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The Legendary Man Chapter 46

Chapter 46 Grovel At His Feet

“Don’t call me that! I’m not your boss!” Harrison roared once the call was connected. “How dare you kick Mr. Goldstein out of my store?” Fury was evident in his voice.

“I kicked Mr. Goldstein out?” Oliver paled at his words.

I didn’t even see Mr. Goldstein today! How could I have kicked him out?

“Boss, Mr. Goldstein is here?” Oliver glanced around frantically, trying to find out if he was here.

The only person in the store was that man who came on an electric scooter.

“Of course!” Harrison barked furiously. “I’ll give you one minute to either apologize to Mr. Goldstein or chop off your limbs and jump into Goda River to redeem yourself! If Mr. Goldstein leaves our store before I arrive, I’ll take your life personally!”

He then cut the line abruptly.

Oliver felt his vision turn black when he realized Harrison had just hung up on him.

“M-Mr. Sandwith, what’s wrong?” the female sales assistants gathered around him and asked in concern.

“Move aside! Get out of my way!”

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He pushed them away impatiently and caught up to Jonathan.

“Are you stopping me from leaving?” Jonathan demanded when Oliver appeared before him, panting heavily.

“N-No! Listen to me, Mr. Goldstein...”

Without warning, Oliver fell to his knees before Jonathan. It was a shocking sight to everyone in the store.

Is Oliver Sandwith, the manager of a Lamborghini car dealership, kneeling before a man who came on an electric scooter? Didn't he ask the security guard to kick this man out earlier? Why is he on his knees now? How shocking!

“Mr. Sandwith, what are you doing?” The voluptuous sales assistants rushed over to him and questioned in a frantic manner, “Why are you kneeling before him?”

“Yes, Mr. Sandwith, you must've gotten the wrong person. This man who came on an electric scooter is definitely not Mr. Goldstein!” another chimed in.

“Yes, he's dirt poor, unlike Mr. Goldstein.”

The ladies pouted, refusing to believe him.

They had seen many influential figures in this line of work.

None of the big shots they served had dressed shabbily like Jonathan and came to their car dealership on an electric scooter!

“Just shut the f*ck up!” Oliver hollered, his face crimson with rage.

What a bunch of idiots. Can't they see I'm in trouble? Why are they adding fuel to fire now?

Even a fool like him had realized that the man who he nearly kicked out earlier was the Mr. Goldstein he had been waiting for!

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Shit, I've offended the big shot. Jonathan Goldstein is the only man I've tried to kick out today. Thus, he must be the Mr. Goldstein I've been waiting for the entire day!

"Mr. Goldstein, please forgive me for disrespecting you. It was all my fault!" Oliver apologized before he gave himself a tight slap.

At once, a fresh slap mark appeared on his cheek.

"Yes, you've indeed disrespected me. You are worse than a dog!" Jonathan declared icily at the sight of Oliver slapping himself continuously on his knees. "If Harrison hadn't called you personally, I don't think I'll get to leave your store. The police you called earlier is about to arrive, right?"

When he was about to leave, Oliver had been glaring at him. It was obvious Oliver wasn't going to let him go easily.

"Mr. Goldstein, I'm sorry for my rash action. I'll call the police and tell them not to come!" After saying that, Oliver scrambled to get his phone. Right when he was about to make the call, Jonathan shot him a withering look. "Isn't it too late to regret your action?"

In his eyes, the employees in the car dealership were merely a colony of ants.

He couldn't be bothered to waste his time on them.

Even the owner of the car dealership, Harrison, was insignificant to him.

As they kept provoking him, he refused to hold back anymore.

Even the nicest person would retaliate when being driven up the wall!

"I'm really sorry, Mr. Goldstein. Please spare me!" Oliver begged, his legs buckling under the pressure. His initially fair cheeks had turned crimson red and swollen from the continuous slaps.

His jaw tightened as he began banging his head on the ground to beg for forgiveness.

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"I'm sorry, Mr. Goldstein!" he expressed his remorse profusely.

His heart was hammering in his chest, pummeling in his temples as he continued banging his head. Soon, blood began trickling down his forehead, dripping onto the ground.

The sexy sales assistants parted their lips at the appalling sight.

