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The Legendary Man Chapter 41

Chapter 41 Humiliation

“Are you indicating you’re different from the way you look? Have you ever seen this key I have with me? I’m sure you haven’t because you’ve never had the chance to go for a ride in a BMW throughout your entire life!”

The headlamps of the luxurious BMW behind her flickered once she unlocked the car using the remote control after finishing her rhetorical question.

Jonathan burst out laughing and commented, “Huh? Since when have others started considering BMW a luxurious vehicle? I wouldn’t even want it if you offered me one!”

How dare she show off something that’s worth a little less than half a million in front of me?

“Is that your sense of pride speaking? Do you even know how much this costs? I’m afraid the two of you can’t even accumulate enough even after working your asses off for the down payment of the car because it’s going to cost you three hundred thousand in total!”

We know she’s relied on that electric scooter of hers to commute to work for the past half a decade because she couldn’t even afford an ordinary car that would cost her more than forty thousand! There’s no way she can afford a freaking BMW when she can’t even get herself a car!

Jonathan added, “Is that a big deal? I mean, is three hundred thousand a lot?”

My main mode of transport is a helicopter! A chopper is going to cost tens of millions to produce! On top of that, the ones I have are custom-made to fulfill my needs! Those cost at

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least a hundred million each! It's not an exaggeration to consider a BMW inferior to those, is it?

"What sort of car do you think qualifies the ranks of luxury cars?" Zoey asked in an attempt to push Jonathan to his limits.

"Cars that cost at least a million!"

Instead of squabbling with Jonathan, Zoey yelled at Josephine, "At least a million? I doubt if you've even touched one as expensive as that before! Josephine, how the hell did you get yourself acquainted with this man over here? If he's so rich, get him to do something about your trashy scooter!"

She rolled her eyes and remarked to Jonathan, "Stop talking shit when you don't have the capability to back your words up. All you're doing is just humiliating Josephine."

Zoey sashayed into the office ahead of Josephine. Jonathan was about to say something, but he kept everything to himself when he caught a glimpse of Josephine's grim look.

She resisted the urge to let her emotions loose and announced while gritting her teeth, "Jonathan, return home at once and get out of my sight!"

"Huh? What's wrong, Josephine?" Jonathan's confusion was written all over his face.

Josephine could no longer contain her rage. She yelled, "Are you seriously asking me why? I can't take it anymore, Jonathan! When will you ever stop bluffing and exaggerating things?"

"It wasn't a bluff! I haven't been exaggerating things either! I really want to get you a car—"

What's the matter? It's just a luxury car that's going to cost me nothing more than a million! Why would she think it's a bluff?

Josephine got increasingly infuriated when she heard him. "Haven't you had enough of embarrassing yourself and me? When will you stop living in your imaginary world? Have I

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not told you it's not a big deal if you're poor? It's embarrassing whenever you allow your ego to get the better of you and start acting as if you're a member of the upper echelon!"

Unable to stand the man's presence any longer, she stomped her way to the office the moment she finished her sentence.

This is more than enough! Why hasn't he changed at all when it's already been three years? Will he ever learn to carry himself more humbly?

Staring at the infuriated woman's departing figure, the stupefied Jonathan murmured, "What's the matter, Josephine? It's just a car, isn't it? If the world's the thing you want, I'll conquer it and hand it over to you!"

Seconds after Josephine's departure, Jonathan reached for his phone and made a call, asking in a serious tone, "Have you purchased the mansion I needed?" On top of a car, Jonathan thought of getting Josephine the most extravagant mansion in Jadeborough.

Harrison, who was on the other end of the call, assured Jonathan, "Mr. Goldstein, the mansion is ready. Initially, the owner was against the idea of selling it, but he changed his mind when he found out the almighty Asura would be the one purchasing it. If I'm not mistaken, he has only just renovated the entire place recently."

It turned out he had gotten in touch with Harrison to have him sort out everything on his behalf.

"Good job. How much did it cost you?"

"It's not much, Mr. Goldstein! Just consider this a token of gratitude from me!"

As much as Harrison was against the idea of accepting Jonathan's payment, Jonathan repeated his question, "How much is it?"

"T-Two hundred million!" Harrison answered with his voice quivering.

