

The Legendary Man Chapter 91

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Chapter 91 | Spent Three Hundred Million

“Come on in,” Jonathan commanded casually.

“Yes, Mr. Goldstein!” Under his orders, the men stepped into the villa.

Their appearance caught the attention of Margaret and Emmeline.

“Mr. Goldstein, please check the contents,” said the man in black as he offered a sandalwood box in his palms. However, Jonathan accepted it and gave him a cocky wave. “There’s no need to check the contents. You may leave now!”

“Yes!”

Without hesitation, the men filed out of the villa obediently.

After they left, Margaret pursed her lips in annoyance. “What is this? What’s the mystery all about? I can’t believe they made a grand entrance just to deliver this box. What is inside?”

"A gift I prepared for Josephine's annual party," said Jonathan as he placed the sandalwood box on the table.

"Let me see what it is!"

Margaret opened the box without hesitation to reveal a carved figure in translucent lavender jade. Without a mottle in sight, it was clear that this was a valuable ornament.

"Oh, what a nice figurine. How much did you buy it for?" Margaret grabbed the lavender jade figurine and fondled it casually as though it was a cheap ornament.

"A hundred grand," came Jonathan's offhand answer.

"This ugly-looking figurine cost a hundred grand?" Margaret pursed her lips in disbelief. "I think it costs at most ten grand! Jonathan, did you get scammed?"

"If it costs ten thousand, I'll buy everything from that shop!" Jonathan didn't want to explain too much.

If she finds out that the lavender jade figurine costs three hundred million, she'll definitely tremble in fear!

Margaret scoffed, "Is this the only thing you bought for our company's annual party tomorrow? You can afford to buy a villa but not an expensive gift? We're going to get humiliated again!"

With that, she let out a derisive snort and tossed the lavender jade figurine back into the sandalwood box forcefully, nearly toppling the box over.

Luckily, the lavender jade figurine was of good quality. Otherwise, Margaret would've caused a scratch on the figurine with her action.

"This figurine must be worth more than one hundred thousand!" Emmeline, who had been keeping mum, finally blurted out.

She knew Jonathan wouldn't buy a cheap jadeite worth only one hundred thousand.

"How much do you think it costs, then?" Margaret sneered.

"I have no idea," Emmeline mumbled, biting her bottom lip.

"Young girls like you often get scammed!" Margaret uttered coldly as she rose to her feet to go upstairs. "We're definitely going to get humiliated tomorrow!"

After Margaret took her leave, Emmeline jolted up and scurried after her.

She dared not remain in the living room with Jonathan and acted as though he was a horrifying beast who would gobble her up any minute.

After they went upstairs, Jonathan lit up a cigarette. He had barely taken a few puffs when footsteps sounded outside the villa. Shortly after, Andrew appeared in sight.

"Commander," he greeted Jonathan in his freshly pressed military uniform.

After that, he stood there unmoving, like a statue.

"Come on in," Jonathan said.

Andrew gave a curt nod and came in. "Commander, Graham Cabot has just sent this share transfer agreement," he reported before handing the document to Jonathan.

As Jonathan was seated on the couch, Andrew stood before him in a respectful manner.

"All right!" Jonathan casually replied.

He took the document and flipped through it. On the agreement, it was written that one hundred percent of Graham Group's shares were transferred to Jonathan Goldstein after the board of directors voted in unison.

"Graham's an efficient man," Jonathan said, pleased with how fast Graham dealt with the matter. He got himself a pen and signed his name on the document.

The agreement came into force upon being signed by both parties.

It also meant that Jonathan would be the owner of Graham Group starting that day.

"Give him this card. He is entitled to spend three billion," Jonathan uttered as he gave his black card to Andrew. He wasn't afraid Graham would overspend, for the latter was a coward.

"Yes, Commander!" Andrew took the card from him humbly. "Any other orders, Commander?"

"That's it!" came Jonathan's answer.

Before Andrew took his leave, Jonathan called out, "Wait a minute. Remember to return the card to me after he spends three billion!"

This was his only card. If Andrew thought there were only three billion in this account and gave the card to Graham, Jonathan would end up being dirt poor again.

"Understood!"

Andrew marched away after receiving Jonathan's order.

Once he disappeared from sight, Jonathan promptly tossed the agreement into a random box. I can't let Josephine see this! If she finds out, my cover will be blown!

Right after he concealed the agreement, Josephine suddenly pushed the door open and strode in.

"Jonathan? What are you doing?" Josephine frowned at the sight of Jonathan's suspicious figure lurking around.

"Oh, nothing. I was looking for a screwdriver." Jonathan made up an excuse.

His lips curling into a smile, he made his way to Josephine. "Darling, you must be tired from work. Why don't you take a seat? I can give you a massage!"

"No, it's fine," Josephine answered, shaking her head.

She collapsed onto the couch in exhaustion. "So? How did your interview with Graham Group go? When will you start working?"

"Tomorrow morning!"

Jonathan sat beside her nonchalantly and slowly inched nearer to her. The moment their bodies touched, Josephine jolted up as if she had been electrified. "By the way, did you buy the gift as instructed?" she asked hastily.

"Yes, I did!"

Jonathan pointed at the sandalwood box on the table. "It's inside the box!"

"What did you buy?" Josephine asked as she walked toward the sandalwood box. When she opened the box, a translucent figurine appeared in sight. Surprise flashed across her eyes as she inquired, "You bought a jade figurine?"

"Do you like it?" Jonathan turned at his shoulder to ask.

“This must’ve cost at least one hundred thousand, right?” Josephine scrutinized the jadeite carefully. “Though I don’t know jades that well, I’m pretty sure this is a high-quality jadeite. Previously, I saw a pair of jade bracelets in a store that costs hundreds of thousands!”

Josephine was more experienced than Margaret, for she immediately recognized that it was a valuable piece of ornament at first sight.

“It’s not cheap,” answered Jonathan with a mischievous grin. He then explained, “It is a lavender jade figurine carved by the famous Roscoe Channer. I bought it for three hundred million!”

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Chapter 92 Give Me A Kiss

“Three hundred million?” When Josephine heard that figure, her expression abruptly changed. Even her hand that was holding the lavender jade figurine trembled slightly. “Have you lost your mind, Jonathan? You spent three hundred million on a piece of jade?”

If it were in the past, I would never believe that he has three hundred million. But now, he has become increasingly mysterious, making him all the more unfathomable. Not only did he blithely buy a sports car that costs eighteen million, eight hundred and eighty thousand, but he also moved into a villa worth several hundred million with a single word. Even the Chairman of Graham Group showed him respect. Therefore, buying a piece of jade for three hundred million is indeed something he would do!

“Nah, that’s a lie!” Jonathan couldn’t help chuckling at her emotional state, fibbing, “I was just joking. This piece of jade only cost a few hundred grand.”

“Really?” Josephine was rather skeptical.

"Why would I lie about that?" Chortling, Jonathan then asked, "Do I look like someone who could fork out three hundred million?"

"Nope." Josephine shook her head before she frowned and questioned, "Didn't I say to buy something around a hundred thousand? How could you have so much money when you've just started working?"

"I've got a couple hundred thousand in savings at the very least. Before I left my post, Zachary gave me a huge sum of money, saying that it's compensation." Jonathan randomly made up a reason, using Zachary as a shield again.

"I really don't know what to say about you!"

Josephine was so vexed that she was at a loss for words.

"In the past, I was poor and caused you to be mocked alongside me during the annual party. This year, however, things will be different!" Slowly walking over to her, Jonathan hugged her around the waist from behind. In a gentle voice, he vowed, "From now on, I'll never allow anyone to treat you with contempt!"

“Okay...”

At his sudden hug, Josephine instinctively tensed, and even her hands turned a touch stiff.

“Hurry up and let go! It’ll be bad if Emmeline sees us like this!” Josephine started struggling, but it was merely a half-hearted effort.

