

# The Legendary Man Chapter 151

## Chapter 151 Pretending To Be Rich

Ten minutes later, their car stopped in front of a busy mall.

When Jonathan saw how lively it was, he was dazed by the sight. Four years ago, the building was dilapidated while its surroundings were deserted, not a soul to be seen anywhere nearby.

Back then, the place would be covered in darkness at night as it didn't even have a street lamp.

However, the old building was now gone. In its place was a ten-story building and a plaza right smack in the center of the business district.

The plaza was brightly lit with crowds coming and going. Outside of it, there were many couples holding hands and hugging each other. Once in a while, one could even find some couples kissing unabashedly, as if they didn't care about the looks passersby gave them.

"Isn't it great to be young?" Looking at the couple, Jonathan couldn't help but sigh. "Darling, why don't we kiss too?"

Ignoring his question, Josephine shot him a glare. "Can't you be a little more serious?"

"What's wrong with kissing my own wife?" Jonathan pursed his lips. Looking in the plaza's direction, he commented, "Back when this place was old and rundown, the street lamps would go off whenever it rained as the power would be cut. Furthermore, the monthly rental back then was only five hundred. But in the blink of an eye, it's now transformed into a mall!"

Shaking his head, Jonathan subconsciously took Josephine's hand and exclaimed, "Come on, Darling, let's go in and take a look!"

However, the moment he touched her hand, Josephine retracted it instantly as if she had been jolted by an electrical shock. Ever since she was young, no man other than Connor had touched her hand before.

Even though she was no longer that resentful of Jonathan psychologically, her physical reflex was instinctual.

“What’s wrong? Did my hand electrocute you?” Jonathan lowered his gaze to look at her.

“No, I just—” Before she could finish, Jonathan interrupted her, “Then what are you avoiding me for?” Without another word, he took her hand and didn’t give her another chance to decline.

“You...”

Left without a choice, Josephine allowed him to lead her into the plaza.

Inside, it was filled with shops selling luxury goods. There was LV, Chanel, Bulgari, etc. Every famous luxury brand was there.

However, Jonathan’s cheap casual wear seemed to be out of place within the surroundings he was in.

It wasn’t because he couldn’t afford expensive clothing; it was just that he didn’t care for brands. All that mattered to him was that his clothes were comfortable.

To him, every brand was just the same.

“Welcome, sir, ma’am! Would you like to take a look at the latest Bulgari collection?”

“No, thank you.” Josephine shook her head.

There was no way she could afford anything here as every item cost at least tens of thousands.

“Why don’t we take a look since we’re already here?” On the contrary, Jonathan didn’t decline the salesperson’s invitation. Ever since he knew Josephine, he had never gone shopping with her or bought her anything before.

"I don't want to." Shaking her head, Josephine whispered, "The items here are too expensive, so let's go someplace else instead."

"It's all right. I can afford it," Jonathan replied with a smile. "Darling, isn't this the first time we're out shopping together?"

"Yeah," Josephine acknowledged softly while nodding her head.

Although he and Josephine had been married for a few years, they had neither gone shopping nor on a date before.

In fact, they had never even seen a movie together.

"Since this is our first time shopping, shouldn't I get you something?" Jonathan walked into the Bulgari store with Josephine in tow. "Don't worry; I brought my bank card when we left home."

"There's really no need to." Despite her protests, Josephine was dragged into the store by Jonathan.

Inside, Bulgari's latest collections were on display everywhere.

Just a watch alone would cost fifty to sixty thousand. As for the jeweled necklaces, their prices easily reached hundreds of thousands.

The moment Josephine saw the price, she lost whatever interest she had to take a look.

These are extremely expensive! How am I going to afford them?

"Miss, this necklace seems to suit you very well. It's the latest design from Bulgari, and our store is the only one in Jadeborough that carries it. Why don't you give it a try?" The moment they stepped into the store, a friendly salesperson walked up to Josephine with a necklace in hand.

