

# The Legendary Man Chapter 51

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Chapter 51 In Her Face

“What? Do you mean you bought this car?” The young lady burst out laughing like he had just said a funny joke. “Did I mishear it? Can you afford to buy such a luxurious car? Why don’t you say you own that helicopter, too?”

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She refused to believe him, for this sports car cost eighteen million, eight hundred and eighty thousand.

There was no way he could afford it! She assumed he couldn’t even afford to buy the car insurance.

“If Josephine wishes, I can buy a helicopter,” Jonathan replied with a snort. “I can even buy a cruise ship!”

“Darling, did you hear what he said? He wants to buy a cruise ship for Josephine!” the lady exclaimed. She had laughed so much that her belly started aching. She couldn’t help but stare at Jonathan as though he were a fool. Even her boyfriend couldn’t stop himself from snickering. “I don’t think he has ever seen a cruise ship in his life,” he remarked, his tone acerbic.

They took turns to roast Jonathan in public!

Hearing their deriding comments, Josephine couldn’t stop herself from trembling in fury. “Let’s go, Jonathan,” she muttered in a low voice.

She couldn’t blame them for not believing Jonathan, for she herself couldn’t believe his words.

If Jonathan could afford to buy an eighteen million, eight hundred and eighty thousand sports car, he wouldn’t need to live like a coward in the Smith residence.

“Why are you leaving?” her colleague sneered. “You hadn’t seen the Lamborghini your dirt poor boyfriend bought for you yet!”

She turned to Jonathan and said sarcastically, “You claimed to have bought this sports car, right? Where is the key? Don’t tell me you don’t have it with you.”

“The car key?” Jonathan asked coolly. “I have it.”

Under everyone’s watchful eyes, he whipped out an LCD smart key from his pocket and pressed on a button. With a click, the car was unlocked.

The Lamborghini’s signature red lights instantly lit up.

At the sight of the lights, the young lady's scornful expression froze. She lifted a trembling finger to point at Jonathan. "That's impossible. You're too poor to afford this luxurious sports car! You must've stolen the car key. Yes, you must've done that!"

Even though Jonathan had the car key, she refused to believe that he could buy this pricey sports car!

"Ha! Why would I steal the car key to a sports car?" Jonathan scoffed icily. "It might be an unattainable sports car to you, but I only see it as a tool to please Josephine! I can even buy a one hundred million sports car for her if she wants!"

Having said that, he pulled the door open and turned back to look at Josephine. "Darling, what are you doing? Get in!"

"Jonathan, you..." Initially, Josephine wanted to ask where he got the money from to buy this costly car, but she changed her mind after realizing they were in public.

Without a word, she entered the car after Jonathan.

Behind her, her colleague's jaw tightened at the sight of her entering the sports car.

There is no way Jonathan can afford to buy this pricey sports car! He's dirt poor!

"Darling, why didn't you say anything?" the young lady demanded. She stomped her feet angrily after seeing her boyfriend rooted to the spot. "Didn't you see how pompous the penniless idiot was?"

"Yes, I saw it." The middle-aged man's lips thinned. "There's nothing to be proud of. So what if he has the key? That doesn't mean he owns the car. He might've borrowed it from someone else or rented it for the day! He's dressed too shabbily to be a rich person."

"Yes, he must've rented it for the day!" the young lady answered excitedly. "After I insulted him this morning, he couldn't stomach the humiliation and went to rent a sports car to pretend to be rich! I shall expose his lie now!"

She promptly marched over to the Lamborghini, where Josephine was fiddling around with the control buttons inside.

This was the first time Josephine had ever ridden in a sports car as pricey as this.

Her body was tensed up, for she was afraid of hitting the wrong button.

"Jonathan, did you rent this car?" Josephine had the same idea, too. She thought Jonathan couldn't stomach the humiliation and chose to rent this car to puff himself up at his own cost.

Jonathan flashed a helpless smile. "Darling, I wasn't lying. This car is my gift to you! I did tell you that I will give you anything you want, right?"

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

He's still the same! Rather than admitting the fact that he's inferior to others, he'd rather spend an exorbitant amount of money to rent an expensive car for the sake of his pride!

She suddenly spotted her colleague coming over to them. The latter bent down and grinned at Josephine, who was in the passenger seat. "Josephine, do you like this car? If you do, hurry and touch it when you can. Otherwise, you won't be able to touch it when he returns the car!"

"What are you talking about?" Josephine's brows knitted together in displeasure.

Though she had guessed that Jonathan had rented this car, her colleague was obviously shaming him by exposing this in public!

"Didn't I make myself clear?" her colleague uttered smugly. "He rented this car!"

"I rented this car?" Jonathan sneered, "Do you think I need to rent a car worth millions? I don't have to do that."

"Ha! Drop your act, won't you?" the lady replied scathingly. "If you had bought this car for real, do you have the vehicle purchase agreement?"

"You want to see the vehicle purchase agreement, right?" Since she refused to budge, Jonathan's impatience heightened. "Fine, here you go!"

Having said that, he whipped out the vehicle purchase agreement and tossed it at the woman's face.

"Hey!"

The lady was about to yell at him when the agreement fell into her hands.

She flipped it open, and the name written on the owner's column was none other than Josephine Smith!

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Chapter 52 She Deserves It

"How is this possible? No, I must be seeing things! How can you afford to buy this costly sports car when you're dirt poor?" the lady demanded, feeling her cheeks heating up in humiliation. It felt worse than the pain she experienced when Jonathan had thrown the agreement to her face!

"Are you done?" Jonathan asked, sending her a withering gaze.

I hate obnoxious women like her!

"This must be fake. This agreement must've been forged!" The lady refused to back off and admit that Jonathan had bought the car. "Darling, take a look at this agreement."

"All right."

The middle-aged man took the agreement from her and started reading it carefully. If it was forged, he'd definitely recognize it. However, the further he got, the darker his expression became.

This isn't a fake agreement. He had bought this car at the same Lamborghini car dealership as mine! The stamp is the same as the stamp in my agreement!

"Darling, why aren't you talking?" the lady urged. "Hurry, tell everyone that the vehicle purchase agreement is fake!"

"Stop it!" her boyfriend bellowed as raw anger shot through him.

He stretched his arm out to give her a tight slap. Slap! At once, a fresh slap mark appeared on her initially fair cheek.

"How dare you?" the lady demanded in bewilderment.

Ever since we began dating, and even when we were in bed, he never tried to slap me! What is going on now? How dare he slap me in front of a crowd?

At that thought, her resentment grew inside her like a tumor.

"I'm already going easy on you, fool!" her boyfriend answered icily. "Are you done causing a commotion? This vehicle purchase agreement is valid! Da\*n it, it was all your fault. I nearly accused the wrong person!"

Someone who can afford to pay eighteen million, eight hundred and eighty thousand is clearly not a nobody. Only a handful of people in Jadeborough are capable of doing that. Obviously, he isn't someone I can cross.

"Mr. Goldstein, Ms. Smith, I'm really sorry for offending you. It was all this b\*tch's fault. Please forgive me this once," the man apologized and gave them a polite bow.

His previous arrogance was replaced by a subservient attitude.

"Keep an eye on her instead of allowing her to accuse others wrongly!" Jonathan responded with a displeased frown.

"Yes, I shall discipline her," the man replied politely. He was wondering if he should get on his knees to apologize to Jonathan.

Seeing the abrupt change in his attitude, disgust flashed across everyone's eyes.

Meanwhile, his girlfriend's expression contorted into hatred as she gnashed her teeth.

The vehicle purchase agreement is valid? Did that pathetic son of a b\*tch really buy this sports car worth eighteen million, eight hundred and eighty thousand?

"It's over between us. Don't greet me when you see me in the future, for we're already strangers!" With that, the middle-aged man cast her an icy glare before stalking away.

The lady promptly panicked and ran after him. Grabbing his sleeve, she begged, "Don't leave me alone!"

