

Life Makeover: Minted Edition Novel

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Helena's expression changed as she thought, "Never mind that that fellow tried to be pretentious here. Now, even his old man is this full of himself?" She yelled at once, "What are you doing? Who allowed you to piss all over here?"

Robert also hurried over to stop his father. "Dad, I know I was wrong. Dad!"

Zachary bit the cigarette and shouted, "Zidane, smash everything!"

Zidane looked ferocious and was clearly not someone to be trifled with. After hearing Zachary say that, he casually grabbed a chair and flung it in the air.

As a series of clatters resonated, all the expensive ornaments and glass tables and chairs were smashed into pieces.

The magnificent hotel lobby became a scene of chaos in a blink of an eye.

Standing aside, Robert was wholly dumbfounded.

"Stop! You guys, stop it!" After returning to her senses, Helena looked at the scene and yelled, "Security! Security, come here quick!"

The hotel's security guards immediately surrounded the trio.

"Stop me? Who in the world dares to stop me?" The ferocious-looking Zidane was six feet three inches tall. With a scar on his face and eyes like a wild beast, his menacing appearance terrified people with just one glance.

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The security guards came over, but no one dared to get close upon seeing Zidane's fearsome countenance.

A few minutes later, Zachary casually threw away the only leg of a chair left in his hand and sat on the messy floor, panting. It was utter chaos around him.

Zidane also threw away the object in his hand and stood behind Zachary, scanning the surroundings.

"Phew. It's been a long time since I've felt so good." Zachary wiped the sweat on his forehead.

"Insane! You're all insane! The young insane one called over two old insane ones! You all like smashing things so much, huh? I'll see how you all can walk out of Grand Triumphant Hotel after causing such havoc here! All these things here will definitely bankrupt you!" screamed Helena.

Zachary waved a hand indifferently. "Hey, no matter how much we have to pay, we will be compensating the hotel. What does it have to do with you? What are you yelling here for? Go and get your superior here."

"Our superior? Do you think you deserve to meet him?" Helena pointed at Zachary. "You're all a bunch of deplorable people! Deplorable! All of you can forget about running away! Call the cops! Call the cops now!"

Screech!

A Mercedes-Benz G-Wagen, worth nearly 300 thousand dollars, hastily pulled over at the hotel entrance. As the car door opened, a middle-aged man got out of the vehicle.

Noticing the car, Helena was overjoyed because her superior

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had arrived!

Adam Brown looked gloomy as he hastened into the hotel.

Helena mentally sneered, "Aren't you guys fearless? You love to smash things, huh? Now, Mr. Brown is here. Let's see how fearless you guys can be! With Mr. Brown's abilities, you guys can spend the rest of your lives in prison! How dare you deplorable people look down on the social standing of our superior?"

Adam strode toward the lobby, and Helena quickly stepped forward as if she was claiming credit. She said reverentially, "Mr. Brown, those people are the troublemakers! Let's just call the cops!"

Adam did not even spare Helena a glance. He looked at Zachary and strode over, his expression immensely grim.

Zachary re-lit a cigarette and took a puff. Looking at the gloomy Adam before him, he chuckled lightly. "Seems like your management ability is just so-so, after all. I understand my son's temperament. Anyone who can make him smash things violently must have crossed the line."

Adam's knees practically grew weak, and he lowered his head before Zachary, saying deferentially, "I'm sorry, Boss."

"Boss?" pondered everyone.

Adam's words had stunned Helena and Robert simultaneously, including those security guards. Only Zidane remained impassive and stood behind Zachary with a solemn expression.

"This person is Mr. Brown's boss?" thought Helena in terror.

Helena turned as white as a sheet in an instant. Since Adam had said so, there surely wouldn't be a mistake.

Zachary looked up at Helena and questioned, "I'm smashing the things in my own hotel. What are you calling the cops here for? I'm asking you; can't I smash my own properties, hum? Can't I?"

Terrified, Helena couldn't even say a word. The phone in her hand fell to the floor with a thud.

