Chapter 649 Happy Birthday

It was written on the mini blackboard that a glass of See You Tomorrow was priced at a thousand and five hundred.

However, if anyone could drink three glasses in a row without passing out, Juliette would waive the bill and have dinner with the person.

Undeniably, this marketing strategy of hers is incredibly shrewd. She has an amazing figure and exquisite looks, so any man will be tempted upon laying eyes on her. Coupled with this challenge, her sales must be pretty good.

"You misunderstood. I merely wanted to drink a glass of See You Tomorrow. If that isn't possible, give me a Blue Lagoon instead."

"Who said so? Wait a moment."

Whirling around, Juliette went to make Donald the cocktail.

Just then, a commotion broke out in the entire bar. It was as though someone important had made an appearance.

The disk jockey, who was pumping music through the speakers, seemed to have received a signal from someone. In harmony with the rhythm, he hollered at the crowd on the dance floor, "It'll be Mr. Webber's treat tonight! Let's cheer in thanks to him!"

The instant the crowd heard that someone would be footing the bill for them, they all went wild.

Conversely, Juliette, who was mixing drinks, frowned. Chagrin stained her expression.

Realization seemingly dawned upon Donald, upon which he turned and glanced back around his shoulder.

Sure enough, a dandified man in his early thirties strutted toward Juliette under the protection of a few bodyguards.

"It's your birthday today, Juliette. Happy Birthday."

Yoel Webber snapped his fingers. In a flash, the lighting in the whole bar turned into warm undertones. The disc jockey, who played rock music on the stage, had also switched to the happy birthday song.

A cake trolley was wheeled over from afar, the nine-story cake tower inciting interminable shrieks from numerous girls.

They would also like to have such a grand birthday celebration. Regretfully, no wealthy heir like Yoel took a fancy to them.

On the contrary, Juliette wasn't the least bit surprised or delighted at Yoel's preparations.

Instead, she said to Yoel impatiently, "Mr. Webber, I'm begging you to please let go of me, okay? I'm just an ordinary bartender, truly unworthy of you going to such lengths. Look what you've done to the bar. Is this a kindergarten?"

Yoel wasn't at all perturbed by her attitude toward him.

Perhaps it was precisely because of her attitude that he found her unique and fell in love with her.

"Since you don't like it, Juliette, I'll have them revert things to the original state."

With a wave of his hand, not only was the cake trolley wheeled away but the lighting and music were also changed back to the initial strobe lights and rock music.

Verily, Juliette was downright exasperated with the man.

Is he out of his mind? Or does he really think that he can do whatever he likes just because he's loaded?

Subsequently, she placed the cocktail she made in front of Donald.

"Here's your See You Tomorrow, Mister."

"See You Tomorrow?"

Yoel's eyes narrowed into slits.

He looked Donald up and down, snarling provocatively, "I've never seen you here before. What's your profession?"

Donald studied the man for some time before retorting, "Me? Is that any of your business?"

"What did you just say, kid? Do you know who this is?"

No sooner had Donald's words rang out than Yoel's lackey, Xavion Xenakis, interrupted the conversation.

"No, and I'm not interested in knowing either."

Donald downed the cocktail in the glass. When he had done so, everyone stared at him like they were waiting for him to pass out.