"Get out of my way!" In response, the man shoved her out of his way, causing her to topple onto the ground.

"Am I not clear enough? It's over! From now on, stay away from me!" he barked angrily before entering his green Lamborghini. After the engine roared to life, he floored the accelerator.

Soon, the car disappeared from sight.

The lady sat on the ground, watching helplessly as the car sped away. "B\*stard! You foolish b\*stard! How dare you dump me after having sex with me? Son of a b\*tch!"

Tears streamed down her cheeks as she sobbed sadly, but none of the spectators pitied her.

In fact, they thought she deserved it.

After all, she was the one who looked down on Jonathan and kept stirring trouble by provoking them.

Serves her right!

"Darling, let's go!" Jonathan cast the wailing lady one last look before turning to Josephine.

"Sure!" Josephine bobbed her head slightly.

They got back into the fiery red Lamborghini.

"You should drive!" said Jonathan as he tossed the car key to Josephine. He then entered the passenger seat.

Josephine gulped nervously at his words. Though she owned a driving license, she had never driven a sports car in her life.

"I-I don't drive well," she replied anxiously.

"Never mind. I can teach you!" Jonathan took her hand and led her to press the ignition button. At once, the engine rumbled alive, and the fiery red Lamborghini sped out.

"Ah!" Josephine shrieked in shock and promptly stepped on the brake.

"You should drive. I can't do it." She made to unbuckle her seatbelt, but Jonathan stopped her from doing so. "Don't be scared. I'm right here!" he comforted her.

His assuring words gave Josephine a sense of security.

After a brief hesitation, she stepped on the accelerator and picked up speed. The car rolled forward slowly.

A short while later, Josephine gradually got used to the Lamborghini and grew more confident in driving the car. However, she couldn't help herself from clutching the steering wheel forcefully. "Jonathan, did you really buy this car?" she inquired curiously.

Even until now, she still couldn't believe that Jonathan had bought a car that was worth twenty million.

"Yes, that's right," came Jonathan's calm reply. "I've never lied to you!" His tone was firm.

"Where did you get the money from?" Josephine pressed on.

"Do you want to hear the truth or a lie?" Jonathan chuckled. "The truth is, I have a card with money that is sufficient for this lifetime. I can buy a helicopter if you wish, let alone a car worth twenty million."

"What about the lie?" Josephine urged as she glanced at him briefly. Sometimes, Jonathan's words were a mixture of truths and lies, so she couldn't figure out which was which.

"Well, I borrowed some money from Zachary!" Jonathan answered with a nonchalant shrug. "I've worked under him for three years. We're comrades in war, so he agreed to lend me the money."

"You borrowed so much money from him just to buy this sports car?" Josephine demanded, biting her lip as a muscle in her jaw twitched in fury.

Twenty over million! With that money, we can buy over ten houses! But he used it to buy one sports car?

Jonathan knew his wife well, for she was more inclined to believe a lie than the truth.

Before he could say anything else, Josephine hit the brakes. She swung around to look at him and ordered, "Jonathan, return the car before it's too late!"

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Chapter 53 A New Mansion

Return it? Surprise inundated Jonathan. "Why do you want to return it? Don't you like this car?"

"I love this car, but it's too expensive!" Josephine looked at him solemnly and remarked, "Don't you think it's a waste to spend about twenty million on a car? You should use the money to do some business or make an investment instead of buying a car."

Even if this twenty million is a loan from Zachary, it still has to be repaid in the future, no? Besides, the man is the King of War, the most powerful person who rules the whole of Jazona! If Jonathan can't pay him back when he owes him money, the consequences would be undoubtedly terrible!

"It's not a waste as long as you like it." Smiling, Jonathan reassured, "Truly, I'm not short on cash."

"Drop the act, Jonathan!" Upon seeing that he was boasting again so soon, Josephine frowned slightly. "I don't want this car!"

"I'm not acting." Exasperation showed on Jonathan's face when she clearly didn't believe him. "Furthermore, this car can't be returned once it's been paid. If I insist on returning it, I'll even have to compensate them for liquidated damages, and that amounts to a couple million."

Having no other choice, he could only use such an excuse to dispel her notion of returning the car.

"What? The liquidated damages cost that much?" Josephine was visibly taken aback. "What should we do, then?"

"The best solution is to just keep the car!" Chuckling, Jonathan continued, "What's more, there's no such thing as returning a gift from me! Trust me, Darling. I'm no longer the person I was three years ago. I'll slowly repay the money I owe Zachary."

"How are you going to repay twenty over million?" Josephine was still a tad infuriated right then.

He actually used twenty over million to buy a car! Isn't it much better to buy ten houses and wait for them to appreciate?

"Zachary has already recommended me a job, and I'll start working in a few days. At that time, I'll reimburse him gradually with my pay," Jonathan fibbed. "Besides, he doesn't care about the twenty million since he isn't lacking funds. He won't force me to return the money to him!"

Force me to return the money to him? How could he possibly dare to do so?

"What kind of job did he recommend you?" Sure enough, when Josephine heard that Zachary introduced a job to him, her expression eased significantly.

I don't really have much to ask of him. I'll be contented as long as he has his feet planted firmly on the ground and holds a proper job without straying from the path!

"I think it was some real estate company. He hasn't told me what position I'd be holding exactly, but the pay is very high. I'll be going over to the company for a visit sometime later," Jonathan prevaricated.

"Indeed, real estate companies are generous in paying their employees!" Josephine nodded in agreement.

The prices of real estate have been ballooning time and again in recent years. Hence, those working for real estate companies have made a fortune! If he were to work for a real estate company, he would make quite a lot of money!

"Don't be extravagant when you start working there. Instead, you must save the money you make. Later, I'll make some inquiries and see whether anyone wants to buy this car. Even if the price is slightly lower, it's better than wasting the money!" Josephine was still contemplating how to sell off the car and return the money to Zachary.

Since this sports car is bought with money that's on loan, I'll feel rather uneasy using it.

"All right. Then, just drive it first in the meantime." Jonathan didn't bother wasting his breath to dissuade her further but racked his brains about finding a real estate company.

Hmm... Should I just buy one?

Half an hour later, the bright red Lamborghini screeched to a stop outside the community gate.

Meanwhile, the shabby electric scooter was also parked there all alone.



As soon as they alighted from the car, Josephine headed toward the shabby electric scooter. Seeing that, Jonathan was pretty surprised. "Are you still going to ride the electric scooter, Darling?"

"I'll ride it when we're nearing home." Josephine entered the community while wheeling the electric scooter along. "Don't ever let it slip to my parents that you bought a sports car. Otherwise, they'll definitely come up with a way to make it theirs!"

I know better than anyone what my own parents are like! Never mind if Jonathan hasn't a dime to his name, but once they learn that he has money to buy a sports car, they'll certainly do everything possible to get some money out of him!

"Ah, you're right!" Jonathan couldn't agree more. "You're the best, Darling!"

"Stop sweetening me up!" Josephine threw him a glare over her shoulder.

Shortly after, they went home side by side.

The moment they opened the door, they were greeted by the sight of Margaret with her arms akimbo, ordering Connor about.

Connor, on the other hand, was on his hands and knees on the ground in an apron, wiping the floor without daring to utter a single word of protest.

He looked exactly like Jonathan back then.

"Mom!" After calling out a greeting, Josephine slipped off her high heels and walked into the house.

But the second Margaret caught sight of Jonathan, she instantly placed her hands on her hips and bellowed, "Jonathan, where did you go, you useless piece of trash? I hadn't seen you the entire day! What do you take my house for? A hotel or a hostel that you could come and go as you please?"

"Mom, he went to my office to pick me up from work," Josephine instinctively chimed in with a frown when she saw her mother's nasty attitude.

"Pick you up from work? Don't you know the way home that you need him to go and pick you up?" Snorting coldly, Margaret glowered at Jonathan and snapped, "What are you looking at? Hurry up and cook!"

