Why are you kneeling before him?"

"Yes, Mr. Sandwith, you must've gotten the wrong person. This man who came on an electric scooter is definitely not Mr. Goldstein!" another chimed in.

"Yes, he's dirt poor, unlike Mr. Goldstein."

The ladies pouted, refusing to believe him.

They had seen many
influential figures in this
line of work.

None of the big shots
they served had dressed
shabbily like Jonathan and
came to their car
dealership on an electric
scooter!

"Just shut the f*ck up!"
Oliver hollered, his face
crimson with rage.

What a bunch of idiots.
Can't they see I'm in
trouble? Why are they
adding fuel to fire now?

Even a fool like him had
realized that the man who
he nearly kicked out
earlier was the Mr.
Goldstein he had been
waiting for!

Shit, I've offended the
big shot. Jonathan

Goldstein is the only man
I've tried to kick out
today. Thus, he must be
the Mr. Goldstein I've
been waiting for the
entire day!

"Mr. Goldstein, please
forgive me for
disrespecting you. It was
all my fault!" Oliver
apologized before he gave
himself a tight slap.

At once, a fresh slap
mark appeared on his
cheek.

"Yes, you've indeed
disrespected me. You are
worse than a dog!"

Jonathan declared icily at
the sight of Oliver
slapping himself
continuously on his knees.

"If Harrison hadn't called
you personally, I don't

think I'll get to leave your store. The police you called earlier is about to arrive, right?"

When he was about to leave, Oliver had been glaring at him. It was obvious Oliver wasn't going to let him go easily.

"Mr. Goldstein, I'm sorry for my rash action. I'll call the police and tell

them not to come!" After
saying that, Oliver
scrambled to get his
phone. Right when he was
about to make the call,
Jonathan shot him a
withering look. "Isn't it
too late to regret your
action?"

In his eyes, the
employees in the car

dealership were merely a colony of ants.

He couldn't be bothered to waste his time on them.

Even the owner of the car dealership, Harrison, was insignificant to him.

As they kept provoking him, he refused to hold back anymore.

Even the nicest person
would retaliate when being
driven up the wall!

"I'm really sorry, Mr.
Goldstein. Please spare
me!" Oliver begged, his
legs buckling under the
pressure. His initially fair
cheeks had turned crimson
red and swollen from the
continuous slaps.

His jaw tightened as he began banging his head on the ground to beg for forgiveness.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Goldstein!" he expressed his remorse profusely.

His heart was hammering in his chest, pummeling in his temples as he continued banging his head. Soon, blood began

trickling down his
forehead, dripping onto
the ground.

The sexy sales assistants
parted their lips at the
appalling sight.

Is he really Mr.
Goldstein? The big shot
Boss was talking about?

They hurriedly covered
their lips in fear, finding

it hard to believe that
the man who came on an
electric scooter was the
big shot they had been
waiting for.

"Get out of my way!"
Jonathan demanded,
refusing to spare him
another look.

Asura was a killing
machine who had killed

plenty of people in his
life.

Many people had groveled
before him to beg for his
forgiveness.

If he was kind enough to
forgive everyone who
knelt before him, he
wouldn't have conquered
Chanaea and the eight
regions with the Four

Asura Guards in just two
years' time.

"What are you waiting
for? Hurry, get on your
knees and beg for Mr.
Goldstein's forgiveness!"
Oliver barked angrily at
the ladies who stood
rooted to their spots in
confusion.

If Jonathan stepped out
of our car dealership,

Harrison will feed me to
the fishes in the Goda
River for sure!

The dozen of sales
assistants promptly
snapped back to reality
and dropped to their
knees before Jonathan.

"Mr. Goldstein, please
forgive us for looking
down on you. We had no
idea of your identity!

Please spare us!" the ladies pleaded. They were dressed in their usual uniform of crisp white shirts and mini black skirts. Even though they were on their knees, their well-proportioned bodies were visible to the naked eye.

Any man would feel the urge to give in to their

demands at the sensuous
sight.

Alas, Jonathan didn't even
deign to spare them a
look.

Back then, many socialites
had knelt before him,
begging him to spend a
night with them.

He had no interest in
them, let alone these
cheaply dressed snobs.