In truth, her aversion toward Jonathan had gradually started fading.

“She won’t see us...” Jonathan lightly blew a puff of warm air against her ear. “If she dares to peep on us, I’ll spank her!”

“She’s your sister-in-law, so you’re not allowed to have any indecent thoughts about her!” Her head snapping back, Josephine shot daggers at him.

I heard that many men harbor fantasies about their sisters-in-law! I must douse his fanciful notions in the cradle!

“I’ve got no indecent thoughts about her!” Jonathan curled his lips. “Her figure is flat without any curves to speak of, so she needs a few more years to grow into them!”

“You’re not allowed to have any indecent thoughts about her in the future, either!” Josephine asserted coldly.

“I only have indecent thoughts about you.” Lifting her, Jonathan whirled around and pinned her onto the couch.

He then lowered himself over her and was just a moment away from capturing her lips when the shrilling ringing of a phone interrupted him.

“Who’s calling at this time?”

Jonathan’s expression turned frightfully grim.

“It’s my phone!” Josephine hastily pushed him away, the ringing of the phone snapping her out of her haze of desire.

“Hello, Uncle Ezra.”

“Have you made all the preparations for the annual party tomorrow?” A man’s strained voice sounded from the other end of the phone.

That aside, she could also seemingly hear a woman’s soft moans.

“Yes, everything is ready.” Josephine’s face instantly flushed bright red when she heard the woman’s pants.

She was no young teenager, so she could naturally tell what they were doing.

“Have you prepared a gift?” The man’s rough voice started turning a tad raged, and he was even panting heavily.

“Yeah,” Josephine answered.

“Remember to be there on the dot at eight o’clock tomorrow morning! Oh yes, I heard that your family’s worthless live-in son-in-law is now back after having disappeared for three years?” Josephine’s uncle, Ezra Smith, mentioned Jonathan out of the blue.

“Y-Yes, that’s right.” Josephine reflexively moved the phone away, not wanting Jonathan to hear someone else criticizing him thus.

However, such a scanty distance posed no difficulty to Jonathan’s keen hearing.

“Don’t bring him tomorrow, lest he make a fool out of himself! All right, I’ll talk to you next time! I’m busy right now!”

Without waiting for Josephine to respond, the man hung up with a beep. Prior to the call disconnecting, a woman’s tormented yet euphoric scream split the air without warning.

Hearing that, Josephine blushed to the tip of her ears.

Gah! This is so awkward!

“Uncle Ezra truly has no scruples at all!” she griped with her face flaming bright red.

“What do you mean by that?” Jonathan pretended as though he hadn’t heard anything.

“Well...” Josephine was about to answer, but in the next second, she glowered at him. “Stop asking the obvious!”

"I really didn't hear anything." Jonathan spread his hands, an innocent look on his face.

"Forget about that! Let's meet in the living room at half-past seven tomorrow morning. Don't oversleep!" After saying that, Josephine bolted to her feet and hastened toward the second floor.

"I'm too tired today, so I might very possibly oversleep." Jonathan rubbed his head with weariness etched on his face. "How about we sleep together tonight? Then you can wake me up tomorrow morning."

"In your dreams!" Josephine shot him a glare. "You've already taken advantage of me earlier!"

"Hey, there's no such thing!" Smirking, Jonathan drawled, "How could it be taking advantage of you when you're my wife?"

"Whatever!"

Rolling her eyes at him, Josephine then headed upstairs, sashaying her hips all the way.

The night passed in the blink of an eye.

The sky had just begun to brighten, but Margaret had already showered and changed hours ago. She even went out and had a makeover.

Even Connor, who basically wore an apron every day, had purposely changed into a black suit.

It was the Smith family's annual party, an exceedingly grand occasion for all the Smith family members.

Knock, knock!

"Wake up, Jonathan!"

At half-past seven in the morning, Josephine knocked on Jonathan's room door.

"Coming!"

The moment Jonathan opened the door, he was greeted by the sight of Josephine in a white dress. Her long, black hair was casually draped over her shoulders, while her fair skin was smooth and supple.

As she wore the white dress, in particular, she exuded a pure and refined aura.

"What are you looking at?"

Josephine felt a touch uneasy at his scrutiny, a hint of a blush staining her face.

"Looking at your beautiful countenance!" Jonathan wrapped an arm around her slender waist and whispered into her ear, "Give me a kiss, Darling!"

“Stop messing around!” Josephine couldn’t help shoving him away. “Mom and Dad are waiting for you downstairs!”

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Chapter 93 The Annual Party

“They’re not going to see it even if you kiss me...”

With an arm wrapped around Josephine’s waist, Jonathan was just about to capture her lips, but she broke free and sprinted downstairs as though fleeing for her life.

When Jonathan went downstairs, the family of four was already dolled up, ready to leave anytime.

As soon as Margaret spotted Jonathan’s casual dressing, her expression abruptly darkened. “Are you going like this, Jonathan?”

“Is there a problem?” Jonathan countered blasely.

In the past few years, all I ever wore was a military uniform aside from casual clothes. I’ve hardly worn anything else.

“Do you know the occasion today?” With a wintry expression on her face, Margaret enunciated, “It’s the Smith family’s annual party today, and everyone will be attending in formal attire. Do you want to be the only person dressed casually? And are you trying to have us humiliated with you deliberately?”

“You’ll be humiliated with me just because I’m not dressed as ostentatiously as you in attending the party?” Jonathan then sneered, “Do you perchance think that the Smith family’s annual party is some international event?”

He wasn’t in the mood to bicker with her.

If she had nicely coaxed me into changing, perhaps I wouldn’t have had any objections. Unfortunately, I simply can’t stand her sarcastic remarks!

“Are you going to change or not?” Margaret lambasted while pointing her finger at him, her expression frosty.

“No.”

Jonathan’s made his stance abundantly clear.

“You’re not allowed to attend the annual party today if you’re not changing!” With a harrumph, she barked, “Let’s go!”

Having said that, she stalked away.

I'd rather he not attend than to be humiliated alongside him!

"Do you think you have the right to decide whether I can attend?" Jonathan arched a brow, not giving in to her pompous attitude.

"Who can decide if not me?" Margaret instantly got up in arms upon hearing that.

But when she was just about to unleash her wrath, Josephine cut her off. "That's enough! Stop arguing! Jonathan was the one who prepared the gift, so what right do you have to forbid him from attending? It's just clothes, no? Never mind if he doesn't want to change!"

Her unexpected defense of Jonathan had Margaret's expression contorting into a mask of fury at once. "Whose side are you on, you wretch? He prepared the gift, you said? Where did he get the money? It's from you, no? He has been using your money to buy a gift for the Smith family's annual party, hasn't he?"

"It's different this year!" In a frigid voice, Josephine maintained, "This year, he bought the gift out of his own pocket!"

"Fine! Continue acting with him to dupe me!" Margaret didn't believe her in the least. "We'll see who ends up being an embarrassment when we arrive at the Smith mansion! What do I care if he wants to go?"

After saying that, she stormed off.

Outside the door, the car Josephine booked in advance was already waiting.

Opening the car door, Jonathan was just about to sit in the back seat with Josephine when Margaret ordered him to sit in the front. "Go and sit in the passenger's seat! You're unworthy of sitting in the back seat!"

Glancing at her, Jonathan ignored her entirely and sat down beside Josephine.

"How dare you?" When Margaret saw that her words had fallen on deaf ears, and he paid her no mind, her chest heaved violently. "Do you hear me, Jonathan?"

Still, Jonathan disregarded her and acted as though he didn't hear her.

Connor urged, "All right. That's enough. Hurry up and get into the car! We're going to be late if you don't make haste!"

"Zip it!"

Glaring at him, Margaret climbed into the front seat.

The car then left Edenic Heights and headed toward the city center.

