

Life Makeover: Minted Edition Novel

Chapter 6

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Robert looked at Marilyn in confusion. "Miss, may I know if there is a problem with me talking to myself as I eat?"

Breathing heavily, Marilyn calmed herself down and picked up her bag from the table. "Let's go!"

After saying that, Marilyn strode out of the restaurant without looking back.

Kendrick's mood was terrible. He had felt excited to run into Robert because he wanted to show off and ridicule the latter. But now, every word Robert said made Kendrick feel exceedingly uneasy.

Kendrick hurriedly chased after Marilyn, calling out, "Marilyn, you don't have to mind him. Marilyn..."

When Robert saw Marilyn leaving, the proud smile on his face faded, and the food in front of him lost its flavor.

"I don't want to eat anymore!" Robert got up irritably.

Robert had no clue why he just said those things. However, seeing Marilyn so close to another guy made Robert immensely irate. It was an emotion that could not be explained with words.

Robert persuaded himself that he was saying such things to repel Kendrick, but he was actually hoping to capture Marilyn's attention. It was just like how a boy would constantly talk loudly and act exaggeratedly in front of a beautiful girl in hopes that she would look at him.

Similarly, Robert just wished that Marilyn could look at him

more.

Marilyn sat in the lobby of the hotel, calming her emotions.

What made Marilyn angry were not Robert's words, as she didn't care what Kendrick would think.

She was angry that Robert was acting like a different person. He used to be studious, gentle, mature, and considerate. Now, he seemed a slacker with no interest in learning and a playboy who had given up on himself.

Marilyn hated this version of Robert and didn't want to see him acting this way.

Marilyn turned around and saw Kendrick following her, but her gaze went past him and fell on Robert, who stood up forlornly. Most of her rage vanished in an instant. This was, after all, her fault.

"He... Wait, why is he still here?" Marilyn wondered as she remembered something.

Marilyn suddenly thought of a possibility. She strode to the receptionist and asked about Robert's information.

The receptionist checked the computer and told Marilyn, "Miss, Mr. Zabinski has been staying here on credit."

Marilyn sighed when she heard this and wondered if what she said yesterday was too harsh and if it triggered him.

At this thought, Marilyn took out her phone and said, "Transfer 4,500 dollars... No. Transfer 7,500 dollars to Mr. Zabinski's credit, please."

After paying, Marilyn left silently.

The receptionist was weirded out and wondered, "Why did someone come to pay for Mr. Zabinski when he's spending money in his family's hotel?"

Half an hour later, Robert changed into a new set of clothes and came to the hotel lobby. Carlos had instructed someone to buy clothes for Robert, all of which were first-class brands. Since Robert wasn't a hypocritical person, he naturally wouldn't refuse them.

When he got to the receptionist, Robert told her, "I'm paying off my account."

"Mr. Zabinski, Ms. Quesnell has paid 7,500 dollars for you."

"Ms. Quesnell? Marilyn Quesnell?" Robert's face darkened, and he slammed the table, scaring the receptionist.

Robert's countenance was gloomy as he thought, "Marilyn, do you think you can make up to me by doing this? Do you think I need your charity? No! I don't need it!"

Out of nowhere, Robert roared, "Return the money to that lady!"

Robert's voice echoed in the hotel lobby.

Carlos was standing behind Robert, but he was unfazed by Robert's behavior. After Robert calmed down a little, Carlos said, "Mr. Zabinski, there's an auction this afternoon."

Meanwhile, Marilyn walked out of the hotel and got into her Mercedes-Benz C-Class. This was quite a low-key car, considering her status.

"All right, Mom. I'll go to the auction this afternoon," Marilyn said to the phone while sitting in the driver's seat.

At the entrance of the hotel, Carlos drove while Robert sat in the back seat. The latter was looking at some documents Carlos had given him. They contained some of the basic properties of his family, the list of people who would be attending the auction later, and the auction items.

"Mr. Zachary Zabinski said that you can buy anything you want from the auction later since no one can compete with us." Carlos' voice was calm and confident.

Robert nodded but said nothing. Since his father stated the money in the card was infinite, it meant their wealth was more than Robert could imagine.

The auction was set in the most prominent private club in Yrinas. At four o'clock in the afternoon, luxury cars were parked in front of the club.

When Robert stepped out of the vehicle, he saw a group of attractive men and women conversing at the club's entrance. They were intrigued when they noticed Robert's unfamiliar face. After all, the upper-class circle in Yrinas wasn't very big, so they'd know if there was a newcomer. However, Robert's arrival was too sudden for them.

Among these curious gazes, there was some disdain.

People who lived in affluent households for a long period would develop a certain temperament, but they didn't see it in Robert.

"He must be a nouveau riche who just stepped into the circle," someone said.

In truth, these wealthy people disliked newcomers. Yrinas' circle was limited, so it meant that the business chain was

bounded. The entrance of newcomers entailed that money would be distributed among more people.

Looking at the high-end club before him, Robert straightened his clothes a little awkwardly.

"Hey. Who are you?" A young man around 25 or 26 years old walked to Robert confidently. "You look new. Have you gone through the initiation?"

"Initiation?" Robert frowned slightly.

Carlos had told Robert some common knowledge among the circle on the way, but Robert didn't hear anything about an initiation.

The young man shook his head and spoke as if he was lecturing Robert. "There is only so much business in Yrinas. How dare you come into our circle without doing the initiation? Didn't the elders in your family teach you manners?"

Someone in the crowd chimed in, "These nouveau riches are getting more and more annoying. They think they can just come here without learning the rules."

At that moment, a beautiful, short-haired woman in an evening gown walked to Robert and winked at him. She seemed to be in her twenties, and her tone was filled with seduction as she said, "You're quite handsome. If you know the rules, we can go out tonight."

Being a newcomer, Robert was naturally targeted.

"Which family is he from? How come he has no manners at all?"

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"Which family are you from? Who is your father? The trader from Bay City? Or the restaurant owner from Darkmount City?"

A few middle-aged men came over, wanting to take this opportunity to assert dominance over whoever was backing Robert.

Everyone looked at Robert with a hint of condescension.

At that point, Carlos walked over from a distance. "There is indeed a practice of initiation in the circle here, and it's my fault that I didn't make it clear to Mr. Zabinski. But Mr. Zabinski, we have always been the ones watching the initiation and never the ones going through it. Anyone who wants to start a business in Yrinas must get permission from the Zabinski family first."

At the sight of Carlos, the middle-aged men who were looking down at Robert lowered their heads respectfully.

"Mr. Camidge."



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