"Get out of my way!" A
frown marred Jonathan's
brows.

Right when his patience
was at its limit, a loud
rumble sounded outside
the store.

The next second, a figure
dashed into the car
dealership and fell to his
knees before Jonathan.

—

Chapter 47 Throwing
Themselves At Asura

That man who charged in
and promptly knelt before
Jonathan was Harrison.

Oliver and the female
sales assistants were
shocked senseless.

"B-Boss..." they
stammered at the sight
of Harrison's figure on
the ground.

Harrison's the most
ruthless man in
Jadeborough! This is the
first time I've ever seen
him kneeling before

someone instead of others
kneeling before him!

"Shut the f*ck up!"

Harrison gave Oliver a
slap so hard that the
latter's tooth flew out of
his mouth. "Useless piece
of shit! How could you not
recognize Mr. Goldstein?
How dare you kick him
out? You're worse than my
watchdog!"

Oliver covered his lips so
the blood wouldn't gush
out of his mouth.

"Mr. Goldstein, please
forgive me for not
teaching my subordinates
well. You shouldn't be
treated this way!"

Harrison knelt on his
knees, his head hung low.

He knew how millions
would end up dead under
Asura's wrath.

Though Harrison was
influential in Jadeborough,
it would take only an
instruction from Jonathan
to have him killed.

"Yes, you are at fault for
failing to discipline your
subordinates. You're
useless," Jonathan

remarked with a snort.

Harrison's face drained of color at his words as he trembled in fear.

Jonathan continued calmly, "If I don't know you, they would've either kicked me out and left me to the police, right? The nerve of you, Harrison Seymour!"

"I'm really sorry about
that, M-Mr. Goldstein!"
Harrison mumbled, sick
with fear.

Even though his life was
at risk, he dared not
deny Jonathan's words.

The fear he had for
Jonathan came from deep
within his heart.

"I regret leaving the
Blackwood family in your
hands," Jonathan said,
casting Harrison a cool
glance. "You've just taken
over the Blackwood family
for two days but already
have the guts to kick me
out. If you gain full
control of the Blackwood
family, will you kick me

out of Jadeborough,
then?"

"Of course not, Mr.
Goldstein! I dare not do
so," Harrison answered in
a shaking voice.

His lips were devoid of
color as he shivered in
horror.

"Stop talking nonsense.
I'll give you three minutes

to deal with them. Come
to me when you're done!"
Jonathan announced icily.

He then strode back to
the couch and took a
seat. At once, Harrison's
frightened expression
turned hard. A dangerous
glint appeared in his eyes
as he declared, "Drag him
out, break his limbs and

feed him to the fishes in
the Goda River!"

"Yes, Mr. Seymour!"

Following that command,
five men in black charged
into the store without
hesitation.

They dragged Oliver out
of the door as though he
was a pig heading to the
slaughterhouse!

"No, Mr. Seymour! Don't
kill me!" Oliver nearly
passed out when the men
in black grabbed him. He
shrieked in horror, "I was
wrong. I know my
mistake. Please spare my
life! I promise I won't
repeat the same mistake
ever, Mr. Seymour!"

He sobbed so hard that
blood dribbled down his

nostrils. Alas, Harrison
didn't even glance at him
and merely gave a
dismissive wave. The men
in black promptly dragged
him out without mercy.

Shortly after, an ear-
splitting scream pierced
the air. The ladies who
were still kneeling on the
ground blanched in fear.

As their legs gave way
beneath them, they
pleaded, "Please don't kill
us, Mr. Seymour..."

There was a glazed look
in their eyes as they
trembled in distress.

"Did you speak to Mr.
Goldstein rudely earlier?"
Harrison's gaze turned
icy. The racy sales
assistants promptly

collapsed to the ground in
terror.

"M-Mr. Seymour, it
wasn't us. She was the
one who spoke to Mr.
Goldstein rudely!" one
sales assistant pointed an
accusing finger in another
sales assistant's direction.

Friendship, my foot! I
need to stay alive!

"You..." The accused sales assistant's expression fell.

She immediately groveled at Harrison's feet. "Have mercy on me, Mr.

Seymour! I won't do it again!"

