

# The Legendary Man Chapter 17

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"What? Are you serious?" Margaret stared at Jonathan, thinking he was out of his mind for making such a statement brazenly. "How will a loser like you do that, though? I don't think you'll even get to meet Mr. Blackwood, let alone have him apologize."

It was clear that Jonathan was boasting, for there was no way he would get to meet the head of the Blackwood family with his lowly status. After all, the head of the Blackwood family, Anderson Blackwood, was such an important figure that even the mayor of Jadeborough had to make an appointment in advance to meet him.

She rolled her eyes at how arrogant Jonathan was.

*The nerve of him to lie to us! Does he think we're fools who will fall for his pompous lies?*

"Give me one day. If I fail to do that, I will head to the City Hall with Josephine to file for divorce," said

Jonathan, his eyes boring into Margaret's. "But if I did it, you must give me your word not to force Josephine to divorce me in the future!"

Margaret let out a mocking grunt before teasing, "Ha! If you succeed, I'll even let Josephine marry you one more time!"

She was obviously playing along to spite him, thinking he was building castles in the air.

*I don't think the even chairman of Langford Group, who is worth billions, would dare to make such a promise. This loser is sure funny, huh? He's daydreaming!*

"It's a deal then!" Jonathan gave a curt reply before turning to look at Josephine. "One day later, the head of the Blackwood family shall come to offer his apology. Just you wait and see!"

"That's enough, Jonathan. When will you drop the act?" Josephine snapped, resentment clouding her thoughts.

To her, Jonathan had been bluffing all along.

"I'm not putting up an act. I am a man of my word!" Jonathan stated sternly. "All you have to do is prepare to be a bride once more!"

"Well, Jonathan, if you're that confident, why don't you solve the problem at Anderson Blackwood's birthday party tomorrow?" Margaret suggested as an evil smirk spread all over her face.

All the prominent figures in Jadeborough would attend Anderson's seventieth birthday party the next day. After all his boasting, she could not wait to see how Jonathan would enter the Blackwood residence.

"His birthday party is going to be held tomorrow? Sure, no problem!" Jonathan answered without missing a beat.

Since he could solve the issue with just a phone call, there was no difference between solving it that night itself or the next day.

"By the way, I forgot to tell you that you need an invitation card to enter the Blackwood residence." Margaret reminded him, her lips curling into a contemptuous grin.

"I don't need one." He was unperturbed by her words.

*So what if I don't have an invitation card? No one will dare to stop me from entering the Blackwood residence!*

"Let's see how long you can keep that act up, b\*stard." Margaret snickered. "I'd better not see you

being denied entry at the gate!"

Jonathan merely answered, "I can go anywhere I like. No one is capable enough of stopping me."

He cast one last look at Josephine before leaving in large strides. After his figure was out of their sight, Josephine shot Margaret a look of resentment. "Mom, why did you ask him to attend the birthday party when you know that he can't even make it in without an invitation card?" she demanded.

The access to the Blackwood family's party was so exclusive that even the Smith family only received a few invitation cards.

In truth, the Blackwood family had sent them the invitations to insult them. Otherwise, they were not even worthy of entering the Blackwood residence.

"Ha! He wants to make a fool out of himself, right? I merely gave him a chance to do so," Margaret answered with a snort. "Why, Josephine? Do you pity him? Didn't you hear what he said? That he only needs one day to order the head of the Blackwood family to get on his knees before you and apologize? Isn't that utter nonsense?"

She huffed angrily and rambled on about Jonathan's faults. "Josephine, a prat like him doesn't deserve your pity. Since he insists on demeaning himself, we'll

let him have his way! After tomorrow, go to the City Hall with him and get the divorce done. Once that's settled, you are free to marry Alvin!"

Margaret beamed, lost in her own imagination. "The Langford family might not be on par with the

Blackwood family, but at least they can help to ease the pressure. Your grandfather nearly suffered from a heart attack from his building anger."

