

# Life Makeover: Minted Edition Novel

Chapter 79

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"It is," Robert answered matter-of-factly. "The employees had shown lackadaisical attitudes that negatively impacted the company and..."

Robert had yet to finish speaking when he was cut off harshly. "Who gave you permission to fire them?" The man named Dylan shouted angrily. "You have no right to fire anyone without consulting me first! I've already reinstated those five employees. From now on, you'd better stay in line and come to me before you make any decisions!"

"Mr. Yoder." Robert had sensed from the man's tone that there was more to this outburst than it seemed. "As the manager, I have every right to fire anyone in the sales gallery. I'm accountable for the company's sales performance, and I couldn't care less about nepotism."

"Who the hell do you think you are?" Dylan snapped furiously. "If you don't fix this in ten minutes, then consider yourself fired and get out of the company!"

Dylan was 52 years old this year, and he was the general manager of Hamhall Real Estate. He was still reeling from the phone call when he hung up, and he was shaking with anger as he took his seat behind his office desk.

Never once did Dylan think that some unknown manager would have the nerve to lecture him!

Fuming, Dylan made another phone call. This time, it was to the HR department.

"Mr. Yoder, the letter of appointment was forwarded to us by the

HR in headquarters. I was only following orders," the personnel on the other line explained.

While Dylan was somewhat astonished by this answer, he did not think too much of it and simply made a separate phone call to the HR department of the Zabinski Group headquarters.

"You've reached the HR department. How may I help you today?"

"I'm Dylan from Hamhall Real Estate." Dylan was trying his best to suppress his anger, knowing better than to act like a tyrant when he was dealing with the headquarters. "I'd like to inquire into the appointment of the new manager for the Bluespring Residence sales gallery and how it came about."

"Hello, Mr. Yoder. Hold for a moment, please, while I transfer your call to the person in charge," came the reply from the person on the other line.

Dylan clutched his phone as he waited for his call to be transferred and picked up. He had made up his mind that regardless of who had appointed the new manager of the sales gallery, he would have the person fire the manager. "I will not stand to be talked down to like that!" he thought menacingly.

"Hi, this is the CEO's office. Who's on the line?" Carlos's voice filled the other line and pulled Dylan out of his thoughts.

The CEO's office! These words were enough to make Dylan go weak in the knees.

Dylan was only speaking to the CEO over the phone, but he still kept up a respectful facade as he greeted hesitantly, "M-Mr. Camidge?"

"Speaking," Carlos replied placidly. "Who's on the line?"

"I... I'm Dylan from Hamhall Real Estate." Dylan wiped the beads of cold sweat that had broken out over his forehead. Anyone who had some seniority in the business industry would have heard of Carlos.

"Mr. Yoder, what is this about?" Carlos asked bluntly.

Mustering his courage, Dylan stammered, "M-Mr. Camidge, I called today to talk to you about the new manager of the Bluespring Residence sales gallery."

"Mr. Zabinski was the one who took charge of all matters relating to the sales gallery. Is there a problem with him managing it personally?"

"M-Mr. Zabinski..." Dylan came close to falling on his knees when he heard this. "I-It's nothing, Mr. Camidge. I only called because I heard rumors that there's been a change in personnel, and I wanted to confirm this."

"I had the HR department send out a memo, but I'll get them to work on handing you a copy of the relevant documents soon," Carlos promised.

"Thank you, Mr. Camidge," Dylan replied shakily. He did not even realize how scared he had been until he hung up the phone and felt the sweat on his back soak through his shirt.

"If Mr. Zabinski was the one who took over the management of the sales gallery, then that means... I've just lashed out at the big man himself!" he thought, horror-struck.