"Drag her out!" Harrison ordered with an irritable wave.

The men in black leapt to action and towed her out as ordered.

"Did any of you speak to Mr. Goldstein in a rude manner?" Harrison's frosty gaze swept over the other ladies sharply.

The remaining sales assistants lowered their heads nervously. Not a word escaped their lips.

Though they didn't mock Jonathan verbally, they didn't bother hiding the disdain in their eyes.

"I can spare your lives, but you should know what to do next," Harrison declared, his voice cold.

"Yes, we know what we should do!"

Hope sparked in their eyes upon finding out they had been spared.

"So? Why are you still on your knees? Get up and serve Mr. Goldstein!"

Harrison glowered at them. Without further delay, they scrambled to their feet and wiped their tears away. Forcing out sweet smiles, they

sashayed over to
Jonathan. "Mr. Goldstein,
you must be exhausted.
Do you want a relaxing
massage?"

"I can knead your
shoulders."

"Mr. Goldstein, would you
like a drink? I'm at your
service!"

In a blink of an eye, the
sales assistants who
couldn't wait to kick
Jonathan out mere
moments ago changed
their attitudes abruptly
and tried buttering him up
by throwing themselves at
him. Jonathan's brows
knitted together
instinctively at their
antics.

Women had flocked to
Asura, throwing
themselves at him
shamelessly all the time.

If he wished, women
would line up from
Jadeborough to Jazona
just to gain his favor!

"I don't need anything.
Stay away from me!"
Jonathan waved his hand
irritably. The ladies

staggered back in fear
and fell silent.

After taking in his
reaction, Harrison went to
him carefully and offered
a polite bow. "Mr.
Goldstein, don't you like
them? If they aren't to
your liking, should I get
prettier ones to serve
you?"

"No need!" Jonathan
replied with a wave of his
hand. Frowning, he
added, "Stop playing
tricks. I came to your
store to buy a car, not to
choose a wife!"

"Got it, Mr. Goldstein!"
Harrison quipped.

Harrison dared not utter
a word after that, and
Jonathan didn't want to

waste his time here. His
gaze landed on a fiery
red Lamborghini in the
showroom as he asked,
"How much does this
cost?"

"Mr. Goldstein, pick any
car you like. I shall
deliver it to your address
as soon as possible!"
Harrison offered
enthusiastically.

He dared not ask
Jonathan to pay for his
selection.

"No need," came
Jonathan's answer. "I can
afford to buy a sports
car!"

—

Chapter 48 Dirt Poor

"Mr. Goldstein, that
wasn't what I meant."

Harrison turned as pale as a sheet.

"How much is it?"

Jonathan asked in a glacial voice.

"Eighteen million, eight hundred and eighty thousand. It's a worldwide limited edition sports car, and there are only three cars in the whole country. This is the only car in

Jazona!" Harrison
revealed.

"Not bad," came
Jonathan's reply.

He bobbed his head
slightly before fishing out
a black card from his
pocket. Handing it to
Harrison, he stated
matter-of-factly,
"Charge it on my card,
including the money you

spent on the mansion
yesterday."

"Got it, Mr. Goldstein!"
Harrison answered
hastily.

After accepting the card,
Harrison immediately
recognized it as a
worldwide limited edition
black card issued by
Citibank. Rumor had it
that the bank had only

issued around a dozen
cards worldwide!

Only a selected few in
Chanaea were in
possession of this black
card.

This was the first time
Harrison had ever seen it
in real life, excluding the
one time he saw it in the
papers, of course.

Shortly after, when
Harrison rang up a
purchase of over two
hundred million on the
POS terminal, the sales
assistants behind him
widened their eyes in
amazement.

Two hundred million? Did
that man who rode an
electric scooter just pay

two hundred million using
his black card?

"Mr. Seymour, is this
young man from a wealthy
family? He's really low
profile!" one sales
assistant commented in an
effort to suck up to
them.

She racked her brains to
find a suitable adjective
to describe Jonathan, but

the only word that came to mind was "low profile."

It felt like they were serving a prince who wanted to experience a commoner's life.

