The Legendary Man Chapter 89

Chapter 89 Person In Charge Of The Auction

Black card?

Luna took one look at Jonathan's card and immediately recognized it as a worldwide limited edition black card.

Rumor had it that only a selected few were issued this card in Chanaea.

It was a card with an unlimited spending limit and could be used anywhere in the world!

No matter where the owner was, this black card could be swiped countless times.

A transaction of three billion would go through, let alone a three hundred million transaction.

"What are you doing? Hurry, swipe Mr. Goldstein's card!" Luna turned to order the server standing behind her. He immediately accepted the card from Jonathan and swiped it on the POS machine. Beep! The three million transaction went through smoothly!

"Mr. Goldstein, thank you!" the server said, returning the card to him. He offered the lavender jade figurine to Jonathan before asking, "Do you want us to deliver this to your house? Or do you want to take it with you now?"

"Deliver it to No. 1 Villa in Edenic Heights!" Jonathan answered nonchalantly.

"Got it!" the server answered and left the room with his head lowered.

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When Luna heard Jonathan mention his residence, her eyes lit up. I thought Mr. Warhol, who comes from one of the four prominent families in Jazona, lives there? Why is Jonathan occupying the villa now? Is he related to the Warhol family?

Standing up, she poured Jonathan a glass of wine before pressing herself to his taut muscles. "Mr. Goldstein, do you know Mr. Warhol?" she asked in a breathy tone. Her flirty gaze was enough to attract any man's attention.

"No, I don't!" came Jonathan's answer. His brows snapped together as he took a step back to stay away from her.

He disliked women other than Josephine getting this close to him.

"Why are you staying in No. 1 Villa, then?" Instead of feeling upset at Jonathan's rejection, she grew increasingly interested in him.

"The auction has ended, right? I should take my leave!" Jonathan wasn't in the mood to chat further.

After all, plenty of women had thrown themselves at him for the past few years, including popular female celebrities and wealthy socialites.

Luna couldn't hold a candle to them.

"Mr. Goldstein, let me see you out." Finally, Luna felt a sense of frustration. After all, men had lusted about her since she became an adult, but Jonathan was the first one who seemed disinterested in her.

In fact, she could tell that there was a hint of annoyance in his expression.

Jonathan nodded in acknowledgement before striding out of the room.

On the way out, Luna said nothing as she observed Jonathan carefully. She suddenly realized that Harrison dared not walk in front of Jonathan.

It looked as if Harrison was Jonathan's subordinate instead of a friend.

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Look how careful Harrison is before Jonathan. Friends don't act that way. But Harrison is the most ruthless man in Jadeborough. He's not even afraid of Preston, but why is he afraid of Jonathan?

"Mr. Goldstein, dinner will be served after the auction. Won't you attend it?" Once they reached the door, Luna tried to make him stay.

"No!" Jonathan shook his head and turned to leave.

Right then, a familiar voice rang out behind him. "Oh, fancy running into the live-in son-in-law of the Smith family here. Hello, Jonathan!"

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

It was none other than Ysobel.

Sure enough, he looked up to see Ysobel sashaying over to him, hand in hand with Alvin. A hint of mockery appeared in her gaze as she asked, "Jonathan, why are you at the auction instead of in the Smith residence? Take a look at your sad state in the mirror. Do you have the right to be here?"

The live-in son-in-law of the Smith family?

Surprise flashed across Luna's eyes as she heard that.

Jonathan is a live-in son-in-law? How is that possible? Can a live-in son-in-law spend a few hundred million in one go using his worldwide limited edition black card?

After Harrison heard Ysobel's mocking words, his expression darkened. He was about to retaliate when Jonathan stopped him. "You don't own the auction. Why can't I be here?" Jonathan asked coolly.

Ysobel retorted with a snicker, "I was invited to be here. Do you have an invitation? Do you think someone like you will receive an invitation?"

Her voice dripping with disdain as she asked, "Jonathan, did you sneak in?"

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"Well, unfortunately, I do have an invitation card." Jonathan pulled out the invitation card from his pocket. Ysobel's expression fell as she saw that.

However, she maintained her cool and questioned, "Did you forge this invitation card? Why would the organizer invite a loser like you to the auction? Are you here to pick up trash or clean the venue?" She ended her barrage of questions with a scoff.

Verily, she looked down on a deadbeat like him from the depths of her heart.

Hence, she assumed he wasn't invited to such a fancy event.

Attending the same event as Jonathan made her feel like her standards had been lowered.

"Miss, please watch your language. If you continue insulting him, I shall ask the security guards to throw you out!" Luna warned Ysobel before Jonathan could say anything.

"Kick me out? Who do you think you are? I'm here with Mr. Langford. Do you know him? He's Mr. Alvin Langford, the only son of the Chairman of Langford Group. What right do you have to kick me out?" Ysobel sneered.

Disdain shone on her face, for she assumed the lady standing beside Jonathan was no one important.

Perhaps she's a hooker who charges one hundred per session he found on the streets!

"If Sebastian Langford is here and talks to me rudely, I'll kick him out without hesitation, let alone his son." Luna's expression scrunched up in fury as she waved for the security guards to come over. "Security, drag them out!"

"Yes!" The security guards rushed over with their batons as ordered.

As the security guards were about to grab them, Ysobel panicked instantly. "How dare you kick us out? I'll file a complaint with your superior and have you fired!"

"Have me fired? You didn't even bother finding out who I am before kicking up a fuss?" Luna's expression turned as dark as thunder. "You want to talk to my superior, right? Well,

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talk to me! I am the organizer of the event! In other words, I am in charge of the auction," she announced, her tone glacial.