"Drop by my place in two days to collect the payment."

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Two hundred million in return for the most extravagant mansion at Jadeborough was considered an absolute steal when it cost him more than ten billion to acquire his palace at Yaleview and get it renovated.

“My wife, Josephine, will be the owner of the mansion.”

“Yes, Mr. Goldstein.”

“Speaking of which, do you know where I can get myself a luxury car in Jadeborough?”

“Mr. Goldstein, do you need a car? I’m actually the owner of a car dealership! Why don’t you drop by and get yourself a Lamborghini?”

Lamborghini? I guess it’s not half bad as a gift for Josephine!

“Sure, I’ll drop by in a while! Can you text me the address of the store?”

“S- Shall I head over to welcome you?”

“Nah, I’ll head over and get everything done as soon as possible.” Jonathan was against the idea of Harrison tagging along, or else he would be in the limelight again.

The staff might do Harrison a favor and offer me an incredibly low price. I may get to leave the store without paying anything, but that’s not what I want. I don’t wish to take advantage of him since it’s nothing I can’t afford.

“All right, I’ll text you the address immediately.” Harrison carried himself in a humble manner even though it was nothing more than a phone call.

Jonathan hung up the call once he wrapped up the conversation with Harrison. On the other hand, Harrison made a call and instructed the person in charge of the car dealership, “An important guest of mine will visit the store in a short while! You know the protocol, don’t you?”

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The Legendary Man Chapter 42

Chapter 42 Buying A Car

An hour later, Jonathan made it to the central business district of Jadeborough with his electric scooter.

As one of the most luxurious sports cars in the world, the showroom of a Lamborghini car dealership would put the brand's competitors to shame.

Apart from the cheapest model that would cost the owner at least two million, there were another few limited edition exorbitant cars in the showroom.

To everyone's surprise, someone with the look of a fugitive made his way to the store with an electric scooter.

"What's that man doing here? Is he seriously thinking of visiting the showroom of such an exclusive brand?"

"Huh? Can he really afford a freaking Lamborghini when it looks like he doesn't even have enough to purchase a spare tire of the brand?"

"Maybe he's just a plumber or a technician! You don't think he has anything more than a few hundred with him, do you?"

"He stinks! I can smell his odor when we're a few feet apart from one another!"

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Those around Jonathan engaged themselves in another round of heated discussion shortly after he pulled over at the entrance of the showroom.

It wasn't much of a surprise because even the most inferior customer would show up at the showroom with a Mercedes-Benz or a BMW instead of an electric scooter that was half a decade old like Jonathan.

Minutes after he parked the electric scooter, Audrey, an arrogant sales assistant, got in his way and asked, "Hey, what are you doing here? Who allowed you to come in here?"

"What? Am I not allowed to be here?" Jonathan queried while furrowing his brows.

"We don't need your service since everything in the store is fine!" Audrey answered with her face scrunched up in disgust.

"Did I mention I'm here to repair anything? Are you implying I can't be a customer of yours?" Jonathan's expression instantly chilled.

"Huh? You? A customer of ours? Why don't you tell me if you can afford the cheapest merchandise or not? Are you aware an umbrella of ours costs more than a hundred thousand? It's worth more than your electric scooter over there!" the sales assistant scoffed.

"What's the matter? Can't the owner of an electric scooter be the owner of a Lamborghini? You need to step aside and stop getting in my way!"

"I'm afraid I can't if you're merely here to shelter from the heat! If that's not the case, are you here to take a few pictures to deceive the ladies in the club? If you can afford a freaking Lamborghini, I'll get down on my knees and bow before you!"

Huh? Shelter from the heat? Take a few pictures to deceive others? Is something wrong with this sales assistant?

Jonathan's face darkened in irritation—he couldn't stand others insulting him when he would never rely on such petty tricks to get others to open up to him.

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“Get me the manager at once!” Initially, he had no intention of making a fuss out of something trivial, which was why he told Harrison his presence wouldn’t be necessary. However, he couldn’t stand the snobbish woman looking down on him anymore.

“Huh? My manager has no time for the likes of you! He only has time for potential owners of Lamborghinis! If you don’t see yourself out, I’ll get the security guards to show you the way out!”

