

Life Makeover: Minted Edition Novel

Chapter 37

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Robert could naturally see that he was hostile, but Robert couldn't figure out where it came from.

Seeing that Robert did not say anything, the middle-aged man, Marlondo Hoffman, snorted coldly, "Let's go. Mr. Hoffman wants to see you!"

Upon hearing that he would meet with Stephen, Robert nodded his head. He had recently inquired about Stephen's background and knew that he was a legendary figure who had built the Hoffman family's fortune on his own several decades ago. Robert was inspired by Stephen's iron-fisted approach during his younger days, and just the thought of it made him feel passionate. He was eager to learn from his respected elder.

He followed Marlondo all the way to Stephen's study. Two young men stood at the door of Stephen's study. They all looked upset when they saw Robert as if the latter was their biggest enemy.

Robert also remembered that both of them were the descendants of the Hoffman family. As for why the Hoffman family hated him so much, Robert couldn't figure it out at all.

"Go inside," Marlondo said unhappily.

Robert stood in front of the door, took a deep breath, and then gently knocked on the door.

"Come in." Stephen's voice sounded.

Robert pushed the door open and walked in. Then, he closed the door.

When the door was closed, the two young men at the door immediately began to complain to the middle-aged man.

"Uncle Marlondo, why did Grandpa meet an outsider?"

"Does Grandpa really want someone who isn't from our family to be his successor?"

"No way! Uncle Marlondo, you have to persuade Grandpa. He is old and confused. We can't allow an outsider to come in!"

Hearing the complaints of the two young men, Marlondo shouted, "Enough! You can't judge him! Are you itching for a beating?"

The two boys immediately realized that they had said something wrong. They hurriedly lowered their heads, but they looked at Marlondo unwillingly.

Marlondo stared at the closed door and snorted coldly, "Don't worry. The Hoffman family's property is always ours. A loser who relies on a woman to get a position has no right to interfere in our family!"

The two boys looked happy when they heard that.

Inside the door, Stephen sat alone at the desk, studying a piece of calligraphy on the table.

"Mr. Hoffman, are you looking for me?" Robert entered the room and glanced at Stephen.

Without looking up at Robert, Stephen lowered his head and said, "What do you think of this calligraphy?"

Robert stepped forward and looked at the words on the table. He frowned slightly and shook his head. "I don't

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understand calligraphy. I can't tell."

Stephen's body froze momentarily, and then he laughed out loud. "Ha-ha! Great! You are frank! Robert, you're good. Tell me, what do you want me to help you with?"

Robert was confused. "Help? Mr. Hoffman, you made a mistake. I don't need you to help me."

Stephen slowly put away the pictures on the table and then sat down. "Young man, I'm old. I have experienced far more than you. You can't hide your thoughts from me. Tell me; what do you want? An opportunity? Or what kind of role do you want to play in the Hoffman family?"

Robert shook his head. "Mr. Hoffman, I'm really not interested in what you said."

Stephen looked at Robert up and down and said, "Robert, right? Naomi's boyfriend. To be honest, I have been traveling all over the world for so many years. I have seen all kinds of people. I know what you young people think. Sometimes speaking directly will make people feel happy. What do you think?"



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