

The Legendary Man Chapter 394

Chapter 394 The Dark Side Of The Entertainment Industry

Jonathan cut the waiter off abruptly, "No buts! Just bring me a glass of water!"

"Okay. Got it!" Hearing Jonathan's order, the waiter instantly brought over a glass of water.

Sitting down, Jonathan calmly took a sip of water. The thugs bit their lips nervously.

They were rooted in their spots, not daring to make a sound nor escape.

When Yuliana got out of the car and inadvertently blocked Jonathan's line of sight, the thugs instantly scurried off with their tails between their legs.

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Biting her lip, Yuliana said gingerly, "T-Thank you for saving me, Mr. Goldstein!" Her face flushed red at that moment. There were some scratches on her body. Furthermore, her gown was torn.

Yuliana had already recognized Jonathan in the car earlier. She could not believe that she would meet Jonathan again under such circumstances.

"Don't mention it," Jonathan said indifferently.

He had no intention of meddling with other people's affairs. If it were not for their encounter in the past, he would probably turn a blind eye.

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"Do you guys know each other?" A hint of surprise flashed across the young woman's eyes when she heard how Yuliana addressed Jonathan.

Lowering her head shyly, Yuliana explained, "Yes, we do. I was on the same flight as Mr. Goldstein a few days ago. However, there was an incident in the middle of our flight. It caused a lot of trouble for Mr. Goldstein. I'm sorry for troubling you again!"

Yuliana's head sunk lower when she brought up the incident on the plane. She did not even dare to look Jonathan in the eyes.

At that moment, Yuliana felt that she was a troublemaker to him.

Jonathan said lightly, "No worries. I hardly did anything back then. You're a public figure, Ms. Smith. Yet, they tried to kidnap you in broad daylight. Why aren't they afraid of the police?"

"Police?"

Smiling helplessly, Yuliana explained, "Mr. Goldstein, I guess you don't know much about the police in Gronga. They will only help the rich people. When have they ever cared about the lives of the poor? Besides, I'm not a local. Moreover, even if the police come to arrest these thugs, Mr. Wagner could get them out of prison with just a phone call within ten minutes."

"Is Mr. Wagner that powerful?" Jonathan asked casually.

No matter how powerful this guy is, there's no way he could get away with anything in Gronga, right?

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Yuliana said resignedly, "Yes, he's very powerful. There are four prominent families in Gronga, namely the Larson family, the Hansley family, the Wagner family, and the Zimmerman family. The Wagners hold the most power in the entertainment industry. Regardless if they're local celebrities or from the mainland, no one would dare to mess with the Wagners if they want to find a foothold in the entertainment circle here. The male celebrities are in a much better situation than us. On the other hand, the women have to..."

Yuliana paused and let out a sigh. She continued, "Who would dare to refuse Mr. Wagner when he ordered us to eat, drink, or sleep with him?"

"What about you? You somehow found the courage to reject him," Jonathan asked curiously.

It was common knowledge that such practices were rife in the entertainment industry, especially the show business in Gronga.

The majority of female celebrities here had to sell their bodies to succeed. The unspoken rules of the industry were thrown out of the window by the directors and producers as they continued to take advantage of the powerless actresses.

What kind of unspoken rules are these? It's clearly laid out in front of everyone! Yuliana sighed in frustration. "I didn't dare to refuse him. However, I can't force myself to go through that."

"I entered the entertainment industry with the goal of becoming an actress. I want to show off my acting skills to the public, not to sleep with these people!" Feeling enraged, Yuliana's voice began to tremble.

Biting her lip, Yuliana continued, "No one told me that I have to sell my body when I first joined the industry! I can't do it. I really can't go through this. I don't want to be a plaything for those rich people. There's no dignity in that. I don't want to act like an obedient puppy and kneel in front of them every day. Worst of all, I'll have to pretend that I enjoyed being humiliated by them. That's not the life I want!"

Yuliana had a meltdown when she recalled how her former colleagues, who once shared her dream, eventually became the playthings of those rich people.

Those sickening people would film the helpless female celebrities and share the videos among themselves.

Furthermore, they would even upload the videos on the internet. They wanted everyone to see how those once-mighty goddesses of the entertainment industry were being tortured by them in various perverted ways in private.

It was simply too disgusting for her.

Hearing Yuliana's outburst, Cecilia immediately handed her a tissue before patting her on the shoulder. Meanwhile, Freida suddenly turned pale. She wanted to say something but decided against it.

Yuliana's words undoubtedly hit a nerve as the young woman was one of those female celebrities who had given up their dignity by sleeping with the rich people.

"Thank you."