Despite having a city center, Jadeborough wasn't all that big in reality. In the past, the affluent loved living in the city center since they relished the lively atmosphere.

Presently, however, they preferred living in the suburbs, as they were fond of being close to nature.

The wealthier one was, the further away from the city center one lived.

“When we arrive later, just turn a deaf ear to whatever they say,” Josephine murmured to Jonathan in the back seat.

Although they hadn’t yet reached the Smith mansion, she could already guess how those people from the Smith family were going to harp on Jonathan.

After all, it’s the same every single year. As long as he attends the party, they’ll use every weapon in their arsenal to humiliate him!

“Okay,” Jonathan replied softly.

At the same time, the scene of those people from the Smith family heaping scorn on him during the Smith family’s annual party a few years back inexorably flashed in his mind.

I was the easiest prey there since I’m a live-in son-in-law? For that reason, none of them had any respect for me!

Half an hour later, the car drew to a stop in front of a mansion.

The area occupied by the mansion was meager. Compared to the mansion owned by the Blackwood family, this mansion couldn’t be considered a mansion at all. At most, it was merely a vast courtyard.

And if compared to No. 1 Villa, it was absolutely pathetic.

No. 1 Villa was the most expensive mansion in Jadeborough, with its construction alone costing hundreds of millions.

In terms of its size and geographical area, this mansion owned by the Smith family couldn't even hold a candle to it.

"We're here."

When the car door was opened, the few of them alighted from the car, one after another.

By then, a crowd had formed in front of the Smith mansion.

There was row after row of luxurious cars. While they weren't exorbitant, they all cost at least a million.

A family that had fallen from grace was still more influential than others. Despite being considered a third-rate family, the Smith family had existed in Jadeborough for at least a few decades, so they had some connections.

"Uncle Ezra."

The person who was greeting the guests at the door was none other than Josephine's uncle, Ezra.

He was initially all smiles, but the second he caught sight of Josephine and her family, the smile on his face vanished in an instant. "What time is it now? Didn't I say that you're to arrive at eight o'clock on the dot? Do you know the meaning of punctuality?"

Before they had even stepped into the mansion, they were hauled over the coals by the man.

Despite being all high and mighty at home, Margaret didn't even dare utter a single word of protest in front of Ezra.

"There was heavy traffic on our way here, Uncle Ezra." In the end, it was Josephine who stepped out and answered him.

"Okay, whatever! Just go in!" Ezra waved a hand impatiently. He was going to greet the next group of guests, but the moment he spotted Jonathan, his expression promptly darkened. "Who brought him here? Didn't I tell you last night that you're not to bring him here, Josephine?"

"Uncle Ezra..." When Josephine heard him saying such a thing in front of everyone without any regard for Jonathan's dignity, her expression similarly darkened. "He's part of our family, so why isn't he allowed to come?"

"Do you really not know why I forbade you from bringing him?" Snorting, Ezra threw Jonathan a disdainful glance and taunted, "What use is a worthless piece of trash like him other than to embarrass the Smith family? Look at his clothes! He's not even wearing something decent! Does he know the occasion today? How could he simply wear such shabby clothes?"

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Chapter 94 An Exclusive Event

Before I've even entered the mansion, the insults I'd expected have already started!

In the blink of an eye, Jonathan's expression went chilly.

The scenes from three years ago played in his mind once more.

"What has my dressing got to do with you?" Regarding Ezra coldly, he drawled, "Besides, I don't think you have the right to decide whoever is allowed to attend the Smith family's annual party, no? Has Hugo gotten up in years that you're now the patriarch of the Smith family?"

"What did you just say?" Seeing that he still dared to talk back, Ezra immediately blew a gasket. "How dare you speak to me in such a manner, Jonathan?"

As far as I remember, he's merely a useless live-in son-in-law. Every single time he attended the Smith family's annual party, he always stood there meekly and allowed me to snub him without the guts to utter a retort! But today, he actually dared to answer back?

"Am I supposed to check the dictionary when I speak to you, making certain what I can and cannot say?" Jonathan riposted frostily.

"This is preposterous! How dare you talk to me so rudely when you're simply a worthless bum?" Ezra was so infuriated by his words that his face flushed bright red. "Why are you still standing around, twiddling your thumbs, Connor? Hurry up and keep this good-for-nothing live-in son-in-law of yours in line!"

Hearing his name all of a sudden, Connor alternated his gaze between Ezra and Jonathan.

He stared at them both for a long time yet said nothing at all.

“Connor!” When he made no move to interfere after an eternity, Ezra went ballistic. “Are you going to do something about this, Connor? If you’re not, then I’ll do it for you!”

No sooner had he said that than he rolled up his sleeves, seemingly gearing up to get physical.

But at that precise moment, Josephine, who had been keeping mum, abruptly warned with a cold expression on her face, “Uncle Ezra, it’s the Smith family’s annual party today, so you’d best not make a fuss of things. Otherwise, the Smith family will truly be a laughingstock in the eyes of others! Furthermore, don’t you think that you’ve gone too far in your insults toward Jonathan?”

“I’ve gone too far?” Upon hearing that, Ezra grew so furious that the red splotches on his face deepened a shade. “Regardless of whether that’s true, so what if I were to insult him in even nastier terms? Isn’t it a fact that he’s a worthless live-in son-in-law? If he hadn’t married into the Smith family, do you think he has the right to attend such an exclusive event?”

“An exclusive event? Don’t flatter yourself thus!” Jonathan sniggered as a glint of contempt flashed across his eyes. “Such an annual party by the Smith family is considered an exclusive event?”

What’s an exclusive event? Only events I attend are considered exclusive events! Even if the patriarch of the most prominent family in Chanaea wants to see me,

he has to make an appointment three days in advance. And that even depends on my mood! How could a mere Smith family compare?

“Listen to that! Is that something he should be saying?” When Ezra heard that, he grew so livid that steam was coming out of his ears. But just when his words fell, a sharp female voice rang out from the direction of the Smith mansion. “What’s all this commotion? I can hear you all making a racket out there from a few dozen meters away! Why is the lot of you squabbling here on such an occasion today? Are you all deliberately making a joke out of the Smith family?”

Following that, a middle-aged woman in a red gown walked out of the mansion.

She didn’t appear all that young but seemingly in her forties or fifties instead.

She was dripping in gold and silver, but despite her utmost efforts to present herself as a wealthy lady, she merely looked like a nouveau riche.

“Seraphina!” Ezra immediately greeted the middle-aged woman the moment he spotted her.

Even Connor did the same.

“You’re here, Connor?” The middle-aged woman, Seraphina Duvall, gave Connor a sidelong glance before she shifted her gaze to Josephine. “Oh, you’re here as well, Josephine!”

As for Margaret, Seraphina didn’t even deign to spare her a single glance.

“And this is...” Her gaze stilled on Jonathan for a moment. “Jonathan?”

She recognized him right away, and astonishment manifested on her face.

"It's me," Jonathan affirmed placidly.

"It's really you?" Seraphina was all the more surprised. "Wasn't it rumored that you died three years ago? How are you still alive?"

As soon as her words rang out, Jonathan's gaze turned glacial.

"Oh gosh, look at my unruly tongue!" Seraphina hastily clapped a hand over her mouth and remarked with a chuckle, "How could I say something so inauspicious on such an occasion? Okay, stop bickering. Hurry up and come in so that the Smith family doesn't become a laughingstock!"

She then gestured for them to head in. When Ezra saw that, he still wanted to argue, but a sharp glare from Seraphina had him promptly shutting his mouth and saying nary a word further.

Only after Jonathan and the others had gone in did he finally cave and ask, "Seraphina, why did you allow that deadbeat in? What's the point of a dud like him going in? He's only going to embarrass the Smith family."

"What else could I do?" Glowering, Seraphina chided, "Was I supposed to kick up a huge fuss at the door like you? Don't you find it mortifying?"

