

# The Legendary Man Chapter 6

## Chapter 6 Get On Your Knees And Apologize

“Okay, that’s enough! Drop the act!” Someone finally lost his patience at the sight of Jonathan putting on an act with the elderly man, going back and forth. “Do you really think that your worthless beer bottle can become a treasure by finding two extras to put on a show with you?”

Put on a show?

Realization immediately dawned on the crowd.

That’s right! How could a useless man like Jonathan be able to come up with something worth a few hundred million?

“Josephine, I think you should divorce him quickly, considering his attitude. He’s always exaggerating and lying, never speaking the truth! He hired someone to put on an act with him simply because he can’t afford to give you an expensive gift! Isn’t it simply humiliating?”

Hearing the crowd’s perpetual condemnation, Josephine flushed bright red with mortification.

“Have you had enough, Jonathan? Get out of here with your worthless stone!” she ranted while pointing at Jonathan, foaming at the mouth.

“Fine. Since you don’t want it, I’ll just...”

All of a sudden, a crack rang out.

In the blink of an eye, the agate jadeite that was originally in Jonathan’s hand fractured into several pieces and fell onto the ground.

A rare treasure worth a billion was shattered without warning.

“I prepared this gift for you in the first place. Since you don’t want it, it has lost its value.” Jonathan wore an indifferent expression on his face.

“Have you lost your mind?” The elderly man was instantly shocked by the scene that unfolded right before his eyes. “That’s the last piece of agate jadeite in this whole world!”

He was so indignant that he trembled all over. He rushed forward desperately and picked up the agate jadeite that had broken into several pieces.

“Why are you putting on a show when it’s just a few pieces of worthless stones?”  
Seeing the elderly man’s action, Alvin drew his leg back and kicked it forward.

He almost knocked the elderly man to the ground by a hair’s breadth.

“Do you have a death wish, Alvin Langford?”

Suddenly, the middle-aged man behind the elderly man stalked forward and kicked Alvin to the ground.

“You know me?”

Fury clouded Alvin’s face.

How dare he make a move against me despite knowing my identity? Is he sick of living?

The middle-aged man merely stared at him coldly without saying a single word.

Whipping out his phone, he then made a call. After the call went through, he only uttered two sentences.

“Sebastian, you should really teach your son better. If you don’t want to do so, I’ll do it on your behalf!”

His words immediately had the crowd hooting in laughter.

Who is Sebastian Langford? He’s the Chairman of Langford Group in Jadeborough and has a net worth of over one billion! They’re truly audacious to use his name to issue threats and dupe others when they’re just extras!

Unexpectedly, Alvin’s phone rang out of the blue just a second after the middle-aged man finished speaking.

“Hello? Dad?”

At once, a sense of foreboding rose within him.

“Get on your knees and apologize!”

“What?” Taken aback, Alvin wondered whether he had misheard his father.

“I said, get on your knees and apologize!”

“Why should I?” Alvin hissed through gritted teeth.

"Why? Because he's Felix Quantrill from Jazona! I'm far beneath him when it comes to status and connections! If you don't want to die, do as I say and drop to your knees! Otherwise, even I can't save you!"

Upon hearing that bout of admonishment, Alvin was downright floored.

Even his hand that was holding the phone trembled slightly, and cold sweat dribbled down his forehead.

Thud!

He fell to his knees without another word, lowering his head to the ground.

He appeared so humble that he was seemingly reduced to dust.

"I-I'm sorry, Mr. Quantrill!"

Shooting him a glare, Felix growled, "You don't need to apologize to me! Instead, you should apologize to Mr. Young!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Young! P-Please forgive me!"

In this city, there was only one person who had the right to have someone of Felix's status address him thus. And that was Soren Young, one of the richest men in Chanaea who had gone back to his hometown from Baykeep ten years ago.

In comparison, the Langford family was nothing.

Soren ignored Alvin. He merely picked up the broken pieces of the agate jadeite on the ground wordlessly before going over to Jonathan. "I can piece this agate jadeite back!"

"Then consider it my gift to you." Still, Jonathan didn't spare him a single glance.

His gaze remained glued on Josephine from beginning to end.

Startled, Soren waved a hand and had Felix issue a check. "I can't just take the agate jadeite for free. Here's a hundred million, so consider it as me buying it from you."

After saying that, he signed the check with a flourish.

Then, he handed the one-hundred million check to Jonathan.

The eight zeros on it dazzled everyone there.

Right then and there, a few so-called good friends of Josephine's threw Jonathan seductive looks.

Meanwhile, Ysobel's jaw dropped even as incredulity manifested on her face. The live-in son-in-law who still needed the Smith family to support him a year ago actually became a millionaire in the blink of an eye?

No one suspected that the check was fake because Alvin, who was still kneeling on the ground, was the best evidence.

However, something even more astonishing transpired right after that.

Jonathan merely cast a dispassionate look at the check before he handed it to Josephine.

"Since you didn't want the gift, take this one hundred million instead. Consider it the debt I owed you in the past three years."

He casually gave the hundred million away.

In an instance, the entire private room plunged into pin-drop silence.

Everyone gaped at him. Even Soren was a tad surprised.

He's dressed shabbily and doesn't appear to be affluent at all. Yet, he simply gave a hundred million away? My intuition tells me that this young man isn't that simple!

"Here's my name card. You can phone me if you need anything."

Having personally given his name card to Jonathan, Soren left in a hurry.

I've got to piece this agate jadeite back right away! This is the only remaining piece in this world, after all!

It wasn't until after Soren had left did Alvin dare to scramble back to his feet.

Phew! Fortunately, he didn't pursue the matter thanks to me getting down on my knees! I bet he couldn't care less about my status as the heir of the wealthiest man in Jadeborough.

"Josephine, I'm going to ask you this for the final time. Will you marry me?"

At that moment, Alvin was already at the end of his patience.

"Why are you still hesitating, Josephine? Jonathan merely got lucky and stumbled upon a stone. So what if it's worth a hundred million? He'll still be back to his usual deadbeat self after the money is all finished!"

"Exactly! Josephine, what's a mere hundred million compared to the Langford family? Why are you so dumb?"

Right then, Josephine's friends couldn't help pouring fuel on the fire once more.

The corners of Ysobel's mouth suddenly curved into a contemptuous smirk, and she whipped out her trump card.

"Josephine, do you know how I came to be with Jonathan?"

"How?" Josephine asked instinctively.

"I bumped into him on the street. Guess what he was doing? He was soliciting the services of a hooker, and it was a cheap hooker at that! She looked even older than my mother. Oh yes, she only charged a hundred for a session!"

Josephine's head snapped back, and she glowered at Jonathan.

Her eyes were filled with suspicion.

"Do you believe me or her?" Jonathan demanded frostily.

He didn't offer any explanation, nor was there a need to do so.

Josephine wavered slightly. From what I remember of him, he's not as deplorable as that though he has no ambition and merely lazes around all day.

"Josephine! I don't have any more patience to waste my time on you! If you agree, I'll just forget about the unpleasant matter today. Otherwise..." Alvin abruptly swung his gaze at Jonathan with malice radiating in his eyes. "He won't be walking out of here today!"

"I won't be walking out of here?" Jonathan dragged a chair over and plopped down on it. "Even if your father, Sebastian Langford, is standing right here, he might not necessarily dare to say such a thing to me, let alone you!"