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## The Legendary Man Chapter 66

### Chapter 66 You Are Not Willing

The moment Margaret finished, everyone was dumbstruck.

Jonathan wasn't the only one eyeing Margaret with suspicion. Even Josephine and Emmeline stared at their mother in surprise. Everyone was wondering what in the world was she up to.

Ever since four years ago, when Jonathan had to move in with them, Margaret had never been nice to him.

"Mom, what's wrong with you? Do you have a fever?" Emmeline couldn't help but reach out her hand to feel Margaret's forehead. However, Margaret slapped it aside and snapped, "Shut up!"

"Jonathan, how is it? Why don't you say a word?" Margaret pestered him when all she got was silence.

"Not bad," Jonathan replied flatly.

She must be up to something. There's no way she would suddenly be nice to me unless there's something in it for her.

"That's good to hear. If you like it, I'll cook it for you every day." The way Margaret smiled made her look like a cunning old fox. Even when she was grinning, there would be a wicked glint in her eyes.

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"Mom, whatever you have to say, just go on and say it." Jonathan was in no mood to play games with her.

"Oh Jonathan, do you think I'm nice to you just because I have an agenda?" Margaret rolled her eyes at him before replying with a smile, "Actually, there is something I would like to ask of you. When will you transfer the ownership of this mansion to Josephine? Now that both of you are lawfully wedded husband and wife, isn't it proper to have her name on the title deed?"

I knew it! Given Margaret's character, there's no way she would turn over a new leaf all of a sudden.

"Mom!" Josephine shot a glare at her.

However, Margaret pretended not to notice as she stared intently at Jonathan.

"I'll do it anytime!" Jonathan answered light-heartedly. He didn't mind the request as the mansion was already under Josephine's name. In fact, his name wasn't even on the title deed.

Margaret was shocked by how readily Jonathan agreed to it. After regaining her composure, she pressured him further. "Why don't we do it tomorrow?"

The faster Josephine's name was added, the earlier she could heave a sigh of relief.

"Sure, let's see when Josephine is free then." Jonathan turned toward Josephine and asked, "Darling, are you free tomorrow?"

"I'm busy!"

Josephine couldn't resist giving him the side-eye.

Is Jonathan being stupid? He obviously knows that this is a trap Mom has set for him. So why is he falling into it blindly?

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"You stupid girl!" Margaret almost burst a vessel. Just when she was about to continue, Josephine interrupted her, "I'm full. You guys go ahead."

With that, she turned around and went upstairs.

Halfway up the stairs, Josephine stopped abruptly and looked at Jonathan. "Jonathan, come up with me right now!"

"What's wrong?"

Jonathan quickly followed her up.

The moment they went into her room, Josephine lost her temper. "Jonathan, are you really being stupid or just pretending? Can't you see what my mom's agenda is?"

"Of course I can," Jonathan casually answered.

To him, Margaret's schemes were like those of a three-year-old.

"In that case, why are you going along with it?" Josephine couldn't resist glaring at him. "How are you going to add my name to the title deed? Don't forget. Your name isn't even on it because the mansion has only been loaned to you. Jonathan, have you told so many lies that you have started to believe them?"

"I'll just ask Zachary to transfer it to me." Jonathan was unfazed by the situation.

However, his reaction infuriated Josephine further. "Transfer? That's easy for you to say. Why would he transfer a mansion that's worth hundreds of millions to you just like that?"

"It will just be like a loan. When the time comes, I'll pay him back the market price for it." Jonathan suddenly had a headache. I have only been back in Jadeborough for a few days and already owe Zachary a few hundred million.

"Where are you going to find the money to pay him back? This is a few hundred million we're talking about, not just a few hundred." Josephine was outraged by Jonathan's attitude.

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“Josephine, listen to me—” Just when Jonathan wanted to explain, Josephine cut him off. “Save it. I won’t agree to have my name added to the title deed. Anyway, out you go now. I’m tired and want to rest.”

Just as she spoke, Josephine chased Jonathan out of her room.

Left without a choice, Jonathan returned to the living hall. The moment Margaret saw him, she asked anxiously, “So, did Josephine agree?”