"But he—"

Ezra was going to speak further, only to be cut off by Seraphina. "That's enough. Why would you bandy words with a worthless piece of trash? There are plenty of opportunities if you want to teach him a lesson. Just take it as allowing a dog in, okay? Anyhow, stop your nonsense. Mr. Swindell will be arriving soon. I spent a lot of effort to secure his attendance, so I'll kill you if you do anything to ruin things!"

"Mr. Swindell will be coming as well?" Ezra's expression instantly changed when he heard that name.

Oh my God, that's the mayor of Jadeborough! Tons of families want to invite him to their annual party, but he never attends! Yet, he's going to be attending the Smith family's annual party?

"How did you get him to agree, Seraphina? I heard that he never attends such an event!" Ezra couldn't help questioning.

"Never you mind! Just greet the guests properly!" Not in the mood to yak with him, Seraphina spun on her heels and headed back to the mansion on her beguiling high heels.

There was a maelstrom of voices in the mansion with swarms of people everywhere.

While there weren't any prominent figures, there were a handful of people who had some status in Jadeborough.

The seats were still arranged according to status. Those higher in the ranks of society were seated toward the front, while those lower on the totem pole were seated near the door.

Surprisingly, even Connor, as the youngest son of the Smith family, was seated near the door.

In fact, they were only a few steps from the door.

“I’ve got to sit in such a crappy seat every single year!” Mere moments after they had taken their seats, Margaret couldn’t resist grumbling, “When are you going to have the right to sit in front, Connor? Aren’t you ashamed to be seated at the door even when it’s an annual party by the Smith family itself?”

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Chapter 95 The Annual Party Begins

Margaret was exceedingly dissatisfied, and that resentment hadn’t just been for a day or two.

He’s part of the Smith family, yet he’s seated at the fringes, closest to the door, during the Smith family’s annual party! Is this not humiliating and degrading?

“It makes no difference where we’re seated, no?” Conversely, Connor wasn’t the least bit bothered.

Anyway, I haven’t been treated all that well in the Smith family ever since young. Dad has always favored my brothers more. As for me, I’m no different from a child he found by the roadside! No sooner had I gotten married than I was booted out of the Smith mansion and had to live outside. Of the three sons of the Smith family, I was the only one kicked out of the house!

"Of course, it's different!" Margaret grew even more irate after hearing that. "Tell me how it's the same! How could sitting in the first row and the last row be the same?"

The instant her temper spiked, Connor was so frightened that he lowered his head and dared not even say anything.

At that exact moment, Josephine finally had enough and snapped, "That's enough! Stop arguing. Not only do the two of you bicker at home, but you're even doing so when you're outside. When are you both going to stop squabbling?"

Ever since young, I grew up with their interminable arguments! And this is precisely why I adamantly refused to get married in the past. Otherwise, I would never have taken a second look at Jonathan back then!

"Do you think I want to quarrel with him?" Harrumphing, Margaret huffed, "He's not young anymore, yet he's still as useless as before! Even when he returns to his own house, he has to sit at such a crappy place! I feel ashamed to sit at the same table with him!"

"Keep it down..." Connor tugged at her sleeve, urging her to lower her voice.

Unexpectedly, Margaret's voice went up a decibel instead after she heard that. "Are you embarrassed? Do you even know what it means to be embarrassed?"

At her retort, Connor hung his head at once, not daring to utter a single word.

As time ticked by, almost all the guests seemed to have arrived in short order.

Right then, an elderly man in white, traditional attire walked out of the living room, surrounded by a group of people. In his hand was a cane with a dragon's head. He had white hair and looked to be advanced in years. However, he was seemingly in the pink of health since he had a majestic gait.

Just after a few steps, he arrived at the main table.

"Old Mr. Smith is here!" someone among the crowd exclaimed upon spotting the elderly man.

It was also then that Jonathan cast his gaze over. That elderly man was none other than the patriarch of the Smith family, Hugo Smith!

He was also Josephine's grandfather, but Jonathan wasn't really familiar with him.

The two of them seemingly hadn't said a single word to the other. Even when Jonathan and Josephine got married, he had never bothered being amicable to him.

In fact, he didn't even deign to spare him a single glance.

"Ahem!" Hugo cleared his throat. At once, the crowd went silent, upon which he nodded approvingly. "I'm truly honored to have all of you gracing the Smith family's annual party with your presence today. A lot of you here are my old friends. But of course, there are also many new faces. No matter what, all who

are here today are esteemed guests of the Smith family! And now, I'd like to toast all of you!"

While saying that, he raised a glass of white wine and downed it in one go. Everyone there got to their feet and guzzled their wines with him.

Subsequently, it was naturally time for the most crucial part of the annual party—the presentation of gifts.

After the guests had presented their gifts, it was then the Smith family's turn to demonstrate their sincerity to Hugo.

"Let's go. It's our turn now." Connor took a gulp of wine morosely before he led Jonathan and the others toward Hugo. When they were halfway there, Margaret even glanced over her shoulder and asked Jonathan, "You did bring the gift, yes?"

"Yeah," Jonathan answered mildly.

By the time they walked over, there was already a crowd in front of Hugo.

"You're here, Connor?" Seraphina made the first move to greet Connor when she saw him.

"Seraphina," Connor murmured in reply, his head hung low.

"What gift did you prepare for Dad this year, Connor?" Snorting, Ezra swung his gaze at Connor. "Don't tell me you only bought a gift worth a mere few thousand, like the previous year?"

"A few thousand is already pretty good. Who knows, he might be giving a gift that's only worth a few hundred this year!" a middle-aged lady, Lula Brooks, couldn't help deriding right after his words rang out.

"A few hundred? That's impossible!" With a sneer, Ezra exclaimed, "Would they really be so shameless to give something worth a mere few hundred?"

The husband and wife ganged up and started mocking Connor in front of all the guests.

"Why not?" Snickering, Lula scoffed, "It's not the first or even second time they've been so shameless, so what's another time to them?"

Turning to Connor, Lula started, "I don't want to lecture you, but you should just forget about buying a gift if you haven't the money and can't afford to buy something decent, Connor." As she spoke, she caressed the freshly done manicure on her nails and brandished the jade bracelet on her wrist in front of them in a seemingly involuntary manner.

"Who said our gift this year is worth only a few hundred?" Margaret snapped at their provocation. "Our gift this year is worth a hundred grand!"

Hearing that, Lula promptly sneered, "Oh, a hundred grand? Can you guys afford to buy something of that value? Don't tell me you bought some counterfeit and deliberately claimed that you bought it for a hundred grand?"

"That's impossible! Connor would never do such a thing!" Seraphina chimed in.

"Who knows?" Chuckling coldly, Lula drawled, "People like them will do anything at all!"

“That’s enough! Stop bickering! Why are you all squabbling with so many people looking on? Are you not the least bit ashamed?” a middle-aged man in a black suit stepped forward and chided at just that moment.

“Miguel,” Connor greeted immediately at the sight of him, dipping his head.

His brother, Miguel Smith, cut him a look and chastised, “Connor, it’s not my intention to criticize you, but just buy something cheaper if you really can’t afford to buy an expensive gift. No one will say anything about that. However, it’s simply too embarrassing to buy some knock-off and pretend that it’s a costly gift just to pass yourself off as what you’re not! Can you afford to buy a gift worth a hundred grand? I know your limits all too well!”

“No, Miguel, I—” Connor wanted to explain when he saw that things were looking bad for him, but Miguel cut him off right away. “Okay, stop giving excuses. Let’s just forget about it this time. In the future, remember not to do something so disgraceful!”

After saying that, he waved a hand and declared, “All right, it’s our turn to go over and present our gifts to Dad. Bring your gifts and come with me.”