"How much does it cost?" Josephine casually asked.

"It's not expensive at all. It only costs a few hundred thousand," the female salesperson stated the price nonchalantly. Just when she unhooked the necklace and wanted to help

Josephine try it on, Josephine shook her head in response to the price. "It's all right. I don't want to try it."

"What's wrong?" Jonathan asked quizzically.

"It's too expensive!" Josephine frowned slightly.

How am I going to afford a necklace that costs a few hundred thousand?

"Not at all!" Jonathan declared with a smile. "As long as you like it, I'll even buy the whole mall for you."

The entire mall cost a few billion, which was peanuts to Jonathan.

What a poser! Does he know how much it actually costs to buy up the mall?

When she heard Jonathan's words, the salesperson pursed her lips in disdain.

Just from Jonathan's outfit alone, she presumed that the couple before her weren't that rich. Hence, she thought that they couldn't afford a necklace that costs tens of thousands, let alone one that costs hundreds of thousands.

Why is he pretending to be rich when he isn't?

She had always hated those who were poor and yet liked to boast about how rich they were.

"Do you still want to try it? If not, I'm putting this back in the display." Suddenly, the salesperson's attitude turned snarky.

"What's with that tone?" Jonathan furrowed his eyebrows with a grim expression.

"What's wrong with my tone?" the salesperson scoffed. "You obviously can't afford it, and yet you still insist on pretending to be rich. If you're not going to buy anything, please leave and don't waste my time."

Thinking that Jonathan and Josephine couldn't afford it, the salesperson no longer showed them any respect.

“Are you chasing us out?” Jonathan’s gaze darkened.

Anyone who knew him could see that he was angry.

This was the first time he went shopping with Josephine, and it was also their first date. They hadn’t even shopped for a minute, but the salesperson was already shoos them away.

“Don’t accuse me of chasing you out!” The salesperson snorted. After putting the necklace away, she turned her head and refused to even look at them.

In response to the salesperson’s attitude, Jonathan’s expression turned gloomy. Just when he was about to lose his temper, Josephine quickly stopped him. “Forget it, Jonathan. Let’s go someplace else.”

“All right.”

The moment he heard Josephine’s words, he suppressed his anger and acted as if nothing had happened at all.

However, the moment they walked out of the store, they heard the salesperson mumble behind them, “They’re obviously dirt poor and can’t afford anything. What’s the point in masquerading as the wealthy?”

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### Chapter 152 Dirt Poor

Even though the salesperson lowered her voice, it was still loud enough for Jonathan and Josephine to hear it just as they exited the store.

Nevertheless, Jonathan ignored her as it was meaningless for him to argue with a mere salesperson.

After they left the Bulgari store, they headed toward the second floor. However, Josephine was visibly affected by the episode, as she had a distracted look on her face.

Stopping in his tracks, Jonathan turned to ask, "What's wrong?"

"It's nothing." Josephine shook her head. "Why don't we go home instead?"

The moment she thought of the big mess that was waiting for her tomorrow, she lost all interest in shopping.

Her mood was made worse by the Bulgari salesperson's attitude, causing her to feel even more depressed.

"All right."

Jonathan nodded. Right when they were on their way out, they passed by a watch store. Jonathan stopped in his tracks abruptly and exclaimed, "This is where my previous company used to be!"

"How can you tell?" Josephine looked at him inquisitively.

I'm surprised Jonathan can recognize it because this entire place has been redeveloped.

"It's a wild guess," Jonathan quipped with a smile. "I was just following a hunch."

Rolling her eyes, Josephine ignored him. Nevertheless, she followed him inside the specialized watch store. The moment they entered, a young salesperson in a black jacket approached them. "Sir, ma'am, may I know what kind of watch you're looking for?"

Compared to the salesperson earlier, this one was a lot more well-mannered.

"We're just browsing," Josephine casually remarked.

The store was filled with all kinds of watches. Evidently, they were spoilt for choice.

