

FATED: MY PERFECT WIFE IS A SUBSTITUTE

Chapter 23 Palladium Membership Card

They made their way inside the restaurant one by one. Lesly hurriedly approached the front desk and said "Alick, take out your membership card and instruct them on the proper procedure. They may not be familiar with the restaurant's eating procedure quite yet."

Since the moment Alick laid eyes on Celia, he'd been unable to tear his gaze away.

He was perhaps thinking about how much he'd missed Celia ever since he'd dumped her for Lesly.

Not only was Lesly vanity-hungry, but she was also self-righteous. If she lacked sexual prowess, he would have ended their relationship long ago.

"Alick!" Lesly discovered that her partner had diverted

his attention to another lady. She was so enraged that she swung her elbow hard at him. "Are you not embarrassed by your behavior in front of your ex-girlfriend?"

The last thing Alick wanted was for Lesly to become angry and start causing problems again, so he pulled out his gold membership card.

The waiter took Alick's gold card and politely asked the two of them to wait in the line.

Lesly couldn't help but beam with pride. She lifted her chin, pointed towards Tyson and Celia, and told the waiter, "Due to the presence of two idiots, everyone's appetite will be diminished. Please ask them to leave!"

Her complaints were unheard by the waiter. Instead, he kindly inquired, "Do you and your companion wish

to dine here?"

Tyson replied, "Of course."

To Celia's surprise, Lesly broke out laughing and raised her voice. "You crack me up. A membership card is something that either of you should have. It's possible that you simpletons don't realize that a membership card is required to eat here."

Even though Celia lacked a membership card, she did not want to be vanquished in momentum. Defiantly, she said, "You are the one who is making a fool out of yourself here!"

"Bitch!"

A waiter intervened just before Lesly was ready to slap Celia out of embarrassment.

"Please, Miss, don't create a racket! We're sorry, but we'll have to ask you to leave if your noise bothers other guests."

Alick drew Lesly back as she was about to say something more.

"All of the people that come here to eat are from affluent backgrounds. Aren't you mortified? If you don't stop, I won't take you out again."

Tyson and Celia caught the waiter's attention. When he saw that neither of them had brought out their membership card, he said to Tyson, "Sir, I'd want to see your membership card."

Celia's body became limp. Her hand suddenly became warm to the touch. When she lifted her head, she saw the reassuring eyes of Tyson staring at her.

After that, he took out a palladium membership card.

The waiter's demeanor immediately shifted to one of courtesy. Alick was flabbergasted, and so was Lesly.

There were three tiers to this restaurant's membership card. The gold card, or "entry-level" card, was the lowest tier. The card bearer might order and eat at the restaurant, as long as they had the card.

The platinum card was a higher-ranking card. The card bearer had to have a net worth of at least one hundred million dollars.

Finally, there was the palladium membership card, which was reserved for the most prestigious members. Many people were not qualified to hold it, and the holders were well-known figures.

Lesly said in surprise, "It is not conceivable. This card

must be counterfeit, or he must have stolen it!"

Celia defended Tyson, stating, "Don't smear people without cause, or I'll call the police."

Sulkily, Lesly closed her mouth and murmured, "A palladium membership card? How did these two unfortunate losers manage to get one? How the fuck!"

Celia, on the other hand, felt a little uneasy too. "Why do you have a palladium membership card?" she inquired quietly to Tyson.

"Well, you'll know everything later," Tyson murmured as he massaged the back of her head.

The waiter made sure the card was still valid. His grin froze on his face. "Please accompany me to the VIP room on the third floor," he offered politely.

Lesly's teeth were chattering as she gritted them in rage and disdain. She intervened and yelled at the server, "I would also want to have a seat in a VIP section."

Only a few times had she eaten here, and she didn't realize that there were several levels of membership cards that granted varied privileges.

The waiter's eyes glowed with a hint of disdain. He said, "Sorry miss. The VIP section may only be accessed by clients who have platinum membership cards or above. You have a gold membership card, which does not entitle you to such privileges."

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