"I'm tired and have no energy to cook." Jonathan couldn't be bothered to do her bidding.

I'm not going to give in to her loathsome demand. Is she still hoping to have me at her beck and call as she did back then? Well, in her dreams!

"What kind of attitude is this, Jonathan?" Margaret's temper spiked at once when he turned her down again. "Great, just great! You're getting bolder now, huh,

Jonathan? Not only do you refuse to mop the floor and repair the toilet, but you won't even cook now! Do you think that I really dare not kick you out of the Smith residence?"

"If you want to kick me out, you can do so this very minute." Jonathan then nonchalantly added, "Anyway, the new mansion I bought has already been transferred to my name. As long as Josephine goes with me, I have no problems leaving this place right away!"

"The new mansion you bought?" Hearing that, Margaret couldn't help sneering, "Why, have you not awoken from the dream you had last night? Would a deadbeat like you afford to buy a mansion? So, where is this mansion of yours? And when are you going to invite me there for a visit?"

Derision was written all over her face.

Good Lord! He claims to have bought a mansion, huh? If a loser like him can afford to buy one, I'll eat my words tomorrow!

"I forgot where it is." After pondering for a moment, Jonathan ventured, "If I remember correctly, it's No. 1 Villa in Edenic Heights."

"No. 1 Villa in Edenic Heights?" When Margaret heard that, she could no longer keep her snickers at bay. "You're truly gutsy in blowing your own trumpet, Jonathan! Aren't you afraid that you'll doom yourself one day? The No. 1 Villa? Do you know who the owner of the mansion is?"

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Chapter 54 Do You Think You Are Worthy

"Is that important?" Jonathan then countered in a placid voice, "I only know that the owner of No. 1 Villa is now me."

"And it's true just because you said so?" Upon hearing that, Margaret immediately scoffed, "Why don't you say that you're also the owner of the King of War residence in Jazona?"

"It's not a problem if I want it," Jonathan replied blandly.

Would Zachary dare to have any objections if I were to say something to that effect?

"Oh wow, go on and shoot your mouth off!" Margaret sneered, not believing his words in the least. "Who in the whole of Jadeborough doesn't know that the owner of No. 1 Villa in Edenic Heights is the Warhol family in Jazona? Do you know of the Warhol family? Are you aware of their influence in Jazona? Compared to them, the Blackwood family that tops the four most prominent

families in Jadeborough is nothing! And you think you're worthy of living in No. 1 Villa? You're dreaming!"

Once again, she wore an expression of utter contempt.

What's the status of the Warhol family? They're one of the four prominent families in Jazona. In fact, they're the most elite family in the whole of Jazona! Rumor has it they spent hundreds of millions on the renovation of No. 1 Villa in Edenic Heights alone. Could he fork out a couple hundred of million? And even if he could, would they be willing to sell it? No. 1 Villa isn't a place someone could live in just because he has money!

"Whatever!" Jonathan decided not to waste any more time convincing her otherwise.

I bought the place for Josephine in the first place, so I don't mind moving in right now as long as she's willing to leave with me.

"Why? Are you feeling guilty now?" In Margaret's opinion, the fact that he didn't continue refuting her was a sign of his guilt. "Don't go around bragging all day if you don't have that capability! Watch out, for you might just shoot yourself into the foot one day! Hurry up and cook instead of spouting nonsense!"

She waved a hand impatiently, dismissing Jonathan as though she was chasing a fly away.

He doesn't have the slightest capability but goes around talking big all day long!

Ignoring her, Jonathan turned to Josephine and queried, "Josephine, are you willing to move into No. 1 Villa with me? If you're willing to do so, we can move in right away! I've already had it all cleaned up."

"Hah! Go on and keep up your act! Don't entertain him, Josephine!" Rolling her eyes, Margaret dragged Josephine away without bothering to say a single word further to the man.

"That's enough! Stop bickering!" Josephine shook off her hand and maintained with a cold expression on her face, "Mom, stop badgering him since he doesn't want to cook. Why must you make things difficult for him?"

"I'm making things difficult for him?" Margaret promptly blew a gasket at her accusation. "He stays at home all day doing nothing, and he doesn't even have a proper job! How am I making things difficult for him when I'm just asking him to cook?"

"Who said he doesn't have a proper job? He has already found a job and will be going to work in a few days!" Josephine riposted huffily.

"Are you serious?" Harrumphing, Margaret mocked, "What kind of job can he get? Is he going into multi-level marketing or being a waiter at a restaurant?"

"He'll be working at a real estate company!" Josephine rebutted.

"He can get into a real estate company? I think he'll be dismissed in less than three days!" Throwing Jonathan a disdainful look, Margaret snarled, "Jonathan, I'm asking you this for the last time—are you going to cook?"

"No!" Jonathan rebuffed without delay.

I'm never going to cave to her demands anymore! Does she really think that I'm still the same person from three years ago?

"If so, get out of the Smith residence! The Smith family doesn't support a lazy, good-for-nothing bum like you!" Margaret's finger shot out as she threatened to boot him out of the Smith residence just like she always did every so often back then.

"I don't need the Smith family to support me!" Jonathan's expression abruptly turned chilly. He looked at Josephine and asked, "Are you coming with me, Josephine?"

"Can't you just bear with it for a bit, Jonathan?" Glimpsing his wintry gaze, Josephine couldn't help murmuring, "You know my mother's temper, don't you?"

"I've put up with her for four years, so I don't want to do so anymore!" Jonathan answered frostily.

I owe Josephine, but I don't owe Margaret! Three years ago, I thought that I could gain the Smith family's trust after toiling and laboring at the Smith residence like a dog, but what did I get in the end? All I got in return was endless jibes and scorns! In her eyes, I might even be lowlier than a dog!

"Jonathan, you—"

Josephine pointed at him even as a glimmer of astonishment flashed across her eyes.

After all, back when Jonathan married into the Smith family, he had never once defied Margaret as he did right then.

"Let him go, Josephine!" Margaret cut her off with a snort. "He wants to leave, yes? Let him go, then! I want to see where he could go after leaving the Smith residence!"

"Can you please zip it, Mom?" Josephine was fit to be tied.

"Don't worry, for I certainly have a place to go after leaving the Smith residence!" After glancing at her coldly, Jonathan fished a key out of his pocket. "Josephine, here's the key to No. 1 Villa in Edenic Heights. If you want to see me, go and look for me at No. 1 Villa."

Having said that, he tossed the key to Josephine before striding away.

Are they still hoping that I'll remain at their beck and call while enduring immeasurable ridicule and mockery like three years ago? No way!

"Jonathan..." At the sight of the man spinning on his heels and leaving, Josephine wanted to chase after him instinctually.

Alas, Margaret tugged her back just after she had taken a few steps. "Stop right there! Why are you chasing after him? Do you still have the slightest hint of dignity left? Well, he wants to run away from home? Hah! I shall see how capable he is. If he's so great, he can just stay away forever!"

In truth, she didn't take any of Jonathan's words seriously. No. 1 Villa? How is he worthy of living there when he's nothing more than a deadbeat? He'll probably be kicked out by the guards before he could even make it past the gate! After all, those living in Edenic Heights were either wealthy or influential. Yet, he thinks he can live there? Hmph!

"You've gone too far, Mom!" Josephine hissed while biting her lip, jerking her head back.

"I've gone too far, you said?" Livid, Margaret instantly placed her hands at her hips and snarled, "Three years ago, who was the one who supported that useless bum for a whole year? And who gave him food and shelter? If it weren't for me, he would've probably been sleeping on the streets and frozen to death long ago! And he wants to live in No. 1 Villa? I think he'll likely be sleeping outside its gate!"

"What are you doing, Josephine?" While she was still foaming at the mouth, she abruptly realized that Josephine wasn't listening to her at all. Instead, she broke free of her grip and sprinted toward the door.