Some were made from pure gold, while others were embellished with diamonds.

The mechanical sounds of clockwork ticked incessantly inside the store.

"How much for this watch?" Suddenly, Josephine stopped in front of one.

"One point eight million," the salesperson answered.

"That's really exorbitant!"

Josephine was taken aback by the price.

"The watch was made by Vacheron Constantin in collaboration with a famous football star. Combined with the strength of its brand name and the popularity of the star, one point eight million for the watch is a reasonable price after all," the salesperson explained the watch's background. "Furthermore, this is a globally limited edition, and we're the only one to carry it in Jazona."

"It's too expensive!" Josephine shook her head.

There was no way she could afford such an extravagant watch.

"In that case, what's your budget?" The salesperson scrutinized Jonathan and Josephine's outfits, as if to gauge how wealthy they were.

"Do you have something cheaper that costs around ten thousand?" Josephine inquired.

"Yes, we do." The salesperson hesitated briefly before he added, "However, those are of lower quality and aren't really compatible with your social standing."

In the eyes of others, a watch that cost ten thousand was considered lavish. However, from the perspective of the salesperson, they were seen as inferior.

"In that case, forget it." Josephine shook her head. "We'll take a look someplace else."

Given that Jonathan had recently spent a lot of money buying the car and mansion, Josephine wanted to use the opportunity to get him a watch.

However, the watches here were way beyond her budget.

After all, her bank card contained less than a hundred thousand.

Evidently, she couldn't afford anything more than that.

"Wait!" When he realized Jonathan and Josephine were about to leave, the salesperson grew anxious. "Actually, there are some decent watches for ten thousand. Let me see what I can find."

A customer was still a customer regardless of how little they spent. Although there wasn't much commission in a watch that cost ten thousand, it was still better than nothing.

A few thousand was enough for him to spend on an enjoyable evening at the bar.

In fact, he could use the opportunity to hook up with some young girls for a night of unreserved passion.

"Jonathan, I don't have much money, so I can't afford to buy you an expensive watch," Josephine confessed. "I only have less than a hundred thousand on me."

"Why are you buying me a watch all of a sudden?" Jonathan was surprised.

Why is she suddenly getting me a gift? Just a few years ago, this would have been unthinkable.

"Didn't you just get a new job? I want to buy you a watch as a present." Josephine murmured, "It's just that I can't afford one that's too expensive. I hope you don't mind."

"Darling, whatever gift you intend to get me is worth hundreds of millions to me. It doesn't matter if it only costs a hundred, let alone one that costs ten thousand." From Jonathan's perspective, even if someone else was to present him with a gift worth hundreds of millions, he might not even bat an eyelid.

However, if it was a gift from Josephine, he would treasure it with all his heart regardless of how cheap it was.

To him, it was simply priceless.

"A hundred million?" A mocking voice suddenly rang out from outside the door. The next moment, they saw a pot-bellied middle-aged man enter with a fashionably dressed young



lady. The man curled his lips into a sneer and mocked, "I doubt you even have a million! Kid, I've had my eye on you for a while now. Just accept that you're poor. Why do you need to keep pretending? You can't even afford a watch that costs a million, and yet you boast about a hundred million? Do you know how many zeroes there are in a hundred million? You broke b\*stard!"

Jonathan furrowed his eyebrows subconsciously at the sudden accusation.

However, before he could react, the young lady pinched her nose and mocked, "Darling, why are you bothering with them? Lower-class people like them only deserve to eat dirty food by the smelly roadside stalls. We better keep our distance from them. Can you smell the stench they emit? Who knows what sort of germs they're carrying!"

Lower-class people?

The moment he heard those words, Jonathan's expression became grim.

Isn't this the couple who drove the Maybach from earlier?

"You're right!" the pot-bellied man agreed with his companion. Looking at the salesperson, he instructed, "Mister, you had better chase them out before they dirty your store!"

"Sir, these two are my customers!" the salesperson retorted.