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Chapter 96 A Counterfeit

Hugo was sitting at the head of the table in traditional attire, a trace of imperiousness on his face.

Even when he saw Connor and the others approaching, his expression remained forbidding.

“Dad, I know you like paintings, so I expressly prepared a painting by Eugene Delacroix for you!” As the eldest son, Miguel was naturally the first person to step forward.

He opened a black rectangular box, revealing a painting by Eugene Delacroix inside.

“Thank you, Miguel.” Hugo nodded impassionately after seeing the gift Miguel prepared.

That painting by Eugene Delacroix could sell for at least a couple hundred thousand on the market. Something more expensive could even reach a million.

After Miguel had stepped back, Ezra stepped forward with a box in his hands.

“Dad, I prepared a painting for you as well!”

When the box was opened, a painting by Artemisia Gentileschi lay within. Just the name, Artemisia Gentileschi, meant that it was likewise worth a couple hundred thousand at the very least.

“Not bad.”

Once again, Hugo nodded approvingly.

At his nod, a flash of triumph unwittingly flickered in Ezra’s eyes. Subsequently, he turned his gaze to Connor and urged, “Why are you still standing there blankly? It’s your turn now!”

“Oh, okay.”

Upon hearing his name, Connor hastily moved forward. Hugo merely glanced at him before a trace of impatience reflexively showed on his face.

It was clear as day that he looked down upon that son of his.

“Dad, the gift I prepared for you is—” Connor had just started speaking when Hugo interrupted him, “Okay, you don’t need to introduce your gift. Just go back to your seat.”

Hah! I’m not interested in hearing whatever gift he prepared! He’s always giving me some worthless trash every single year, so what use is it to introduce it other than to be scorned by others?

“Dad, I...” At having been rudely cut off, indignance abruptly surged within Connor.

“Dad, just let him say it.” Glimpsing his affronted expression, Ezra couldn’t help smirking as he added, “If you don’t allow him to do so, he might not be able to sleep tonight!”

“Exactly, Dad! We, too, want to see what gift he prepared for you!” Lula echoed beside him.

“Fine, fine. Go ahead and say it!” Hugo waved a hand with a grim expression, seemingly writing things off.

“The gift I prepared for you is a lavender jade figurine carved by Roscoe Channer himself,” Connor introduced at long last. But the second he did so, the entire room instantly plunged into silence.

At that moment, everyone’s gazes were fixated on him.

A glimmer of total incredulity shone in their eyes.

A lavender jade figurine carved by Roscoe Channer himself? How is that possible? Didn’t he retire ten years ago and vow to never carve any jade figurines again?

“What did you just say, Connor?” Hugo’s expression promptly changed when he heard the name “Roscoe Channer.” He stared at the man and questioned, “I didn’t mishear you, did I? You said your gift is a lavender jade figurine carved by Roscoe Channer himself?”

“Yeah!”

Bemusement was written all over Connor’s face.

Who is Roscoe Channer? Why did Dad have such a huge reaction?

"Q-Quick, open it!" Hugo was seized by the urge to grab the sandalwood box in his hands.

That's a lavender jade figurine carved by Roscoe Channer himself! Who is he? He's the top carver in Chanaea. Especially since he has retired ten years ago, a lavender jade figurine he carved is priceless!

"Oh, sure."

Connor casually opened the sandalwood box. The moment the box was opened, everyone trained their eyes on it.

In the box, a lifelike and crystal clear jade figurine appeared in the line of sight of everyone there.

"It's the imperial jade!"

Someone recognized the type of jade used for the lavender jade figurine at a single glance.

"That's the imperial jade!"

"Besides, it's even carved by Roscoe Channer himself! If it's genuine, the price of this jade figurine is at least a hundred million!"

"A hundred million? I'm afraid you can't buy it for a hundred million. Yesterday, I personally witnessed a mysterious buyer purchasing this lavender jade figurine for three hundred million at the auction hosted by the Hansley family!"

“Three hundred million?”

When the lavender jade figurine materialized before their eyes, the crowd went into an uproar.

They all discussed its price.

Hugo’s hands uncontrollably shook, yet his eyes remained fixated on Connor. There was a sliver of disbelief in his eyes. “Where did you get this lavender jade figurine, Connor?”

“Jonathan bought it.” Looking over his shoulder, he pointed at Jonathan and admitted, “He bought it for a hundred thousand!”

A hundred thousand?

When the crowd heard that figure, pandemonium ensued once more.

However, disappointment predominated.

“It just cost a hundred thousand? I thought that it was truly Roscoe Channer’s work, but unexpectedly, it’s merely a counterfeit!”

“It must be a counterfeit! The genuine lavender jade figurine costs three hundred million. How could the Smith family afford to buy it?”

“Hush! Keep it down!”

In a trice, the envy in their gazes turned into contempt.

Meanwhile, Hugo’s expression abruptly darkened after he heard that. The urge to slap that useless son of his across the face hit him hard.

I initially thought that he had finally made something of himself that he could actually procure a lavender jade figurine carved by Roscoe Channer himself! Never have I expected it to be a knock-off!

“W-What an utter disgrace!” He was in such high dudgeon that he trembled all over. “You’ve thoroughly humiliated the Smith family! Get out of here! Scram!”

He swung a hand and knocked the sandalwood box to the ground.

Right that moment, Miguel stepped out. Jabbing a finger in Connor’s face, he remonstrated, “What did I say to you earlier, Connor? Just don’t buy it if you can’t afford to buy something expensive! Even if you’d bought something worth a few hundred, it’d be far better than having bought a counterfeit! You’ve wholly embarrassed the Smith family!”

Ezra’s wife, Lula, piped in and mocked, “And you even spent a hundred grand on such a counterfeit? That was truly foolish! There are plenty on the internet you can buy at a little over a hundred!”

“Who said this really costs a hundred thousand? What if he only spent a few hundred to buy it yet claimed that it was a hundred thousand? After all, he even had the cheek to say that the knock-off was carved by Roscoe Channer himself! Is there anything he wouldn’t do?” Ezra scoffed, following suit.

In the blink of an eye, Connor became the target of public criticism.

At that moment, everyone regarded him with stark disdain.

In the face of their accusations and scorn, Connor's face flushed bright red. He didn't know what to say in defense of himself, so he could only turn to Jonathan in a pleading manner and murmured, "Jonathan..."

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Chapter 97 What A Joke

Following Connor's murmur of Jonathan's name, everyone's gazes were instantly riveted on the latter.

Glimpsing Connor's face that was flaming bright red, Jonathan shook his head and drawled placidly, "Who said that the lavender jade figurine is a counterfeit?"

"Me!" Ezra stepped forward with a snort. "Don't tell me you could really buy a genuine lavender jade figurine with a hundred grand?"

"Of course not." Glancing at him blithely, Jonathan amended, "I bought it at three hundred million."

Three hundred million?

When the crowd heard that figure, chaos again broke out among them.

Three hundred million is precisely the price from the auction by the Hansley family last night! Could it be that he was the mysterious guest at the auction last night?

Ezra burst into laughter upon hearing that Jonathan bought it at three hundred million. "You must have lost your mind, huh, Jonathan? Three hundred million? Would you be able to fork out such an astronomical sum even if you were to sell yourself? That aside, could you even come up with three million?"

Perhaps others will be taken in by him, but he can't possibly fool me. I know better than anyone the kind of person he is! He's just a worthless deadbeat! If it weren't for the Smith family supporting him back then, he would've been killed ages ago! Yet, he's speaking of three hundred million? I'm afraid that he won't even be able to come up with three hundred grand!

Eyeing him nonchalantly, Jonathan declared, "Is three hundred million an astronomical sum? That might be the case for you, but a mere three hundred million to me is nothing in exchange for a smile from Josephine."