The sales assistant turned around and yelled, “Can someone show this beggar the way out of here?”

The security guards rushed out of the store with their batons as soon as they heard Audrey.

One of them asked, “Are you sure you’re not going to leave? You better not hold us accountable for the things awaiting you!”

They thought Jonathan was there to take a few photos for his social media account. With that being said, Jonathan was different from the pretentious people they had encountered before.

At the very least, they would dress up as if they were members of the upper echelon. On the contrary, Jonathan didn’t even bother to put on his best outfit and showed up without getting changed.

“You’re trying to kick me out? Heh! We shall see if your boss Harrison has the guts to take me out, let alone you!” The moment Jonathan was about to retrieve his phone, he heard the shrill blaring of a car horn from behind him.

A crimson Maserati pulled over at the entrance of the car dealership before a young man alighted from the car.

He scowled at the presence of the electric scooter a few feet away and asked, “Since when has the store included electric scooters as one of their merchandise?”

It was obvious it was a sarcastic remark meant to humiliate Jonathan.

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On the other hand, Audrey greeted the young man with a wide smile, "Hello, sir! Welcome! Please come with me!"

It merely took her a few seconds to change her expression when she was utterly disgusted by the presence of Jonathan a short while ago.

"Where did this electric scooter come from? Smash it and dispose of it somewhere! It's such an embarrassment!" The young man swaggered into the store instead of engaging himself in a conversation with Jonathan.

Audrey assured him, "I'll get it done as soon as possible."

She glared at the security guards next to her and asked, "Stop standing around idly and take him and that electric scooter of his out at once!"

"Yes!"

Jonathan's fury was written all over his face. The security guards couldn't even reach the defenseless Jonathan as they were forced to their knees with two well-placed kicks from him.

"How dare you try to lay your filthy hands on me? I'll break the arms of anyone who tries to destroy the electric scooter!"

"H-Help! Someone's trying to beat up the staff of the store!" Audrey's shriek successfully grabbed the attention of a suited man in the lobby.

He rushed out of the store and asked, "What's going on? Who's making a scene outside the showroom?"

"It's him! Mr. Sandwith, this dirt-poor man over here beat up the security guards of the store! He parked his electric scooter at the entrance, getting in the way of potential customers!"

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"It's not necessary to waste our time with him! Just get the cops to take him into custody!" Oliver Sandwith, who was a middle-aged man, glanced at Jonathan before returning to the store. He greeted the young man next to him, "Hi, are you Mr. Gold—"

The Legendary Man Chapter 43

Chapter 43 A Snob

The young man who came in the Maserati, Charles, stopped Oliver from finishing his sentence when he heard the latter greeting him in a courteous manner. "Have you been expecting me?"

"It's really you! Come with me, Mr. Goldstein!" When Charles responded enthusiastically, Oliver thought he was the important guest Harrison had mentioned.

Although Charles wasn't aware of the reason Oliver had addressed him with a different surname, he thought of playing along with Oliver because it felt great to be considered superior to the rest.

A few gorgeous sales assistants showed up and joined Audrey in greeting him once he marched into the showroom. "Good morning, Mr. Goldstein!"

Charles was overwhelmed with a sense of achievement when he saw those gorgeous sales assistants. They had put on their best fits for the important guest of Harrison.

Despite the lecherous thoughts he had in mind, he tried his best to remain calm and responded with a nod.

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With that being said, he had his eyes glued to the sales assistants as he was intrigued by their busty figures.

“I want all of you to keep Mr. Goldstein company until he finds the car he needs!” Oliver instructed the ones with sexy outfits to join Charles when he saw right through the young man’s naughty thoughts.

“Yes, Mr. Sandwich!”

Without a second thought, the sales assistants joined Charles and started tending to the young man’s needs.

Charles couldn’t remain calm anymore when one of the sales assistants served him a glass of tea in an ostentatious manner.

“Mr. Goldstein, do you need me to massage your back?”

“Mr. Goldstein, leave your shoulders to me!”

As they continued offering all types of additional services to flatter the young man, Charles couldn’t help but wonder if he had made his way to a spa instead of a Lamborghini car dealership.

Holy moly! I wouldn’t have purchased a freaking Maserati if I had been aware of the extensive services available here!

