

# Life Makeover: Minted Edition Novel

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"There are some things that you can't have in your life if you're not born with them. Robert, think about it carefully. Do you deserve me? Can a relationship bring food to the table? Just one of my clothes alone is worth your annual salary. What right do you have to claim you'll give me happiness? Wake up, Robert. This is the reality, not a fairy tale world where you can have things you're not worthy of. Please look at yourself in the mirror!"

Robert Zabinski looked at the stunning Marilyn Quesnell sitting opposite him, his lips trembling slightly.

There were two days left until he would graduate from university. He had fantasized about spending the rest of his life with Marilyn but did not expect she had asked him out today to say all this.

"Do you know why I asked you to come here?" Marilyn motioned to Robert to look around their surroundings. "It's common for me to come to this kind of luxury hotel. But what about you? These should be the best clothes you have, right? Don't you think you are out of place here? This is my world, whereas your world should be two blocks away. The flea market there is more suitable for you."

Marilyn's words were like a sharp knife stabbing into Robert's chest. However, he was unable to refute her.

"That's right. I'm merely from an extremely ordinary family. But she, on the other hand, can easily purchase bags worth tens of thousands of dollars without even batting an eyelid," he thought.

Sitting in such an environment, Marilyn was collected and at ease. Her gaze was full of confidence that came straight from deep within.

On the contrary, Robert felt uncomfortable with everything. In fact, he did not even know how to call the server over. Looking at the Friyxian food on the table, he did not even know where to begin digging in.

This sense of frustration hovered over Robert.

He had never been exposed to these things before. For an ordinary university student like him, spending 75 dollars in a karaoke lounge was already a high expense.

A handsome young man walked to the table and spoke to Marilyn gently. "All right, Marilyn. It's getting late. We should go back."

The man was well-dressed, and the Porsche key in his hand was particularly striking to Robert. The man helped Marilyn up gentlemanly, not even sparing Robert a glance the entire time.

Meanwhile, Robert's clothes, which cost less than 45 dollars in total, looked laughable compared to the man's well-tailored suit.

A smile appeared on Marilyn's exquisite face. "Robert Zabinski, we are over."

When Marilyn finished speaking, some people who walked by the table caused a breeze and blew out the candles on Robert's table. The already faint light suddenly disappeared, and in the shadow, Robert's expression could not be seen, nor did anyone pay attention to him. At this moment, no one

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would care about Robert at all.

Marilyn took the man's arm and walked out of the restaurant. The eye-catching Porsche at the entrance roared as its engine was awoken.

Though the candlelight went out, elegant music filled the restaurant. Several gossipy servers had long noticed what was happening at Robert's table. After Marilyn left, a server, Helena Smith, came over and asked in a low voice, "Sir, should I take these away?"

Marilyn's words were still lingering in Robert's mind. He couldn't forget the disdain and arrogance in her eyes. What hurt him most was not her criticism but her contempt.

It seemed as though his existence had nothing to do with her at all, and his life or death and emotions did not concern her simply because they were not from the same world.

Seeing that Robert did not answer, Helena glanced at the cheap casual clothes on him and curled her lips. "Sir, I'm taking these away, then," she informed coldly.

While speaking, Helena reached out to the plate in front of him.

Robert's head, which had been lowered all the time, suddenly raised, and he stared at the server in front of him with bloodshot eyes. His voice was somewhat hoarse as he questioned, "Did I say you could?"

Helena was startled by Robert's unexpected movement and subconsciously stepped back.

Robert stared at Helena and continued interrogating, "Did I

say you could? Huh? Answer me! Did I say so? So this is your customer service? This is the customer service of a luxury hotel?"

Robert's voice suddenly rose, and his bellowing attracted the attention of the people nearby. Most of them looked at Helena.

In an instant, Helena was mortified. She had been receiving distinguished guests in such an environment for years, causing her to more or less look down on Robert, who looked poor. She immediately retorted, "Why are you flaring up at me? Vent your anger at the person who dumped you instead! Since you didn't say a word earlier, why are you acting pretentious now? Look at your loserish self! It's no wonder she'd dump you!"

"Ha! High-end? So this is the so-called high-end, huh?" Robert laughed out of anger and abruptly overturned the table in front of him. "High-end, my foot!"

Everything was scattered on the ground with an ear-piercing clatter.

Helena took a few steps back in shock, and then sneered, "Go on. Keep smashing! I'll see if you can afford to compensate for all of those. Did you think this is a place you can cause havoc in?"

Pantingly, Robert calmed down at once upon hearing the word "compensate."

He looked at the mess in front of him and thought, "Money. It's always about money. This server is respectful when facing others but wears that disdainful expression with me simply because I have no money! Marilyn also said those words and

got into another man's car because I had no money!"

"Security, come and keep an eye on him. Don't let him run away!" Helena looked at Robert with a face full of ridicule.

An hour later, Robert sat in the hotel lobby dispiritedly. Helena looked at him from a short distance away and snickered. The tableware and accessories on that table earlier cost nearly 1,500 dollars. She couldn't wait to see what Robert's father would do later.

Right then, two middle-aged men walked in from the hotel entrance. One of them was Robert's father, Zachary Zabinski, and the other was Zidane Zimmer, Zachary's neighbor.

Zachary was frowning, and his steps sounded especially heavy. Evidently, he was suppressing his rage.

Robert immediately walked over and lowered his head. "Dad."

Robert was aware of the situation of his family. 1,500 dollars was not a small amount to them at all.

Noticing that his father had even called Zidane over, Robert reckoned his family likely could not afford to compensate. After all, their family's finances had always been tight.

Robert initially assumed he would get a scolding, judging from his father's expression.

"Smash them all," was all Zachary said instead, to Robert's shock.

"What?" Robert was slightly stunned.

Zachary lit a cigarette and slowly exhaled a mouthful of

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smoke. "I said, smash. Since you're upset today, just smash if you want to. I'll support you whatever happens."

With that, Zachary directly picked up the chair beside him and threw it toward a floor-to-ceiling window with all his strength.

Smash!

As the sound of glass cracking rang out, the floor-to-ceiling window of the hotel was smashed into pieces.



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