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## The Legendary Man Chapter 77

Chapter 77 Do Not Tell Your Sister

Utter silence reigned in the entire private room.

Everyone in the room flushed bright red after hearing Jonathan's remark.

Nana, especially, was gripped by the urge to crawl into a hole.

Phew!

Fenrir heaved a sigh of relief when Jonathan left. The first thing he did after climbing to his feet was to slap Charles across the face. "Da\*n you! Do you know that you almost killed me?"

That blow had Charles stumbling on his feet and almost falling to the ground.

"Mr. Fenrir, I-" Charles covered his face with a hand, not even daring to utter a word of protest.

"Cut that crap! From today on, don't ever mention my name out there anymore! If I learn that you used my name anywhere in Jadeborough, I'll break your legs!"

After saying that, Fenrir pushed open the door and left without sparing him another glance.

When he went downstairs, he happened to bump into Harrison, who had just seen Jonathan to his car. The moment he saw the man, he swiftly acted servile and inquired, "Mr. Seymour, what exactly is Mr. Goldstein's identity?"

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He didn't dare ask when others were there just now. Since there was no one then, he finally mustered the courage to give voice to the question playing in his mind.

"You're not worthy to know his identity!" Casting him a wintry look, Harrison added, "You only need to know that certain death awaits all who offends him. Even I will be doomed if I were to offend him, let alone you! You know of the Blackwood family, don't you? Their influence in Jadeborough is substantial, no? But still, they ended up being banished from the city after offending him!"

"Mr. Seymour, are you saying that he was the person who banished the Blackwood family from Jadeborough?" In an instant, Fenrir's vision went black, and he broke out in a cold sweat.

I've heard that some big fish came to Jadeborough a few days ago, his power and influence so great that the Blackwood family in Jadeborough is no more than a dog in front of him! But never had I thought that he would turn out to be a young man who's only in his twenties!

And so, the entire debacle drew to an end with Jonathan's departure.

Sitting in the car, Emmeline couldn't resist sneaking glances at Jonathan.

It's really difficult to assimilate the worthless bum from three years ago to the "Mr. Goldstein" who had Harrison falling to his knees before him. After all, who is Jonathan? He's a deadbeat! Back then, if it weren't for the Smith family supporting him for a whole year, he would've probably starved on the streets ages ago! But if that's true, why would Harrison kneel to him? Even I have heard of the man, and he's a savage character! It's rumored that dozens of people died at his hand, the number hitting at least a hundred!

"Just ask whatever's playing on your mind," Jonathan murmured, Emmeline's surreptitious peeks driving him crazy.

"W-Who are you?" Emmeline gave voice to her question while biting her lip.

"I'm your brother-in-law," Jonathan replied casually.

"No, that's not what I meant-" Emmeline turned exceedingly frantic.

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"I know. You want to ask why Harrison kneeled before me, no?" Jonathan commented, glancing at her nonchalantly.

"Yes!" Emmeline hurriedly nodded.

"If I hadn't taken your presence into consideration, he might not have been able to appease me even if he had gotten to his knees today," Jonathan remarked airily.

Does falling to one's knees have any use in resolving the problem? If it weren't for me being there today, she would've been sullied by that da\*n fatty!

"H-How did you-" Emmeline's voice abruptly grew panicked when she heard that.

If he'd said this to me in the past, I would've certainly thrown him a scornful look and even made a few jibes. Now, however, I don't dare do that anymore! After all, I personally witnessed how that da\*n fatty was thrown down from the third floor with an order from him!

"Are you trying to ask what exactly I've experienced in the past three years that I've seemingly become a different person entirely?" Glimpsing her flustered expression, Jonathan calmly asserted, "You'll never be able to imagine all that I've gone through in the past three years. All you need to know is that the person I was three years ago has died. Starting today, I won't allow anyone to pick on the Smith family anymore. But if you all still want to treat me the same as three years ago, I don't mind having the Smith family disappear from the face of this earth!"

If it weren't for Josephine, the Smith family would've died long ago just because of the way they treated me back then!

"Jonathan, you..." Emmeline's heart lurched when she heard that, and she stared at him in terror.