"Don't ask questions. The truth won't benefit you in any way!" Harrison shot her a frosty glare. "All you need to know is that he ordered for the most

distinguished Blackwood
family from the four
prominent families in
Jadeborough to be kicked
out of the city."

Did he kick the Blackwood
family out of
Jadeborough?

The scantily clad sales
assistants paled visibly,
fighting back the urge to

slap themselves as regret
overwhelmed them.

How influential is he to
kick the Blackwood family
out of Jadeborough
single-handedly?

"Mr. Goldstein, here's
your card."

A few minutes later,
Harrison returned the
card to Jonathan. At a

snap of his fingers, a man
in black stepped forward
and offered the house
deed along with a bunch
of keys.

"Mr. Goldstein, this is the
keys to No. 1 Villa in
Edenic Heights. I've
transferred the deed to
your wife, Josephine
Smith. When will you
move in?" asked Harrison

politely after he handed
the house deed and keys
to Jonathan.

"I can't be sure."

Jonathan shook his head.

It would depend on

whether Josephine was

willing to move in with

him.

He didn't want to move

into the mansion alone.

"I'll send someone to
clean the place up every
day. Just inform me when
you're ready to move in,"
Harrison said with his
head lowered. "Mr.
Goldstein, should I ask
someone to drive your car
back to your house?"

"Nope!" Jonathan shook
his head. "I'll drive it
back myself. I need your

help to deliver my electric scooter back to Brocade Park, though," he said after a brief consideration.

"No problem, Mr. Goldstein!" Harrison promised.

He pointed at one of the sales assistants and commanded, "Get a sports car and deliver Mr.

Goldstein's electric scooter back to Brocade Park!"

"Yes, Boss!" the lady answered promptly with a curt nod.

She strolled away, her high heels clicking noisily on the floor.

Soon, the fiery red Lamborghini stopped at

the entrance of the car dealership. Harrison proceeded to ask, "Mr. Goldstein, do you need a driver?"

"Of course not," came Jonathan's reply as he pulled the door of the Lamborghini open.

Back in his expedition years, all the fighter aircrafts, armed

helicopters, and
battleships were all at his
disposal. Many times, he
had to drive them around.

A loud roar echoed in the
air as the engine roared
to life.

The Lamborghini soon
sped away, leaving only a
trail of exhaust gas in its
wake.

"This is better to
maneuver compared to an
armed helicopter,"

Jonathan remarked on the
way back home. It only
took him a few minutes to
figure out the red
Lamborghini's control
buttons completely.

The sports car attracted
the attention of countless
passers-by.

Jonathan sped ahead
without sparing them any
glance. After figuring out
the time Josephine would
get off work, he stopped
the car by the road
nearby her office and lit
a cigarette to pass the
remaining time.

"Look, isn't this the latest
Lamborghini model?" one

passer-by exclaimed
excitedly.

Her friend answered,
"Yes, indeed! I heard that
there are only three of
them in the whole of
Chananea. There's only one
in Jazona. It's a
worldwide limited edition
model, too!"

"A worldwide limited
edition model? Then, it

must be ridiculously
expensive, right?"

"I think the cheapest it
can go is fifteen million.
The model with the
complete specs costs
eighteen million, eight
hundred and eighty
thousand!"

"What? Eighteen million,
eight hundred and eighty

thousand? That's really expensive!"

A bunch of girls chattered excitedly at the sight of the fiery red Lamborghini. As an inexperienced bunch, this was the first time they had ever seen such a gorgeous sports car.

They couldn't imagine how much eighteen million,

eight hundred and eighty thousand was.

It was akin to driving a mansion that could go anywhere!

"Be careful not to touch it. We can't afford to pay the repair costs if we cause a scratch!" One of them was about to reach out to caress the car when her friends stopped

her hastily. "I heard that
the paint itself costs over
a million. Don't you dare
lay a hand on it!"

"What? That's ridiculous!"
the girl remarked in
surprise as she pulled
away from the car.

Jonathan chuckled at
their words. "Don't listen
to them. You are free to

touch the car as you wish!"

"I-Is this your car?" the girl asked carefully as she stared at Jonathan. He carried an imperious nose well and his angular cheekbones carved down towards a flinty jaw. His manly, Samson physique caused the girl to blush in embarrassment.