"I'm going to look for Jonathan!" Josephine didn't even turn back.

"Stop right there, you da\*n girl!" Margaret was incandescent, flushing bright red when she saw that her daughter was truly going after Jonathan. "Josephine, don't come back anymore if you dare go and seek him out! I'll just forget that I ever had you as my daughter!"

## The Legendary Man Chapter 55

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Chapter 55 Show Me No Mercy

Half an hour later, a taxi came to a stop outside the community gate of Edenic Heights.

Not only was it the most luxurious community in the whole of Jadeborough, but it also had the best scenery.

Standing on top of the mountain and casting one's gaze out, one would have an unobstructed night view of the entire Jadeborough.

There was only a total of twenty mansions in the community, with guards patrolling 24/7 in addition to infrared scanning and baton as well as police dogs.

Those who could live there was either rich or powerful.

Therefore, Edenic Heights was symbolic of one's status.

Only the most influential and powerful figures in all of Jadeborough had the right to live there.

No sooner had Jonathan alighted from the taxi than he was stopped by the guard at the gate. "Stop right there! Who are you?"

"I'm a resident here." Jonathan casually brandished the key in his hand. When the guard saw the key in his hand, his brows abruptly scrunched together. "You're a resident? Which mansion do you live in?"

There are only twenty mansions in this community, and I've seen the owner of almost every single one of them. Yet, I've never seen this man! Besides, all who can live here are big shots who reign supreme. They usually go and come in either Rolls-Royces or Bentleys. Otherwise, it's Bugattis or Paganis. When have they ever taken a taxi?

"No. 1 Villa," Jonathan replied blithely.

"No. 1 Villa?" At once, the guard's expression changed, and a trace of contempt showed in his eyes as he regarded the man. "You live in No. 1 Villa?"

"Is there a problem?" Jonathan questioned, frowning.

"What do you think?" Snorting, the guard drawled, "Lad, do you know who the owner of No. 1 Villa is? And you dare to simply masquerade as him? The owner of No. 1 Villa is Mr. Warhol from the Warhol family in Jazona! How dare you come and dupe me with some random key?"

Does he even know who is Mr. Warhol? That's the patriarch of the Warhol family, one of the four prominent families in Jazona! Is he someone whom a snot-nosed kid like him could impersonate?

He then waved a hand impatiently to dismiss Jonathan as though he was driving a fly away.

"No. 1 Villa has already changed hands." Dispassionately throwing him a glance, Jonathan declared, "From now on, I'm the new owner of No. 1 Villa!"

"And that's true just because you said so?" The guard scoffed and demanded, "Where's the evidence?"

“What kind of evidence do you want?” Jonathan’s brows furrowed slightly.

“The property ownership certificate and also the sales and purchase agreement.” Putting his hand out, the guard barked, “Do you have them?”

“I forgot to bring them!”

Jonathan’s frown deepened.

I seem to have left the property ownership certificate and the sales and purchase agreement in the Lamborghini.

“You forgot to bring them?” the guard sneered. “I don’t think you even have them! Stop putting up an act here. Hurry up and buzz off! Go back where you came from instead of getting in my way here! Otherwise, I’m not going to show you any mercy!”

I’ve seen tons of vain young men like him who want to infiltrate into Edenic Heights! Anyhow, I’ve kicked them all away. If they refuse to leave, I’ll simply get physical with them. With a strike of my baton, they become as docile as a lamb!

“You’re not going to show me any mercy?” Hearing his threat, Jonathan snickered and queried, “How are you planning to accomplish that?”

“You want to know that, yes?” in the blink of an eye, the guard’s expression went cold. “In that case, I’ll show it to you!”

As soon as his words rang out, he raised the baton in his hand and swung it at Jonathan’s head without a second’s delay.

But the moment he did so, an after-image zipped past.

With a flick of his wrist, Jonathan caught the baton between two fingers before applying force. In the next instant, a snap sounded, and the baton broke in half.

Subsequently, the man lifted his right hand lightly.

A gust of wind whizzed past, and a crisp slap pierced the air. As his palm landed on the guard’s face, the latter’s knees went weak, and he dropped to his knees before Jonathan with a thud.

“So you want to show me no mercy?” Chuckling coldly, Jonathan murmured, “If it were a year ago, you would’ve probably been riddled by bullet holes before you could even get anywhere closer to me.”

“W-Who exactly are you?” The guard’s mouth overflowed with blood after having suffered the blow across his face.

That slap even knocked out a few teeth of his teeth!

"You're not worthy of knowing who I am." Casting him a chilly look, Jonathan stated, "You only need to know that I'm the owner of No. 1 Villa!"

After saying that, he strolled right into Edenic Heights without sparing the man another glance.

Undeniably, Edenic Heights was truly vast.

Some time later, Jonathan pushed open the door of No. 1 Villa.

The second the door swung open, the opulent lights automatically flicked on. The interior of the entire mansion was revealed in all its resplendence, with luxury reflected everywhere.

However, he wasn't the least bit fascinated.

After all, he had razed countless ritzy villas back when he was still on the battlefield. That aside, he had even laid waste to castles and palaces.

Compared to those majestic and regal structures, a mere No. 1 Villa was nothing.

Thus, he merely swept a nonchalant gaze around before heading upstairs. He had just stepped onto the sandalwood staircase when a commotion suddenly sounded outside the door.

On the heels of that, a loud bang split the air.

The mansion door was thrown open.

A middle-aged man in a uniform barged into the living room with a big group of guards. Behind him, the guard with blood all over his mouth pointed at Jonathan. "It was him, Captain! He was the one who hit me!"

Upon hearing that, the middle-aged man stared at Jonathan frostily and thundered, "How daring of you! After beating up my subordinate, you still dared to trespass into the No. 1 Villa? Are you sick of living?"

"Are you here to avenge him?" Jonathan regarded the group of guards with batons in their hands aloofly without a hint of panic in his eyes.

Compared to the Four Asura Guards under my command back then, this group of people is simply a bunch of nobodies! I'm not even interested in throwing a single look at them!

"So what if I am?" Harrumphing, the middle-aged man growled, "Not only did you trespass into Edenic Heights, but you even beat my subordinate up. If you fail to give me an explanation today, I'm afraid that you won't be able to walk out of No. 1 Villa!"



"I initially thought that he was the only idiot, but I never expected the lot of you to be all morons!" At his self-righteous expression, Jonathan's gaze abruptly went cold. "I'm only giving you all a minute. Get out of my sight in a minute, and I'll forget about this incident. But if the lot of you are still here after a minute has passed... I'll have no choice but to send you all to meet your maker!"

In a flash, a murderous intent blazed in his eyes.

They're just some ants, so I naturally won't bother about them. But if they provoke me endlessly, I don't mind trampling them to death! I've killed innumerable people during my days as Asura, so a few more don't matter!

## The Legendary Man Chapter 56

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Chapter 56 Are They Sick Of Living

"Did you all hear that? What did he just say? He said he'll send us to meet our maker?" A glimmer of contempt glinted in the middle-aged man's eyes when he heard Jonathan's words. "Lad, I'll give you another chance. Rethink your words and repeat that again. Otherwise, I'll have no choice but to have my men tie you up and throw you into the Goda River to feed the fishes!"

He didn't take Jonathan seriously at all.

What a joke! We're all retired special forces Edenic Heights hired at a king's ransom! Before we were discharged from the military, we all killed people, our hands stained with blood! Yet, this snot-nosed kid dared to threaten us?

"What an idiot!"

Not in the mood to bicker with them, Jonathan propped his hand against the banister lightly and vaulted down the stairs.

At the sight of his action, the middle-aged man's gaze promptly turned wintry. "Get him! Break his legs so that he'll know that Edenic Heights isn't a place someone like him could trespass!"

"Understood!"

Following that command, more than a dozen guards immediately charged forward with batons in their hands.

In the next second, a thud rang out.