As the memories of her tearing into him back then flashed across her mind, fear snowballed within her.

"You don't need to be afraid, for I won't be doing anything to you." Casting her an indifferent look, Jonathan ordered, "Just pretend as though nothing happened when we arrive home. Don't tell your sister about it."

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"Understood!" Emmeline nodded fervently.

Actually, even if he hadn't said anything to that effect, I wouldn't have dared tell Josephine about it either!

Twenty minutes later, the car came to a stop in front of No. 1 Villa.

To Jonathan's surprise, there were a few guards in front of the mansion.

They stood on both sides of the mansion with weapons in their hands.

The second they caught sight of Jonathan, they hastily lifted their hands and saluted him.

"Who told you to come here?" Jonathan questioned with a frown.

"Ms. Yarrow sent us! She said you're a venerable resident; thus, specially assigned us to stand guard here!" a guard quickly answered.

"You can all go back to your posts." Jonathan waved a dismissive hand. "I don't need you to keep guard here."

The average thief probably won't even be able to make it past the gate of No. 1 Villa. On the contrary, if the intruder is an enemy of mine who's aware of my identity, they won't be able to do anything with just the two of them!

"But Ms. Yarrow-" The guard wanted to speak further, only to have Jonathan cutting him off. "Tell her that I was the one who dismissed you both. If she has any objections, she can come and seek me out."

"Understood!"

The two guards shared a look before they left helplessly.

That scene before Emmeline shocked her greatly.

If it were in the past, she would definitely assume that the two guards were extras whom Jonathan hired to put on a show with him.

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However, she didn't dare harbor a single shred of doubt after witnessing how petrified Harrison was with a single glance from the man that he dropped to his knees in the private room.

Instead, she even vaguely felt that it was nothing out of the ordinary.

It was already past ten o'clock at night when they arrived home.

Usually, Josephine would have gone to bed long ago. Unexpectedly, not only was she not asleep that night, but she was even watching television in the living room. When she saw them both entering the house, she casually swept her gaze over them. "You're back?"

## The Legendary Man Chapter 78

Chapter 78 Beauties Are Good At Teasing Men

"Yup!" Jonathan nodded before exclaiming in surprise, "Why are you not in bed?"

"I'm not feeling sleepy yet." Despite her words, Josephine's bloodshot eyes betrayed her. It was clear as day that she wasn't only sleepy, but very much so.

Then, she turned to Emmeline and asked, "How was the birthday party? Did you have fun?"

"I-It was fine." Glancing at Jonathan guiltily, Emmeline bolted for the second floor as though the hounds of hell were nipping at her heels. "I'm tired, so I'm going to bed first!"

After saying that, she fled.

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"What's wrong with her?" Josephine eyed Jonathan with furrowed brows when she saw Emmeline's unusual reaction. "Did you ride roughshod over her?"

"Of course not!" Jonathan wore an expression of exasperation. "She's just a little down after having been disparaged by her friends at the birthday party."

"But why do I feel as though she fears you?" Josephine perceptively noticed Emmeline's atypical behavior.

Under usual circumstances, she would definitely be standing before him. When they came home today, however, she stood behind him tensely as though she didn't dare stand in front of him!

"It must have been a trick of the light." Jonathan changed the subject with a smile, saying, "It's late, Darling. Why don't we return to our room and sleep?"

"Who wants to sleep with you?" Josephine shot him a glare. "I waited up for you because I've got something to say to you!"

"What is it?" Sitting down beside her, Jonathan lightly inhaled the alluring scent that wafted off her.

"Smith Group's annual party will be held the day after tomorrow. I've got to make preparations for it at the office tomorrow, so I've got no time to prepare a gift for Grandpa and Grandma. You do it instead." As Josephine said that, she took out a bank card from her pocket. "There's a hundred thousand in this card. The PIN is my birthday. Choose a gift and give it to them during the annual party."

I was planning to use this money to rent a mansion at Edenic Heights, but since that's unnecessary now, it's perfect to buy a gift for the company's annual party!

"Ah, it's time for the annual party?" The Smith Group's annual party was a grand affair every year, so much so that those who didn't know better would think that it was some listed company.