He remained seated as the sales assistants continued serving him his glass of tea, keeping him pleased through a wonderful massage session on par with the best spa of Jadeborough.

“Mr. Goldstein, here are the latest models of sports cars we have! We have a few globally limited edition sports cars! You’re merely one step away from becoming the owner of an exclusive car in Chanaea!”

“Globally limited edition?”

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Charles responded with a satisfied nod upon a glance at the aforementioned limited edition cars around him. He was pleased with the unique and sleek designs.

After a few seconds of consideration, he asked, "How much is it going to cost me?"

In response to Charles' query, Audrey started introducing the exotic cars to the young man, "I'm sure it's nothing you can't afford! The cheapest one only costs you a little more than thirty million, while the one in the middle will only cost you a little more than fifty million."

Charles almost fell from the couch when he heard the price of those cars.

It's nothing I can't afford? Are you freaking kidding me? Do I look like I'm someone with fifty million when I don't even have five million in my account?

My Maserati was a refurbished car from someone else! These gorgeous sales assistants were the sole reason I brought it along with me! It was something I needed to hit on them!

Once he gathered his thoughts, he asked, "What about the ones over there?"

"I'm afraid those aren't suitable for someone as accomplished as you, Mr. Goldstein! Those merely cost a little more than eight million," she answered in a mellifluous tone when she heard Charles inquiring about the price of the inferior sports cars.

Those aren't suitable for someone as accomplished as me? Come again? Just how accomplished am I to the extent I'm not even aware I'm such an honorable figure?

A little more than eight million? Oh, God! Also, can she stop making it sound as if eight million isn't a big deal? Is she indicating she can purchase one if she wishes to?

Charles clenched his fists in an attempt to remain calm. He asked, "Are there any cheaper alternatives available?"

"Y-Yes—" Audrey arched her brows in confusion and stuttered when she heard Charles.

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Seconds after she returned to her senses, she questioned to make sure she hadn't been hearing things, "The cheapest ones will cost you a little more than two million, but are you sure it's fine since those are outdated models?"

"Huh? The cheapest ones are going to cost me a little more than two million as well?"

Charles was on the verge of losing his mind. His face scrunched up since he merely had a million to spend despite being the heir of a relatively well-off family.

He knew he couldn't afford to embarrass himself after being highly regarded by the staff of the car dealership.

He cleared his throat and announced in a hushed voice, "If that's the case, get me the cheapest car the store has to offer!"

"Are you sure it's fine, Mr. Goldstein? Isn't it too much of an embarrassment for someone as accomplished as you?"

"It's merely one of my attempts to remain humble! We're not really supposed to flaunt our achievement and wealth in front of others!" Charles made it sound as if it was the right thing to do.

"Y-Yes, Mr. Goldstein!"

The pretentious Audrey had something else in mind when she made it sound as if she was the one at fault for misperceiving Charles' intention.

Huh? How are you supposed to remain low profile with a sports car worthy of two freaking million? If you're really trying to live a humble life, why don't you go get yourself an electric scooter?

"Mr. Goldstein, please follow me!" Just as she thought of showing Charles the way to a different showroom, Jonathan finally walked into the store.

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Audrey brought herself to a halt at his presence and started commenting with her face puckered, "He stinks a lot! Who the hell let him in? Hurry up and take him out of the store! What are we supposed to do if he gets on the nerves of Mr. Goldstein?"

There's no way we're allowing someone as inferior as him to join us in the showroom when he has nothing but an electric scooter! Moreover, we have an important guest with us today!

"Just leave him alone until the cops are here! I'm sure they're going to arrive sometime soon!" Oliver instructed the sales assistant to pay no heed to Jonathan.

He couldn't wait to see if the dirt-poor man was courageous enough to challenge them when he was the one out of place.

Jonathan guffawed and remarked, "You know what? I'm not sure if the cops are going to take me into custody, but I'm pretty sure Harrison will teach you a lesson as soon as he's here!"

He knew Harrison had informed the staff of the car dealership of his arrival beforehand when he heard them addressing the young man with his surname. Sad to say, they had gotten the wrong man with a similar surname.