Before the guard in the lead could even raise the baton in his hand, Jonathan kicked him in the stomach.

With that kick, he flew back like a kite whose string had snapped and hit the wall hard.

Splutter! After spewing blood, the guard's head lolled to the side, and he passed out right then and there.

"Hmm?"

The moment the middle-aged man glimpsed Jonathan's movements, his expression changed in a flash. Before he could say anything, however, a snap echoed in the room. Another guard's leg was broken with a kick from Jonathan.

"Who on earth are you, lad?" The middle-aged man's expression became exceedingly grim, for he knew all too well the capabilities of those few subordinates of his.

They're all ruthless people who have taken lives, yet they couldn't even withstand a single move from him?

"You don't even know who I am, yet you dared to seek me out and act all impudent in front of me?" Jonathan's voice turned glacial.

As his leg shot forward, the guard before him instantly slammed into the door with a thud as though having been hit by a train.

The impact even caused a huge dent in the door.

"Guys, stop and let me go at him instead!" Realizing that the dozen of guards weren't Jonathan's match at all, the middle-aged man called a halt, a layer of frost blanketing his eyes.

He planned to make a move personally.

"Lad, I don't care who you are, but I'll have you know today that Edenic Heights isn't a place you can come as you please!"

After saying that, he leaped into the air and shot his leg out at Jonathan's chest.

That kick carried such immense force that it could even puncture a steel plate.

Surprisingly, Jonathan streaked away no sooner had he shot his leg out. Swinging his right hand lightly, the man slapped him across the face instead.

A crisp slap reverberated in the room, and he was knocked out of mid-air to the ground.

The materialization of a bright red palm print on his face was accompanied by a booming noise as he crashed onto the ground.

That slap had blood trickling out of his mouth and even knocked out a few of his teeth.

“Captain!”

When the dozen or so guards beheld his sorry state, utter shock manifested on their faces.

Our captain is a true veteran who has blood on his hands and killed many! Countless drug traffickers at the border back then even died at his hands! Now, however, he’s been knocked to the ground with a single blow? How is this possible?

“Stay back!”

With his expression contorted into a mask of rage, the middle-aged man spat out a few teeth stained with blood from his mouth.

As a murderous glint flickered in his eyes, he casually reached behind him and grabbed something with his right hand, prepared to whip out the gun from his back holster.

But just a moment before he did so, Jonathan looked at him impassively and warned, “You’d better not draw your gun. Otherwise, you’d definitely die at my hands before you could do so.”

“You!”

When those words drifted into his ears, the middle-aged man’s movement abruptly stilled.

He was just about to take that risk when a woman’s voice sounded beyond the door out of the blue. “What’s happening here? Who allowed the lot of you to trespass into No. 1 Villa?”

Right after that, a short-haired woman in a white shirt and black skirt strode into the mansion.

She was quite young, but she had a charming aura about her.

Her gold-rimmed glasses added to the allure of her fair and enticing countenance.

“Ms. Yarrow!”

At the sight of her, several of the guards hastily lowered their heads, seemingly very much afraid of her.

"Ms. Yarrow!" The middle-aged man also gave up drawing his gun when he spotted her. He turned to her and explained, "I'm here to carry out my duty since someone trespassed into Edenic Heights and even injured my subordinates!"

"Why are you here at No. 1 Villa if someone trespassed into Edenic Heights?" The short-haired woman, Ivana Yarrow, shot daggers at him before she swept a nonchalant gaze over Jonathan.

The second she had a good look at Jonathan, her expression changed drastically.

Her gaze was even stained with a trace of horror.

"M-Mr. Goldstein?" Her legs gave out, and she dropped to her knees before Jonathan with a thud. "W-Why are you here?"

"W-What are you doing, Ms. Yarrow?" That scene stunned everyone there.

The middle-aged man, in particular, wore an incredulous expression on his face.

Ivana Yarrow is the person in charge of the entire Edenic Heights! Rumor has it that she also has some kind of relationship with the founder of Edenic Heights. Every single one of us has to lower ourselves when we see her since she can send us packing with just a single word. But now, she's actually kneeling before him when she usually acts all high and mighty, not even designing to spare us a glance? H-How is this possible?

"Do you know me?" Jonathan inquired while gazing at Ivana indifferently.

"O-Of course!" Ivana gulped, apprehension written all over her face. "I-I once saw you at the Blackwood family's banquet!"

The Blackwood family's banquet?

Jonathan studied her with his brows creased, but he hadn't the slightest recollection of her.

"Considering your status, Mr. Goldstein, you naturally don't remember me." Ivana's posture as she kneeled on the ground resembled that of a servant's. "Besides, Mr. Seymour specially told me that I must personally welcome you if you were to move in. I initially thought that you were only coming a few days later. I didn't expect you to come early!"

Despite it having been a few days, the bombshell Jonathan dropped during the Blackwood family's banquet remained vivid in her mind.

The Blackwood family, who was the forerunner among the four prominent families in Jadeborough, was banished from this city with a single word from him! Furthermore, the most ruthless man in Jadeborough who has connections with the police and the underworld, Harrison Seymour, fell to his knees before him like a servant! Even Randall Swindell, the mayor of Jadeborough who rules the

entire city, was all cautious before him as though on pins and needles! Yet, these few idiotic guards dared to provoke him? Are they sick of living?

## The Legendary Man Chapter 57

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Chapter 57 A Broken Leg And Banishment

Mr. Seymour? Is Ms. Yarrow referring to the most ruthless man in Jadeborough, Harrison Seymour?

The moment the guards heard that name, their legs went weak, and they almost dropped to their knees before Jonathan right then and there.

Everyone in Jadeborough, regardless of whether they're the police or the triads, fear him! And this lad is actually his friend?

Recalling how they wanted to beat Jonathan up with batons earlier, they promptly broke into a cold sweat.

"Ms. Yarrow, you don't need to go this far even if he's Mr. Seymour's friend, do you?" The middle-aged man couldn't help frowning upon seeing Ivana kneeling there like a servant.

Putting aside the fact that this lad is Mr. Seymour's friend, even if the man himself is here, she doesn't need to go to her knees, no?

"Friend?" Ivana snorted at his remark, asserting, "Even Mr. Seymour has to kneel before him right away when he sees him, much less me!"

What? Even Mr. Seymour has to kneel before him right away when he sees him?

When the guards heard that, they felt as though the life had been sucked out of them.

Even the middle-aged man experienced a drastic change in expression after hearing that.

How could that be? Who has the right to have Mr. Seymour kneel, considering his status in Jadeborough?

"That's impossible! That's absolutely impossible!" The middle-aged man shook his head profusely, not believing a single word of Ivana's absurd talk.

"Impossible?" With a cold chuckle, Ivana scoffed, "Compared to Mr. Goldstein, Harrison Seymour is nothing! Even the patriarch of the Blackwood family is nobody before him! With a single word from him, the Blackwood family was banished from Jadeborough, and even Anderson Blackwood went to his knees before him. So, do you think you are? Get down on your knees!"

Following her chastisement, the guards, whose legs had long since gone weak from fright, instantly dropped to their knees before Jonathan with a thud.

At that precise moment, the middle-aged man's eyes abruptly went wide, and he gaped at Jonathan in disbelief.

"It was him? He was the big shot who's rumored to have banished the Blackwood family from Jadeborough with one order?"

He simply couldn't believe everything that had unfolded before him.

Just one order from him was sufficient to banish the forerunner of the four prominent families in Jadeborough, the Blackwood family, from the city? How much power does he wield? Even the mayor of Jadeborough doesn't have the capability to do that! Besides, he appears to be only in his twenties. How could he be the rumored big shot who reigns supreme?

"Who else could it be if not him?" Harrumphing, Ivana snapped, "If I hadn't come in time, do you think you'd be able to walk out of here alive? Get down on your knees!"

At that, the middle-aged man's legs gave way, and he fell to the ground on his knees before Jonathan.