“No.” Jonathan shook his head.

“That stupid girl is going to be the end of me!” Margaret had a grim look on her face. “Jonathan, if I can get my hands on Josephine’s ID, can we go and complete the procedure together?”

“No, we can’t!” Knowing what she was up to, Jonathan nipped her idea in the bud. “If Josephine doesn’t go, there’s no way I’m going with you.”

“You...” Margaret’s temper was on the brink of flaring, but she quickly suppressed it. “Jonathan, do you fancy Josephine?”

“Fancy?” Jonathan looked quizzically at her, not knowing what new scheme she had concocted.

“Since you fancy her, I’m sure you won’t mind transferring the ownership of the mansion to her, right?” Worried that she would scare Jonathan away, Margaret quickly explained, “I’m not trying to get Josephine to take your house away from you. I just feel that giving her ownership of the house is the best form of security you can provide her.”

Evidently, Margaret was as cunning as always. With just a few words, she had managed to box Jonathan in.

If Jonathan didn’t agree, it meant that he didn’t love Josephine enough. If he did, he would have to go along with her plan.

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"Fine. As long as Josephine agrees, I have no problems with it." Jonathan didn't care much about it. After all, it was just an insignificant mansion.

"You agree?"

Shocked, Margaret widened her eyes in disbelief.

She had expected Jonathan to hesitate briefly or reject her. Instead, he readily agreed.

"Mm-hmm!"

Jonathan glanced plainly at her and said, "The food is getting cold. Why don't you heat it up?"

"What did you say?"

Margaret didn't know how to react when Jonathan suddenly ordered her around.

"I told you to reheat the food." Jonathan glanced at her. "While you're at it, you should do all the dishes. Also, the floor is dirty, so please clean it too."

"Jonathan, you..."

Margaret was outraged. All this while, she had been the one giving instructions and had never been ordered around before, especially not by a good-for-nothing like Jonathan.

"What's wrong? Are you reluctant to do it?" A cold glint flashed in Jonathan's eye. "If you're unwilling. I'll have no choice but to get a housekeeper. By then, you might have to give up your room to her. After all, I can't afford to take care of so many people."a

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## The Legendary Man Chapter 67

Chapter 67 I Beg Of You

“Jonathan, you...”

Pointing her finger angrily at Jonathan, Margaret stared daggers at him. “How dare you talk to me that way?”

“When I was living in the Smith residence, didn’t you treat me the same way?” Jonathan stared coldly at Margaret. All this while, he had tolerated her attitude on Josephine’s account.

Unfortunately, she simply pressed her advantage and provoked him further.

Does she take me for a punching bag?

“Either you move out, or do as I say!” Just as he spoke, Jonathan lit up a cigarette and glared intently at Margaret.

When they were in the Smith residence, he would tolerate all her insults for Josephine’s sake.

But now that they had moved into No. 1 Villa, he wasn’t going to tolerate her nonsense.

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"Fine, Jonathan. Now that you're somebody, how dare you do this to me?" Margaret's expression drastically changed. "No matter how you're trying to get rid of me, I'm not leaving! I dare you to kick me out. If you do, I will take Josephine along with me!"

Given that Jonathan had pressured her that way, she attempted to turn the tables by using Josephine to threaten him.

"That will depend on whether she wants to leave with you." Jonathan sneered, "If you leave with her, she won't be able to get her name added to the title deed."

"You..."

Jonathan had struck Margaret where it hurt the most.

After all, her true objective was to have her daughter become the official owner of the mansion.

Just as expected, Margaret's expression drastically changed. Gritting her teeth, she retorted, "Bavo, Jonathan! It looks like I have underestimated you. Doing the dishes and cleaning the floor is no big deal. Fine, I'll do it!"

How dare a cowardly sc\*mbag like you threaten me? When the property ownership is transferred to Josephine, I will be the first to kick you out!

"Don't forget to clean the toilet bowl!"

Stubbing out his cigarette, Jonathan looked in Emmeline's direction. "Is the birthday party about to start?"