Wiping the tears off her eyes, Yuliana said apologetically, "Sorry for the meltdown just now. I hope I didn't frighten you guys."

"Of course not." Jonathan shook his head.

He was not surprised by Yuliana's words at all.

In the eyes of the public, female celebrities lived a comfortable and glamorous life. However, no one knew about the sufferings and humiliation they had to endure in private.

That was the dark side of the entertainment industry.

While the stars shone brightly in front of the cameras, they had to suffer inhumane treatments when the cameras were off.

Some people held on to their principles while others forsook them a long time ago.

“Do you know the consequences of rejecting these people?” Jonathan looked at Yuliana expressionlessly.

“I’m aware of that.”

Clenching her teeth, Yuliana continued, “I guess they will kick me out of Gronga. Then, I’ll have to return to the mainland. Furthermore, I might be blacklisted by them. It doesn’t matter because I don’t care about it anymore. Besides, this isn’t the first time that I’ve been banned. Instead of living in fear every day or being intimidated in the middle of the night, it’s better to quit the entertainment industry.”

It was clear that Yuliana had lost faith in the entertainment industry.

“The situation may not be as bleak as you think.” Seeing how exasperated Yuliana was, Cecilia cautiously glanced at Jonathan behind her.

It might seem like a hopeless situation for Yuliana. However, this matter was not worth mentioning to Jonathan.

The vicious entertainment industry in Gronga and the Wagner family were merely specks of dust in front of Jonathan.

Jonathan could make the Wagner family disappear from Gronga in the blink of an eye with a single order if he wanted to.

“Your name is Yuliana, right? Have you joined any agency in Gronga yet?” Cecilia probed.

Shaking her head, Yuliana said, “No, I haven’t. I’ve only been here in Gronga for a few days. I haven’t had time to join an agency yet.”

She had already negotiated with an agency and found an endorsement. Nevertheless, everything was done by her manager in her stead.

After Yuliana got off the plane, she fired the manager on the spot.

As a result, she lost both the endorsement and the agency. Left with no alternative, she ended up as a walk-in extra in a third-rate drama.

To Yuliana’s dismay, she got into trouble with Anson, the infamous son of the Wagner family, within two days of filming.

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Cecilia said flatly, "If not, join our entertainment company under Hansley Group. The Hansley family has also established an entertainment company. Even though it is not as influential as the Wagner family in the entertainment industry, at least after you join Hansley Group, even the Wagner family will not dare to trouble you again!"

"Hansley Group?"

The moment she heard those words, a hint of surprise flashed across Yuliana's eyes.

Hansley Group... Isn't that the Hansley family's business? The young woman with a mask in front of me is a member of the Hansley family, one of the four prominent families in Gronga?

"Oh, yes, this is my business card. You can contact me if you are interested!" Cecilia handed her card to Yuliana. However, the young woman who was there immediately felt jealous upon seeing that. Over the past few years, she had pleased Cecilia in private many times because she wanted to join Hansley Group.

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Although the influence of Hansley Group in the entertainment industry was not as great as that of the Wagner family, it was still tremendously powerful. With the influence of the Hansley family in Gronga, it would be very easy for them to make a female celebrity popular.

Despite that, Cecilia never responded to any of her attempts to butter the former up.

Cecilia never even promised her anything.

Never in a million years would she think that Cecilia would make an offer to Yuliana who she had only met once.

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That had made her instantly disgruntled.

However, what was more surprising to her was that Yuliana declined Cecilia's invitation.

"Forget it, Ms. Hansley. I appreciate your kindness. However, it's not worth it for the Hansley family to offend the Wagner family and make an enemy of them for my sake!" Yuliana politely rejected her as the Wagner family's influence in Gronga was too great.

She did not want to burden Cecilia.

When Cecilia heard Yuliana's words, she sneered with a trace of disdain in her eyes. "Enemy? Anson isn't worthy of becoming an enemy of the Hansley family!"

Not to mention, the legendary man with a godlike existence was standing behind her. Even without Jonathan behind her, she simply did not care about Anson.

Who does Anson think he is? He's just the second son of the Wagner family. But what about me? I, Cecilia Hansley, am the heiress of the Hansley family after my grandfather's death!

"Forget about it. Thank you very much for today, Ms. Hansley!" Yuliana declined Cecilia again. After saying that, she bowed down to Jonathan and said, "Mr. Goldstein, I'm sorry to trouble you again today! If there is a chance, I'll treat you to a meal and apologize to you in person after returning to the country!"

Jonathan rejected her with a calm voice, "You don't need to apologize. You've already apologized to me once on the plane."