His face was ashen, and even at that very moment, he still couldn't quite believe that the man in front of him was the rumored big cheese.

"Mr. Goldstein, I'm at fault here for having failed to keep them in line that they ended up offending you. Please forgive me!" Ivana remained kneeling on the ground meekly and begged for Jonathan's forgiveness.

His identity is truly too mysterious that even I have no idea who exactly he is to this very day! Nonetheless, that has no bearing on his status to me. Even the mayor of Jadeborough is all timid in front of him. I'm nobody compared to the former!

"Get up!" Jonathan waved his hand lightly and murmured, "You didn't know that I would come early, so the fault doesn't lie with you."

"Thank you, Mr. Goldstein!" Only after hearing that did Ivana gingerly climb to her feet.

She then glanced back over her shoulder at the guards kneeling behind him and inquired in a whisper, "Mr. Goldstein, how would you like to handle them?"

"I've already given them a chance." Sweeping a placid gaze over them, Jonathan expounded, "I would've let the matter go had they gotten out of my sight within a minute. However, they're still here in my line of sight even though a minute has passed."

In an instant, all the blood drained out of the faces of the guards kneeling on the ground. They hurriedly prostrated themselves and implored, "We're sorry, Mr. Goldstein! We were wrong! We were ignorant fools for having looked down upon you! Please spare us! Please have mercy on us, Mr. Goldstein!"

They were all either banging their heads against the floor or slapping themselves frantically, their arrogance earlier was all gone.

Meanwhile, the middle-aged man who led the team of guards wore a conflicted expression while kneeling.

After hesitating for a very long time, he finally spoke. "I'm sorry, Mr. Goldstein! I'm the one at fault here!"

"Since you know that you were wrong, go and kneel out there until dawn breaks!" Jonathan waved a hand blithely. At once, the guards rushed out the door in a panic as though they had received amnesty.

Then, they fell to their knees with a thud, not daring to utter a single word of protest.

No way would we dare to object! We can't afford to offend a bigwig who banished the Blackwood family from Jadeborough with just one order! To someone like him, crushing us is as simple as killing an ant!

"Wait a moment!" While the guards were all racing out the door, Jonathan suddenly called them back.

Just when they thought that he would go back on his word, the man pointed at one of the guards and ordered, "You stay!"

In a trice, everyone swung their gazes at the guard with blood all over his mouth.

As for the guard himself, he was startled for a moment before he went to his knees without an ounce of hesitation. "I'm sorry, Mr. Goldstein! I was wrong! I apologize! Please spare me!"

He was none other than the guard who first stopped Jonathan at the gate. And it was also him who brought the other guards over, wanting to throw Jonathan into the Goda River to feed the fishes!

"It's too late." Gazing at him impassionately, Jonathan declared, "Since this matter started because of you, it naturally has to be ended by you. The price is a broken leg and banishment!"

"Mr. Goldstein—"

The guard still wanted to plead further, but a glimmer of disdain flashed Ivana's face. She stretched out a hand and pointed at the guards, questioning, "Why are

the lot of you still standing around, twiddling your thumbs? Didn't you hear Mr. Goldstein?"

"Yes!"

Without a second of delay, the guards raised the batons in their hands and brought them down on the legs of the guard in question.

In the next moment, the snap of bones shattering pierced the air. At the same time, the guard let out an agonized cry at the top of his lungs.

Both of his legs had been broken by the other guards.

Despite his wretched condition, there wasn't a trace of sympathy in the eyes of the other guards.

If it weren't for him, we wouldn't have offended Mr. Goldstein! He's getting off easy with just having his legs broken!

"Drag him out. Also, remember to clean the blood in the living room." Jonathan waved a dismissive gesture. Immediately, the guards dragged the downed guard out the door. Meanwhile, the few remaining guards quickly got some cleaning equipment from the washroom and started cleaning the bloodstains without delay.

Soon, the living room looked brand new.

It was as though the scene earlier had never transpired.

Under the streetlight outside the living room, the guards were obediently kneeling in front of the door of No. 1 Villa, not daring to twitch a single muscle.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 58

[/ The Legendary Man](#)  
Chapter 58 A Con

Half an hour later, Josephine pushed open the door of the Smith residence.

When Margaret saw that she came home alone, she instantly sneered, "Where's that worthless piece of trash? Is he hiding behind the door, not daring to come in?"

Beyond a shadow of a doubt, that useless bum, Jonathan, must be hiding behind the door since he doesn't dare come in and face me!

"No." Josephine shook her head. "I didn't find him."



"Forget about it, then!" Harrumphing, Margaret derided, "He'll learn his lesson after spending a night on the streets in the cold! Does he really think that he's some big shot just because he's acquainted with one? He's still a loser at the end of the day, no?"

"Mom, don't you think you're being too demeaning toward Jonathan? If it weren't for him, the Smith family would've long since met its end!" Josephine couldn't help countering.

"So what?" Snorting, Margaret riposted, "Who saved him back when he was being hunted and was all alone? And who was the one who supported him for a whole year? If it weren't for me, he would've starved to death long ago! What's the big deal about resolving an issue for the Smith family? Isn't that his obligation?"

"Mom, you're simply unreasonable!" Realizing that she couldn't get through to her mother, Josephine huffily stormed toward her room.

At the sight of her indignance, Margaret barked coldly, "Listen here, Josephine. Don't listen to that useless bum's nonsensical talk! Someone like him will always remain a worthless piece of trash for the rest of his life! After we've used him to build a relationship with Zachary, divorce him immediately!"

In truth, she had never planned to accept Jonathan.

I've already supported a deadbeat like him for a whole year! How could I possibly continue supporting him for the days he has left? After milking him dry, I'll just toss him away!

"I'll never divorce him!" Josephine was so enraged that her eyes blazed scarlet. "If you love getting divorced so much, do so yourself!"

"Watch how you're speaking to me, girl!" Margaret went postal after hearing her remark. "He's only been back for a few days, yet you're crazy about him! What kind of spell did he cast on you that you keep siding with him? Back then, wasn't it you who wanted to divorce him? Why have you changed your mind now?"

"That was then!" Biting her lip, Josephine asserted, "Jonathan has changed! He's no longer the same anymore!"

"Hah! No matter how much he has changed, he'll remain a loser in this lifetime!" Margaret scoffed, contempt written all over her face. "Josephine, don't tell me you really believed his nonsense? Can someone like him afford to buy No. 1 Villa in Edenic Heights? He isn't even worthy of standing guard outside the mansion!"

"What if he could truly afford to buy it?" Josephine instinctively refuted although she didn't believe it.

No. 1 Villa is worth hundreds of millions, so even renting it for a month will cost hundreds of thousands, not to mention buying it! How could he possibly afford to buy it?

"Well, if he can afford to buy it, I'll scrub the floors, cook, and clean the toilet for him!" Margaret announced with a sneer.

"You don't need to do all that as long as you stop insulting him henceforth!" Josephine demanded through gritted teeth.

"Okay!" Margaret agreed without a second thought. "The key to No. 1 Villa is with you, yes? Bring me there tomorrow for a look! If he really bought it, I swear to never again insult him!"

"It's a deal, then!"

Biting her lower lip, Josephine pushed open the door and slipped into her bedroom.

Outside the door, a smirk played on Margaret's lips.

Ah, Jonathan could afford to buy No. 1 Villa? In his dreams!

After entering her bedroom, Josephine dropped onto the chair, looking all haggard with her eyes bloodshot. She had been busy for the entire day and initially thought that she could have a good rest at home.

Unexpectedly, Margaret kicked Jonathan out of the house.

"Gah! Why are you always making me worry, Jonathan?" Worrying her lip, she made a call. "Hello, Mr. Zaccardi? I heard that there is still have a mansion under your purview at Edenic Heights, yes? Can I rent it for a day?"

A moment later, she exclaimed, "No? I've got to rent it for a month at least?"

