

Life at the Top Chapter 900

“We have to attend this dinner,” Conrad said darkly.

Mitch nodded. He did not dare skip dinner when Henry was personally inviting him.

That night, they left the villa and made their way to the restaurant.

The restaurant was a hidden establishment by the Southface River shore, not too far from the large overbridge built last year that linked the two banks. Lights shone brightly every night, making it a stunning sight.

Serving one of Nauritus City’s best Falc cuisines, the Imperial Kitchen required ordinary folks to place a reservation at least a week in advance in order to dine there.

However, considering Jasper’s status and identity, the man did not need to make a reservation anywhere he went.

The Imperial Kitchen, for example, was considered a very distinguished restaurant. Yet, when Jasper had come here before to host guests, the owner had brought the general manager and the main chef over to greet him. The service was similar to how one would treat a king’s arrival.

Jasper alighted the car and shook the hand of a slightly chubby man by the name of Orson Reese.

“I didn’t expect to disturb you, Mr. Reese. My apologies,” Jasper said with a respectful smile.

Considering Jasper's current identity and status, Orson might be the owner of Imperial Kitchen, but he still had to tend to Jasper's whims.

Orson was rather startled in the face of Jasper's respect. He shook Jasper's hand with both of his and he bowed with a ninety-degree angle as he replied.

"It's an honor that you're willing to eat at the Imperial Kitchen, Mr. Laine. It's only right we come to greet you in person. We've already canceled all other reservations today and cleared the restaurant just to serve you well today, Mr. Laine."

Despite knowing that Orson was only saying this to please him, such treatment had greatly stroked Jasper's ego.

"I'll have to trouble you then, Mr. Reese," Jasper smiled.

"It's no trouble at all. The private room's already been prepared, so please follow me, Mr. Laine."

Thus, Orson courteously led with Jasper and Henry following them behind.

"Why're you so polite to people like this too?"

Henry was angry at everyone today after losing a considerable amount of money. He walked with an expression so dark it deterred people from engaging him in conversation. On that day, Henry only spoke in front of Jasper.

"Small characters are useful in their own ways. It's just a smile and a few polite words for us, yet it leaves a good impression and helps their reputation. It might not seem like much most of the time, but once accumulated, they can greatly benefit you."

Henry looked at Jasper as if he was a monster when he heard him say this.

“Don’t you get tired of living like this? I’m starting to believe even your farts are timed and purposeful at this point. Seriously, I don’t even know how you haven’t f*cked yourself over with how calculative you are.”

Jasper smiled. “You just don’t understand the fun in this. Or rather, you haven’t gotten to the point where you can understand the fun in this yet.”

Henry scoffed. “I hope I never understand. All I’m thinking of right now is how I can get rid of those two f*ckers.”

“Remember what I told you. Don’t act rashly. We don’t have any evidence nor are we completely certain—acting rashly will only make them go further into hiding,” Jasper exhorted.

Henry waved him off irritably and said, “Yeah, yeah, I know. You nag more than my dad does. I’ll just follow your cue, okay?”

At the same time, in a luxury car a short distance away from the Imperial Kitchen.

Zane was sneering in the car as he filed his nails casually. From time to time, he would glance at Mitch and Conrad ,who were discussing what would potentially happen during the dinner.

“Seriously, guys? It’s literally dinner and you’re already this terrified? It’s not like he’s going to eat us alive or something,” Zane commented uncaringly.

Mitch frowned slightly and said, “Watch what you say later you brainless fool. The more you talk, the more mistakes you make.”