Is he really Mr. Goldstein? The big shot Boss was talking about?

They hurriedly covered their lips in fear, finding it hard to believe that the man who came on an electric scooter was the big shot they had been waiting for.

"Get out of my way!" Jonathan demanded, refusing to spare him another look.

Asura was a killing machine who had killed plenty of people in his life.

Many people had groveled before him to beg for his forgiveness.

If he was kind enough to forgive everyone who knelt before him, he wouldn't have conquered Chanaea and the eight regions with the Four Asura Guards in just two years' time.

"What are you waiting for? Hurry, get on your knees and beg for Mr. Goldstein's forgiveness!" Oliver barked angrily at the ladies who stood rooted to their spots in confusion.

If Jonathan stepped out of our car dealership, Harrison will feed me to the fishes in the Goda River for sure!

The dozen of sales assistants promptly snapped back to reality and dropped to their knees before Jonathan.

"Mr. Goldstein, please forgive us for looking down on you. We had no idea of your identity! Please spare us!" the ladies pleaded. They were dressed in their usual uniform of crisp white shirts and mini black skirts. Even though they were on their knees, their well-proportioned bodies were visible to the naked eye.

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Any man would feel the urge to give in to their demands at the sensuous sight.

Alas, Jonathan didn't even deign to spare them a look.

Back then, many socialites had knelt before him, begging him to spend a night with them.

He had no interest in them, let alone these cheaply dressed snobs.

"Get out of my way!" A frown marred Jonathan's brows.

Right when his patience was at its limit, a loud rumble sounded outside the store.

The next second, a figure dashed into the car dealership and fell to his knees before Jonathan.

The Legendary Man Chapter 47

Chapter 47 Throwing Themselves At Asura

That man who charged in and promptly knelt before Jonathan was Harrison.

Oliver and the female sales assistants were shocked senseless.

"B-Boss..." they stammered at the sight of Harrison's figure on the ground.

Harrison's the most ruthless man in Jadeborough! This is the first time I've ever seen him kneeling before someone instead of others kneeling before him!

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“Shut the f*ck up!” Harrison gave Oliver a slap so hard that the latter’s tooth flew out of his mouth. “Useless piece of shit! How could you not recognize Mr. Goldstein? How dare you kick him out? You’re worse than my watchdog!”

Oliver covered his lips so the blood wouldn’t gush out of his mouth.

“Mr. Goldstein, please forgive me for not teaching my subordinates well. You shouldn’t be treated this way!” Harrison knelt on his knees, his head hung low.

He knew how millions would end up dead under Asura’s wrath.

Though Harrison was influential in Jadeborough, it would take only an instruction from Jonathan to have him killed.

“Yes, you are at fault for failing to discipline your subordinates. You’re useless,” Jonathan remarked with a snort. Harrison’s face drained of color at his words as he trembled in fear.

Jonathan continued calmly, “If I don’t know you, they would’ve either kicked me out and left me to the police, right? The nerve of you, Harrison Seymour!”

“I’m really sorry about that, M-Mr. Goldstein!” Harrison mumbled, sick with fear.

Even though his life was at risk, he dared not deny Jonathan’s words.

The fear he had for Jonathan came from deep within his heart.

“I regret leaving the Blackwood family in your hands,” Jonathan said, casting Harrison a cool glance. “You’ve just taken over the Blackwood family for two days but already have the guts to kick me out. If you gain full control of the Blackwood family, will you kick me out of Jadeborough, then?”

“Of course not, Mr. Goldstein! I dare not do so,” Harrison answered in a shaking voice.

His lips were devoid of color as he shivered in horror.

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“Stop talking nonsense. I’ll give you three minutes to deal with them. Come to me when you’re done!” Jonathan announced icily.

He then strode back to the couch and took a seat. At once, Harrison’s frightened expression turned hard. A dangerous glint appeared in his eyes as he declared, “Drag him out, break his limbs and feed him to the fishes in the Goda River!”

“Yes, Mr. Seymour!”

Following that command, five men in black charged into the store without hesitation.

They dragged Oliver out of the door as though he was a pig heading to the slaughterhouse!

