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On the other side of the phone, Yvonne sounded helpless.

“We just got into the lobby, but somehow Mr. York was forced out by a waiter. I’m looking for him right now...”

Yvonne saw Harvey York sent out of the building without knowing the reason why.

“Huh?” Dawson Robbins stammered in disbelief. “How do these people even do their jobs? How about this? I’ll come out to escort the both of you. Please wait a moment.”

Dawson hung up and swiftly arrived at the main hall.

Jake Surrey saw Dawson scurrying in his direction. He patted his clothes and signalled Mandy Zimmer with his eyes. Ambition written all over his face, he hurried over to greet Dawson Robbins.

“Mr. Robbins, I am...”

Dawson hurried past him without even batting an eye in his direction.

The hand Jake had reached out froze in mid air, leaving him quite embarrassed.

Cecilia Zachary behind him intervened quickly. “That was Mr. Robbins just now, right? Judging from how he looked, he must be going to escort a highly important guest...”

“Right, right, right.” Jake said hastily. “Mr. Robbins always does things impulsively. It would be inappropriate of us to bother him while he’s occupied right now. I’ll just take you to see him later.”

The waiter stood at the entrance of the Mountain Top Villa, scolding the two security guards there.

“Can you two use your brains? Even if someone had already checked for an invitation at the carpark, you

still have to check again at the entrance.

Understand?”

“That man just now looked like a beggar, and you didn’t even bother checking him. You even allowed him in! Aren’t you afraid he might interrupt the auction? Can you take responsibility if anything were to happen...?”

The guards could only nod. They had no other choice. Not just any ordinary person can be appointed to serve at the Mountain Top Villa.

At this moment, Dawson Robbins walked hastily to the entrance. He shot a quick glance outside, but not a soul was to be found. He instinctively turned to the two guards and said, “I’d like to ask if you happen to see a man and a woman. The woman is a beautiful lady in business attire and has a ponytail. The man wears extremely plain clothing, full of stall bought goods.”

Hearing this, the guards glanced at each other. They did not recognize the woman, but the poor man

that they forced out seemed to match Dawson's description.

The waiter's body shook. He asked, "Mr. Robbins, there was a man that snuck in here that fits your description perfectly... He didn't steal something from you, did he?"

"Quick! Get that man back here. I don't care how you do it, just get him back here and send him straight to my VIP lounge."

Dawson wanted to bring his guest through the entrance, but then he remembered that Mr. York was a discreet man. Thus, he held himself back.

The waiter who kicked out Harvey York was dumbfounded. He wondered if he had misheard.

"Mr. Robbins, are you talking about the kept man? The live-in son-in-law?"

"Nonsense!" Dawson's eyes sparked with rage. "That man is a highly important guest I've been trying to invite over. Again, I don't care how you do

it. Just get the man back here, or I'll demand an explanation from you!"

Sweat started to drip down the waiter's face. He couldn't tell what was so special about that poor man, but he still hurried out with the two guards.

"Hey, I think I got it. That kept man might be nothing, but his investor's status says otherwise. Wasn't there an attractive woman that went out just now? I think she was actually looking for him. Look at her. Her looks, her posture... There's no way she's from an ordinary family."

One of the guards shuddered, his expression one of epiphany.

The other guard was full of envy. "Man, I didn't know that rich women could even look this gorgeous..."

"Alright, stop admiring. I tried doing stuff like that. It's way more tiring than being a security guard!" The guard sighed.

A few minutes later, they stumbled upon Harvey

York and Yvonne Xavier on the way to the carpark.

“Sir, miss... Mr. Robbins asked me to escort the both of you to the VIP lounge.”

The confused waiter was sweating excessively as he approached Harvey York. When he saw Yvonne Xavier, furious envy gnawed at him.

‘How did this guy get so lucky to find such a rich young woman?’

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At this moment, the waiter's body quivered.

'There's no way that this woman is actually Mr. Robbins', right? If so, this kept man...'

The thoughts he had were written all over his face. He almost couldn't hold them in.

Harvey wasn't in a hurry, anyway.

'Jake Surrey used his connections with the higher-ups of York Enterprise to get close to Mandy. The problem is, they won't do him any good either way.'

The moment the waiter arrived, Harvey said to him, "Didn't you say I can't attend the auction without an invitation? Why are you here, asking me back? What kind of joke am I to you?"

The waiter was screaming on the inside.

'You wretched kept man! No, you disloyal cheater!

How dare you still try to show off? If it weren't for Mr. Robbins, you wouldn't even have the qualifications to sweep the bathroom floors of the Mountain Top Villa!