Hearing her mother's words, Josephine parted her lips to say, "Mom, but,"

Before she could say anything, Margaret interrupted her, "Shush. No more buts. You've practically been a widow for three years. Don't tell me you intend on wasting your entire life on someone as useless as him?"

"Mom's right, Josephine. That man is nothing but a useless fool. Why did you marry him in the first place? He even tried to take advantage of me earlier!" Emmeline piped up, fanning flames of hostility.

All she had for her loser brother-in-law was utter distaste.

"Emmeline, I want you to repeat the whole thing. Were you telling the truth just now?" Josephine's icy gaze petrified her sister, who immediately hung her head to avoid meeting her eyes.

Of all her family members, Emmeline feared Josephine the most.

"What's wrong? Don't tell me you think Emmeline lied," Margaret interjected unhappily. "Emmeline's a good girl. Why do you choose to trust that loser instead of your sister?"

"Yes, why don't you trust me? Why are you taking his side instead?" Emmeline said, regaining her confidence once more with their mother's support.

"All right. You want to earn my trust, right?" Josephine harrumphed. "Let's ask the police to get the surveillance footage from the bar tomorrow. I will make a police report to press charges on Jonathan if you're telling the truth. But if you're lying on purpose to put the blame on him..." She did not finish her sentence, but her warning was clear enough.

"No! You can't call the police or get the surveillance footage!" Emmeline shrieked as anxiousness clouded her features.

"Josephine, why did you take that b\*stard's side? Stop scaring your sister!" Margaret chided,

displeased at how overly aggressive Josephine was being. "Aren't you afraid of ruining your sister's reputation if word gets out?"

“So her reputation is extremely important, but not Jonathan’s?” Josephine grunted in response. Though she loathed Jonathan to the core, Emmeline’s deceit was too palpable.

“That loser’s reputation must’ve been in tatters!” Margaret snorted. “Who knows? Perhaps he had committed various heinous crimes within the past three years! He might have returned to our family to seek refuge after landing in trouble or offending someone. So what if Emmeline had indeed framed him? A piece of trash like him has no reputation at stake. How could you compare him to Emmeline?”

“Mom-”

Josephine was about to say something, but Margaret interrupted decisively, “All right. That’s it. On the day after tomorrow, head to the City Hall with the scum and get the divorce all sorted out!”

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Soon came the next day-the birthday of Anderson Blackwood.

As the head of the most affluent family in the whole of Jadeborough, his birthday party was attended by distinguished figures from all over the city.

In other words, the birthday party was, in fact, a gathering for the upper-class society. Those who wanted to climb up the rungs of the social ladder would do anything to get an invitation card to the party. It was rumored that someone had offered eight hundred thousand just to buy one.

Even so, no one was willing to sell it.

The backyard of the Blackwood residence had an area of about a few hundred square meters.

At that moment, it was packed to the brim, with most of the guests being respectable figures in Jadeborough, including chairpersons of construction companies, managers of shopping malls, and government officials from different departments.

In other words, all the rich and powerful big guns of Jadeborough were there.

It was a splendid party where everyone could not help but be floored by the Blackwood family’s connections.

That was the sight that greeted Josephine, Margaret, and Connor when they arrived in the backyard.

Although Margaret often oppressed and insulted Jonathan in a savage manner, she was not important enough to get a seat in the first ten rows.

With a social standing like theirs, they could only take their seats in a corner in the last row.

If Connor's father, Hugo Smith, were not too proud to attend the party, they would not have gotten the opportunity to take their seats in the last row.

"So this is what the most influential family in Jadeborough is capable of. What a grand party!" Margaret commented after they took their seats.

She was already in her forties, but it was actually her first time attending such a posh party.

So this is what an upper-class social event looks like. I've always wondered what it is like. Now, I finally get to see it with my own eyes!

"Shush, keep it down. You don't want the other guests to overhear your comments and ridicule us, do you?" Connor gestured for her to lower her voice. "They might think we're country bumpkins!"

"Ridicule us? None of them had spared us a glance!" Margaret pursed her lips.

