

# Life Makeover: Minted Edition Novel

Chapter 78

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Robert glanced at Natalie, then at everyone in the sales gallery, and threw the letter of appointment onto the table as he announced, "From now on, I'm the manager here, and I'm in charge! All of you, come here and fall in line!"

It was only when Robert said the word "manager" that everyone snapped to attention.

Natalie stood in place. After a moment of thought, she decided to walk up to Robert.

Robert looked at the sleepy faces in front of him. Even as the employees fell in line, they could not stop fidgeting. Trying to keep his rage at bay, Robert addressed the department grimly, "Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Robert Zabinski, and from now on, I will be in charge of the sales gallery, are we clear? Now, I want all of you to go freshen up and start cleaning up this place!"

"What? Why are we the ones who have to clean up this place? Some of us have actual work to do in the afternoon, you know."

Clearly displeased by Robert's demands, Natalie added, "Can't you just have one of the janitors clean up the place? We're real estate salesmen, not maids!"

"Yeah, who gave you the right to boss us around like this?"

Following that, the room burst into a chorus of complaints.

Robert assessed the grumbling employees and nodded as he empathized with them, "Very well, then. Those who don't want to clean up, you may leave for good. I'm talking about you, you, and you."

As he said the last part, Robert pointed at three people in a smooth sequence, and one of them happened to be Natalie. He added insouciantly, "The three of you are fired. You may go now!"

When the disgruntled trio heard this, they instantly panicked.

"Hey, come on, let's go clean up the place! Chop-chop!"

"All right, let's get to cleaning as the manager told us to."

Robert waved his hand and said to the rest of the employees, "Anyone else who has a problem with this can quit and leave right now, got it?"

Natalie, who was about to clean up the place, was seized with anger when she heard this. She spun and snarled at Robert, "Who the hell do you think you are? How dare you fire us? Don't you know who my uncle is?"

"I couldn't care less about who your uncle is. Get out of my sight!" Robert was unaffected and did not bother with decorum. "I want this place spotless in an hour! If not, then all of you can leave!"

With that, Robert strode into his office, and the door slammed shut with a loud bang.

The employees at the sales gallery looked at each other. Those who were not fired mutely picked up the cleaning appliances and began to straighten out the place.

As for the trio who had been fired, they huddled together and spoke in hushed tones.

"Natalie, what's going on?"

"That guy must be off his rocker!"

"Natalie, tell your uncle what happened! That guy was totally wrong for firing us without good reason. We're entitled to a payout of 600 dollars every month."

Natalie had lost face after getting berated in front of everyone. In hopes of salvaging her pride, she nodded firmly and said, "You're right. I'll bring this up with my Uncle Dylan right away! How dare that guy act all high and mighty around us when he's just a manager?"

Meanwhile, in the manager's office at the sales gallery, Robert frowned as he scrolled through the reviews of Bluespring Residence on the sales app. Most of the negative reviews had to do with the sales gallery.

Someone on the platform had written: [The salesmen at the sales gallery have such terrible attitudes that I nearly thought I was meeting with a bunch of thugs!]

Robert got in touch with the back end of the sales app and procured the customers' contact details. Then, he called up each one of them.

"Hello, Mr. Wagner. I'm Robert from the Bluespring Residence sales gallery. I'm sorry for the bad experience you've had with our team, and we..."

"Your sales gallery is full of clowns!" the person on the other line snapped, then hung up before Robert could get another word in with him.

Robert listened to the beeping on the other end of the phone and let out an exasperated bark of laughter. From the looks of it, the employees at the sales gallery had angered more than their fair share of customers. With that in mind, he took a deep breath and steeled himself to make another phone call.

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In the hour that followed, Robert went on to make phone calls and apologized to the customers.

Just then, the piercing ring of the desk phone filled the air.

Robert had only just put the call through when the person on the other line demanded in an accusatory manner, "This is Dylan speaking. I'm the general manager of Hamhall Real Estate and I was informed that as of 2.00 p.m. today, you've fired five employees. Is that true?"



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