Alas, he dared not reveal these emotions. Instead, he said respectfully, "I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't know you were an important guest of Mr. Robbins'. Please forgive us for being so unperceptive."

As he spoke, the waiter bent his hands down in anguish.

The two guards too stood still with their hands down. They could do nothing against it. Who knew that these two were Mr. Robbins' important guests? If they didn't escort them back, they might even lose their livelihoods.

At the entrance of the VIP lounge inside the Mountain Top Auction.

Dawson Robbins stood with a smile when he saw Harvey York and Yvonne Xavier walking towards him.

“You’re here.”

Other company CEOs standing not far away saw this and were astonished. How did this shabby looking young man be regarded so highly by the president of Niumhi Commercial Bank, Dawson Robbins?

Dawson cared not about the looks from others, nor did he have any intention to introduce Mr. York to them. He said quietly, “I understand you are a discreet man, Mr. York, hence I did not greet you from the main entrance. The waiters from before did not know about your identity. Please forgive their rudeness.”

Harvey York laughed. “Can’t blame them. I’m too poor to even buy new clothing.”

“Hahaha. You always like to joke around, Mr. York.” Dawson said, chuckling. “Well then, please come in. My lounge has a nice spot where outsiders can’t see. That way, nobody will be able to bother us.”

“Let Yvonne in the lounge. If there’s something

that I would like, she can just take pictures of them for me. As for me, I'd like to go downstairs and have a look." Harvey said after a thought.

Yvonne nodded curtly. She understood that Harvey York had his own arrangements, so she walked into the VIP lounge without further questions.

Harvey York, on the other hand, had to check in on Mandy Zimmer. He didn't want anybody to deceive this pure young lady.

Dawson laughed.

"Not a problem, as long as Mr. York is okay with it. If it's fine with you, please have a rest in my lounge before the auction starts."

"Of course." Harvey smiled.

While the two talked, a shriek of rage echoed from the back of the hall.

A beautiful woman as cold as ice had entered the hall, her presence alone instantly grabbing the

attention of everyone inside.

Harvey York looked at the woman. She seemed familiar, but he could not recognize her.

Dawson Robbins inhaled sharply. “Why is she here?”

Harvey followed Dawson’s line of sight. “Do you know her, Mr. Robbins?”

“Of course I do,” Dawson said quietly. “Her status is anything but ordinary. She is the elder daughter of the Naiswells from the provincial capital.”

“The Naiswells?”

Harvey frowned slightly. Then, he suddenly remembered.

“You mean the Naiswells that are currently into antique business?”

“That’s right. She is the Lady of the Naiswells, Rosalie Naiswell.”

Dawson sighed heavily.

“On the surface, it seems like they run a regular antique business, but the truth is much deeper than this. For the Naiswells, cash and fixed assets are but a small portion of their property. Their rare and unique antiques are their family’s true assets.”

“And Miss Naiswell... she is a client that holds an Amex Black Card.”

Harvey York understood immediately. Anybody with an Amex Black Card would need to have at least billions of dollars worth of assets. This was not a feat anybody could achieve.

Who would have thought that this woman that was as cold as an arctic wind could be this rich?

“Miss Naiswell.”

Dawson walked up to her while smiling.

“Ah, Mr. Robbins. It’s been a while.”

Rosalie Naiswell was a cold woman, but even she understood Dawson Robbins wasn’t a simple man.

She gave out a rare smile.

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Her cold and elegant demeanour painted an exceptionally glamorous image, but her smile roused many hearts into excitement.

When she looked around Dawson Robbins, she caught sight of Harvey York and grew puzzled.

‘What kind of reputation does Dawson Robbins have? Why is there a shabby looking man near him?’

Rosalie knew her way around the world. She held herself from questioning about the man.

Around this point of time, Jake Surrey and Mandy Zimmer had already entered the hall. Wyatt Johnson on the other hand, did not. He was mesmerized by Rosalie’s stunning appearance. He walked over, and let out a cold laugh.

“Oh? If it isn’t the live-in son-in-law from the Zimmer household?” Wyatt said suavely, inching closer. “Weren’t you kicked out before? How did

you manage to sneak back in?”

