

The Super-Rich System: Behind The Multi-Billionaire

Chapter 4 - J International Residence

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After Dominic finished his meal, he walked out of the eight-star hotel. He glanced at the entrance of the hotel behind him as Sharon and several waiters bowed to see him off. Dominic felt that the world had suddenly become so beautiful with all that he now owned; Sandra meant little to him.

If he so desired, he could get three thousand beautiful women to date him.

What should he do next?

Of course, he wanted to buy a house. Dominic did not want to live in the school dormitory anymore. Originally, there had been four people. Now, there were only two people living in it. The other two had gotten girlfriends and rented rooms outside.

Moreover, the remaining one was going steady with his girlfriend, so he planned to move out too.

Dominic had originally wanted to rent a house outside and live with Sandra as well, but she had refused.

His heart ached when he thought of how Sandra had slept with Liam Holt after just a few days.

"Damn it. If I had known earlier, I would have forced her. But now, I've let that brat, Liam Holt, take advantage of her." Dominic cursed in his heart.

At that very moment, Dominic's second-hand phone rang.

Dominic picked up his phone and glanced at the screen. It was his roommate, Peyton Lloyd.

Although he had moved out to live a comfortable life with his girlfriend, they still had a good relationship as they had lived together for more than a year.

Moreover, the school's accommodation fees were tied to the tuition fees. Even if they didn't live in the school, their accommodation fee was paid for. The old tenants would occasionally go back to their dormitory to hang out.

Dominic picked up.

"Dom, where are you? We are in the infirmary now. Dr. Chaplin said that you left. We all heard about the breakup. Don't do anything stupid. When you are in a better mood, we can be your wingmen and help you find a better girlfriend." Peyton's anxious voice streamed from the phone.

Hearing this, Dominic was a little comforted and said, "Peyton, what are you talking about? Why would I do stupid things? Don't worry about me. I'll be back soon."

"Are you really okay?"

"I'm really fine!"

"Then tell me, where are you now? We'll find you."

"No, I'm already home. Don't worry. I'll be back in a few days!"

"Really?"

"Of course!"

"It's good to go back and relax. Remember that you still have your family and us; we all care about you."

"Don't worry. I'm not stupid! Don't worry! I'm hanging up!"

At J International Residence: The houses here were the most expensive ones in Jsylvania.

The average price there was 30,000 dollars and above.

Of course, the location was also the best. The entire J International Residence was surrounded by a river, with only one exit. The scenery was beautiful.

There were only six 38-story buildings. The smallest one was more than 240 square yards, and the largest one was more than 1,000 square yards.

This was where the richest of the rich lived.

There were luxury cars everywhere in the parking lots, and those who owned cars that cost below 150 thousand were too embarrassed to even drive into the residence.

Dominic approached J International Residence's sales lobby.

When he entered the hall, it was a little empty. Only five or six property agents were sitting together and chatting. When they saw Dominic coming in, none of them were willing to entertain him.

J International Residence had been on sale for three years, but the houses had not been sold out yet. It was really too expensive. No one could afford to buy a small house worth tens of millions of dollars.

There were quite a lot of people who came to view the houses when they first started the business. Those who could afford the houses had already made their purchases long ago, while those who were not rich enough were still unable to meet the exorbitant prices.

Therefore, most of the original staff had left after receiving commissions of millions of dollars.

At that time, the commission had only been one-thousandth of the price. Now, the commission had already increased to one percent, but it was still difficult to sell two in a year.

A lot of people were there to network instead.

As Dominic walked in, the agents saw his shabby clothes and assumed that he would not be able to afford a house. Thus, they continued to mind their own business and didn't pay attention to him at all.

Dominic also felt a little embarrassed.

Obviously, they didn't want to talk to him.

There was no one at the front desk. Although he wanted to make an inquiry, he did not know who to approach.

However, after standing in the lobby for two or three minutes, a young woman who looked about 26 or 27 years old came out of the toilet.

Jessie Cussler had just joined the sales center last month. In fact, this offer had been made only after her uncle had asked someone to give the employer 1,500 dollars.

She came from a small village and had assumed that by going to such a luxurious place to sell a house, she would definitely make a lot of money. She hadn't expected that she would not receive any potential customers at all even after a month.

It had been slightly over a month and the total number of people who had come to see the house could be counted on two hands. As soon as guests entered the house, senior employees rushed over to receive them. There was no chance for her at all.

Moreover, in the one month or so that she had been there, J International Residence had not sold a single house.

As soon as she came out of the toilet, she saw a young man about her age standing in the hall. The old employees didn't seem to have any intention of receiving him, so she walked over.

"Sir, are you here to view a house?" Jessie asked as she walked up to Dominic.

"Yes!" Dominic replied.

Jessie was overjoyed. She finally had a chance to take a guest to view the house.

"Well, what type of house do you want to see, sir?"

"What housing types do you have here?"

Jessie introduced the listings to him.

There were not many rooms left, thus the options for Dominic were limited.

In the end, he chose a big apartment on the 22nd floor of the third building.

Jessie took the keys from the front desk, and the two of them went to visit the apartment.

As soon as the two of them left, the people in the hall began to gossip.

"Are we sure that he's here to view an apartment? He's obviously a loser. Does he know what kind of place he's in?"

"That's right. One square yard would be enough for him to work hard for a lifetime. Only a newbie like Jessie would bother taking him to a viewing. Isn't it a waste of time?"

"He must be from the countryside as he clearly doesn't know the price of the houses here. When he finds out, he will be scared out of his wits. Haha!"

"Yes, we'll see him make a fool of himself when he's done choosing."

Two hours later ...

Dominic and Jessie returned to the sales hall.

The two of them sat on the sofas at the corner of the hall. Jessie made a cup of tea for Dominic.

"Mr. Lewis, are you satisfied with the apartment we viewed?"

Jessie sat opposite Dominic and asked.

"Not particularly. The position of the third building isn't good. Is there any room left in the first building?"

Dominic felt that the location of the first building was the best. Since he wanted to buy a house and didn't lack money, he certainly wanted to buy only the best.

"Mr. Lewis, please wait a moment. Let me check for you."

Jessie picked up a tablet and began to check on the details of the first building.

"Mr. Lewis, as the location of the first building, is better, there is only one apartment left. It's a large flat that occupies the 37th and 38th floors. It's the master apartment of the first building, and it spans 1,500 square yards. Personally, I find it a little expensive. I would not recommend that you choose this listing."

"Oh? Can I go and have a look?" Dominic did not even bother to ask about the price. He just wanted to see the house.

"Yes, but..."

"Okay, let's go and have a look!" he interrupted.

Jessie thought for a moment before replying, "Okay, Mr. Lewis, please wait for a moment. I'll get the key."

She came back with the key. As they were about to go, a beautiful middle-aged employee not far away spoke up.

"Jessie, are you two going to see the master apartment of the first building?" She was nearby and had happened to hear their conversation.

"Yes, Lance."

"Jessie, didn't I mention this to you before? Not any average person can view the houses here, let alone the master apartment of the first building. The interior was designed by foreign masters. If there's any damage, will you both be able to afford the cost?"

"Lance, I will be careful!"

"Jessie, you've just arrived, so you don't understand the norms here. You must have a good eye for this business. Look at him, does he look like someone who can afford this house?"

Lance pointed at Dominic and said.

"Lance, I believe that Mr. Lewis is not that kind of person."

"Well, since you don't want to listen to me, it's up to you. But after you come out, you must wipe the floor clean and not leave any footprints. Do you understand?"

"Got it, Lance."

Upon saying that, Jessie headed straight to the top floor of the first building with Dominic.