No one would pay attention to us three when our seats are the least favorable ones in the entire backyard, only a few meters away from the bathroom!

"You were the one who demanded to attend the party!" Connor complained. "I told you Jonathan wouldn't make it in, but you insisted on coming to watch him make a fool of himself. What if we ended up being the laughing stock instead of him?"

He had no intention of attending the Blackwood family's party where everyone would make fun of him.

After all, the Smith family was not qualified enough to attend a party of such scale.

The Blackwoods only sent the invitations to them out of spite.

"You know nothing. One can't attend a party for the upper-class society as one wishes. Do you know how much an invitation card to this birthday party cost? A million! Our invitation cards cost three million altogether!" Margaret revealed with her lips pursed in contempt.

I've never been to such a grand party, so it doesn't matter if the guests ridicule us as long as I get to be here. Besides, we've already ended up as a laughing stock in

Jadeborough from offending the Blackwood family. Being held up as an object of ridicule again won't bruise my pride.

"One million?" Josephine gasped in surprise at the exorbitant price.

Isn't it too high a price just to buy an invitation card?

"You can't even buy one even if you have one million!" Margaret said, chuckling lightly. "Josephine, the

guests at this party are all affluent and powerful figures in Jadeborough. Look closely and see if any wealthy young man is here alone. Go to them and strike up a conversation. You might even find yourself a rich husband!"

"Mom, what's your real reason for coming here?" Josephine demanded, her brows drawing together in annoyance.

Isn't she here to attend the Blackwood family's party? Why is she urging me to find a wealthy husband?

"What else?" Margaret rolled her eyes. "Why do you think I didn't sell off the invitation cards for three million? I wanted to give you an opportunity!"

"Mom, you..." Josephine choked with fury.

If I knew she had that plan in mind, I wouldn't have agreed to attend the birthday party!

"Josephine's been seeing Alvin from the Langford family, right? Why are you asking her to search for another man?" Connor glanced at his wife out of curiosity.

"Again, you know nothing!" Margaret retorted. "Compared to the Blackwood family, the Langford family is a nobody. I wouldn't have allowed Josephine to make contact with him if we had a chance to get to know a more prominent family."

As a smug smile crept up her lips, she added, "Josephine's gorgeous and young. Though she has been married once, Jonathan never laid a finger on her. It's a pity for her to marry Alvin. We only chose him because he was our best choice at that time. But now that we have a chance to find a better man, it's time to cast him aside!"

Finally, Margaret revealed her real plan. Unfortunately, her daughter did not share her sentiment. Josephine's eyes turned bloodshot from the fury that raged within her as she questioned, "Mom, what the hell are you talking about? What do you take me for?"

Though she had remained a virgin over the years, it did not mean she would give it up to anyone.

Otherwise, she would not have kept her chastity for the past three years and stayed away from other men.

“Josephine, you’re too young to understand. When you grow up, you’ll understand that I mean good for you. Women should make full use of their advantages to get themselves a good husband. Marrying a prat like Jonathan would only set your life for utter torture,” Margaret explained, for she had learned it the hard way. “If I hadn’t been blind enough to marry your father, I wouldn’t have ended up in this state.”

“Is it that bad to be my wife?” Connor retorted. Right after he said so, Margaret responded nastily, “of course! Look, after marrying you, we can’t even afford a Mercedes-Benz. Look at my friends, they can all afford BMWs and Mercedes-Benzes, but all you own is an old Volkswagen. You don’t even have the

money to fix the broken air conditioner. Well, I’d say you’re just slightly better than Jonathan.”

Margaret did not bother mincing her words, causing Connor’s face to flush in embarrassment. Before it escalated into a full fight, Josephine interjected, “Stop it. You fight at home, and now you’re fighting at someone’s birthday party. Don’t you feel ashamed of yourselves?”

“Young woman, watch your tone!” Displeased at being lectured by her daughter, Margaret turned around and rebuked at once. When she spun on her heels, a familiar figure caught her attention. “Hey, look. Who is that?”

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