Even though he knew Jonathan and Josephine couldn't afford luxury watches, he still felt that it was wrong to kick them out.

"What sort of f\*cking customers are they? Do they look like they can afford the watches in your store?" the middle-aged man scoffed. He then took out a white bank card from his pocket. "Today is my girlfriend's birthday. Bring out the most expensive watches you have!"

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Chapter 153 Shut Up

White card?

The moment the salesperson saw the white card, his expression changed drastically.

The white card was second only to the black card in terms of prestige. Rumor had it that there were only hundreds of white cards in Jazona.

Only someone with a net worth of billions qualified to own one.

"Sir, this way please." The salesperson was so shocked that he almost prostrated in front of the pot-bellied man.

As for Jonathan and Josephine, he had already forgotten about them.

"Stop! What's with that attitude?" When the salesperson ignored them and led the middle-aged man together with his companion to the display cabinet, Jonathan's gaze darkened. "We were here first!"

"Sir, I'm sure you have seen it too." When he heard Jonathan's protest, the salesperson turned around and shrugged his shoulders. "These two are VIPs! Why don't you wait for a while? Once they are done, I'll continue looking for a watch that fits your ten thousand budget."

The salesperson's attitude was obvious enough.

One customer wanted to buy the most expensive watches in the store, while the other only wanted to buy one worth ten thousand.

It was clear to him who he should prioritize.

A watch of ten thousand would only give him a commission of a few hundred.

However, if he managed to sell one that was worth a few million, his commission would be in the hundreds of thousands.

Even a fool could tell which was the obvious choice.

“Jonathan, forget it. Let’s just go.” Josephine gave Jonathan a tug with a grim expression on her face. She had wanted to use the opportunity to buy Jonathan a gift but didn’t expect the unfortunate turn of events.

Consequently, she was visibly disheartened by the episode.

“Don’t leave yet.” When she heard Josephine’s words, the young lady who was in the middle-aged man’s arms squirmed her lips and sneered, “Since a hundred million is nothing to you, don’t you want to see Vacheron Constantin’s most expensive watch? Oh my, I almost forgot. Perhaps, you might not even know what it is. With only ten thousand, I wonder what gave you the guts to come shop for a Vacheron Constantin? You broke b\*stards!”

The young lady didn’t hide her contempt for both of them. In fact, she viewed Josephine with particular disdain.

So what if she’s pretty? Doesn’t she still end up with a broke guy who can’t even afford a watch that costs a million? Even though I’m not as pretty as her, I still managed to snag a sugar daddy. I don’t care if a man is young or old. Being rich is all that matters!

“Are you done?” Josephine’s face turned frosty in response to the young lady’s words. “If you are, then make way!”

“What if I refuse?”

The young lady scoffed, “Scum like you had better stay away from places like this. Or else, you will just end up sullyng it. This isn’t somewhere suitable for dirtbags like you to shop. Do you understand?”

Just like a haughty white swan, the young lady ridiculed Josephine and Jonathan.

Just as she spoke, the salesperson walked out with a safe deposit box made of glass in his hand. “Sir, this is the most expensive watch in our shop, and it costs eighteen million. It is a

global limited edition and is entirely handmade. Also, it has a diamond face with rose gold carvings. It is designed by a world-famous designer.”

One could see clearly a rose-gold dragon rotating inside the watch through its transparent diamond face.

It made for a grand and elegant sight.

However, the moment the middle-aged man heard that it was eighteen million, he couldn't help but gasp, “H-how much? Eighteen million? That much for a mere watch?”

“Yes, sir. This Vacheron Constantin is the prized treasure of our store.” Nodding, the salesperson added, “If it were anybody else, I wouldn't have shown it to them.”

“Darling, I love the watch!” Just as the salesperson finished, the young lady tugged the middle-aged man's arm and shook it. “I want to buy it!”

While shaking his arm, her fair and slender body rubbed against it at the same time.