To make things worse, they wouldn't stop chasing Jonathan out of the car dealership and even called the cops to take him into custody.

Jonathan was certain Harrison would grovel on his knees again if Harrison were aware of the things his staff was up to.

"Wow, it turns out you're aware the owner of the store is none other than the honorable Harrison, huh?" Oliver thought it was a waste of time to take Jonathan seriously since Charles had found the car he needed.

When Charles returned, Oliver rushed over and greeted, "Mr. Goldstein, have you found the car you needed?"

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The Legendary Man Chapter 44

Chapter 44 The Wrong Person

Pleased by how humble Oliver was acting, he responded with a nod and answered with his chest puffed out, "Yes!"

Oliver carried on with the conversation as if he was nothing more than the young man's slave. "May I know the model of the car you're purchasing? Is it one of the globally limited edition cars?"

Audrey got ahead of Charles and answered on his behalf, "No! Mr. Goldstein has gotten himself the cheapest sports car we have to offer in an attempt to live a humble lifestyle."

"The one with the cost of two million? Mr. Goldstein, we're currently having a buy-one-free-one promotion! Since you're purchasing a sports car worth two million, we'll give you another car of a similar value! Alternatively, you can opt to purchase a car that's going to cost four million at the price of two million!"

Charles asked, "Huh? Why have I never heard of such a promotion?"

"It's the first day of an exclusive event!" Oliver made something up to keep the young man in the dark. In truth, there was no such promotion.

It was something he came up with to please this important guest of Harrison's. Hence, he couldn't stop himself from perspiring when he thought of the potential loss due to the favor he had to do for the young man.

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“If that’s the case, I’ll get myself a sports car that’s going to cost me four million!” Charles thought it was an absolute steal and completely disregarded his earlier words about living a humble lifestyle.

If I have more than fifty million to purchase the freaking globally limited edition sports car, I won’t even hesitate to bring that home with me!

“Sure, I’ll send someone to get everything ready at once!” Oliver turned around and instructed Audrey, “Stop standing around and register the car Mr. Goldstein needs!”

She leaned over and whispered her question, “Mr. Sandwith, why have I never heard of that promotion?”

Oliver glared at her. “Duh, isn’t it obvious? It was merely something I made up to flatter this important guest of ours! Hurry up and sort everything out! He’s someone the boss regards highly! Make sure nothing goes wrong, or else I’m feeding you to the fishes in the Goda River!”

“Mr. Sandwith, he doesn’t seem like the real deal at all!” She had encountered countless similar customers from a relatively well-off family like Charles. Most of them were there to get the cheapest car the store had to offer to fulfill their sense of pride.

“You need to keep that to yourself! Who else could it be apart from him? You’re not trying to tell me the man with an electric scooter is the one we’re looking for, are you?”

Glaring at her after his rhetorical question, he urged, “Why aren’t the cops here yet? Check on them and see if they’re nearby! Get this wimp out of my sight as soon as possible!”

Oliver was infuriated at the presence of Jonathan in the showroom—he thought it was an embarrassment to such a high-end store. Others might consider their store a second-rate car dealership or something with Jonathan in the store.

“Yes, Mr. Sandwith!”

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She paid no heed to Jonathan and returned to Charles' side with a pretentious smile. "Mr. Goldstein, please come with me!"

As he joined her at the showroom for sports cars with values of four million, he found a suitable one in a few minutes.

When they were about to seal the deal, Oliver received a call from Harrison. Consequently, he sprang up from his seat when he was about to have another sip of tea.

Instead of glaring at Jonathan, he instinctively bowed and greeted the man on the other end, "Hello, Boss?"

"How's it going? Has Mr. Goldstein reached the store?" Harrison asked to make sure everything was fine.

"Yes, Boss!" Oliver turned around and took a peek at Charles, assuring the man on the other end with a grin, "Mr. Goldstein has found the perfect car he needs! Currently, we're in the middle of sealing the deal!"

Surprised by Oliver's reply, Harrison asked, "Are you serious? Which car has he chosen?"

"Initially, he was about to buy one that would cost him a little more than two million, but I offered him something with a higher value since he's an important guest of yours. In the end, he accepted the offer and bought a car that was about four million." Oliver thought Harrison would compliment him for a job well done.