"Yes, it's mine. You're
welcome to take a photo
with it if you wish!"

Jonathan said warmly. As
they were innocent
beings, he wasn't his usual
irritable self. His voice
could be foghorn loud
when he was booming out
orders, but it was now
mellifluous, especially

when he was talking to
these young girls.

"N-No, thank you!" the
girl answered shyly as she
retracted her hand.

Though she was shy, her
friends didn't share her
sentiments. One girl
standing beside her
promptly parted her lips
to greet Jonathan, but
before she could do so,

Jonathan spotted
Josephine coming out of
her company. He
immediately flung his
cigarette aside and strode
toward her.

"Darling!" he called out.

"Jonathan? Why are you
here? Didn't I tell you not
to come and pick me up?"
Josephine's face fell at
the sight of him.

Because of what happened
this morning, her
colleague had been
mocking her the entire
day!

"Darling, are you still mad
at me?" Jonathan flashed
a smile at her displeased
look. "I didn't lie to you
this morning, for I did
plan to buy a car for
you—"

Before he could finish his
words, a jeering voice
sounded, "Oh, isn't this
the dirt poor boyfriend
who said my BMW 3
series sedan is inferior?
Are you here to give
Josephine a ride back
home on your electric
scooter?"

—

Chapter 49 Sense Of Superiority

Jonathan didn't even need to look, for he could recognize the person by her voice.

Sure enough, a young lady strutted out on her high heels before giving Jonathan a disdainful look. "Where is your

electric scooter? Did you lose it?" she inquired.

"It's none of your business!" Jonathan wasn't in the mood to yak with her.

"How dare you talk to me that way?" the young lady demanded with a scowl.

"Josephine, won't you discipline your dirt poor

boyfriend? Look how rude he is!"

"What do you want?"

Josephine finally lost it after having to endure the lady's insults for the entire day.

"What do you mean?" The young lady put on a well-practiced pout. "I'm doing this for your sake, Josephine. You shouldn't

fall for the same trick
twice. Haven't you
suffered enough after
marrying a penniless loser
back then? Now that he's
missing, you got yourself
another penniless loser?
What else is he good at,
except for boasting about
himself? I don't
understand why you fell
for them!"

It was obvious that the lady had a sense of superiority before Josephine, for she owned a BMW 3 series sedan.

Josephine, on the other hand, had to go home on an old electric scooter.

"No matter what kind of men I choose, it's none of your business," Josephine answered in an icy tone.

"If you don't have
anything else to say,
please get out of my
way!"

With that, Josephine
swung her head around
and stalked away.

"Josephine, why are you
in such a hurry?" Her
colleague immediately ran
after her. "I'm merely
commenting on that

penniless loser. Why are
you upset? My boyfriend
is coming to pick me up.
Do you need a ride home?
He just bought the latest
Lamborghini that cost
around two million."

A smug smile played on
her lips.

So what if Josephine's
prettier than me? She

has to ride a stupid
electric scooter!

"No need!" Josephine
rejected her offer
without hesitation. "I'm
going in the other
direction!"

"Josephine..."

The colleague was about
to say something when
she spotted a crowd

around a fiery red
Lamborghini.

The smooth curves of the
car promptly attracted
her attention.

"This should be the car
my boyfriend bought this
afternoon," the lady
blurted out excitedly,
assuming that the red
Lamborghini belonged to
her boyfriend. "Look,

Josephine. Isn't it
gorgeous?"

"Yes, it is," answered
Josephine without looking
up.

"It cost over two million.
No wonder it's gorgeous,"
her colleague announced
smugly. Taking Josephine's
arm, she invited, "Come
on, Josephine. Let's go
take a look at my

boyfriend's new car. I bet
you've never taken a ride
in such an expensive
sports car. Do you want
to experience it later?"

Jonathan shook his head
and chuckled, for she
didn't bother hiding her
sense of superiority

"No need!" Josephine
rejected her offer and
turned to leave.

Suddenly, Jonathan
blocked her way and said,
"Yes, Darling. She's right.
Let's try it out. If you
like it, I'll buy one for
you!"

He'll buy one for her?

The young lady nearly
puked in disgust at his
words.