“Mr. Robbins, young miss... This man is the live-in son-in-law of the Zimmer household infamous throughout Niumhi. I’m not sure how he got in such a classy place like this, but I would suggest you don’t interact with him for your sake.” 1

Dawson froze. He did not expect Harvey York to be the infamous live-in son-in-law. Yet after seeing Harvey unshaken by the remark, he also remained composed. He did what a sly old fox does best, which was observing people’s every move. Since Harvey York had no intention of exposing his identity, there was no reason for Dawson to do so either. 1

Rosalie’s face darkened after hearing what Wyatt had said. Her gaze on Harvey grew ever more suspicious.

‘This man may be shabby, but he seemed like he’d be a talented individual. I can’t believe he’s actually someone else’s live-in son-in-law! Looking at men

like him will stain my eyes.'

Noticing that his remark had roused her disgust towards Harvey York, Wyatt Johnson became full of glee.

"How should I address you, miss? You don't look like you're from Niumhi."

"No matter, we from Niumhi are best known for our hospitality. If you don't mind, please let me have the honor of accompanying you on behalf of all of Niumhi!" Wyatt said, his face incomparably smug.

He was truly the king of kept men, being able to converse with Rosalie even under these circumstances.

Wyatt flashed Harvey a cold stare.

"You had better stay away from the miss, you worthless sack of trash! Everyone knows that you're not only a live-in son-in-law, you're also fond of being kept. I'm warning you, I'm the lady's

company for tonight. You have no chance!”

Rosalie’s impression of Harvey York worsened significantly after she caught wind of the rumors.

‘No wonder he’s sticking to Mr. Robbins like glue. Obviously, he’s going to take this chance to rub elbows with Mr. Robbins for money.’

Harvey smiled, uncaring of the scathing remarks directed at him. Wyatt was nothing but a clown, anyway. Were he to cross a line, Harvey wouldn’t hesitate to effortlessly end his life.

Even Dawson Robbins was smiling on the side. Wyatt Johnson was truly toying with death. Dawson knew well of the third-rate family that was the Johnsons. Should people like Harvey York will it, he could easily force their family into bankruptcy with a simple flick of a finger.

The auction was about to begin, and people were flooding in. The sight of a gorgeous woman such as Rosalie naturally attracted a lot of attention. Very quickly, they came to understand what had taken

place.

“So you’re the live-in son-in-law from the Zimmer household!”

“The live-in son-in-law wants to talk with Miss Naiswell from the provincial capital? What a joke!”

“As expected of the graceful Master Johnson to act on the behalf of everyone from Niumhi. It’d be a huge embarrassment for all of Niumhi if the live-in son-in-law were to strike up a relationship with Miss Naiswell!”

Everyone around Wyatt was supporting him. His ego shot through the roof, and he flashed Harvey a pompous glare.

“How amusing. Does a live-in son-in-law like you have you no shame? You dare to crawl your way in here? I have no idea how you managed to get your hands on an invitation, but look at yourself! Do you even have any money for the auction? What kind of idiot would send you an invitation, anyway? You didn’t steal one from the Zimmer family, did you?”

Harvey York smiled.

“Mr. Johnson, it’s perfectly fine if you berate me. Yet, to ridicule the person that sent me the invitation... Aren’t you afraid if he finds out and demands your head on a pike?”

“Hahaha!” Wyatt Johnson guffawed. “Harvey York, I only gave you a small compliment and you already took an extra step to boost your own ego! Did you really think that anyone would actually send an invitation to someone like you? Have you lost your mind?”

“Word of advice, it’s better if you leave earlier. If anyone from the Zimmer family found out you stole their invitation, you might not even have the right to be a live-in son-in-law anymore!”

“Fair point. Thank you for the kind words, Mr. Johnson.”

“Scram right now! Why is a live-in son-in-law here in a place with class? How disgusting!”

“If you put it that way...” Harvey York chuckled. “I suppose I should be thanking you right now, Mr. Johnson?” 1

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Wyatt Johnson chuckled coldly.

“No need to thank me. Even if you leave now, I would have to inform the Zimmers about the thief from their household coming here to taint my eyes. It won't do if I don't demand an explanation from them.”

“Of course, I can give you a chance. Grovel and beg for forgiveness, and I'll let it slide. What do you say?”

Harvey York smiled wordlessly, not deigning Wyatt any reply.

Dawson Robbins couldn't hold himself back and burst out, “Mr. Johnson, are you out of your mind?”

Dawson had always wanted to be acquainted with Harvey for some time, but there had been no opportunities. Inviting him to the Mountain Top Auction was simply an act of apology.

He knew that Harvey York was a discreet person, hence why he was just standing from the sidelines during all this. But when he saw that he was being insulted, he couldn't withstand it a second longer.

“Mr. Robbins, do you really think that the existence of this live-in son-in-law won't be a thorn in my eyes?”