To his surprise, Harrison queried as if something was wrong, "Are you seriously telling me he has agreed to take up the offer?"

Not realizing anything strange was going on, Oliver repeated himself in anticipation of Harrison's compliment, "Yes, he bought a car that costs about four million. Haven't I done a great job, Boss?"

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“A sports car that cost him a little more than four million?” Harrison parroted in disbelief because there was no way Asura would set his eyes on something as cheap as such when he could easily acquire the ownership of the car dealership.

Immediately after he found out something was wrong, he instructed in a stern tone, “I want you to tell me the name of the so-called Mr. Goldstein in the showroom!”

“What’s wrong, Boss?” Oliver’s mind was all over the place due to Harrison’s sudden change of attitude.

“Just get going and stop asking questions!”

Oliver rushed over to check on Charles’ name as instructed instead of defying Harrison.

Oliver yelled at the sales assistant, “Hand me the purchase agreement!”

“Huh? What’s wrong, Mr. Sandwith?”

The moment she brought him the agreement, he gasped out the name of the young man, “It’s Charles! Charles Goldberg, Boss!”

“Charles? Charles Goldberg?”

Harrison spiraled into an endless loop of despair at the announcement—the ones in the showroom had gotten the wrong person.

“Boss, are you telling me we’re dealing with the wrong person?” The color drained from Oliver’s face.

He broke out into a cold sweat at the thought of them dealing with the wrong person.

“You’re just a good-for-nothing! What the hell? Didn’t you realize you got the wrong person? Why the hell did you make him such a lucrative offer when I don’t even know who this Charles Goldberg is? If you seal the deal with him, I’m holding you accountable for the incurred loss!”

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Immediately after Harrison hung up, Oliver's mind went blank as his legs gave out and he collapsed to the ground.

Oh, God! I'm done for! It seems like I've made a grave mistake! Apart from offending Harrison, I need to bear the loss of that deal!

Once the thought of compensating for the loss of the store crossed his mind, he rushed in Charles' direction and yelled, "Hold it right there! We're calling everything off!"

The Legendary Man Chapter 45

Chapter 45 The Real Mister Goldstein

"What's wrong, Mr. Sandwith?" the incredibly sexy sales assistant asked, shocked by his sudden roar. She turned at her shoulder and saw how pale Oliver was. "The customer has just signed the agreement!"

"Rip it apart!" Oliver grabbed the vehicle purchase agreement and tore it to pieces. "This contract is invalid!"

"Why is that?" Charles bristled and demanded, "What is going on? I thought you said you have an ongoing promotion. If I buy a car, I can either get the next one free or pick a sports car worth four million. Now that I've paid for it, you're telling me the contract is invalid?"

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His face turned an ugly shade of purple in rage.

I've already agreed to meet a sexy young lady tonight to ride my new four million sports car, and now you say the contract is invalid? What shall I tell my date, then? She'll just refuse to keep me company! I'm pretty sure of that.

"The buy one get one free promotion has been canceled. It was a bug in our system. As a form of compensation, if you're still interested in buying this car, I can offer you a one thousand shopping voucher," Oliver answered with a scoff. He didn't bother showing any respect to this young man anymore.

In fact, he was fighting back the urge to slap Charles for having a similar surname.

"How can you cancel it as you like? Is this a joke?" Charles demanded, grounding his jaw in fury.

Do I look like I need the one thousand voucher? Da*n it! I can't afford another two million!

At the thought of how his date would end up with another man tonight, rage pulsed through his veins as he fought back the urge to give Oliver a tight slap.

"Stop spouting nonsense. It's either you buy it if you can afford it. Otherwise, get out now!" Oliver finally showed his true colors, and he refused to waste more time on this young man.

There was no need to be polite to Charles, for he wasn't the big shot Oliver's superior was talking about.

"What kind of attitude is this?" Charles exclaimed. He slammed the table in disgust and barked, "Where is your superior? I want to talk to your superior!"

"My superior doesn't have time for you." Oliver gave a dismissive wave. "If he kicks up a fuss, ask the security guard to escort him out!"

"All right. You've got some nerve, huh? Just you wait!" Charles warned, grinding his jaw in fury.

