

Chapter 650 Fifty Thousand

As Juliette wiped the wine glasses, she asked, “How are you feeling?”

“What do you mean?” Donald licked his lips before sliding the empty glass over to her and declaring, “Another glass, please. This time, don't use whiskey. It's a bit too sweet. Substitute it with vodka.”

His words had Juliette's eyes going as wide as saucers.

He's the first man who didn't get hammered after drinking the See You Tomorrow I made. More importantly, he even claimed that this cocktail was too sweet and requested that I change it to vodka. Good Lord! Don't tell me that he started drinking in diapers!

As a bartender, the most gratifying thing wasn't to see a patron passing out drunk in front of her but to meet someone with a high alcohol tolerance and an appreciation for alcohol.

Right then, she felt that she had met such a person.

For that reason, she was incredibly meticulous when she prepared the second glass of See You Tomorrow.

When the second cocktail was slid over to him, Donald first took a whiff of it before again knocking it back.

This time, he could sense that the taste of alcohol was much stronger than the previous glass of cocktail.

But to him, that was just a matter of taste since it was still insufficient to intoxicate him.

“This is a little better. Let me try another type.”

He wanted Juliette to make him the third glass of See You Tomorrow.

Unexpectedly, Yoel shot his hand out and held Donald's wine glass down.

“Hard liquor is bad for health, mister. It's best that you drink less.”

The average person would only feel that Donald's alcohol tolerance was high after watching him polish off two glasses of See You Tomorrow.

In Yoel's eyes, however, the man was gunning for Juliette.

Otherwise, why would he order See You Tomorrow, of all the cocktails here?

Mirth bubbled within Donald to see Yoel holding his wine glass down.

“What's the meaning of this? I came to the bar to drink, yet I'm only allowed a limited amount?”

“You can drink anywhere. If you feel like it, you can go to the most expensive bar in Pollerton. It'll be my treat.”

Yoel snapped his fingers, whereupon one of his bodyguards flipped open a suitcase.

Snagging a stack of bills from within, Xavion tossed it down before Donald.

“Here's fifty thousand. Is it enough? Take this money and get lost! Don't ask for trouble here.”

He did that for no other reason than to tell the latter that they were rich and powerful.

Anyone with some prudence would have probably taken the money and left.

However, Donald came out that day to relax, only to bump into Yoel, who ruined his fun.

Picking up a glass of wine beside him, he poured its contents onto the bills. Then, he took out a lighter and set fire to the fifty thousand.

Both Yoel and Xavion's expressions changed.

What's the meaning of this? Is he challenging us to burn the money right before our eyes?

“Is fifty thousand a lot?”

Donald threw a look at the suitcase before adding, “If you've got too much money that you can't finish spending it, give it all to me. I'll burn it for your father so he can use it when he's dead and buried.”

“D*mn it! You're courting death, kid!”

Upon hearing that Donald was cursing Yoel's father in a roundabout way, Xavion lifted his hand and swung it at the man.

Without warning, Donald smashed the wine glass against the edge of the bar and held the sharp end at Xavion's neck.

Sensing the stinging pain in his neck, Xavion didn't dare move an inch.

Meanwhile, Yoel's bodyguards whipped out stun batons and surrounded Donald at once.

With just an order from Yoel, they would immediately attack and subdue the latter.