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He then asked, "By the way, are you planning to quit the entertainment industry after you go back?"

Yuliana nodded and said, "Yes! I've been working in the entertainment industry for so many years and I'm tired. I have some savings, so I plan to go home and open a café there! It might be good to raise a cat or plant some plants, too!"

"That sounds good!"

Jonathan nodded casually.

After he finished speaking, a few dazzling lights suddenly appeared in the distance. Then, three to five black Mercedes-Benz were seen directly blocking the door of the café.

"Oh no!"

Yuliana's heart skipped a beat. She was suddenly panicked.

Among the group of black Mercedes-Benz, there was an Aston Martin with the number 666666 in black on a white license plate. The door of the Aston Martin opened, and a young man in a black jacket stepped out of the car.

The man didn't seem old, appearing to be in his twenties.

His face was pale and his temperament was feminine.

He looked like the young guys in movies and TV shows.

It was Anson.

Yuliana recognized the man, who was like a nightmare to her, at a glance. Anson walked toward Yuliana coldly with a hint of mockery in his eyes. "I heard someone had beaten up my man? Yuliana, did you find someone to do that?"

"That's right, I did!"

Yuliana gritted her teeth and admitted it.

Anson walked over and asked, "Do you know the fate of offending me in Gronga?" He then walked to the bald man and kicked his head fiercely. Instantly, blood trickled down the latter's face. Anson continued, "Although he is just my underling, I'm still the boss. It's a disgrace to have my underling beaten up by someone. Whoever beat him up just now, come out!"

As soon as he finished talking, Anson's eyes swept across the faces of Jonathan, the young woman, and Cecilia.

However, Cecilia was wearing a mask. Hence, Anson didn't recognize her.

It was until a limping little gangster stretched out his finger to point at Jonathan that Anson's eyes suddenly filled with murderous intent.

Anson then looked at Jonathan with cold eyes and asked, "You're the one who beat up my man?"

"I was too lenient with him. I didn't manage to kill him!" replied Jonathan.

Hearing that, Anson's expression instantly changed. His eyes were then fixed on Jonathan. He asked, "What did you say? I didn't hear you clearly. Repeat yourself!" At that, the doors of the Mercedes-Benz cars behind him opened one after another. In an instant, dozens of burly men walked out of the cars with steel pipes, iron rods, and triangular army thorns in their hands.

Seeing the scene in front of her, Yuliana said in a hurry, "What are you doing? Anson, this has nothing to do with them! If you want revenge, then come at me!"

Anson immediately sneered, "Come at you? Yuliana, I've sent people to invite you over so many times, but you've always rejected me. Do you think I'll listen to you for today's incident?"

"What do you want to do?" Yuliana bit her lip and was slightly terrified.

Anson smiled and said, "Don't you know what I want to do? He's just one of my men. You can beat him to death if you want to! As long as you come with me tonight, I can let bygones be bygones and act as if nothing had happened!"

"That's not going to happen. Change your terms!" Yuliana rejected him without hesitation.

"Then we have nothing else to say!" With a wave of his hand, the men rushed toward them in an instant.

In the blink of an eye, Anson's men surrounded them.

Yuliana took a few steps back, and the fear on her face deepened. She said, "Anson, can I pay you? How much do you want? As long as I can afford it, I will give as much as you want!"

At that moment, she was prepared to go bankrupt.

Hearing that, Anson sneered, "Pay me? Yuliana, do you think I'll be short of money? I'll say it again for the last time. As long as you come home with me tonight, any problem can be solved. However, if you don't agree..."

Despite not finishing his sentence, the meaning behind his words could not be more obvious.

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Chapter 396 She Does Not Agree

Anson's men were getting closer and closer. Yuliana was even more frightened that she quickly took a few steps back. She then accidentally bumped into a table and almost fell to the ground.

Just as she stood up, a frosty voice suddenly came from behind her. "There's no need to ask anymore. She does not agree!"

All of a sudden, everyone's eyes were on Jonathan.

He seemed young like he was only in his twenties. He looked like a fresh graduate, plus he was holding a glass of water in his hand. Everyone felt that the words that came out of his mouth were insignificant.

"Kid, what did you say? I didn't quite hear you," Anson sneered with his face full of contempt.

Who am I? I'm the second son of the Wagner family! Why should I care about a brat like him? That brat is just an outlander!

"I said, she does not agree!" Jonathan said in a low voice. Although it was not loud, it resounded throughout the crowd.

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The moment Anson heard Jonathan's words, his eyes suddenly turned cold. He looked at Yuliana.

He didn't even bother to look at Jonathan at all. A brat like him who came from another place is like an ant to me! I could kill him just by stepping on him lightly!