Wyatt Johnson carried a face full of certainty. Of course he knew who Dawson Robbins was, but his mistress was a big shot from the provincial capital. From his perspective, a low class Commercial Bank president like Dawson meant nothing. The fact Dawson seemed to be defending Harvey York angered Wyatt further.

To Wyatt, the reason he became a kept man was due to Harvey York. He wouldn't rest until he found a way to end Harvey's life.

Today was his lucky day. He was able to ruin Harvey's life, as well as get acquainted with Rosalie Naiswell of the provincial capital. He might even be

able to break free from that old woman who drove him into swallowing pills every night, and perhaps be kept by this gorgeous young woman instead. This firmly in mind, Wyatt intensified his efforts to please Rosalie.

Without a second thought, Wyatt braved a step forward and glared coldly at Dawson.

“Mr. Robbins. Others may be intimidated by a company president like you, but I’m not. To put it harshly, you’re just a lowkey shopkeeper. What right do you have to play tyrant if it’s rich people like us who are the ones putting money in your bank? You dare lay a finger on me? I’m a VIP of your bank! You touch me, and I’ll transfer all the money from the Johnsons out of your bank tomorrow. Let’s see how you like that!”

Dawson Robbins was furious. A man of his stature was unwavering by anything, but in the face of a bratty young master from a third rate family threatening him, his composure vanished. Instinctively, he raised his palm and swung it hard

across Wyatt's face.

Bang!

The clap of Dawson's palm sent Wyatt's entire face swelling, so much that it hurt to look.

"You..."

Wyatt covered his face, seemingly about to cry.

'What's this? Doesn't Dawson Robbins care if he ruins his reputation? He actually dared to hit me?'

The angry slap nearly drove Dawson into passing out from sheer rage.

"Mr. Johnson, that will be enough." Rosalie Naiswell said. She spun on her heels and headed to the auction hall.

Even if she knew little of Wyatt Johnson, she understood full well the kind of man Dawson Robbins was. It would be in her best interests not to provoke anyone from the Robbins family.

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If they continued to argue with each other, the Naiswells might be burdened too. That was unnecessary for Rosalie Naiswell. After all, the reason she went there was none other than for the auction.

“Miss Naiswell, please wait for a moment...” Wyatt Johnson became nervous.

‘I had taken a slap for you. How could you leave just like that?’

At that moment, he caught up with Rosalie while turning around. He then said with an ugly facial expression, “Dawson, it’s over for you now. Just you wait and see. Tomorrow, I’ll transfer my family’s money out of the bank. You won’t be able to be the CEO of the bank anymore!”

At that moment, Dawson Robbins did not even look at Wyatt. However, he turned around and looked at

Harvey York. He then sighed and said, “Mr. York, I acted rashy, and I didn’t hold myself back. I hope you don’t mind.”

Harvey smiled faintly and said, “If you didn’t do anything about it when someone scolded you and claimed that you’re stupid, I’ll really look down on you, Dawson.”

“Let’s go. We’ll go into the auction and take a look around. As for the funds in my personal bank account, I still need your bank to continue to keep it safe for me.”

Having said that, Harvey walked into the venue of the auction slowly with an air of self-satisfaction.

Dawson was stunned for a short while. He soon became overjoyed. It seemed like he was not wrong that day as Mr. York did not seem angry at all.

The auction house for Mountain Top Auction was quite gigantic, and it was as large as a football field.

In an instant, every single seat there was occupied. Besides, not any ordinary person could go there. Certainly, they were the prestigious people from the upper class in Niumhi. There were a lot of rich people who came from the cities of South Light too. In fact, the Mountain Top Auction was quite famous. They have always obtained certain special pieces every year to attract the public's attention.

At that moment, Yvonne Xavier was resting in Dawson's VIP room, so she was not there.

On the other hand, Jake Surrey, Mandy Zimmer and Cecilia Zachary sat in the first row of the auction house. Clearly, Jake had a privileged status. Otherwise, he would not be sitting there.

Both Rosalie and Wyatt also sat in the first row but it was because of Rosalie's status. If not, they would not be able to sit there given Wyatt's social standing. He simply had no right to be seated there.

Harvey saw that there were two empty seats in the first row, and one of the empty seats was right

beside Mandy. Hence, he waved his hands at Dawson and strode toward that place. He then sat down directly beside Mandy.

Coincidentally, seated right beside him was the cold and aloof beauty—Rosalie.

That place attracted much attention from the entire crowd because of both Rosalie and Mandy.