

# Life Makeover: Minted Edition Novel

Chapter 20

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Robert was sitting in his seat, feeling a little dizzy. He had not been drinking many times and was not good at drinking, so he could not stand it when people around him forced him to drink more.

Seeing that Robert was almost drunk, the two men at the table were quite delighted.

Meanwhile, Naomi was dragged to that man at the booth by those two women.

"Look, Naomi. These are three bottles of Armand de Brignac. They cost 4,500 dollars in total, you know!"

"This is a display of respect and pride! Since when have we ever gotten to enjoy a moment like this?"

The two women kept trying to brainwash Naomi.

"Now, look at that boyfriend of yours. Not even his entire outfit might be worth a sip of this champagne."

"Why must you suffer by choosing to be with a poor punk when you possess such amazing qualities?"

It was then that the bar DJ's voice rang out.

"Mr. Kendrick Zabel from B8 has ordered ten bottles of Armand de Brignac! Let's wish Mr. Kendrick Zabel great fortune ahead, and may he and Ms. Marilyn Quesnell live happily ever after!"

What the DJ had said was clearly consented to by Kendrick himself.

Right then, ten shining bottles of Armand de Brignac were lifted over a waiter's head as the waiter circled around the bar. Under everyone's envious gaze, all ten bottles were served to the table where Kendrick sat.

At the table, Kendrick wore a smug look.

On the contrary, Marilyn and Linda both seemed as grim as death.

Neither of them was strapped for cash. They had visited the bar just to have a drink and relax.

The last thing they anticipated was Kendrick showing up and creating such a scene.

In particular, Marilyn found the DJ's wish for her to live happily ever after with Kendrick unacceptable.

At first, the two women back at Naomi's table were still looking at the handsome man next to them, but the next second, their gazes already landed on Kendrick.

In their opinion, there was a significant difference between three and ten bottles of Armand de Brignac.

Robert's attention was also drawn by the DJ's voice. When his gaze reached Marilyn, who shared the same table with Kendrick, his expression suddenly darkened.

At once, Robert refused outright the continuous persuasion of the two men beside him to make him drink more. Taking a deep breath, he picked up the coat beside him, all ready to leave.

"Hey, punk, what's up with you? You'd better not be so full of yourself."

"We offer you a drink, but you're not willing to oblige? Why? Is it because this bottle of wine's only worth 300 dollars that it's too cheap for you?"

Both men's eyes were shining with dissatisfaction.

"Damn it! We look up to you, which is why we offer you a drink. Some nerve you have to be ungrateful!"

Considering that the music in the bar had stopped temporarily because the DJ had to speak, the entire place became very quiet. Just as those two men shouted, many people shifted their line of sight toward the source of the noise, including Kendrick and the rest.

"Who do we have here? What's the matter, Robert? Didn't you just mortgage your house to show off earlier today? You're sure quick to put on another pretense here in the bar at night." A burst of laughter escaped Kendrick on that note.

The revelation of Robert mortgaging property to show off aroused curiosity in the hearts of many.

"A person who'd mortgage their house just to put on an act has to be a blockhead through and through," the onlookers

mused.

Those two women sitting beside Naomi laughed out loud before mocking, "What an outstanding boyfriend you have there, Naomi."

Naomi gawked at Kendrick like a fool. She also knew that the Zabel family was going to step into Yrinas, thus pondering, "Does Kendrick have a death wish? Why did he openly provoke and slander the son of the Zabinski family like that?"

Robert spared a glance at Kendrick and said nothing. All he did was wear his coat and walk toward the exit of the bar.

Alas, Robert merely took a couple of steps before he was stopped in his tracks by somebody.

"Hello, Mr. Zabinski! I've finally met you. I'm the general manager of this bar."

Standing right before Robert was a middle-aged man. The latter lowered his head respectfully and made his reverence while simultaneously sneaking a peek at Naomi at the booth from the corner of his eyes.