Zachary's question had landed a direct blow on her. Of course, she wouldn't dare say that he couldn't smash his own properties!

Adam did not dare to say a word at present. He simply kept his head lowered as if waiting for his punishment.

Zachary glimpsed at Adam and said, "It's fine. Go and ask my son if he's still mad or not. If he is, let him continue smashing for a while. Otherwise, get people here to clean this place up."

"Yes." Adam nodded and then turned to Robert with an ingratiating expression. "Mr. Zabinski, what do you say..."

Right now, Robert's mind was a complete blank. He could barely comprehend what was going on.

Zachary gazed at his son and waved a hand. "Robert, this is our hotel. Feel free to smash anything you want! You're my only son. How can I possibly let you be wronged?"

"Our hotel?" thought Robert.

Zachary's words had caused Robert's brain to crash and malfunction.

Grand Triumphant Hotel was the most upscale hotel in Yrinas. Typically, Robert always looked at it with envy when passing by. Had Marilyn not asked him to come this time, he would never have stepped foot into this place. Yet, right now, he had just found out this hotel was actually owned by his family.

Robert knew his father's character. The latter was not one who liked cracking jokes. Besides, looking at Adam's reaction, Robert reckoned this wasn't a prank at all.

He mused, "I'm actually a scion?"

This feeling baffled Robert. Just an hour ago, his girlfriend had broken up with him and got into another man's car because Robert was poor. Helena, the server, had also treated him with such a poor attitude because he was poor.

But now, Robert's father suddenly told him that he was a scion and that the best hotel in the city was theirs. Robert could hardly imagine how rich their family must be!

"All right, brat. You were too young before, so your mother and I didn't tell you about some matters. Let's go. There are some things you should know now." Zachary flicked the cigarette butt and got up, walking toward the private elevator in the hotel lobby. "Zidane, wait for me here."

Several beautiful receptionists immediately bowed, and one of them stepped forward and pressed the elevator button for Zachary in advance.

Robert followed behind Zachary, feeling surreal.

At last, Adam breathed a sigh of relief, stood up, and walked to Helena. He berated, "Get out right this instant! You're fired!"

"I'll check the surveillance footage myself later. If I find out you've violated the hotel customer service regulations, you'll pay for it!"

Helena was in a panic and deeply regretted her actions. Her legs grew weak, and she slumped directly to the ground.

Who could've imagined the loser who was just dumped by someone would turn out to be the son of the hotel's boss?

Outside the hotel, in a Porsche driving on the road, the man was talking to Marilyn.

"Marilyn, after your graduation ceremony, we can go to—"

"Pull up right ahead. I'm a little tired," interrupted Marilyn plainly. She was sitting on the passenger seat as she stroked her forehead.

The young man who was driving froze momentarily. "Marilyn, we just got—"

"Kendrick, I'll head back by myself. Stop the car." Marilyn took a deep breath.

Seeing her insistence, Kendrick Zabel could only comply. With that, Marilyn got out of the vehicle.

At this time, it was near dusk, and the clouds in the sky were red.

Marilyn looked back in the direction of Grand Triumphant Hotel and couldn't help thinking about the look on Robert's face in the hotel earlier.

Robert had been pale and silent, making Marilyn's heart clench in pain.

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Had she had a choice, she genuinely did not want to hurt Robert. However, there were many things beyond her control as she was born into a wealthy family. Even if she liked him, her family wouldn't allow her to be with an ordinary person.

"I'm sorry," Marilyn murmured, her delicate face drained of color.

Marilyn had felt worse than Robert did when she told him they were over.

"The graduation day will likely be the last time we meet..." she added.

The office on the top floor of Grand Triumphant Hotel was luxuriously decorated.

Robert sat in there, looking a little ill at ease.

"Brat, now you know Grand Triumphant Hotel belongs to our family, but do you know which company it belongs to?" Zachary glanced at Robert, who was sitting on the couch awkwardly, and beamed.



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