The Legendary Man Chapter 90

Chapter 90 So What If I Slapped You

What? She's the organizer of the auction? That's impossible! Didn't Alvin tell me that the organizer is Luna Hansley of the Hansley family in Jazona? Why would someone as respectable and distinguished as her take Jonathan's side?

"No! You must be an imposter!" Ysobel yelled, pointing an accusing finger in Luna's direction.

The latter couldn't be bothered to talk to her and instead gave a commanding wave. "Drag them out this instant!"

"How dare you?" Alvin finally spoke up before the security guards could lay a hand on him. "Even if you're Luna Hansley, there's no need to kick me out because of this loser. Our families have a lot of business dealings!"

"Tell Sebastian that all the business dealings between the Langford family and the Hansley family have been called off from now on," came Luna's reply. She then added, "Besides, anyone who dares to collaborate with Langford Group is considered an enemy of the Hansley family!"

Alvin's mind was blown at her announcement.

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Langford Group had contracts worth hundreds of millions with the Hansley family in Jazona, but Luna called them off just like that.

In that instant, he knew he was done for.

"Ms. Hansley, I-I'm really sorry for offending you!" Alvin promptly gave a polite bow. "Can you give me another chance to correct my mistake?"

Luna snorted. "You didn't offend me. You've offended my VIP, Mr. Goldstein!"

"He's a VIP?" Ysobel let out a derisive snort. "Did you mistake him for someone else? How could he be a VIP? He's just a lowly live-in son-in-law. If the Smith family hadn't taken him in for a year, he would've starved to death by the streets! How could he be your family's VIP?"

"Shut the f*ck up!" Since she refused to give in, Alvin instantly gave her a tight slap.

"Did you just slap me? Alvin, you slapped me because of this loser?" Ysobel demanded in disbelief.

"So what if I slapped you? If you won't shut up, I'll beat you to a pulp!" Alvin responded sharply before giving her another slap.

I wouldn't have dated this loose woman if her looks hadn't attracted me! But she's foolish enough to offend Luna Hansley and has nearly brought doom to my family. There's no way I'll let this slip!

"All right. Stop putting up a show. Get out right now!" Luna snapped angrily. At once, the security guards took action and dragged them toward the door.

Alvin struggled to free himself, but the security guard's baton promptly hit his stomach with a thud.

As pain flared up his belly over his entire being, he fell silent and allowed himself to be dragged out.

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"Mr. Goldstein, I'm sorry for the commotion. It was our fault for inviting such rude guests who offended you. Please accept my apology!" Luna apologized profusely after Ysobel and Alvin disappeared from sight.

"That has nothing to do with you," Jonathan answered with a casual wave.

He didn't blame Luna, for no one knew Ysobel and Alvin would be foolish enough to reproach the organizer before Luna herself.

"From today onward, rest assured that we will cut all ties with Langford Group," Luna promised. She couldn't help but worry that Jonathan was still mad.

For some reason, fear would overwhelm her entire being when she was with Jonathan.

It felt like the man's wrath could wipe the Hansley family out completely, though she had no idea about his identity yet.

"There's no need to do that," said Jonathan as he glanced at her plainly. "Besides, I don't like owing favors!"

To him, Langford Group was no different from insects. If he wanted to take revenge, it would only take a phone call to destroy Langford Group.

There was no need for someone else to interfere in his business, for he could solve it single-handedly.

"I'm not doing this so you owe me a favor," Luna offered a hasty explanation. However, Jonathan was already bristling with annoyance as he uttered impatiently, "All right. It's late, so I should take my leave."

Having said that, he strode out of Northfield Mountain Resort without looking back.

Outside the entrance, Harrison had been waiting with his black Bentley for some time.

"Mr. Goldstein, goodbye!" Luna bade goodbye to Jonathan.

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She watched as Jonathan got into the car and sped away. When the black Bentley was no longer in sight, she whipped out her phone to make a call. "Find out the details of the man who came along with Harrison in room number six!"

After a brief pause, she added in a stern voice, "From today onward, we shall cancel all business dealings with Langford Group! Announce to the public that everyone who collaborates with Langford Group will be the Hansley family's enemy!"

"Got it!" A gruff male voice rang out on the other end of the line.

After cutting the line, Luna gazed in the direction where Jonathan's car had disappeared.

Though she was going to celebrate her thirtieth birthday in a few years' time, this was the first time she got attracted to a man.

Half an hour later, the black Bentley rolled to a stop before the door of No. 1 Villa.

"Mr. Goldstein, should I deal with Langford Group?" Harrison questioned before any of them got down from the car.

After all, Harrison was influential enough in Jadeborough to teach Langford Group a lesson easily.

"No need!" Jonathan gave a dismissive wave. "Don't stain your feet by stepping on a measly ant."

Having said that, he stepped out of the car and made his way into No. 1 Villa.

When he opened the door, he saw Margaret and Emmeline lounging on the couch, watching TV, while Connor mopped the floor with an apron around his waist.

This was a normal occurrence in the Smith family.

Wait a minute, where is Josephine?

With that thought in mind, Jonathan asked, "Where is Josephine?"

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"She's still at work. You know how busy she is because of her company's annual party!" Margaret answered, casting him an irritated look. Though they were living in Jonathan's house, she still couldn't correct her habit of ordering him around.

"By the way, did you prepare the gifts for the annual party tomorrow?" Suddenly, something struck Margaret as she turned to stare at him.

"Yes, I did," came Jonathan's nonchalant reply.

Right after he gave his answer, a flurry of footsteps sounded outside the door. In the next instant, a middle-aged man dressed in a crisp black suit showed up outside the villa with his subordinates behind him. "Mr. Goldstein, your lavender jade figurine is here," he said, offering a polite bow.