Unexpectedly, the middle-aged man furrowed his eyebrows and remarked, “It's too expensive. Why don't we get a different design?”

“No, I only want that one!” The lady was adamant. “Alfred, buy it for me, please. At most, I'll make sure that you have a pleasurable time tonight!”

The salesperson couldn't help but gave the young lady another look.

“No, it's too expensive!” Alfred shook his head again in refusal. He might consider a watch that cost a few million, but not one that was eighteen million.

I can do whatever I want with ten million. In fact, I can have countless women for eighteen million. Am I crazy to spend it all on a watch?

“Alfred...” The lady's voice became even more coquettish as she snuggled up into his arms. However, Alfred refused to budge.

Right at that moment, Jonathan broke his silence. “Is there a ladies' version of this watch?”

"There is. However..." The salesperson gave Jonathan a puzzled look, as he didn't know what Jonathan had in mind.

So what if there's a ladies' version? What has it got to do with you?

"Let us see it," Jonathan casually said.

"Sir, stop kidding me. The watch costs eighteen million..." The salesperson's intention was obvious.

You can't even afford a watch that costs one million, why do you even want to see one that costs more than ten million? Can you even afford it?

"I asked you to show it to us. Why do you have so much to say about it?" Jonathan knitted his eyebrows. "Do you think that I can't afford it?"

Err... isn't that the case?

The salesperson couldn't help but squirm his lips. Nevertheless, he continued to meekly deny Jonathan's request. "Sir, I don't mean that—"

"Quit your nonsense!" Not wanting to waste any more time, Jonathan brought out his black card and threw it in front of the salesperson. "Are you going to get it now or not?"

"Oh mine, you really are a good actor! Who's afraid of the lousy card of yours?" Before the salesperson could react, the lady couldn't resist rolling her eyes. "Does your card even contain a hundred thousand?"

"Shut up!"

Just when the lady was sniggering, Alfred suddenly cut her off.

"Darling, why did you scold me?" The lady was taken aback by the sudden admonishment.

"So what if I did? I told you to f\*cking shut your trap!" The man shot a fearsome glare at her before staring intently at the black card in Jonathan's hands.

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Chapter 154 Limited Edition Black Card

He recognized the black card Jonathan was holding.

It was a limited edition black card from Citibank.

In the whole of Chanaea, there were less than ten cards issued. In fact, Jazona itself might not even have a single one.

To qualify for the card, one had to have a net worth of at least ten billion. Even then, one had to go through a strict selection process at Citibank.

Being wealthy alone wasn't enough. One had to have strong connections and wield immense influence before one could pass Citibank's demanding requirements.

Alfred wasn't the only one who recognized the card.

Even the salesperson who was standing in the corner knew what the black card meant. After all, he had frequently surfed the internet and watched many movies. In the movies, everyone who carried a black card was a big tycoon worth hundreds of millions.

They would either ride in a Rolls-Royce or a Bentley.

At the very least, they would own a sports car that was worth millions.

However, Jonathan didn't look like a wealthy person to him at all.

None of Jonathan's clothes were branded. In fact, everything on him cost less than two hundred.

Also, what happened earlier cemented the salesperson's impression of Jonathan. Both of them couldn't afford a watch that was one million and were only prepared to buy one that was ten thousand.

How can someone like that own a black card? Can it be a fake?

"Please wait a moment while I go get the ladies' version." After giving Jonathan a doubtful look, the salesperson returned to the display cabinet and brought out a similar-looking safe deposit box.

Inside the box was a watch that looked exactly the same as the one from earlier. The only difference was that it had a rose gold phoenix carved inside instead of a dragon.

Evidently, this was a pair of couple watches.

"This was also carved personally by the world-famous designer. Naturally, it is also a global limited edition and forms a pair with the other watch. It also costs eighteen million, but there will be a discount if you purchase both of them."

Although he didn't think Jonathan would buy both watches, he still explained it nonetheless.

After all, he had already brought it out, and it wouldn't hurt to describe it a little.

