

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 17 -

Son-In-Law Madness Chapter 17 Rivebale Hotel

As a professional salesperson, Rafe immediately introduced the place, "This is the most expensive house in Pollerton. It's called the Prime Property of Pollerton and is worth thirteen hundred million. There is a recreational room, a billiard room, a swimming pool, and a sunroom inside the house. I heard that its ownership is about to be transferred soon.

Narrowing his eyes, Oliver stared at the building. His eyes glinted as he pondered to himself.

Meanwhile, Irene and Rebecca were glancing at the building in envy.

"Thirteen hundred million? Who would be able to buy it? The buyer is probably a financial magnate, right?" Irene wondered aloud.

"No ordinary person can fork out thirteen hundred million to buy a house," Rafe replied. He appeared to be a little pathetic as he smiled suppliantly at the lady and bowed to her gently.

Oliver's gaze swept past Rafe in disdain. "Whoever it is, that's none of your business. Your monthly salary is just three thousand and six hundred."

Hearing this, Rafe flinched. Though his smile froze on his face, he did not dare to counter back.

Just then, Irene and Rebecca giggled in unison. "Yes, Rafe. You shouldn't worry about this. Instead, think about how you can sell the house to earn more commission."

"Commission? Hmph, it's more like you're receiving alms." Irene snorted.

Thereafter, Donald replied, "Rafe is a salesperson. How could you deem the results of his hard work as alms?"

Hearing this, Irene glared contemptuously at Donald.

His outfit is worth less than two hundred, and he still has the audacity to stand up for someone in front of us?

Then, she retorted, "That's none of your business as well. In my opinion, it's your luck that Mr. Langford was willing to give you a commission. Since he can easily pay one

hundred million for a house, he could directly discuss the offer with the owner of the estate himself. Hence, you're not really helpful to him."

Irene had mistakenly assumed that Donald was a property agent as well. Hence, she treated him with derision.

"There's no such thing as equality in this world. Oliver is way better than you," Rebecca piped up coldly.

She desperately tried to win Oliver's favor by praising the latter and belittling Rafe and Donald.

In response, Oliver just waved his hand dismissively. "All right, that's enough. Let's talk about business-related matters now."

Though he spoke in an indifferent tone, his face betrayed the arrogant attitude he had toward everyone else.

Seeing that Donald was preparing to retaliate again, Rafe meekly tugged at his sleeve to stop him, signaling him not to engage in a useless verbal dispute.

Then, Donald fell silent.

With Rafe leading the way, they arrived at the ninth apartment of the twenty-seventh story in no time.

A middle-aged man opened the door for them. His face looked wan and sallow. The interior of the apartment was lavish. It occupied three hundred square meters and had its own balcony.

"If not for a problem in the capital chain, I wouldn't have sold this apartment. The total price for this is ninety-seven million. We can sign the contract immediately," the middle-aged man voiced out, his gaze directed at Oliver.

After working in the business industry for so many years, he had already been able to accurately figure out who had the most power among the group of people in front of him.

Walking around the entire apartment, Oliver nodded and shook his head intermittently. Finally, he said, "I'm quite satisfied with your house. Nonetheless, I'll have to consider it for a while. I'll give you a reply by tomorrow. Is that fine for you?"

Then, the middle-aged man agreed, "Sure."

Oliver asked, "Could you give me your contact number?"

Rafe stood up swiftly. He remarked to the middle-aged man, "You can just contact me. Why don't I help you to coordinate the deal?"

If the two directly liaised with one another, it would be highly disadvantageous to Rafe, as he might not be able to receive his commission then.

Hastily, the middle-aged man's head bobbed up and down in compliance. He commented, "All right, that's the rules of the industry. I understand that."

Upon witnessing this, Oliver's face darkened. He remarked, "Rafe, did I allow you to speak? What're you afraid of? Are you afraid that I won't give you your fees?"

Instantly, Rafe panicked. He stuttered, "No, you're mistaken. I-I..."

"What?" Oliver questioned unhappily.

"It's the rules of the industry," Donald spoke up. "Even the owner knows the regulations. Why don't you understand it? Rafe searched for the property and contacted the sellers by himself. He had a hard time doing so. Are you going to disregard his contribution like this?"

"Hey! Who are you to tell Mr. Langford off?" Irene inquired snarkily.

Donald's gaze turned cold. Frostily, he looked at Irene. Seeing this, the woman uncontrollably shivered.

As the owner of the house was unable to fully comprehend the situation at hand, he subsequently tried to smooth things over. "All right, I'll contact Rafe instead."

Gratefully, Rafe thanked the middle-aged man, "Thank you, Mr. Yellere. We won't disturb you then."

After walking out of the neighborhood, Rafe peeked at Oliver and said, "Mr. Langford, what do you think about the house?"

Without looking back at Rafe, Oliver uttered, "Let's meet up at noon. We can chat over lunch."

Troubled, Rafe glanced at Donald to notice that the latter had a mocking expression on his face. "We should go," he said.

Rafe nodded and inquired, "All right. Where shall we go for lunch?"

"Rivebale Hotel," Oliver declared. Thereafter, he boarded his car.

Irene and Rebecca did not even bother to bid Donald and Rafe goodbye. Rolling their eyes, they followed Oliver.

Glancing at the BMW that was speeding away, Rafe voiced out, "Oliver seems so arrogant. I wonder what our lunch will be like later."

Donald replied, "We should go and have lunch with him. Who knows? Maybe we'll gain something unexpected."

"It appears that Oliver's really rich, as he arranged for lunch at Rivebale Hotel," Rafe commented in admiration. He added, "The hotel was founded by the successful businesswoman, Lana."

Is that so?

Donald was stunned for a moment before he immediately regained his senses. Smiling wryly, he hoped he would not run into Lana there.

A few minutes later, Donald and Rafe arrived at Rivebale Hotel. They caught sight of twenty people standing in the lobby, one of which was Oliver. He was arguing with the receptionist.

"I'm very sorry, sir. We are at full capacity today. You didn't reserve a table..." the receptionist apologized profusely to Oliver.

Then, Oliver snorted in disbelief. "Is this how you manage your hotel? I've heard that there is a private room on the ninth floor that is empty. Why can't we use it?"

The receptionist widened her eyes. "Sir, that room is not available to customers. Ms. Collins receives her guests there. I'm just doing my job. Please don't make things difficult for me."

There were only two private rooms on the ninth floor. Apart from that, there was a bowling room, a gym, a meeting room, a karaoke room, and a movie theater on that floor.

Thus, one could say that the ninth floor was only for Pollerton's esteemed guests. This included the likes of the richest man in Pollerton, Charles, the diva Wynter, and those tycoons who ranked first in the city.

"I'm an executive of Johnny's Antiques!" Oliver threatened in a low voice.

Johnny's Antiques...

The receptionist instantaneously sucked in a deep breath. Respectfully, she said, "Do wait for a while. I'll call someone to ask for instructions."

Oliver finally nodded contentedly and scanned the surroundings.

Everyone around looked at him with their faces full of respect and admiration.

Oliver was satisfied to receive everyone's respect.