But in reality, the Smith family was only a third-rate family in Jadeborough, a far cry from the four prominent families.

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Despite that, the scale of their annual party every year was on par with the top-notch families. Every single descendant of the family had to prepare a gift for the patriarch and matriarch of the Smith family during the annual party.

Furthermore, it couldn't be too cheap either because the members of the Smith family drew comparisons behind closed doors.

Those whose gifts were more expensive would be esteemed, while whoever's gift was cheap would be ridiculed.

The gifts Josephine prepares every year aren't all that expensive, usually just worth ten or twenty thousand. Why is she spending such a fortune to buy a gift this year?

"I don't need this card. I've got money, so I'll go and buy a gift tomorrow." Jonathan returned the bank card to Josephine while contemplating an appropriate gift.

"Drop that act. I know better than anyone whether you've got any money." Josephine didn't take the card. Instead, she turned to Jonathan and urged, "Just buy a gift of about a hundred thousand, but don't say that I told you to buy it. Instead, say that you prepared it!"

That was her ultimate motive.

In the past, he has always been the target of criticism every time he accompanied me in attending the company's annual party. But that's inevitable since he's the only person who married into the Smith family. A live-in son-in-law has little dignity to speak of, and he hasn't much money, so the gift he prepares each time is dirt cheap. As such, our family naturally becomes the laughingstock of the rest of the Smith family.

"You're worried that they'll scorn me, yes?" Jonathan had no difficulty discerning her meaning when she had said as much.

Although Josephine usually treated him coldly, she would still look out for his interest during important moments.

"I just don't want to be mocked alongside you!" With a cold expression on her face, Josephine threw him a glare. Then, she got up and headed toward the second floor.

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Even if that's what I think, I'll never admit to it!

"Just admit it. What's there to be embarrassed about when we've been married for such a long time?" Jonathan trailed after her, grinning from ear to ear. He stuffed the bank card into her pocket. "I don't need this money. Just keep this since you've got to support me if I were to lose my job one day!"

"Speaking of that, when are you going to start work?" Hearing the possibility of him losing his job, Josephine abruptly remembered that he had gotten a job at some real estate firm.

If he hadn't mentioned it, I would've forgotten all about it!

"Uh... Tomorrow." Jonathan gave a cough, seized by the urge to kick himself hard.

Why on earth did I bring that up? Wasn't I just shooting myself in the foot?

"Don't tell me that everything you told me back then was a lie?" Josephine's brows knitted together when she noticed the man's flustered state, and she doubted whether his claim of working at a real estate firm was a mere lie.

"Of course not!" Jonathan hastily denied it. "Why don't you go with me tomorrow if you don't believe it?"

"Okay, that's fine. What time are you going tomorrow? I'll drop you off at your office." To his surprise, Josephine agreed.

At once, Jonathan was floored since he thought that she would decline.

"Two or three o'clock in the afternoon tomorrow, I suppose." Jonathan picked a time at random.

I definitely wouldn't have time to set things up if I were to pick a time in the morning. If it were in the afternoon, I would still have time to find a real estate firm. If all else fails, I'll simply acquire one! Okay, I'll do that, then!

For the sake of putting up a show, he decided to acquire a real estate firm.

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“Okay. I’ll drop you off tomorrow afternoon!” Glancing at him, Josephine noted, “It’s late, so go to bed earlier.”

Having said that, she headed toward the third floor.

When Jonathan saw that she was leaving, he gave a light cough and went after her. “Um... Darling, I’m a tad afraid of the dark to sleep alone at night. Could I please sleep in your room tonight? I can sleep on the couch. Otherwise, I can even sleep on the floor!”

“Fine. Come with me.” At Josephine’s unexpected agreement, delight inundated Jonathan. He followed her to the third floor. But when he wanted to step into the room after she had pushed open the door and entered, the room door slammed shut with a bang as she closed the door from the inside.

“Darling, didn’t you say that I could sleep in your room?” Jonathan touched his nose, helplessness was written all over his face.

“I was just teasing you. Did you take it seriously?”

A snort from Josephine drifted out of the room.

“Ah, it’s indeed true that beauties are good at teasing men!” Jonathan then went back to his own room in exasperation.

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