"Yuliana, are you sure you want to reject me?" Anson then raised his hand slightly and waved forward. In an instant, dozens of men surrounded them.

They were ready to make a move anytime.

"..."

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Yuliana's voice trembled a little. She was in extreme fear.

If I reject Anson, what would happen to Jonathan and the rest? It would probably be hard for them to get out of here, right?

"Don't be afraid. With Mr. Goldstein here, no one can touch you!" Cecilia said softly while she appeared behind Yuliana.

Hearing that, Yuliana was surprised.

She knew that Jonathan was very good at fighting, but they were in Gronga at the moment.

It was the territory of the Wagner family.

For a moment, Yuliana couldn't help but look at Jonathan, who stood behind her. She suddenly felt more confident when she saw Jonathan's indifferent expression.

"Yes, I'm sure!" Yuliana replied to Anson as she bit her lip.

"Get them!" Anson gave an order.

He had no time for their nonsense.

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At Anson's orders, dozens of men grabbed their steel pipes and were about to hit them. However, at that moment, Cecilia suddenly asked, "Anson, are you sure you want them to do this?"

"Cecilia?"

The moment he heard the voice, Anson immediately knew it was Cecilia. The four prominent families in Gronga had known each other from the beginning. Anson used to be the lackey of Wayde from the Larson family. He had followed Wayde and met Cecilia many times.

Therefore, Anson immediately knew it was her as soon as she spoke. "Looks like you still recognize my voice." Seeing Anson's surprised look, Cecilia calmly took off her mask. Everyone was shocked.

Nobody had expected Cecilia's face to have such a long scar under the mask.

"Cecilia, what happened to your face?" Anson couldn't help but ask.

Cecilia replied with an icy cold expression, "It's none of your business! Yuliana is under my protection. You can go home!"

"What do you mean?" Anson's face suddenly turned cold after he heard what she said.

"I said, Yuliana is under my protection. You can leave!" Cecilia said coldly.

Anson's face darkened in an instant. He asked, "What do you mean? On what basis are you doing that?"

"On the basis that she's a new artist that has just signed an agreement with Hansley Group. Are you satisfied with this reason?" Cecilia replied sternly.

"A new artist that has just signed an agreement with Hansley Group?" Upon hearing that, Anson's face suddenly turned black and a little scary. He continued, "Nonsense! I sent someone to follow her the whole day today. Since when she signed an agreement with a new company?"

"Just now! Why? Is there a problem with that?" Cecilia asked with a cold voice.

"Cecilia, are you deliberately going against me?" At that point, it was impossible for Anson not to know that Cecilia was going against him on purpose.

A new artist under Hansley Group? That's all just an excuse!

"Then you'll become an enemy of the Hansley family! I'm sure you know the consequences of being the Hansley family's enemy, right?"

"You have gone too far, Cecilia!" Anson's expression changed.

After all, he was the second son of the Wagner family. There was no way he could take such humiliation.

A hint of impatience flashed across Cecilia's eyes. She said, "So what? I'm definitely protecting Yuliana! If you dare to touch her tonight, the Hansley family will never let you off the hook!"

"Don't you dare threaten me, Cecilia! I don't believe that the Hansley family will declare war with the Wagner family for a mere entertainer!"

Anson's expression was hard to read. If he was afraid of Cecilia in front of so many people, he would be a disgrace in Gronga in the future.

"I'm taking Yuliana with me today. I'll kill anyone who dares to stop me!"

After saying that, Anson waved his hand and continued, "Go! If there's anyone who dares to stop you guys, beat them to death!"

"Yes, sir!"

The second Anson gave out his order, the men took action.

When Cecilia saw that scene, her expression changed instantly. She never imagined that Anson would have such audacity.

Even at the risk of becoming an enemy of the Hansley family, he still wanted to take Yuliana away.

Cecilia turned her head and looked at Jonathan with a trace of nervousness in her eyes.

"I..."

"Don't be nervous!"

Jonathan waved his hand lightly and continued, "If I, Jonathan Goldstein, want a person to stay, no one in this world can take her away!"

As soon as he finished talking, he stood up indifferently. At that moment, the steel pipes in the hands of dozens of men slammed down on his head in an instant.

"No!"

Yuliana exclaimed in shock.

On the other hand, Anson sneered as he lit up a cigarette. He sat on the hood of the Aston Martin and watched the bloody feast.

I can totally imagine him lying on the ground, beaten to a pulp as Yuliana kneels and pleads with me pathetically. Then, she'd serve me on the bed at night. How exciting would that be? I'm sure she's never given head with that little cherry-red mouth of hers.