“No, Mr. Seymour! Don’t kill me!” Oliver nearly passed out when the men in black grabbed him. He shrieked in horror, “I was wrong. I know my mistake. Please spare my life! I promise I won’t repeat the same mistake ever, Mr. Seymour!”

He sobbed so hard that blood dribbled down his nostrils. Alas, Harrison didn’t even glance at him and merely gave a dismissive wave. The men in black promptly dragged him out without mercy.

Shortly after, an ear-splitting scream pierced the air. The ladies who were still kneeling on the ground blanched in fear.

As their legs gave way beneath them, they pleaded, “Please don’t kill us, Mr. Seymour...”

There was a glazed look in their eyes as they trembled in distress.

“Did you speak to Mr. Goldstein rudely earlier?” Harrison’s gaze turned icy. The racy sales assistants promptly collapsed to the ground in terror.

“M-Mr. Seymour, it wasn’t us. She was the one who spoke to Mr. Goldstein rudely!” one sales assistant pointed an accusing finger in another sales assistant’s direction.

Friendship, my foot! I need to stay alive!

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"You..." The accused sales assistant's expression fell.

She immediately groveled at Harrison's feet. "Have mercy on me, Mr. Seymour! I won't do it again!"

"Drag her out!" Harrison ordered with an irritable wave.

The men in black leapt to action and towed her out as ordered.

"Did any of you speak to Mr. Goldstein in a rude manner?" Harrison's frosty gaze swept over the other ladies sharply.

The remaining sales assistants lowered their heads nervously. Not a word escaped their lips.

Though they didn't mock Jonathan verbally, they didn't bother hiding the disdain in their eyes.

"I can spare your lives, but you should know what to do next," Harrison declared, his voice cold.

"Yes, we know what we should do!"

Hope sparked in their eyes upon finding out they had been spared.

"So? Why are you still on your knees? Get up and serve Mr. Goldstein!" Harrison glowered at them. Without further delay, they scrambled to their feet and wiped their tears away. Forcing out sweet smiles, they sashayed over to Jonathan. "Mr. Goldstein, you must be exhausted. Do you want a relaxing massage?"

"I can knead your shoulders."

"Mr. Goldstein, would you like a drink? I'm at your service!"

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In a blink of an eye, the sales assistants who couldn't wait to kick Jonathan out mere moments ago changed their attitudes abruptly and tried buttering him up by throwing themselves at him. Jonathan's brows knitted together instinctively at their antics.

Women had flocked to Asura, throwing themselves at him shamelessly all the time.

If he wished, women would line up from Jadeborough to Jazona just to gain his favor!

"I don't need anything. Stay away from me!" Jonathan waved his hand irritably. The ladies staggered back in fear and fell silent.

After taking in his reaction, Harrison went to him carefully and offered a polite bow. "Mr. Goldstein, don't you like them? If they aren't to your liking, should I get prettier ones to serve you?"

"No need!" Jonathan replied with a wave of his hand. Frowning, he added, "Stop playing tricks. I came to your store to buy a car, not to choose a wife!"

"Got it, Mr. Goldstein!" Harrison quipped.

Harrison dared not utter a word after that, and Jonathan didn't want to waste his time here. His gaze landed on a fiery red Lamborghini in the showroom as he asked, "How much does this cost?"

"Mr. Goldstein, pick any car you like. I shall deliver it to your address as soon as possible!" Harrison offered enthusiastically.

He dared not ask Jonathan to pay for his selection.

"No need," came Jonathan's answer. "I can afford to buy a sports car!"

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The Legendary Man Chapter 48

Chapter 48 Dirt Poor

“Mr. Goldstein, that wasn’t what I meant.” Harrison turned as pale as a sheet.

“How much is it?” Jonathan asked in a glacial voice.

“Eighteen million, eight hundred and eighty thousand. It’s a worldwide limited edition sports car, and there are only three cars in the whole country. This is the only car in Jazona!” Harrison revealed.

“Not bad,” came Jonathan’s reply.

He bobbed his head slightly before fishing out a black card from his pocket. Handing it to Harrison, he stated matter-of-factly, “Charge it on my card, including the money you spent on the mansion yesterday.”