"Yes, it's starting very soon!" Emmeline checked her watch. "There's still half an hour to go."

"Come, I'll send you."

Jonathan got to his feet in a nonchalant manner.

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The moment she heard Jonathan offer to send her, Emmeline followed him out without another word, as if her raging mom behind her was invisible.

“Stupid girl!”

Watching Emmeline follow behind Jonathan like a loyal puppy, Margaret yelled at the top of her lungs, “Come back here!”

However, Emmeline ignored her cries and pretended not to hear.

Clack!

The moment the key was pressed, the car’s light illuminated the entire mansion.

“Get in!”

When Jonathan pushed the start button, the engine ignited with a rumbling growl.

The Lamborghini had instantly roared to life.

“Jonathan, did you really buy this car?” After getting in, Emmeline couldn’t stop admiring every corner of the car.

Previously, she had only seen the car in movies or when her rich friends drove it. Hence, she never had the opportunity even to touch one before.

Sitting inside the Lamborghini, everything felt surreal to her.

“Does it really matter if I bought it?” Jonathan gave her a casual glance. “All that counts is that the key is in my hands.”

“Jonathan, I can’t believe how much you have changed after not seeing you for a few years. Not only can you afford a mansion, you even bought a sports car. Back then, why weren’t you so capable?” Emmeline sighed as she made herself comfortable in the Lamborghini’s seat.

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No one was going to look down upon her anymore when she arrived at the birthday party in a Lamborghini.

"Back then..." Jonathan smirked. The thought of how he was treated like trash at the Smith residence caused him to floor the accelerator instantly.

With a thunderous roar, the red Lamborghini sped ahead, leaving a storm of dust behind it.

"Jonathan, when you see my classmates later, you have to tell them that you bought the car instead of having borrowed it," Emmeline reminded Jonathan along the journey there.

After all, she would be disgraced if word got out that the car was borrowed.

"I'm just sending you there. I don't intend to accompany you to the birthday party," Jonathan rejected her suggestion. If she weren't Josephine's sister, he wouldn't have even bothered.

After all, she did ridicule him all the time back at the Smith residence.

"That won't do!" Emmeline grew desperate. "If you leave, who is going to pick me up later?"

"Take a taxi!" Jonathan snapped. "Didn't your sister give you some money?"

"No, you have to go with me!" Emmeline didn't leave Jonathan any room for discussion. Considering how hard it was to have an opportunity to show off to her friends, there was no way she wasn't going to milk it for what it was worth.

"I'm not interested!"

Jonathan was firm in his refusal. After all, a kids' gathering was meaningless to him.

"Jonathan, if you dare to leave, I will tell Josephine about it!" Left without a choice, Emmeline threatened Jonathan.

However, there was no way Jonathan was going to fall for it.

"Whatever!"

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Jonathan added, "Don't forget that your sister objects to me sending you here."

"You..."

Emmeline was stumped by Jonathan's rebuttal.

"Jonathan, please, I beg of you." Having no other option, Emmeline acquiesced and resorted to pleading reluctantly.

Three years ago, Jonathan had worked tirelessly in the Smith residence to serve her family.

But three years later, the tables were turned with her begging Jonathan.

"What did you call me?" Jonathan shot her a glare.

"Jonathan..." Emmeline didn't catch Jonathan's hint.

"I'll give you one more chance. Think properly about how you are supposed to address me." The moment Jonathan gave Emmeline the side-eye, the answer dawned upon her. She cried out immediately, "My dearest brother-in-law, Jonathan!"

"You have to show some respect when speaking to me moving forward. Do you understand?" Jonathan stared intently at her.

"I understand."

Emmeline hung her head low as she bit her lip.

Half an hour later, the red Lamborghini stopped in front of an opulent mansion.

Parked in front of it was an array of luxury sports cars. There was a Porsche, Bentley, Ferrari, and even a Maserati.

The moment the Lamborghini screeched to a halt, it attracted everyone's attention.

When Emmeline opened the door and stepped out, everyone gasped in shock.

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"It's her?"

"Am I seeing things? Is it really Emmeline?"