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Having said that, he spun on his heels and stormed out of the store, rage flowing through him like lava.

After losing the four million new car and his date for tonight, he nearly got thrown out of the store by the security guard.

There was no way he'd let this slide.

"Oh, come on. Don't you know the owner of this store? I can't believe you dare to kick up a fuss in Mr. Seymour's store. Do you have a death wish?" Oliver scoffed at the young man's warning and paid him no need.

Harrison was the most ruthless man in all of Jadeborough.

Anyone who had the audacity to create trouble in his store would be chopped to pieces and fed to the fishes in the Goda River

"Mr. Sandwith, what's going on?" The scantily dressed sales assistants immediately gathered around Oliver curiously after Charles made his exit.

After all, he was buttering up to that young man a few moments ago but ended up being rude to him.

"What else? I got the wrong person! Da*n it," Oliver cursed angrily. "He isn't the big shot Boss was talking about!"

"What? You got the wrong person?"

The empty-headed sales assistants froze in shock. "But we just..." they trailed off hesitantly.

In order to please Charles, they had allowed him to take advantage of them by giving in to his advances.

They even agreed to go to dinner with him, and now Oliver was telling them that they had gotten the wrong person.

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“Let’s cut to the chase and wait at the entrance of the store. Since that person wasn’t the man we are waiting for, that means the real Mr. Goldstein hasn’t arrived yet!” Oliver waved his hands impatiently.

This is my last chance is to serve the real Mr. Goldstein well so I can make up for my mistake!

He gave a firm nod to cheer himself up.

“Also, kick that brat that came on an electric scooter out. Don’t let him stay here and risk offending Mr. Goldstein,” Oliver commanded. He was already fuming mad, and the sight of Jonathan lounging on the couch in his store made his anger spike. “Who the f*ck is that shameless fool who refuses to leave our store?”

“The police should be here soon,” one sales assistant commented, shooting Jonathan a disdainful look. There was no way she’d lower her pride to serve this customer.

Look at that man with his electric scooter and shabby clothes. Clearly, he’s dirt poor. He must stink a lot!

Suddenly, Jonathan’s phone rang, breaking the silence.

He pulled it out to reveal an old phone that was popular decades ago. It was literally strong enough for one to crack walnuts!

The disdain of the sales assistants equipped with flawless curves heightened when they spotted his phone.

“Hello?” Jonathan answered the call calmly.

“Mr. Goldstein, have you arrived at my store?” Harrison asked in a careful manner.

“Yes, I’ve arrived,” came Jonathan’s calm reply. “After arriving, your security guard tried to kick me out.”

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“What?” Harrison’s legs went limp at his answer. Jonathan could hear his trembling voice on the other end of the line asking, “Mr. Goldstein, w-who did that to you? I’ll get someone to beat him up and feed him to the fishes in the Goda River!”

Jonathan Goldstein is Asura! If Asura unleashes his wrath, he’ll wipe out millions of lives! I’ll definitely die if I offended him, let alone my employees. Even the Blackwood family who used to be the most prominent family in Jadeborough, had to move out of Jadeborough after offending him. They are not allowed to set foot in the city for their entire lives!

Harrison knew his place, for he was neither as influential nor as powerful as the Blackwood family.

“Does it matter who disrespects me?” Jonathan snickered. “They are your employees, Harrison. They listen to your orders. How dare your store deny me entry and ask the security guard to kick me out?” His voice was cool but threatening.

He concluded, “Looks like I don’t deserve to enter your car dealership, Harrison.”

“Please listen to my explanation, Mr. Goldstein,” Harrison pleaded, his legs nearly giving way. “I’m really sorry. I’m at fault for not disciplining my employees well. Please don’t be angry. I’ll head over right now to apologize to you on my knees!”

“No need for that. Since I’m not worthy of entering your store, I won’t be buying anything here!” Having said that, Jonathan cut the line without hesitation and made to leave. Right when he got to his feet, Oliver’s phone started ringing.

Ring, Ring! Ring, ring!

The jarring ringtone gave everyone a shock. Oliver stopped glaring at Jonathan and glanced at his phone. He nearly dropped his phone in fright at the caller ID that appeared on the screen.

“Hello, Boss?” he answered the call carefully.

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