Hearing that, Ezra couldn't help sneering, "In exchange for a smile? Who do you think you are? An eloquent poet with a glib tongue? Apart from your bragging skills that have skyrocketed, you haven't improved much in the few years since I last saw you, Jonathan! A mere three hundred million, you said? I'm afraid that you'll never have the opportunity to see that much money in your lifetime!"

It wasn't just him, for almost every member of the Smith family regarded Jonathan with the exact same look in their eyes.

It was as though they were looking at a nutcase.

"You'll know whether I'm bragging after finding a jade valuation expert to appraise it." Throwing him a cold glance, Jonathan added, "Furthermore, Roscoe Channer's name should be carved at the bottom of the lavender jade figurine. You'll know with a single glance whether it's genuine or counterfeit."

"Let me check!" When Connor heard that, he hurriedly picked the sandalwood box up from the ground. Then, he took out the lavender jade figurine from within and studied it carefully.

Sure enough, he found the name "Roscoe Channer" carved into the bottom of the lavender jade figurine.

"It's here! Roscoe Channer's name is really here!" Connor exclaimed.

Alas, no one paid him any mind.

Hugo didn't even bother sparing him a single glance. Ugh! Having such a son is truly a shame to the Smith family!

"Hmph! So what if Roscoe Channer's name is there? Since it's a knock-off, it's only natural to make it more realistic. Why won't they dare imitate his name when they even dare to imitate the lavender jade figurine?" Ezra harrumphed with disdain etched on his face.

His sentiments gained the consensus of the majority of the people there.

A paltry name naturally can't prove that this lavender jade figurine is genuine!

"As I've said, you'll know whether it's counterfeit or genuine after having a jade valuation expert appraise it." Jonathan wasn't in the mood to bandy words with him.

I don't believe that the Hansley family dare sell a knock-off at an auction for a whopping three hundred million!

"Where am I going to find a jade valuation expert at this time?" Ezra curled his lips. He thought it was Jonathan's tactic to delay time.

Just then, the grim-faced Hugo finally roared, "Okay, that's enough! Stop arguing! Does the lot of you think that this isn't mortifying enough? Get back to your seats! And you're not allowed to mention this matter anymore!"

Do they not find it embarrassing to have a row in front of so many people here when it's the Smith family's annual party today?

"Hmph! I'll let you off the hook this time! If you still dare use such a counterfeit to pose as a genuine item next time, I'll boot you out right then and there!" Ezra warned Jonathan with a snort before leaving.

"If there's a problem with your eyes, go and have them checked at the hospital when you've got the time! Don't act like a rabid dog and go around biting people here!" Jonathan wasn't the least bit intimidated by his threat.

The Smith family's annual party, a purportedly exclusive event? If it weren't because of Josephine, I might not even be willing to come, even if the Smith family were to beg me on their knees!

“What did you just say?” Ezra flipped his lid when he heard Jonathan calling him a rabid dog.

“I said you’re a rabid dog!” Jonathan enunciated coldly.

“How dare you?” Ezra seemed moments away from getting physical with him. But at that precise moment, Hugo bellowed, “That’s enough! Shut up, the lot of you!”

“Dad—”

Ezra wanted to speak further, but Hugo cut him off. “Zip it!”

Turning to the others, he waved a hand. “Return to your seats!”

With resentment written clear on his face, Ezra stared daggers at Jonathan. He flicked his sleeve before stomping off. But before he left, Josephine, who had been keeping mum, suddenly asked Jonathan, “Jonathan, did you really spend three hundred million on this lavender jade figurine?”

“Yup. When have I ever lied to you?” Jonathan replied evenly.

Hearing that, Josephine instantly lost her cool. “Why didn’t you tell me that earlier? Are you mad to spend three hundred million on a piece of stone?”

“Okay, drop the act! What’s the point of maintaining the show when things have come to this?” Lula couldn’t resist scoffing when she heard their exchange.

Unexpectedly, Josephine's expression went chilly, and she retorted, "What do you mean by that?"

"Do you really think that this deadbeat truly spent three hundred million to buy a piece of stone?" Ezra sneered.

With a layer of frost blanketing her face, Josephine asserted, "If he says it's true, then it's true! Also, he's not a deadbeat! If he hadn't forced the patriarch of the Blackwood family to get on his knees and make an apology, would the lot of you be able to stand here and have the Smith family's annual party?"

Upon hearing that, Ezra acted as though he had heard the world's biggest joke. "What? He forced the patriarch of the Blackwood family to kneel and apologize? Did I mishear you? Josephine, you said that this worthless piece of trash forced the patriarch of the Blackwood family to kneel and apologize? Him? I think it was the other way round, huh?"

The moment his words rang out, the crowd burst into raucous laughter.

It was evident that none of them believed Josephine.

Who is the patriarch of the Blackwood family? That's the head of the most prominent family in Jadeborough! With a single flick of his finger, the entire city shakes violently! Yet Jonathan, a mere live-in son-in-law, could compel him to apologize on his knees? What a joke!

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Chapter 98 Impersonate Him

"I'm not joking with you!" At the sight of the crowd heaping contempt on Jonathan, Josephine grew so incandescent that her eyes blazed scarlet. "Everyone at the Blackwood family's banquet that day witnessed it! Not only me, but even my parents were there! They saw it, too!"

After saying that, she turned to Connor and urged, "Dad, tell them whether I'm speaking the truth!"

Hastily nodding, Connor stated, "Yes, it's true! I saw it with my own eyes!"

Snorting, Ezra retorted, "At the end of the day, it's just your entire family standing witness, no? You're a family, so even if you make up stories, no one will expose you! He forced the patriarch of the Blackwood family to apologize on his knees, you said? Why don't you say that he was also the one who banished them from Jadeborough?"

He snickered, not believing Josephine in the least.

Following his words, however, Josephine replied coldly, "You're right. It was indeed with a single word from him that the Blackwood family was banished from Jadeborough!"

"Oh wow, go on acting!" Eyeing her as though she wasn't quite right in the head, Ezra mocked, "The Blackwood family has been banished from Jadeborough anyway, so no one will step out and refute you no matter what you say! Anything you say goes!"

"You're simply unreasonable!" Josephine had no retort left at his persistent comebacks. Just then, Miguel, who hadn't said anything thus far, spoke out of the

blue. "Josephine, you said it was Jonathan who resolved the Smith family's crisis?"

"Yes!" Josephine maintained with an emphatic nod.

"Nonsense!" Miguel chided before he continued sharply, "It was my friend from Jazona who resolved the Smith family's crisis! How could it possibly be him? Does he even have the capability to do so?"

When Jonathan heard that, he couldn't help sniggering. "Your friend? Where's that friend of yours?"

Harrumphing, Miguel declared, "He's right here! If he hadn't told me personally that he was the one who resolved the Smith family's crisis this time, I might have truly been taken in by the two of you!"

While saying that, he strode toward a middle-aged man sitting at the front. "Mr. Field!"

"Yeah."

The middle-aged man, Sammy Field, nodded with a haughty look on his face.

"See? This is that friend of mine, Mr. Field, the eldest son of the Field family. He has vast connections in Jazona, far beyond someone like you could ever imagine!" Casting Jonathan a chilly look, Miguel added, "If it weren't for him having some connections with the King of War and successfully persuading the man himself to do him a favor, do you think the Blackwood family would have easily let us off the hook, let alone gotten banished from Jadeborough? Do you

think you could've booted the Blackwood family out of the city if Mr. Field hadn't done anything?"

He regarded Jonathan glacially, his gaze so penetrating that it was as though he was determined to expose a liar.

"Actually, it was just the King of War doing me a paltry favor." Sammy waved a hand with a humble expression on his face. Regretfully, his humility was simply rendering him a fool in Jonathan's eyes.

Glancing at the man placidly, Jonathan murmured, "The Field family? I've never heard of them! You said you're acquainted with Zachary, yes? Fine. Give him a call, and we'll see whether he'll corroborate your story!"

