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The Legendary Man Chapter 96

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.

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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.

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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!"

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“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.

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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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The Legendary Man Chapter 97

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

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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!

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"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!

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“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?”

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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!

The Legendary Man Chapter 98

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!"

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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.

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“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?”

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“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!”

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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!"

The Legendary Man Chapter 99

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!"

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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!

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"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!"

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“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?

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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!"

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“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!”

The Legendary Man Chapter 100

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.

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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?"

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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!"

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“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!

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“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!”

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