"That car costs over two million. Can you even afford it?" she sneered, her voice full of disdain.

"Jonathan!" Josephine's brows furrowed up at once. "What are you doing? Isn't this embarrassing enough?"

After being teased all day long in her office, all she wanted was to go home.

Why did Jonathan agree with her suggestion?

"It won't take long. What if you take a liking to it?"

Jonathan flashed a smile before striding over to the red Lamborghini. The young lady stared at his retreating figure and snickered. She took Josephine's arm and strutted after him. "He's

right. Even if you can't
afford it, at least try out
the seats in an expensive
car."

She promptly shooed the
crowd away. "Get lost.
Move away from the car.
If you make a scratch,
can you afford to cough
up the compensation?
Hey, you! That's right,

you! Get your hand off
the car! Don't touch it!"

Once the lady reached
the car, she acted as
though she was the owner
and chased all the
spectators away.

After the crowd
dispersed, she reached
out for the door handle.
However, it refused to

budge when she tried
pulling at it.

"Huh? Where is my
boyfriend?" she inquired,
glancing around the area.

"Did he hide somewhere
to give me a surprise?"

Alas, her boyfriend was
nowhere to be seen.

Right then, the
spectators who she had

told to scam earlier
began sneering, "Are you
putting up an act? This
car isn't yours, right?"

"Ha! Look at her. Does
she look like she can
afford this car?"

"How dare she ask us to
scam? She should be the
one who leaves!"

"Let her continue with her act. I'm curious to see how she'll get into the car!"

The crowd's sarcastic comments caused the lady's expression to fall. She promptly placed her hands on her hips and declared, "What are you talking about? I can't afford this car? Don't you

know how much it costs?
Over two million! Can you
afford it? You're merely
penniless scumbags who
know nothing!"

Right after she said that
a loud roar belonging to
that of a sports car came
toward them.

Soon, a green Lamborghini
rolled to a stop beside
them.

The door opened, and a middle-aged man in his forties with a belly and receding hairline stepped out.

"Darling!"

The young lady leaped into his embrace and flung her arms around his huge belly. "Darling, why did you buy two

Lamborghinis?" she asked
in a coquettish tone.

"Two cars?" the middle-
aged man repeated in
confusion. "What do you
mean? I have only bought
one!"

"Huh?" The lady's
expression turned
downcast in an instant.
She pointed at the red
Lamborghini and asked,

"Darling, you didn't buy this Lamborghini?"

"Of course not," the man replied as he glanced at the red Lamborghini. At once, his eyes widened in shock. "Is this that worldwide limited edition Lamborghini sports car?"

—

Chapter 50 A Surprise

"Worldwide limited edition sports car?" the lady repeated, her voice trembling. "It must be expensive, right?"

"Expensive?" the middle-aged man scoffed. "Even if you're rich enough to afford to buy this car, it isn't available to everyone. There are only ten worldwide and only

three in Chanaea. In
Jazona, there is only one
available for sale! The car
itself cost eighteen
million, eight hundred and
eighty thousand. Including
all the specs, fees, and
taxes, the owner will have
to pay more than twenty-
five million! The vehicle
purchase tax itself costs
two million!"

What? The vehicle purchase tax itself costs two million?

Everyone blanched at the piece of information, for two million was enough to buy a house in a high-end residential area.

One can buy a house with the vehicle purchase tax paid to buy this car.
That's shocking.

The young lady's
expression was dark as
thunder. She assumed the
car belonged to her
boyfriend, but turned out
her boyfriend's car was
cheaper than the
purchase tax of this
limited edition model.

She felt her throat
clamming up as though she
had just swallowed a fly.

"Darling, where's the
Lamborghini you bought?
Let me take a look at it!"
As the crowd's gazes
turned scornful, she
dragged the middle-aged
man to his newly bought
Lamborghini.

"Around two million," the
man replied honestly.

In fact, he had already
told her about the price

of this car before he
went to buy it.

"Oh, that's really
expensive!" the lady
exclaimed, pretending to
be shocked. Without
warning, she threw
herself at the man and
said shyly, "Thanks for
the gift, Darling!"

Gift? Disdain flashed
across the middle-aged
man.