Sammy snorted with disdain etched on his face. "Do you think anyone can simply give the King of War a call? Do you think he's got nothing better to do like you? Even if it were me, I've got to make an appointment a few days in advance if I want to contact him!"

There was no flaw to be found in that remark of his.

At least, that was the case in the eyes of everyone there.

Who is the King of War? That's the true ruler of Jazona! Even the mayor of Jazona is beneath him. As such, can anyone simply give him a call? What a joke!

Jonathan merely watched Sammy putting on a show coldly. "You don't dare to do so, do you? How about I give him a call and ask whether he knows you?"

Sneering, Sammy countered, "Who knows whether you're really calling the King of War? What if you find someone to impersonate him?"

"Can't you tell whether it's his voice?" Jonathan questioned frostily.

"Hah! You even dare to buy a counterfeit lavender jade figurine, so what else don't you dare do?" Sammy mocked with a snicker.

"It looks like you'll never admit to your lie today unless he comes here in person." Jonathan eyed him coldly.

Undeniably, he's something else! He sounds utterly convincing, with nary a flaw in his words. If I weren't here, he would've probably fooled everyone present!

Seeing his high and mighty attitude, Miguel snapped before Sammy could even respond to that. "Shut up! How could you be so rude to Mr. Field? Apologize right this instant, Jonathan!"

Jonathan couldn't help guffawing when he heard that. "You want me to apologize to him? Are you dreaming?"

"How dare you?" Miguel's face flushed bright red upon seeing that he dared speak to him in such a manner. He pointed at the man and proclaimed, "I'm only giving you a minute, Jonathan. If you haven't apologized to Mr. Field after a minute has passed, don't blame me for showing you no mercy!"

Jonathan's gaze turned wintry. "Oh? What are you planning to do to me? Are you planning to kick me out or strong-arm me into apologizing?"

"That's enough! Stop fighting!" At long last, Hugo, as the patriarch of the Smith family, couldn't stand it anymore. After thundering that reproach, he turned to Jonathan and demanded, "Jonathan, you said it was you who resolved the Smith family's crisis, right? How can you prove it?"

Glancing at him indifferently, Jonathan announced, "Why do I need to prove it? I didn't resolve the issue between the Smith and Blackwood families for the sake of the Smiths back then. Instead, I did it for my wife, Josephine. If it weren't for her, I might not even bother interfering in your business even if you were to beg me on your knees!"

At his imperious attitude, Lula snapped, "How dare you speak to Dad in such a tone, Jonathan? Hurry up and apologize!"

"Apologize? Do you think the lot of you are worthy of it?" Snorting, Jonathan then declared, "The person who can have me apologize hasn't been born in this world yet!"

"How dare you? This is preposterous! You're inordinately brazen!" When his words rang out, Hugo went through the roof and almost passed out. "M-Men, throw him out of here!"

"Understood!"

With that command from him, the servants of the Smith family swarmed toward Jonathan.

But just when they were inches from him, a sudden shout came from the door. "Mr. Swindell is here!"

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Chapter 99 Exposed On The Spot

Mr. Swindell is here?

In an instant, Hugo's expression changed.

He hastily sprang to his feet and strode toward the door with the cane in his hand.
"Quick! Hurry up and come with me to welcome Mr. Swindell!"

"Understood!"

Hearing that, the Smith brothers abandoned their squabble with Jonathan. They hastened toward the door after Hugo.

Outside the door, Randall appeared suave and dashing in a black suit.

Despite being the mayor of Jadeborough, he didn't come with an entourage. Instead, he came alone and even brought a gift at that!

"You're here, Mr. Swindell. Do come in."

At the sight of him, Hugo hurriedly acted all subservient.

He wasn't the only one, for Ezra and Miguel behind him likewise feigned servility.

Truthfully, they knew all too well the status of the Smith family in Jadeborough.

"You don't have to stand on ceremony with me. It's the Smith family's annual party today, and I'm the guest here. There's no such thing as a guest proceeding the host." Smiling, Randall allowed Hugo to walk ahead of him. He also took out the gift he brought. "This is the gift I prepared. I hope it's to your liking, Old Mr. Smith."

"Of course! How could I possibly not like a personal gift from you, Mr. Swindell?" Hugo was very much flattered at the man's courteousness.

After all, the man had never attended such an occasion ever since he took office.

This event by the Smith family was the very first in history.

Furthermore, he was even being so courteous. That had Hugo instantly feeling so proud that he was bursting at the seams.

"Please have a seat, Mr. Swindell!" Hugo had personally arranged a seat for Randall, and it was right-center in the front row.

Since he graced us with his presence, he's the most esteemed guest of the Smith family! Therefore, he naturally has to be seated right in the middle!

"I'm flattered, Old Mr. Smith." Randall quickly brushed it off, but his eyes were scanning the place, seemingly in search of something.

"What are you looking for, Mr. Swindell?" Miguel perceptively noticed that the man seemed to be scouting for something.

"Where is Mr. Goldstein? Why don't I see him?" Randall couldn't help querying.

The only reason I'm here at the Smith family's annual party is because of him. Otherwise, why would I even bother with this insignificant event?

"Mr. Goldstein? Who do you mean?" Miguel was stunned for a moment, not realizing the person he meant. There doesn't seem to be anyone with such a last name among the guests we invited today.

"Jonathan Goldstein, Mr. Goldstein!" Randall answered.

I remember that he's Josephine Smith's husband. Hence, he'll naturally attend the Smith family's annual party. With him here, I don't have the right to sit in this seat reserved for the most esteemed guest!

"Jonathan Goldstein?" Hugo and his sons immediately frowned when they heard that name. "You're acquainted with him, Mr. Swindell?"

"Of course!" Randall promptly nodded and asserted, "How could I possibly forget him after having witnessed his might at the Blackwood residence? So, where is he?"

"I'm here."

Out of the blue, Jonathan's voice sounded from an obscure corner.

There were still a few servants standing near him, caging him in. If it weren't for Randall's sudden arrival earlier, they would've likely thrown him out long ago.

"Mr. Goldstein!" Upon hearing his voice, Randall, who was initially seated, sprang to his feet. He didn't even dare sit down. "It's been a long time, Mr. Goldstein!"

"Indeed, it's been a long time." Sweeping a nonchalant gaze in his direction, Jonathan waved a hand and murmured, "You may be seated."

"How would I dare sit when you're standing, Mr. Goldstein?" Randall said, his voice full of respect.

"Have you gotten the wrong person, Mr. Swindell?" Seeing Randall's humble attitude toward Jonathan, Hugo couldn't quite wrap his head around it.

What is going on? He's the mayor of Jadeborough, yet he's acting like a servant before Jonathan. He's all timid as though sitting on pins and needles.

Randall didn't comprehend the meaning of his question at first. "Got the wrong person? How could I possibly make such a mistake? If I can't even recognize Mr. Goldstein, I'll soon be dismissed from my post as the mayor of Jadeborough!"

That comment from Randall stumped everyone present.

What? Jonathan's just a worthless bum! Yet, he has the power to hold sway over the mayor of Jadeborough?

"You must be joking, Mr. Swindell!" Miguel joked with a chuckle.

Unexpectedly, Randall shot him a sharp glare after hearing that. "Joking? I'm not joking with you! Back at the Blackwood family's banquet, if that old geezer from the Blackwood family hadn't been so foolish to offend Mr. Goldstein, would he have ended up being banished from Jadeborough?"

His voice was exceedingly cold, but his words were no less than a bolt of lightning that struck everyone there to the core.

What? It was really Jonathan who banished the Blackwood family from Jadeborough?

When Josephine said that, everyone felt that it was absurd and merely regarded it as a joke. After all, how could a useless live-in son-in-law have the capability to banish the forerunner of the four prominent families from Jadeborough?