“Got it, Mr. Goldstein!” Harrison answered hastily.

After accepting the card, Harrison immediately recognized it as a worldwide limited edition black card issued by Citibank. Rumor had it that the bank had only issued around a dozen cards worldwide!

Only a selected few in Chanaea were in possession of this black card.

This was the first time Harrison had ever seen it in real life, excluding the one time he saw it in the papers, of course.

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Shortly after, when Harrison rang up a purchase of over two hundred million on the POS terminal, the sales assistants behind him widened their eyes in amazement.

Two hundred million? Did that man who rode an electric scooter just pay two hundred million using his black card?

“Mr. Seymour, is this young man from a wealthy family? He’s really low profile!” one sales assistant commented in an effort to suck up to them.

She racked her brains to find a suitable adjective to describe Jonathan, but the only word that came to mind was “low profile.”

It felt like they were serving a prince who wanted to experience a commoner’s life.

“Don’t ask questions. The truth won’t benefit you in any way!” Harrison shot her a frosty glare. “All you need to know is that he ordered for the most distinguished Blackwood family from the four prominent families in Jadeborough to be kicked out of the city.”

Did he kick the Blackwood family out of Jadeborough?

The scantily clad sales assistants paled visibly, fighting back the urge to slap themselves as regret overwhelmed them.

How influential is he to kick the Blackwood family out of Jadeborough single-handedly?

“Mr. Goldstein, here’s your card.”

A few minutes later, Harrison returned the card to Jonathan. At a snap of his fingers, a man in black stepped forward and offered the house deed along with a bunch of keys.

“Mr. Goldstein, this is the keys to No. 1 Villa in Edenic Heights. I’ve transferred the deed to your wife, Josephine Smith. When will you move in?” asked Harrison politely after he handed the house deed and keys to Jonathan.

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"I can't be sure." Jonathan shook his head. It would depend on whether Josephine was willing to move in with him.

He didn't want to move into the mansion alone.

"I'll send someone to clean the place up every day. Just inform me when you're ready to move in," Harrison said with his head lowered. "Mr. Goldstein, should I ask someone to drive your car back to your house?"

"Nope!" Jonathan shook his head. "I'll drive it back myself. I need your help to deliver my electric scooter back to Brocade Park, though," he said after a brief consideration.

"No problem, Mr. Goldstein!" Harrison promised.

He pointed at one of the sales assistants and commanded, "Get a sports car and deliver Mr. Goldstein's electric scooter back to Brocade Park!"

"Yes, Boss!" the lady answered promptly with a curt nod.

She strolled away, her high heels clicking noisily on the floor.

Soon, the fiery red Lamborghini stopped at the entrance of the car dealership. Harrison proceeded to ask, "Mr. Goldstein, do you need a driver?"

"Of course not," came Jonathan's reply as he pulled the door of the Lamborghini open.

Back in his expedition years, all the fighter aircrafts, armed helicopters, and battleships were all at his disposal. Many times, he had to drive them around.

A loud roar echoed in the air as the engine roared to life.

The Lamborghini soon sped away, leaving only a trail of exhaust gas in its wake.

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“This is better to maneuver compared to an armed helicopter,” Jonathan remarked on the way back home. It only took him a few minutes to figure out the red Lamborghini’s control buttons completely.

The sports car attracted the attention of countless passers-by.

Jonathan sped ahead without sparing them any glance. After figuring out the time Josephine would get off work, he stopped the car by the road nearby her office and lit a cigarette to pass the remaining time.

“Look, isn’t this the latest Lamborghini model?” one passer-by exclaimed excitedly.

Her friend answered, “Yes, indeed! I heard that there are only three of them in the whole of Chanaea. There’s only one in Jazona. It’s a worldwide limited edition model, too!”

“A worldwide limited edition model? Then, it must be ridiculously expensive, right?”

“I think the cheapest it can go is fifteen million. The model with the complete specs costs eighteen million, eight hundred and eighty thousand!”

“What? Eighteen million, eight hundred and eighty thousand? That’s really expensive!”

A bunch of girls chattered excitedly at the sight of the fiery red Lamborghini. As an inexperienced bunch, this was the first time they had ever seen such a gorgeous sports car.