"Doesn't she usually ride an electric scooter? Since when she got to travel in a sports car?"

## The Legendary Man Chapter 68

Chapter 68 You Again

"When has Emmeline purchased a sports car?"

"Are you sure she has enough to afford one? Maybe he was one of the men trying to hit on her at the bar!"

"Huh? Are you indicating it's real when others mentioned she works as an escort in the bar?"

As soon as Emmeline alighted from the car, her peers started whispering the rumors they heard about her.

Emmeline had to bear the consequences of her action for not carrying herself in an elegant manner in front of others.

She dismissed them and told herself they were merely jealous of her look as well as the fact she had just made her way out of a sports car.

"Isn't this Ms. Smith? Have you gotten yourself another boyfriend? Where was the one a few days ago?"

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Emmeline didn't even have to turn around to figure out the identity of the woman behind her. She was certain it was none other than Sharon. After all, Sharon was the only one who would spread all sorts of rumors about her.

"Is that any of your business?" Emmeline wasn't in the mood to engage in a conversation with Sharon at all.

"Of course! What if you're infected with some sort of disease after getting yourself one after another significant half in such a short time? As one of your best friends, it's my duty to make sure you're aware of the consequences of your actions!"

Sharon's expression implied otherwise when she made it sound as if she genuinely cared about Emmeline. Truth be told, she had always thought Emmeline was a good-for-nothing.

Apart from looking pretty, nothing else about Emmeline stands out. All she does is hit on different men from time to time. How is that any different from an escort in the club?

"Why don't you do yourself a favor and keep an eye on Jory instead? Who knows if you're going to get infected ahead of me! He seemed to be having quite a lot of fun with another woman in the club a few days ago! If you're free, it's time for you to drop by the hospital for a series of checkups to make sure you're doing fine!"

"Y-You must be making something up to drive us apart!" Sharon turned around to confront Jory. "Tell me she's lying!"

The face of the man next to Sharon turned pale and haggard when he heard Emmeline. Consequently, Jory stammered, "I-It's nothing more than a lie!"

"Shall I show you the video I have with me? Someone sent me the footage of him having a lot of fun with her!" When he heard Emmeline's suggestion, he brought Sharon away with him while explaining, "Darling, she's just making things up!"

Emmeline then said to Jonathan, "Sharon enjoys spreading all sorts of rumors about me because the man next to her used to have a thing for me. It doesn't really matter. Let's go."

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Jonathan had no intention to poke his nose into their business and remained silent throughout the confrontation.

A few minutes later, they made it to Supreme VIP Room with lavish decorations that could easily accommodate more than twenty people.

Apart from the chandelier in the middle of the room, there were a few diamond-etched mics, marble top tables, and roses everywhere.

Upon another glimpse, she noticed the roses were arranged to spell a person's name—Nana.

“Nana’s the one throwing the birthday bash tonight. If I’m not wrong, it seems to have cost her more than tens of thousands to celebrate this occasion.”

Jonathan couldn’t care less and nodded in return. Apart from Emmeline, he wasn’t acquainted with the rest in the room. Hence, he found himself an isolated seat in the spacious room.

He wasn’t in the mood to establish any sort of relationship with the youngsters and deemed it a waste of his time.

“Emmeline, you’re finally here!” Shortly after Jonathan took a seat, a woman in a white princess gown approached them.

She had been blessed with decent facial features. Unfortunately, she went overboard with ostentatious makeup.

“Happy birthday, Nana!”

Once Nana retrieved the gift Emmeline brought her, she took a peek at Jonathan and asked in a hushed voice, “Is this your new boyfriend?”

“No!” Emmeline shook her head with her face scrunched up in disgust, indicating she would never get herself such a useless man.

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He can't do anything else apart from keeping the house clean! If it weren't because of the Smith family, he would've long starved to his death!

"Oh? If that's the case, is he trying to get you into a relationship with him?" Nana chuckled. She was also aware Emmeline was quite popular among men.

"W-Well, you're not far off the mark," Emmeline simply responded to wrap up the topic, or else she would have to wreck her brains coming up with something else to mask Jonathan's identity.