Now that Randall was saying it, however, they had no choice but to believe it.

After all, he was the mayor of Jadeborough, so he couldn't possibly be making up stories.

"Mr. Swindell, are you saying that it was Jonathan who banished the Blackwood family from Jadeborough back then?" Hugo inquired again, seemingly unable to believe his own ears.

"Of course! Did you not know that?" Randall's brows creased.

He's the patriarch of the Smith family, yet he didn't know about it?

"N-No, I didn't." Hugo felt as though something was stuck in his throat, almost causing him to keel over.

"In that case, Mr. Goldstein probably felt that it was just an insignificant matter and didn't bother saying anything about it." Randall then casually added, "I was there at that time and personally witnessed that old geezer from the Blackwood family begging Mr. Goldstein for mercy on his knees."

At once, everyone was staggered.

That remark of his promptly caused a great uproar among the crowd.

In that instant, their gazes were all trained on Jonathan.

Nonetheless, Jonathan merely swept a nonchalant glance over them before shifting his gaze to Sammy, saying, "You're Mr. Field, right? Didn't you say that the Blackwood family was banished from Jadeborough back then because you asked the King of War for a favor?"

"What? Is that for real?" Having heard that, Randall instantly cast his gaze at Sammy.

The moment he bore his eyes into him, Sammy's knees abruptly went weak. But still, he gritted his teeth and insisted, "Yes, that's right!"

“Nonsense!” Sneering, Randall regarded him disdainfully and drawled, “You asked the King of War for a favor? Why didn’t I know about that? Back then, it was the man himself who ordered me to go to the Blackwood family and help Mr. Goldstein resolve all problems!”

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Chapter 100 Harrison Seymour Is Here

In that instant, the entire room became as silent as the grave, not a peep to be heard.

No one dared to question Randall’s statement.

After all, Randall was the mayor of Jadeborough.

There was no need for him to lie just to defend a live-in son-in-law.

“Mr. Field, were you lying to me earlier?” Miguel asked, glancing at Sammy doubtfully.

Even if he did not believe Jonathan, Randall was a trustable person.

“O-Of course not! Why would I lie to you?” Sammy answered in a stuttering voice.

Never in his wildest dreams did he expect Randall to appear out of nowhere!

“Enough, stop wasting time. Where did you find this imposter? Kick him out now!” Randall gave a dismissive wave, for he could not be bothered to waste time with the con artist.

How dare he pretend to be Jonathan? Didn't he look at himself in the mirror? What made him think he's capable of doing so?

“Sammy Field, are you going to leave yourself, or do you want me to ask someone to drag you out?” Miguel demanded, shooting Sammy a disgusted look. “Also, remember to refund me the one million I gave you by tonight, not a penny less. Otherwise, I'll make sure you won't live to see the sunrise tomorrow. Try me!” he warned.

“Just you wait, Miguel!” Sammy retorted, revealing his true colors. There was no need to continue his act.

After giving Miguel one last glare, he quickly slunk out of the Smith mansion.

Once he had left, Miguel hurriedly went to Randall. “Mr. Swindell, luckily you're around, or else that con artist would've tricked me!”

"That's because you're a fool!" Randall answered with a snort. He did not bother mincing his words.

I can't believe he got conned right before Jonathan. He's obviously a fool! Tch, I have no other comments for him.

"Yes, you're right, Mr. Swindell. I am a fool!" Miguel lowered his head humbly.

Randall ignored him and got to his feet. "Mr. Goldstein, please take a seat," he offered while looking at Jonathan.

"Forget it!" Jonathan waved his hand. "That's the Smith family's VIP table. I don't have the right to sit there!"

Having said that, he strode away. Instead of going back to his seat, Randall ran after him. "Mr. Goldstein, if you don't have the right to take a seat here, who else does?"

Seeing this, Miguel blurted out, "Mr. Swindell, what is going on?"

Isn't Jonathan a useless live-in son-in-law? What is his real identity? Why does the mayor of Jadeborough fear him this much?

"The real VIP is right before your eyes. How dare you look down on him? No wonder the Smith family is still a third-rate family in Jadeborough after years!" Randall retorted. It was pretty obvious to him that the Smith family and Jonathan's relationship were not that harmonious.

He initially attended the Smith family's annual party because of Jonathan.

However, he no longer needed to show them any courtesy when they had the guts to treat Jonathan contemptuously.

If it weren't for Jonathan, I wouldn't have given them the honor of showing up!

"Mr. Swindell, I..." Though Miguel wanted to explain, he found no words.

After all, before Randall showed up, they nearly kicked Jonathan out of the mansion.

"Enough. Save your explanation!" Randall cut him off with a wave.

As his initial politeness had morphed into irritation, Hugo and Miguel shared a look. Immediately, they realized what had gone wrong.

At once, Miguel changed his attitude toward Jonathan. "M-Mr. Goldstein, I'm really sorry for looking down on you. That was because I didn't know your real identity! Let me offer you an apology on behalf of the Smith family."

Undeniably, he was a flexible person, for he promptly discarded his pride to apologize to Jonathan as soon as he caught on to the situation.

"You're apologizing now?" Jonathan replied with a scoff. "What have you been doing earlier?"

As soon as those words left his lips, he picked up the sandalwood box. "Since you refuse to accept this lavender jade figurine, I'll take it with me!"

“Lavender jade figurine?” Randall froze temporarily at his words before bursting out excitedly, “Mr. Goldstein, do you mean the lavender jade figurine that was sold for three hundred million at the auction organized by the Hansley family yesterday?”

“Oh? You know of it?” Surprise colored Jonathan’s features.

“Yes, of course.” Randall bobbed his head eagerly. “I heard a mysterious buyer bought the lavender jade figurine carved by Roscoe Channer himself. So it turns out you’re the mysterious buyer!”

What? He really bought it for three hundred million?

In a flash, the crowd was astounded.

Earlier, when Jonathan said he bought it for three hundred million, everyone else hurled insults at him. No one believed that a live-in son-in-law could afford to pay three hundred million for a mere jade figurine.

Since Randall had said it himself, it meant that he was not lying.

“Who said I won’t accept it?” Hugo’s expression changed abruptly. “I was just testing to see if the lavender jade figurine was genuine!”

There was no way he would refuse a three-hundred-million lavender jade figurine. In fact, it was his first time seeing such an expensive ornament in his life.

“What a shameless old man,” Jonathan remarked disdainfully. “It’s too late for you to change your mind now!”

“Listen to me, Jonathan. It was a misunderstanding.” Hugo hastened to offer an explanation. It was clear to someone as sly as him that Jonathan was the true big shot.

He’s a big shot that even Randall has to show respect for!

“No way it’s a misunderstanding,” Jonathan replied curtly. “When I offered you the gift, you should’ve accepted it. Now, I’m not going to give it to you. No one can force me to give it up!”

With that, he handed the lavender jade figurine to Josephine. “This lavender jade figurine is now yours, Josephine. Let’s put it in our home as an ornament!”

What? He’s making the three-hundred-million lavender jade figurine an ornament in his house?

Once again, the guests were stupefied.

Alas, no one dared to utter a word.

The color drained from Hugo’s face as he fought back the urge to give himself a slap.

Oh God, why on earth did I run my mouth and act recklessly earlier? The three-hundred-million lavender jade figurine slipped out of my grasp just like that!

“Mr. Goldstein, I assure you that it was all a misunderstanding!” Seeing that the situation was veering out of control, Miguel promptly stepped out to relay an order. “Arrange a new seat for Mr. Goldstein! He shall sit beside Mr. Swindell!”

“No need. I’m fine with the seat by the door,” came Jonathan’s calm reply. He took Josephine’s hand and stalked to the door. At the sight of him returning to his initial seat, Miguel panicked instantly. However, before he could do anything, someone outside the door announced in a solemn voice, “Harrison Seymour is here!”