

Annoyed, Halle glared at the man and declared, "We don't need the money."

The woman leaned on the man's shoulder and said in a saccharine tone, "Honey, she said she doesn't need the money. It must be too little."

"Hmph!" The man opened his sling bag and pulled out another stack of bills. "Here, this is more than two months of your salary. Take the money and leave."

"You..."

As an upper-class socialite, it was the first time Halle had been insulted with money, and it made her lose her patience.

The receptionist came over and tried to intervene. "Madam, he's the young master of the rich and powerful Hollands, Dick Holland. It's not a good idea to go against him. Why don't you and your boyfriend take the money and leave?"

Halle's expression changed when she heard the name Dick Holland. Every Sumerian had heard of him because he was the local bully.

Dick was never particularly good at anything except wasting his family's money on gambling and women. He was notorious because he had a brother who was an ex-soldier named Roy Holland.

Roy and Marcus, the mayor, used to serve on the Western Frontline. While Marcus became the mayor that governed over the city, Roy became the military governor, policing the city. The council and the military worked together to run the city.

Dick was his brother's favorite, therefore it fueled his arrogance and turned him into a bully. Every time he made a mess, his brother would

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intervene and clean up after him. As time went by, his audacity grew and his attitude got worse.

Halle gulped nervously. Her hands were shaking. Out of all the terrible people to run into, she encountered the worst.

Just when she was about to pull Andrius away, the latter said indifferently, "So what if you are rich and powerful? Haven't you heard of first come, first served?"

"What the hell?" Dick found it amusing and burst into laughter. "Punk, in this world, money and power are king. Don't use your bullsh*t to reason with me!

"I've spent millions in Roman Restaurant, and I am getting the priority treatment no matter what. I cannot be compared to a peasant like you. You can't afford to offend me, so take the money and leave," Dick roared as if he was superior to Andrius.

"Everyone is equal; there are no peasants or kings here."

“Only the lowest rung peasants talk about equality. In the upper social circle, money and power trump everything else!”

Andrius scoffed. “Hmph. Trying to act superior over a meal? I want to ask the owner of this restaurant if a person without money or power has ever dined here.”

Then, Andrius made a call to Noir. “Noir, I want to see the owner of Roman Restaurant on the Hidari Coast in five minutes.”

Pfft!

Dick was amused. He cackled with laughter and said, “Punk, do you even know what you are talking about?”

“The owner of this restaurant, Venus Valentine, is a mysterious woman. Not everyone can meet her. Not even government officials can meet her on short notice; an appointment must be made a month

prior.

“You stupid idiot, you want to meet Venus in five minutes? You really know how to look like a fool. In fact, you are even stupider than a

clown!”

The other guests gibed and chuckled at Andrius’ request. In their eyes, he was an idiot.

Trying to look imposing in public without the foundation or the capability to support one’s argument was not the wisest thing to do. One would lose dignity in an instant.

Everyone believed that Andrius should just take the money and leave.

Andrius ignored every gaze on him and said calmly, “You will know in five minutes if I am the real deal.”

“Alright. I’ll wait.” Dick lifted his Rolex and had a glance. “If Venus isn’t here in five minutes, I will break your limbs!”

Fear and nervousness overtook Halle