"What do you mean?" When Nana was about to say something, a man closed in from afar and wrapped his arms around her with his eyes trained on Emmeline.

"Nana, is this your classmate?"

"Allow me to introduce my best friend to you! She's Emmeline Smith! Emmeline, this is my boyfriend! He's Charles!" Nana blushed while introducing her friend to her boyfriend.

"Hi, Emmeline! Nana has always talked about you! With that being said, I'm quite surprised because you're way more gorgeous than she has told me!" Charles initiated a handshake after his orated speech.

Emmeline returned the favor without a second thought. To her dismay, she felt the man tickling her palm while shaking it.

She instantly retracted her hand, whereas he continued flirting with her while his girlfriend was in his arms.

Grinning, he asked, "Nana told me you that you're still single, aren't you? Shall I introduce a few of my friends to you?"

"I have a boyfriend!" Emmeline was feeling disgusted by Charles' presence. He happened to be the type of disloyal b\*stards she hated the most. To be precise, she thought Charles was worse than Jonathan.

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"Where's your boyfriend? Why don't you introduce him to us?" Charles asked unhappily. He didn't bother to conceal his disappointment either.

"Jonathan, what do you think you're doing? Hurry up and come over here!" Emmeline raised her volume and glared at Jonathan as if he was obliged to listen to her.

Charles craned over with his eyes widened the moment he caught a glimpse of Jonathan. "It's you?"

## The Legendary Man Chapter 69

Chapter 69 Chaos

Immediately, the two men recalled the time they encountered one another at the car dealership.

Isn't this the man the sales assistant mistook as me the other day? Jonathan pondered.

"Do you guys know each other?" Emmeline was slightly shocked by the duo's response as Jonathan seemed to be aware of Charles' identity when it was her first time meeting Charles in person.

Charles sneered, "Of course! Has he not told you the time we ran into one another at the Lamborghini car dealership?"

Unaware Charles was up to something malicious in mind, the attendees of the birthday bash gasped at his words and thought Jonathan was someone from an equally well-off family.

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A few girls even thought of striking up a conversation with the mysterious man.

“Charles, was he the one who showed up with an electric scooter?” Nana turned around and asked when she recalled the story Charles shared with her a few days ago.

“You remember that, huh? Yes, he’s the one who showed up with an electric scooter and ended up being chased out of the store by the manager. Emmeline, are you sure this is your boyfriend?”

Charles carried on with the conversation at the top of his lungs to make sure others in the room could hear him.

As a result, the enthusiastic women who thought of striking up a conversation with Jonathan changed their minds. They started despising him and were disgusted at the thought of his presence.

Has he no shame at all? How dare he show up with an electric scooter at such a premium car dealership?

“Charles, are you sure you haven’t gotten the wrong person?” Nana had no intention to embarrass Emmeline. She signaled Charles to play along with her to do her friend a favor.

However, Charles was against the idea of showing Jonathan any mercy. He sneered and assured, “There’s no way I could mistake someone like him; I’ve never seen such a shameless man throughout my life!”

In an attempt to make a fool out of Jonathan, Charles suggested, “Why don’t you ask him if I’m telling the truth or not?”

Ha! There’s no way I’m showing him any mercy when I’ve finally found the chance to make fun of him! As long as I make a fool out of him, it’s only a matter of time until I get my hands on Emmeline!

“Jonathan, is he telling the truth?” Emmeline confronted Jonathan with a gloomy expression because she had never felt so embarrassed before.

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"Yes," Jonathan answered nonchalantly.

What's the big deal? Am I supposed to show up in a set of formal wear? When was that a rule? Why couldn't I show up with an electric scooter when I was merely there to get Josephine a car?

The guests whispered among themselves when they heard Jonathan's response. They couldn't believe he had the guts to admit it.

It was the same for Charles—he thought Jonathan would make something up to stop others from making fun of him.

Had that been the case, he would bring up something else to humiliate Jonathan, shaming him to the point of no return.