Why will I gift a two
million car to you?

This lady wasn't actually
his girlfriend, though they
had recently gotten
together.

There was no way he'd
marry her, for it was

clear that she had slept
with countless men before
him.

Instead of exposing her
lie, he played along. "I'm
glad you like it, Darling.
Two million isn't that
much!"

"Ha!" Jonathan let out a
scoff at their act.

He had seen through their
crude act.

"Penniless fool, why are
you laughing? You can't
afford to buy this sports
car even if you work hard
your entire life!" the lady
hissed. "If you grovel at
my feet, I might consider
letting you try out the
leather seats."

"Darling, who is this?" the middle-aged man demanded, his gaze landing on Jonathan.

"A penniless man who drives an electric scooter!" the lady answered, her voice dripping with disdain. "He said my BMW 3 series that cost three hundred thousand is an inferior

car. Look at how shabby
he looks. I bet he hasn't
even touched a three
hundred thousand BMW
before."

"He's the penniless idiot
you've been talking
about?" Scorn appeared in
the man's eyes.

"Yes, that's right. He
doesn't even have a job. I
don't understand what

Josephine sees in him,"
the lady laughed coldly.

"Come on, Josephine.
Let's get into my darling's
new car. This must be
your first time riding a
fancy car, right?"

Oh? This is Josephine?

The middle-aged man
looked right at Josephine.
At once, his face lit up in

delight, utterly
mesmerized.

Compared to her
colleague, Josephine was
far prettier.

Her slender figure,
photogenic looks, and
gentle demeanor were
flawless!

"Come on in!" he offered,
pulling the door open.

"The seats are made of leather and stitched on by hand. It's better than an electric scooter."

"No, thanks." Josephine shook her head. "I prefer my electric scooter. It might be a cheap ride, but at least it's mine!"

Having said that, she snapped her head back

and ordered, "Jonathan,
let's go!"

"Darling, you didn't tell
me whether you like it or
not." Instead of leaving
as told, Jonathan dragged
her to the fiery red
Lamborghini. "Do you like
this car, Darling?"

"What the heck do you
want?" Josephine

snapped, losing her
patience.

She had initially found an
excuse to leave her
colleague, who kept
insulting them, but
Jonathan insisted on
bringing them here and
gave her colleague a
chance to keep tormenting
them.

What does he want? Isn't this embarrassing enough?

"To view the car, of course," Jonathan replied blithely. "Didn't I promise to gift you one if it's to your liking?"

Before Josephine could say anything, her colleague burst out in giggles. "Did I hear you correctly? You're going to

gift Josephine a
worldwide limited edition
sports car?"

"Yes, that's right. Is
there a problem?"

Jonathan questioned with
a frown.

"Can you afford it? You're
dirt poor! I don't think
you can afford to buy a
tire even if you work hard

your entire life," the lady replied sarcastically.

Ha! There's no way he can afford to buy this car that cost eighteen million, eight hundred and eighty thousand, she thought to herself smugly.

"That's none of your business," Jonathan answered, growing

impatient at the lady's
incessant provocation.

"Young man, watch your
tone!" the middle-aged
man declared as he
reached out to Jonathan.
Seeing his action,
Jonathan's gaze turned
frosty. "Are you going to
beat me up?" he
challenged.

It only took one look from
him to stop the middle-
aged man in his tracks.

His gaze is so scary! It
feels like I've been
sentenced to death!

Ignoring the annoying
pests, Jonathan took
Josephine's hand.

"Darling, ignore them.
Let's take a look at that
car!"

Alas, Josephine shoved
him away forcefully
before he could lay a
hand on her. "Jonathan
Goldstein, that's enough.
How long are you going to
put up an act?" she
demanded, growing
increasingly infuriated.

"Darling, I'm not bluffing!
I just want to show you

the car," came Jonathan's exasperated reply.

"There's nothing to look at! Even if it's pretty, it has nothing to do with us.

We can't afford it!"

Josephine snapped.

She had enough of him.

I can't believe he's pretending to be rich

when he's just a jobless
and penniless loser!

"This is a gift for you!"

Jonathan answered

helplessly. "I wanted it to
be a surprise..."

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