They couldn’t imagine how much eighteen million, eight hundred and eighty thousand was.

It was akin to driving a mansion that could go anywhere!

“Be careful not to touch it. We can’t afford to pay the repair costs if we cause a scratch!” One of them was about to reach out to caress the car when her friends stopped her hastily. “I heard that the paint itself costs over a million. Don’t you dare lay a hand on it!”

“What? That’s ridiculous!” the girl remarked in surprise as she pulled away from the car.

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Jonathan chuckled at their words. "Don't listen to them. You are free to touch the car as you wish!"

"Is this your car?" the girl asked carefully as she stared at Jonathan. He carried an imperious nose well and his angular cheekbones carved down towards a flinty jaw. His manly, Samson physique caused the girl to blush in embarrassment.

"Yes, it's mine. You're welcome to take a photo with it if you wish!" Jonathan said warmly. As they were innocent beings, he wasn't his usual irritable self. His voice could be foghorn loud when he was booming out orders, but it was now mellifluous, especially when he was talking to these young girls.

"N-No, thank you!" the girl answered shyly as she retracted her hand.

Though she was shy, her friends didn't share her sentiments. One girl standing beside her promptly parted her lips to greet Jonathan, but before she could do so, Jonathan spotted Josephine coming out of her company. He immediately flung his cigarette aside and strode toward her.

"Darling!" he called out.

"Jonathan? Why are you here? Didn't I tell you not to come and pick me up?" Josephine's face fell at the sight of him.

Because of what happened this morning, her colleague had been mocking her the entire day!

"Darling, are you still mad at me?" Jonathan flashed a smile at her displeased look. "I didn't lie to you this morning, for I did plan to buy a car for you—"

Before he could finish his words, a jeering voice sounded, "Oh, isn't this the dirt poor boyfriend who said my BMW 3 series sedan is inferior? Are you here to give Josephine a ride back home on your electric scooter?"

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The Legendary Man Chapter 49

Chapter 49 Sense Of Superiority

Jonathan didn't even need to look, for he could recognize the person by her voice.

Sure enough, a young lady strutted out on her high heels before giving Jonathan a disdainful look. "Where is your electric scooter? Did you lose it?" she inquired.

"It's none of your business!" Jonathan wasn't in the mood to yak with her.

"How dare you talk to me that way?" the young lady demanded with a scowl. "Josephine, won't you discipline your dirt poor boyfriend? Look how rude he is!"

"What do you want?" Josephine finally lost it after having to endure the lady's insults for the entire day.

"What do you mean?" The young lady put on a well-practiced pout. "I'm doing this for your sake, Josephine. You shouldn't fall for the same trick twice. Haven't you suffered enough after marrying a penniless loser back then? Now that he's missing, you got yourself another penniless loser? What else is he good at, except for boasting about himself? I don't understand why you fell for them!"

It was obvious that the lady had a sense of superiority before Josephine, for she owned a BMW 3 series sedan.

Josephine, on the other hand, had to go home on an old electric scooter.

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"No matter what kind of men I choose, it's none of your business," Josephine answered in an icy tone. "If you don't have anything else to say, please get out of my way!"

With that, Josephine swung her head around and stalked away.

"Josephine, why are you in such a hurry?" Her colleague immediately ran after her. "I'm merely commenting on that penniless loser. Why are you upset? My boyfriend is coming to pick me up. Do you need a ride home? He just bought the latest Lamborghini that cost around two million."

A smug smile played on her lips.

So what if Josephine's prettier than me? She has to ride a stupid electric scooter!

"No need!" Josephine rejected her offer without hesitation. "I'm going in the other direction!"

"Josephine..."

The colleague was about to say something when she spotted a crowd around a fiery red Lamborghini.

The smooth curves of the car promptly attracted her attention.

"This should be the car my boyfriend bought this afternoon," the lady blurted out excitedly, assuming that the red Lamborghini belonged to her boyfriend. "Look, Josephine. Isn't it gorgeous?"

"Yes, it is," answered Josephine without looking up.

"It cost over two million. No wonder it's gorgeous," her colleague announced smugly. Taking Josephine's arm, she invited, "Come on, Josephine. Let's go take a look at my boyfriend's new car. I bet you've never taken a ride in such an expensive sports car. Do you want to experience it later?"

