

Life Makeover: Minted Edition Novel

Chapter 51

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"Kendrick, I'll do my best to be a good host when we reach Lofbury." Charles was so excited that he couldn't wait to go home and accept the compliments.

In contrast to Charles's excitement, Kendrick was thinking about how Robert would embarrass himself that night and how disgusted Marilyn would be when she saw Robert being beaten up and begging for mercy.

At midnight, an Alphard worth hundreds of thousands of dollars stopped at the entrance of Lofbury's Fourth Public Hospital. Simultaneously, more than a dozen young men were standing in front of the hospital, all of whom Charles had recruited in Lofbury. Since there was good news that night, Charles had called all his lackeys over for a celebration.

Before the car stopped completely, Charles already opened the door and hopped out of the vehicle excitedly.

"Charles, just go handle your business. I'll wait for you here." Kendrick, who was sitting in the car, waved at Charles.

"Thank you, Kendrick. I'll arrange it for you later." Charles, bubbling with excitement, ran into the hospital and went straight to the intensive care unit.

As soon as Charles arrived at the intensive care unit, he saw many members of the Hoffman family standing there.

Charles noticed that those people's gaze at him was tinged with anger and discomfort.

Charles was not surprised at that, though. While he was on his way there, he already expected that the Hoffman family members must be upset about him for helping his grandfather vent his spleen. After all, none of the third generations of the Hoffman family could come forward and deal with the affair.

Under the angry and resentful eyes of the crowd, Charles puffed out his chest and strode toward the intensive care unit as if he was a hero who returned home in triumph.

Marlondo was standing right in front of the door of the intensive care unit. Seeing Charles coming over, he walked up to the former and said expressionlessly, "Charles, your grandpa is waiting for you inside."

When Charles saw Marlondo's expressionless face, he chuckled and said, "Uncle Marlondo, what's that look on your face? It was not a big deal anyway."

Marlondo was furious and he cursed inwardly, "Not a big deal? You asked someone to beat the heir of the Zabinski family. How dare you say it was not a big deal now? If the Zabinski family wanted to pursue the incident further, the Hoffman family would no longer exist in Navarre!"

Marlondo looked at the playboy-like nephew before him and shook his head helplessly. "You should head in first."

and waved at him.

"Grandpa." Charles crouched down beside the bed.

Stephen turned to look at Charles, took a deep breath, and asked weakly, "I heard that you did something big in Yrinas today, huh?"

"Haha." Charles scratched the back of his head and said, "It's not really something big, Grandpa."

"Oh? If it wasn't something big, what is then?" Stephen sized Charles up and down as he spoke. "What a great descendant of mine you are!"

Stephen struggled to get up.

Charles hurriedly reached out to help Stephen, but the latter shoved his hand away.

"Grandpa, what are you doing?" Charles was a little confused.

"Grandpa?" Stephen shook his head. "No, Charles, I don't deserve to be your grandpa. To me, you are more senior than any of us in the Hoffman family!"

Stephen suddenly became agitated.

"Grandpa, what do you mean?" Charles asked in confusion.

"How dare you, Charles Hoffman!" Marlondo suddenly walked in from the door and bellowed, "As the direct descendant of our family, it's fine for you to be incompetent. But how dare you beat someone recklessly today! Why are you doing this to us!"

"Charles, you are such an ungrateful person!"

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"The Hoffman family raised you up. How could you do such a thing?"

The Hoffman family members gathered at the door of the ward and scolded.

Stephen's butler frowned upon hearing that and thundered, "All right. Be quiet, please! Mr. Stephen Hoffman can't stand the noise."

As soon as the butler's words fell, the direct descendants of the Hoffman family went into silence. Despite the position, everyone knew very well that the butler was Stephen's friend who fought alongside him and couldn't be provoked.

Charles looked around in a panic. Suddenly, he caught sight of his parents in the crowd and quickly said, "Dad, w-what the hell is going on?"

"Bastard!" Charles' father, Maverick Hoffman, was the fourth son of the Hoffman family. He rushed forward and slapped Charles in the face. "How dare you lay a hand on the son of the Zabinski family! Are you crazy? Do you want to ruin the whole Hoffman family?"



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