She then massaged her temples as a headache assailed her. "Can you please make an exception for me? I'll just rent it for a week, okay? I can pay a bit more, but I can only rent it for a week."

A week was already her limit! In order to stop Margaret from criticizing Jonathan endlessly, she had no choice but to use such a method to turn Jonathan's lie into the truth.

While I didn't manage to save loads of money throughout the years, I've still got about a hundred thousand.

"It costs a hundred thousand a week?" The moment Josephine heard the rental from the other end of the phone, she bit her lip hard.

It took me two to three years before I managed to save such a fortune of a hundred thousand. Yet, it's going to be gone just from renting a mansion for a week?

“Okay! A hundred thousand it is, then!” Clenching her teeth, she stated, “I want to rent No. 1 Villa of Edenic Heights!”

In an effort to help Jonathan recover his dignity, she was using almost all of her savings.

“What? No. 1 Villa is impossible? Why? I can pay more!” She inhaled deeply, going all out.

Alas, the person on the other end—Leonard Zaccardi—affirmed that it was impossible no matter how much she was willing to pay.

“The owner of No. 1 Villa is Mr. Warhol from one of the four prominent families in Jazona. He won’t be interested even if you pay him a million, let alone a hundred thousand!”

Leonard turned her down without the slightest hesitation.

“T-Then, I’ll just rent a different mansion!” Having no other recourse, Josephine could only choose to rent another mansion.

At that time, I’ll just say that Jonathan got the address wrong!

“Okay. I’ll pay you the money while you hand me the key at eight o’clock tomorrow!”

After hanging up the phone, she promptly felt bone-tired.

Hopefully, after I’ve helped Jonathan to regain his dignity with such a method, he will no longer be the same as he was back then—a lazy bum who doesn’t bother getting a job and goes around bragging instead.

The night passed in the blink of an eye.

When Josephine stepped into the living room, Margaret had been waiting there for a long time.

As soon as she spotted her daughter, she immediately taunted, “Has that ne’er-do-well phoned you last night?”

“Yeah! He said he’ll be waiting for us at Edenic Heights!” Josephine fibbed.

“Waiting for us?” Surprise inundated Margaret.

I initially thought that he’d be stubborn after having spent the night on the streets in the cold. Unexpectedly, he still dares to wait for us at Edenic Heights!

Subsequently, she enunciated, "Josephine, tell me the truth. Did he really buy a mansion in Edenic Heights? Could it be that the two of you teamed up to dupe me?"

She still didn't believe that a good-for-nothing like Jonathan could afford to buy a mansion in Edenic Heights.

"Why would we dupe you? You'll know whether it's true or otherwise when you go and take a look at it," Josephine replied frostily.

## The Legendary Man Chapter 59

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Chapter 59 Putting On A Show

"Fine, I'll go and take a look at it!" Curling her lips, Margaret yanked Connor up though he was mopping the floor. "Why are you still mopping the floor? Hurry up and get changed!" she ordered.

"Why should I change?" Connor put down the mop in his hand and wiped his sweat, saying, "I've just changed my clothes this morning!"

"So, you want to go to Edenic Heights with me dressed in such a manner? I don't want to be humiliated! Either go and get changed quickly or just stay here and continue mopping the floor!" Margaret snapped, scaring him so badly that he hurried to the room to get changed.

When he came back out shortly after, he had already changed into a set of relatively clean clothes.

Margaret looked him up and down several times. Frowning slightly, she commented, "You're finally looking somewhat decent. Big shots live in Edenic Heights, so don't talk too much when we arrive there later. Watch your tongue lest you expose your ignorance!"

"Got it."

Connor hung his head, not daring to utter a single word in protest.

When they were making their way downstairs, Josephine surreptitiously took out her phone and texted Leonard from the real estate company. Strangely enough, there was no reply from him.

Left with no other choice, she could only bring her parents to Edenic Heights first.

However, when they walked past the gate, Margaret caught sight of the Lamborghini parked by the roadside at a single glance. At once, she exclaimed, "Whose sports car is this? Wow, the owner merely parked it by the roadside, not at all worried that it'll get scratched!"

Turning to Josephine, she gushed, "This car must be very expensive, no? Well, Josephine?"

"Yes, it is very expensive." Josephine nodded in affirmation.

It cost eighteen million, eight hundred and eighty thousand, after all. That was definitely a sky-high price!

"I could tell that it must cost a fortune at a single glance! I wonder who in our community is so rich that he could afford to buy such an expensive sports car!" Envy shone brightly in Margaret's eyes. "Josephine, this car must cost at least two or three million, no?"

"It cost more than ten million. After adding the myriad of other fees, it totals up to over twenty million." As the owner of the car, Josephine was naturally aware of its price. Nonetheless, she didn't dare tell her mother about it.

Based on my understanding of her, she would no doubt claim this car for herself if she were to know the truth!

"Over twenty million?" Margaret was so shocked that her jaw dropped. "Oh my God, twenty million is already enough to buy a mansion at Edenic Heights, no? Even in our community, that's sufficient to buy ten to twenty houses! Who's the wastrel who used twenty million to buy a car?"

Well, that wastrel is the live-in son-in-law whom you look down upon!

Rolling her eyes, Josephine didn't respond to that. Instead, she stretched out a hand and hailed a taxi, heading toward Edenic Heights.

Throughout the entire drive, she couldn't reach Leonard. Regardless of whether she phoned or texted him, he neither picked up nor responded.

At that turn of events, her face instantly blanched.

Don't tell me something has gone wrong?

"What's wrong, Josephine?" Margaret couldn't help asking upon noticing her pale face.

"N-Nothing."

Josephine forced herself to appear calm.

"Oh yes, have you given Jonathan a call? Why don't you ask him to come out and meet us since we're almost there?" Margaret still acted all high and mighty.

It seemed as though she had forgotten all about having kicked Jonathan out the night before.

"He might have left his phone somewhere since I can't get through to him," Josephine lied. In actual fact, she didn't even have Jonathan's number.

"Hmph! I think he does have his phone, but he's deliberately putting on a show of power!" Margaret harrumphed, chagrin written all over her face.

Half an hour later, the taxi came to a stop outside the gate of Edenic Heights.

After alighting from the taxi, Josephine wore a worried expression.

Why am I still unable to reach Mr. Zaccardi when I've already arrived at the gate of Edenic Heights?

"Why are you standing there, Josephine?" Noticing her hesitance, Margaret frowned and questioned, "Why are you dawdling and not going in?"

"Coming!"

As things had come to that, Josephine could only bite the bullet and drag her feet toward Edenic Heights alongside her parents.

Outside the gate of Edenic Heights were tons of guards.

Upon spotting them, several guards stepped forward and stopped them right away. "Stop right there! Who are you all looking for?"

"We're looking for Jonathan Goldstein! He lives here, so hurry up and lead the way!" Margaret proclaimed, looking at them condescendingly.

"Jonathan Goldstein?" The guards exchanged glances before they shook their heads. "We've never heard of such a person. You must have gotten the wrong place."

"That's impossible!" Margaret scoffed. "He lives in No. 1 Villa. How could I possibly have gotten the wrong place?"

"No. 1 Villa?" The moment the guards heard that they couldn't help shuddering.

To them, the trauma from No. 1 Villa was truly too great.

After all, they kneeled in front of that mansion for the entire night just the night before.

"You're here to look for Mr. Goldstein?" They immediately lowered themselves, their demeanor turning into that of servants in a flash.

"Mr. Goldstein?" Hearing that address, Margaret sneered, "That should be Jonathan, then. Go and tell him that his mother-in-law is here, and ask him to come out quickly!"

"Sure! I'll go right away!" When the guards heard her saying that he was the man's mother-in-law, they hastened to the guardhouse without delay.

However, no sooner had they left than Josephine hurried after them. "Wait a moment!"

"What is it?" The guards halted in their tracks.