"Not bad!" After giving it a quick look, he turned to the salesperson. "I'll take them."

"You'll take them?"

The salesperson's eyes widened in disbelief when he heard Jonathan's words.

Did I hear it wrong? He couldn't afford a watch that was one million just now, and yet, he is asking me to wrap one up that's tens of millions?

"Yes, I'm buying both of them." Jonathan pushed his black card toward the salesperson.

"Swipe it!"

"Sir, are you messing with me?" The salesperson was surprised by Jonathan's words.

He looked as if he was questioning Jonathan's ability to afford it.

"Do I look like I'm kidding to you?" Jonathan sneered.

"Sir, even after the discount, the watches will still cost more than thirty million!"

The salesperson couldn't resist reminding Jonathan, as if to tell him that he should quit fooling around.

"I know!" Jonathan had lost his patience. "Swipe it!"

When he saw Jonathan's serious expression, the salesperson gave him a doubtful look before picking up the black card and heading to the point-of-sale machine.

However, when Josephine saw what had unfolded, she glared at Jonathan. "Jonathan, have you gone mad? How can we afford such an expensive watch?"

One cost eighteen million, while two of them cost thirty six million.

She felt Jonathan had gone crazy to insist on buying such exorbitant watches.

That's thirty-six million! Where am I going to find thirty-six million? Da\*n it, I don't even have three hundred and sixty thousand!

"It's not expensive at all. Didn't I tell you that I'm willing to buy you the entire mall as long as you fancy it?" Jonathan didn't seem to care. It was as if thirty-six million was just peanuts to him.

I didn't even bat an eyelid when I bought Graham Group for five billion, why should I care about thirty-six million?

"Go on, keep up that act of yours. Let me see how far both of you can go." At that moment, the young lady couldn't help but sneer, "Are the both of you trying to contend for the award of best actor and actress? Who knows, you might actually win!"

How can scum who eat at roadside stalls and are unable to afford a watch for one million afford to buy watches worth thirty-six million? Who are they kidding?

However, the moment she spoke, Alfred lifted his right hand from her slender waist and gave her a forceful slap. "Can you f\*cking shut up? Don't you understand what I said?"



"Alfred, you, you hit me!" Covering her face where she was slapped, the young lady was utterly stunned.

How can Alfred, who has always given in to all my requests, slap me? In fact, he even did it in public!

"So what if I did? I even held back when I hit you. If you dare say another word, I will kick you out of here myself!" Alfred thundered.

He even felt the urge to tear the stupid lady's mouth apart.

The black card was restricted to a small number of users globally.

He naturally knew that he couldn't afford to offend someone who carried it.

That stupid girl is going to be the death of me!

"Alfred..." The young lady was crying her eyes out as tears rolled down her cheeks. Meanwhile, the salesperson was suddenly shocked after swiping Jonathan's card with a beep. In fact, he even broke out in cold sweat.

"S-Sir, i-is there a problem with your card?" When he saw the numbers behind the card, he felt a chill down his spine and stuttered while he spoke.

"What's the problem?" Jonathan frowned slightly.

He had used the card for many years and never encountered any issues.

Hence, it came as a surprise that he was facing one all of a sudden.

"I-I don't know." The salesperson felt his knees go weak.

Ten million... A billion... Ten billion...

Looking at the string of numbers at the back of the card, the salesperson felt his vision go dark and his head spinning at the same time.

In fact, he even wondered if he was seeing things.

After all, Jonathan didn't look like someone who carried around ten billion with him.

The salesperson had never seen a bank card that had a balance of ten billion his entire life.

"You don't know?" Jonathan's expression darkened.

"I-I really don't know." The salesperson grew so anxious that he was on the brink of tears.

"M-Maybe there's a problem with our system. Let me get the manager."

Just as he spoke, the salesperson fled in terror.

After all, he couldn't afford to offend someone who carried a globally limited edition black card that contained ten billion.