Jonathan shook his head and chuckled, for she didn't bother hiding her sense of superiority

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“No need!” Josephine rejected her offer and turned to leave. Suddenly, Jonathan blocked her way and said, “Yes, Darling. She’s right. Let’s try it out. If you like it, I’ll buy one for you!”

He’ll buy one for her?

The young lady nearly puked in disgust at his words.

“That car costs over two million. Can you even afford it?” she sneered, her voice full of disdain.

“Jonathan!” Josephine’s brows furrowed up at once. “What are you doing? Isn’t this embarrassing enough?”

After being teased all day long in her office, all she wanted was to go home.

Why did Jonathan agree with her suggestion?

“It won’t take long. What if you take a liking to it?” Jonathan flashed a smile before striding over to the red Lamborghini. The young lady stared at his retreating figure and snickered. She took Josephine’s arm and strutted after him. “He’s right. Even if you can’t afford it, at least try out the seats in an expensive car.”

She promptly shooed the crowd away. “Get lost. Move away from the car. If you make a scratch, can you afford to cough up the compensation? Hey, you! That’s right, you! Get your hand off the car! Don’t touch it!”

Once the lady reached the car, she acted as though she was the owner and chased all the spectators away.

After the crowd dispersed, she reached out for the door handle. However, it refused to budge when she tried pulling at it.

“Huh? Where is my boyfriend?” she inquired, glancing around the area. “Did he hide somewhere to give me a surprise?”

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Alas, her boyfriend was nowhere to be seen.

Right then, the spectators who she had told to scam earlier began sneering, "Are you putting up an act? This car isn't yours, right?"

"Ha! Look at her. Does she look like she can afford this car?"

"How dare she ask us to scam? She should be the one who leaves!"

"Let her continue with her act. I'm curious to see how she'll get into the car!"

The crowd's sarcastic comments caused the lady's expression to fall. She promptly placed her hands on her hips and declared, "What are you talking about? I can't afford this car? Don't you know how much it costs? Over two million! Can you afford it? You're merely penniless scumbags who know nothing!"

Right after she said that a loud roar belonging to that of a sports car came toward them.

Soon, a green Lamborghini rolled to a stop beside them.

The door opened, and a middle-aged man in his forties with a belly and receding hairline stepped out.

"Darling!"

The young lady leaped into his embrace and flung her arms around his huge belly. "Darling, why did you buy two Lamborghinis?" she asked in a coquettish tone.

"Two cars?" the middle-aged man repeated in confusion. "What do you mean? I have only bought one!"

"Huh?" The lady's expression turned downcast in an instant. She pointed at the red Lamborghini and asked, "Darling, you didn't buy this Lamborghini?"

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“Of course not,” the man replied as he glanced at the red Lamborghini. At once, his eyes widened in shock. “Is this that worldwide limited edition Lamborghini sports car?”

The Legendary Man Chapter 50

Chapter 50 A Surprise

“Worldwide limited edition sports car?” the lady repeated, her voice trembling. “It must be expensive, right?”

“Expensive?” the middle-aged man scoffed. “Even if you’re rich enough to afford to buy this car, it isn’t available to everyone. There are only ten worldwide and only three in Chanaea. In Jazona, there is only one available for sale! The car itself cost eighteen million, eight hundred and eighty thousand. Including all the specs, fees, and taxes, the owner will have to pay more than twenty-five million! The vehicle purchase tax itself costs two million!”

What? The vehicle purchase tax itself costs two million?

Everyone blanched at the piece of information, for two million was enough to buy a house in a high-end residential area.

One can buy a house with the vehicle purchase tax paid to buy this car. That’s shocking.

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The young lady's expression was dark as thunder. She assumed the car belonged to her boyfriend, but turned out her boyfriend's car was cheaper than the purchase tax of this limited edition model.

She felt her throat clamping up as though she had just swallowed a fly.

"Darling, where's the Lamborghini you bought? Let me take a look at it!" As the crowd's gazes turned scornful, she dragged the middle-aged man to his newly bought Lamborghini.

"Around two million," the man replied honestly.

