

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 18 -

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 18 The Esteemed Ninth Floor

The receptionist called someone from senior management, Mark White. "Hello, Mr. White. An executive from Johnny's Antiques wishes to reserve the entire ninth floor..."

"Did Johnny Green personally request it?" A strong and steady voice traveled from the phone.

The receptionist whispered, "No, it's an executive from his company."

"Get him to scram. Only Johnny has the right to reserve the entire floor in Johnny's Antiques. So what if he's an executive?" Mark replied.

The receptionist hung up and said apologetically, "I'm sorry. My superior has already stated that only Mr. Johnny Green has the right to enter the ninth floor. Sir, you might want to book a place somewhere else."

Oliver's face darkened.

"If that's the case, let's go to another hotel. We don't have to hold our gathering here," someone murmured.

"Yeah, Oliver. We only came here to reminisce. Let's not get our good mood spoiled by this trivial matter," Irene added.

Apparently, she had heard of Lana's reputation. She knew that the ninth floor was not a place that commoners could enter.

"Let's go to another hotel," Rafe suggested quietly. He was afraid that Oliver would be upset. After all, if Oliver got upset, his opportunity to earn money would be destroyed just like that.

What's so bad about suffering a little grievance and behaving more humbly to seal the deal?

"Are you looking down on me?" Oliver's expression turned frosty. He no longer concealed the mockery in his eyes.

His motive for attending the gathering was to flaunt his wealth.

Irene chimed in, "What has it got to do with you, Rafe?"

"You're merely a middleman. To put it bluntly, you're just a lowly dog. What right do you have to speak?" Rebecca scolded.

The rest of the group began berating Rafe as well. "Yeah, why are you interfering in this matter? You should just shut up and mind your own business."

Rafe's face immediately turned as red as a tomato. He remained frozen on the spot and did not know whether he should leave or stay.

Even the receptionist looked at Rafe pitifully.

Being poor was a sin.

The only reason Rafe was criticized was that he was poor and had no status.

"Sir, I'm sorry. Please don't make too much noise here," the receptionist reminded.

Seeing that everyone was criticizing Rafe and standing up for him, Oliver felt a little more comfortable.

Donald sighed softly and patted Rafe on the back. Thereafter, he looked at Oliver and asked, "If I can bring you to the ninth floor, will you consider buying that apartment and giving Rafe a substantial amount of commission?"

Oliver froze, then burst out laughing. "Donald, are you kidding me? How can you bring us to the ninth floor? Have you lost your mind?"

Irene also looked at him with contempt. "That's right. Take a good look at yourself. You can't even afford a normal private room. Yet, you claim that you can bring us to the ninth floor? Stop boasting!"

"How arrogant and vain," Rebecca remarked placidly.

"All right, Donald. Since you wish to show off, let's see you try." Oliver turned around and stared at Donald. Many emotions flickered in his eyes.

Mockery, disdain, contempt, and derision could be detected in his gaze.

"How should I prove it to you?" Donald was expressionless.

"As long as you're able to bring us to the ninth floor of this building, I'll buy that apartment. I'll even give Rafe two million worth of commission!" Oliver declared.

Rafe, on the other hand, pulled on Donald's sleeve worriedly and whispered, "Donald, that's okay. I don't need that commission. Let's go."

Yet, Donald patted him on the shoulder once more. "It's okay. Leave it to me," he said.

Thereafter, he took out his phone and called Lana. He had gotten her number from Charles.

"Who's this?" A sweet and languid voice came from the other end of the phone.

"I'm Donald."

The other person fell silent, but Donald could hear her breathing grow rapid.

"Donald, where are you?" Lana's pleasant voice continued to reverberate from the phone.

Donald explained, "I need your help. I have a class gathering today. I'm currently on the first floor of the Rivebale Hotel. We are unable to book a room. Thus, I wish to request for you to open the ninth floor for us. Is that okay?"

"All right. I'll head over and settle it. Wait for me there," Lana agreed.

Donald hung up and said calmly, "Let's wait for a few minutes. Someone will arrive shortly and arrange things for us."

Oliver looked at him in disbelief and mockery. "You're lying! What right do you have to enter the ninth floor?" he scoffed.

Irene and Rebecca giggled and looked at Donald as if they were looking at a fool.

Even the chairman of Johnny's Antiques had to book beforehand to enter the ninth floor. No one believed that Donald could settle it with a simple phone call.

The receptionist did not believe him either.

A few moments later, a muscular man walked over swiftly. He appeared to be around thirty-five years old and had a menacing appearance. He was bald and a black lotus tattoo covered his head. One could tell that he was not a good person at first glance.

He was, indeed, Mark White, the most prominent figure in Rivebale Hotel and also Lana's loyal lackey.

His sharp eyes scanned the crowd. Everyone felt as if they were pierced by that gaze of his. His aura was too intimidating.

"Who's Mr. Campbell?" Mark asked.

Donald calmly replied, "It's me."

“Follow me to the ninth floor. The ninth floor is open to you today,” Mark said. Although his tone was polite, his gaze was focused on Donald ferociously.

There was suspicion and curiosity in his eyes.

Everyone was stunned upon hearing Mark’s words.

What’s the situation? Is Donald secretly an influential figure? That’s the renowned ninth floor! Even the richest man in Pollerton has to book beforehand if he wished to enter it. How did he settle it with one phone call?

Oliver widened his eyes while Irene and Rebecca covered their mouths in shock.

“Is Donald seriously hiding something from us?”

“Donald, give me a hint. What’s going on?”

“Please follow me.” Mark walked ahead, and the crowd trailed after him in a daze. They walked into a private elevator.

After they got onto the ninth floor, everyone was stunned speechless.

Is this the legendary ninth floor?

It was like a giant amusement center. Large paintings of mountains and rivers adorned the wall. Oliver could tell that the paintings were authentic pieces painted centuries ago. Three years ago, they were sold for a sky-high price of forty-five million in an auction. He did not expect to see these paintings on the ninth floor.

Irene and Rebecca stared at Donald. They wished to find out his true colors.

However, Donald remained extremely calm.

“Can you fulfill your promise now?” Donald glanced at Oliver.

Rafe felt like he was dreaming. The situation was too unbelievable, and he felt surreal. Is this the Donald I know?

Oliver’s expression turned rigid. However, he nodded. “I will definitely fulfill my promise. But, what’s going on?”

He was unwilling to admit defeat.

Johnny’s Antiques was already a powerful company. Its net worth was a whopping ten billion, but still, with that amount of power, only Johnny himself could enter the ninth floor.

Yet, Donald settled the matter just by making one phone call. The stark contrast made Oliver feel extremely upset.