To everyone's surprise, Jonathan didn't even bother to defend himself after admitting he was the one Charles was talking about. He's such a wimp! Can he at least put on a fight and try defending himself?

Charles sneered, "Did you hear him, Emmeline? Are you sure he deserves to be your boyfriend? You know what? Do yourself a favor and break up with him as soon as possible!"

"Jonathan, I want you to get out of my sight at once!" Emmeline thought of fleeing the scene to save herself the trouble of being embarrassed.

W-Why did he admit it? Can't he make something up to keep them in the dark? He's embarrassing me again!

Jonathan glanced at Emmeline and remarked, "Allow me to clarify prior to my departure. Since when was it a rule to dress up just to purchase a Lamborghini? Indeed, I made my way to the car dealership with an electric scooter, but is that an issue? I have the right to travel there with a bike if I feel like it."

Staring at Charles in the eyes, Jonathan added, "At the very least, the manager of the store didn't mistake me as someone else and chased me out of the store when he figured out the truth, unlike someone here!"

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Jonathan was aware Charles was at the birthday venue ever since he stepped into the room. He thought it was too much of a hassle to make a fuss out of something trivial and made up his mind to dismiss him.

At the end of the day, Charles was just another trivial figure unworthy of his time. On the other hand, Charles kept picking on Jonathan to fulfill his sense of pride.

“W-What are you talking about? Who was chased out? Is this an attempt to exaggerate things to divert others’ attention?” Charles ended up stuttering when he heard Jonathan. He was afraid Jonathan would expose the truth.

Was he there as well when the car dealership manager chased me out of the store? Wasn’t he thrown out of the showroom before me?

“What do you think?” Jonathan queried in response to Charles’ questions.

“I-I’m sure you’re exaggerating things to divert everyone else’s attention!” Charles couldn’t even carry on with the conversation without stammering.

Jonathan suggested with a sneer, “If that’s the case, shall we get the staff of the car dealership to verify it? We’ll get one of them to join us and see if I’m exaggerating things!”

“Y-You—”

Charles couldn’t remain calm anymore when he heard Jonathan’s suggestion to get the staff of the car dealership to join them.

It was then Nana chimed in, “All right, can all of you do me a favor and give me a break instead of making a fuss out of something trivial? Join me for a toast!”

Nana initiated the toast with the guests immediately after she finished her sentence. In spite of the grudge he held against Jonathan, Charles joined Nana to stop Jonathan from embarrassing him.

Meanwhile, Jonathan had never taken Charles seriously and thought it was a pain in the ass to quarrel with him.

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However, that wasn't the case for Charles, as he was determined to get his revenge. Once he finished his glass of wine, he looked at Jonathan and asked, "I'm sure you've never drunk something as exclusive as such, huh? You can't even get this unless you import it!"

"If it's not one of the worst, this must be the worst glass of wine I've ever drunk."

"One of the worst? Are you kidding me? If something that costs a few thousand can't even please you, care to share the type of wine you enjoy drinking the most with us? Maybe just tell us the brand of the wine!"

When everyone heard Charles, they couldn't help but wonder if it was another bluff from the seemingly pretentious man.

"I usually don't waste my time with something that's less than a century old."

## The Legendary Man Chapter 70

### Chapter 70 Something Is Wrong

During the years he ventured the nation as the almighty Asura, he had encountered countless bottles of fine wine that would cost hundreds of millions. A bottle of wine worthy of a few thousand was child's play as compared to those.

"Come again? Did you guys hear him? He says he doesn't really appreciate something less than a century old!"

Charles burst into laughter instantly. He looked at Jonathan as if the man in front of him was nothing more than a fool.

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Hello? A wine that's a decade old is going to cost more than hundreds of thousands! If it's something that's a century old, it's going to cost a few million! He needs to stop coming up with something as absurd as such!

"Has he lost his mind? I'm almost certain he has never seen a bottle of wine that's at least a century old!"

"Are you taking him seriously when he's nothing more than a fool?"

"I have a bottle of water that's almost a century old! Maybe I'll share it with him!"

Nana's peers started making fun of Jonathan once they heard his seemingly arrogant remarks.