In fact, he had already told her about the price of this car before he went to buy it.

"Oh, that's really expensive!" the lady exclaimed, pretending to be shocked. Without warning, she threw herself at the man and said shyly, "Thanks for the gift, Darling!"

Gift? Disdain flashed across the middle-aged man.

Why will I gift a two million car to you?

This lady wasn't actually his girlfriend, though they had recently gotten together.

There was no way he'd marry her, for it was clear that she had slept with countless men before him.

Instead of exposing her lie, he played along. "I'm glad you like it, Darling. Two million isn't that much!"

"Ha!" Jonathan let out a scoff at their act.

He had seen through their crude act.

"Penniless fool, why are you laughing? You can't afford to buy this sports car even if you work hard your entire life!" the lady hissed. "If you grovel at my feet, I might consider letting you try out the leather seats."

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"Darling, who is this?" the middle-aged man demanded, his gaze landing on Jonathan.

"A penniless man who drives an electric scooter!" the lady answered, her voice dripping with disdain. "He said my BMW 3 series that cost three hundred thousand is an inferior car. Look at how shabby he looks. I bet he hasn't even touched a three hundred thousand BMW before."

"He's the penniless idiot you've been talking about?" Scorn appeared in the man's eyes.

"Yes, that's right. He doesn't even have a job. I don't understand what Josephine sees in him," the lady laughed coldly. "Come on, Josephine. Let's get into my darling's new car. This must be your first time riding a fancy car, right?"

Oh? This is Josephine?

The middle-aged man looked right at Josephine. At once, his face lit up in delight, utterly mesmerized.

Compared to her colleague, Josephine was far prettier.

Her slender figure, photogenic looks, and gentle demeanor were flawless!

"Come on in!" he offered, pulling the door open. "The seats are made of leather and stitched on by hand. It's better than an electric scooter."

"No, thanks." Josephine shook her head. "I prefer my electric scooter. It might be a cheap ride, but at least it's mine!"

Having said that, she snapped her head back and ordered, "Jonathan, let's go!"

"Darling, you didn't tell me whether you like it or not." Instead of leaving as told, Jonathan dragged her to the fiery red Lamborghini. "Do you like this car, Darling?"

"What the heck do you want?" Josephine snapped, losing her patience.

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She had initially found an excuse to leave her colleague, who kept insulting them, but Jonathan insisted on bringing them here and gave her colleague a chance to keep tormenting them.

What does he want? Isn't this embarrassing enough?

"To view the car, of course," Jonathan replied blithely. "Didn't I promise to gift you one if it's to your liking?"

Before Josephine could say anything, her colleague burst out in giggles. "Did I hear you correctly? You're going to gift Josephine a worldwide limited edition sports car?"

"Yes, that's right. Is there a problem?" Jonathan questioned with a frown.

"Can you afford it? You're dirt poor! I don't think you can afford to buy a tire even if you work hard your entire life," the lady replied sarcastically.

Ha! There's no way he can afford to buy this car that cost eighteen million, eight hundred and eighty thousand, she thought to herself smugly.

"That's none of your business," Jonathan answered, growing impatient at the lady's incessant provocation.

"Young man, watch your tone!" the middle-aged man declared as he reached out to Jonathan. Seeing his action, Jonathan's gaze turned frosty. "Are you going to beat me up?" he challenged.

It only took one look from him to stop the middle-aged man in his tracks.

His gaze is so scary! It feels like I've been sentenced to death!

Ignoring the annoying pests, Jonathan took Josephine's hand. "Darling, ignore them. Let's take a look at that car!"

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Alas, Josephine shoved him away forcefully before he could lay a hand on her. "Jonathan Goldstein, that's enough. How long are you going to put up an act?" she demanded, growing increasingly infuriated.

"Darling, I'm not bluffing! I just want to show you the car," came Jonathan's exasperated reply.

"There's nothing to look at! Even if it's pretty, it has nothing to do with us. We can't afford it!" Josephine snapped.

She had enough of him.

I can't believe he's pretending to be rich when he's just a jobless and penniless loser!

"This is a gift for you!" Jonathan answered helplessly. "I wanted it to be a surprise..."

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