"May I know if the owner of No. 1 Villa is named Jonathan Goldstein?" Josephine tentatively inquired.

There are plenty of people with the last name of Goldstein. How could Jonathan be the owner of No. 1 Villa?

"We aren't quite certain about that..." The guards shook their heads.

We only know that the owner of No. 1 Villa has the last name of Goldstein. We don't dare ask for his first name.

"Please wait for a minute while I make a call to confirm." With her phone in hand, Josephine gave Leonard a call again. This time, the man finally picked up.

"Mr. Zaccardi, have you rented the mansion I asked you to rent?"

"Yeah." Leonard's voice sounded weak, making it unmistakable that he had just woken up. Besides, she seemingly heard the voice of a woman beside him. "It's No. 3 Villa. Just ask a guard to bring you there. Remember to wire me the money after viewing the place!"

"Sure!"

At long last, Josephine's heart that had been lodged in her throat settled back into her chest.

Dang! It turns out that they rented a mansion?

When the guards heard her conversation, a trace of disdain flashed across their faces.

Phew! We even thought that they were really Mr. Goldstein's family. They truly gave us a fright!

"I'm sorry, but I got the wrong address. We're staying in No. 3 Villa. Mr. Zaccardi has probably spoken to you, yes?" Josephine said while looking at them.

"Yeah." The guards' attitudes changed in the blink of an eye. Shooting her a glare, they griped, "You should've said that it's No. 3 Villa instead of putting on a show! Do you know that you almost doomed us?"

# The Legendary Man Chapter 60

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Chapter 60 The Game Is Given Away

Led by a guard, the family of three soon headed toward No. 3 Villa.

When they walked past No. 1 Villa, however, Margaret made to step into that mansion. That scared the guard, and he hastily grabbed her. "What are you doing?"

"My son-in-law lives in No. 1 Villa. Why am I not allowed to enter?" Margaret acted all pompous.

"Who told you that your son-in-law lives in No. 1 Villa? Here's a piece of advice from me—you'd better behave. Otherwise, you might not live to see tomorrow if you disrupt Mr. Goldstein!" the guard snapped viciously.

The fate of his colleague who offended the man the day before remained vivid in his mind—having both his legs broken and fed to the fishes in the Goda River!

"What kind of attitude is this? I might just ask my son-in-law to dismiss you right away!" Margaret raged while thrusting a finger at him with her hands on her hips.

Alas, it didn't work on the guard. He merely chuckled coldly at her threat and riposted, "Go ahead. But I'm going to throw you out right now if you dare to continue yakking loudly!"

"What did you just say?" Margaret promptly went ballistic when she saw that even an insignificant guard had no respect for her. But at that exact moment, Josephine quickly tugged at her sleeve and fibbed, "Mom, I got the address wrong! Jonathan doesn't live in No. 1 Villa but No. 3 Villa!"

"No. 3 Villa? But I remember he told me yesterday that he lives in No. 1 Villa." Margaret eyed her suspiciously.

"He got it wrong. He phoned me yesterday and said that he's living in No. 3 Villa!" Josephine dragged her toward No. 3 Villa without giving her a chance to protest.

The game will be given away if the owner of No. 1 Villa comes out!

"Hah! He's indeed a useless piece of trash that he even got the address of his residence wrong!" Margaret snorted as she continued walking forward with the guard.

Shortly after, they arrived at No. 3 Villa.

The door of No. 3 Villa wasn't locked, and they were greeted by opulent decor as soon as they pushed open the door.



Just like the lavish mansions in movies, great French windows were visible right after stepping in the door. And beyond the windows was a huge swimming pool.

"Jonathan? Where are you, Jonathan? Come out and greet me, quick!" Margaret bellowed with arms akimbo.

I still remember vividly how this guard treated me! When I see Jonathan later, I'll have him sack the guard!

But no matter how much she shouted, there was no response from within the mansion.

Seeing that, the guard scoffed inwardly.

She's just renting the place, yet she's acting as though this is her house! How could there possibly be anyone here when this mansion was just rented out this morning?

"All right, stop shouting! There's no one in here!" the guard sneered.

Well, this is quite a show she's putting on, what with Jonathan Goldstein and her fantasied son-in-law! Does she really not know how things work when she rented the place?

"Mom, perhaps Jonathan is out," Josephine fibbed. "I'll bring you around for a tour."

"Where has that ne'er-do-well gone to now?" Harrumphing, Margaret headed upstairs right away. When Josephine was about to follow after her, the guard called her back. "Hold on!"

"What is it?" Josephine stopped short.

"Here's the key to No. 3 Villa." The guard handed the key to her and started, "Mr. Zaccardi has told you the rules here, yes? You can't simply bring outsiders here to stay the night, nor are you allowed to wreck the walls. If there's any damage, you'll have to pay for it accordingly."

"Okay, I got it!" Josephine hurriedly shot him a pleading look and took the key from him.

Margaret, however, suddenly frowned and demanded, "What's this about paying for damages accordingly and prohibiting us from simply bringing outsiders here to stay the night? You're just an insignificant guard, so what has it got to do with you if I bring people here to stay overnight? Is this my house or yours?"

This insignificant guard has long since gotten on my nerves! What kind of attitude is this? If I were the owner of this mansion, I would've given him the boot long ago!

"This isn't my house, but neither is it yours!" Staring at the arrogant woman, the guard snickered even as he scoffed, "You're just renting the mansion, yet you're truly fancying yourself as the owner of No. 3 Villa, huh? If you're so high and mighty, go and buy one yourself! Stop acting like big cheese when you can't even afford to rent for a month and could only afford to rent for a week!"

If she were the owner of No. 3 Villa, I might not dare to use such an attitude with her. After all, those who can afford to buy a mansion at Edenic Heights are all formidable people. But who does she think she is? She's just a poor tenant who can't even afford to rent the villa for a month! And she's pretending to be the owner of the mansion?

"What did you just say? This mansion is being rented?" After Margaret heard that, her expression promptly darkened. In the next moment, she pointed at Josephine and snarled, "Explain this to me right this instance, Josephine! What exactly is going on here? Didn't you say that Jonathan is living in Edenic Heights? How did it become a rental now?"

"Listen to me, Mom..."

Josephine was so livid that her face flushed bright red.

I initially wanted to use this lie to help Jonathan recover his dignity, but I never expected this guard to expose me in just a few words!

"Okay, save it! Just tell me this—are you the one who rented this mansion or Jonathan?" Fury blazed hotly in Margaret's eyes.

I thought that good-for-nothing son-in-law of mine has truly made something of himself and could afford to buy a mansion at Edenic Heights! Little did I expect that he actually rented it, and he couldn't even afford to rent it for a month to boot!

"It was me..."

Since things had come to that, Josephine had no choice but to admit to it.

"Well, well... You've gotten bold now that you actually colluded with Jonathan to dupe me, Josephine!" Seething, Margaret thrust out a finger and jabbed her forehead hard. Then, she spun on her heels and stormed off. Clocking her rage, Josephine quickly chased after her. "Where are you going, Mom?"

"Home!" Margaret snapped without turning back. "Hurry up and terminate the rental agreement for this mansion! Otherwise, you're no longer my daughter!"

"Mom..."

Josephine quickened her pace.

"Mom, listen here. This matter has nothing to do with Jonathan-" she hastily explained on behalf of Jonathan after having caught up to her mother.

Verily, Jonathan has nothing to do with this matter! I was the one who made this arbitrary decision!

"Shut up!" Fuming, Margaret barked, "What spell did that worthless piece of trash cast on you that you spent so much of money to rent a mansion for him and teamed up with him to lie to me?"

"Mom, I've already told you that it has nothing to do with him!" Josephine stomped her feet in frustration. Just when she was about to speak further, she abruptly glimpsed a familiar figure on the path in Edenic Heights.

At once, she froze and halted in her tracks. Gaping at the figure in disbelief, she called out, "Jonathan?"