Charles, who was determined to get his revenge, asked in a provocative manner, "I've never tasted something as exquisite as such! What does it taste like?"

Jonathan wasn't offended at all. He glanced at Charles and answered, "I can easily get myself the things you deem a luxury and can only afford to indulge in every once in a while."

Once again, the guests burst into laughter when they heard his words. Charles questioned, "You're not living in an imaginary world, are you? Who the hell do you think you are? The almighty Asura or Zachary, the King of War?"

The men next to Charles started pulling Emmeline's leg. "Where did you find this fool? He can't even engage himself in a proper conversation with others!"

"Shall we do you a favor and teach him the proper way to carry himself in such a social setting?"

"That's enough!" When Charles' friends were about to resort to violence, Nana, the host of the birthday bash, couldn't take it anymore. She yelled, "Are you trying to ruin my day?"

Charles showed Jonathan his middle finger and beckoned his friends to leave the seemingly defenseless man alone.

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In fact, Nana was of a similar idea as the rest and thought Jonathan merely was a pretentious man incapable of much.

Initially, she thought of doing Emmeline a favor, but she couldn't take it anymore. She found Jonathan a despicable man whenever she recalled the incident Charles shared with her.

He's the type of man I hate the most! Incapable men like him need to know their place and stop bluffing when there's nothing remarkable about them!

Instead of picking on Jonathan, everyone else started engaging in different activities during the joyous occasion.

Apart from those who were drinking and singing, some of them were up to some raunchy fun in a dark corner.

No one, including Emmeline, had any intention to keep Jonathan company. It seemed as if he was the plague that everyone wanted to avoid.

As tragic as it might seem, Jonathan was glad he finally had the chance to spend some alone time. He found the guests a nuisance ever since he joined them in the room.

After a few drinking rounds, most of the guests weren't even conscious anymore. They let loose of themselves and started engaging in raunchy activities in the room.

It was the same for Sharon and Jory. When they were about to sneak their way out of the room, the barely conscious Charles asked, "Where are you guys going?"

Jory turned around and announced with a wink, "To make some babies!"

Charles winked in return and warned the man with a lecherous look, "You better not regret your decisions!"

He started running his hands across Nana's waist shortly after returning to their seats next to Emmeline.

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Shortly after, Nana couldn't pull herself together anymore. She started moaning with her body twitching against her will.

Unable to stand her friend gasping and gritting her teeth to stop herself from moaning, Emmeline said, "Nana, I think it's time for me to leave."

Nana stopped Emmeline from leaving once the latter stood up from her seat. "N-No! W-We're not even done celebrating... A-Ah..."

She couldn't even finish her sentence and ended up moaning in front of her friend. Subsequently, things got increasingly awkward in the room.

Shortly after Nana finished her sentence, Sharon's boyfriend barged into the room with a bruised face.

On top of the slap mark on his cheek, blood continued gushing out of his nose.

He switched on all the lights and took the ones engaging themselves in a raunchy session by surprise.

As a result, they felt their limbs turning stiff. Charles was one of the first few to return to his senses.

He glared at the man at the entrance once he inched away from Nana. His face puckered in irritation when he saw his friend being beaten to a pulp. "Jory, what's wrong?"

"Someone punched me in the face!"

Jory wiped the blood off his face and shouted with his fists clenched, "I can't take it anymore! Come with me! It's time to teach that b\*stard a lesson!"

As soon as his words fell, the drunkards were ready to rush out of the room with Jory. "What the hell? Who's this arrogant man you're talking about? We'll help you!"

Charles stopped his friends with a frown. "Hold on! Where are you guys going when none of you are aware of the person Jory's talking about?"

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Among the drunkards, Charles was the only level-headed one. He asked, "Jory, who's the one who hit you?"

"It's a fatty! When I was about to have some fun with Sharon, he showed up and reprimanded me! He returned with a bunch of men after I launched a powerful kick to teach him a lesson! Mr. Goldberg, you need to avenge me! No one has ever beaten me like that!"

Charles had his doubts when he heard Jory. He asked, "Do you know anything about the man?"

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