

Supreme Mars - Chapter 8 Dad!

The slap left Philip dumbfounded. He asked in confusion, "Mr. Cox, why did you hit me?"

"Why?" Justin's fury had yet to subside. He shouted angrily again, "Do you know you almost assaulted a person you shouldn't have? If you want to kill yourself, don't implicate me!"

Phillip trembled all over at once.

He could tell loud and clear that Justin Cox looked terrified, instead of angry when he scolded him.

"But he's the owner of the International Commerce Center. Who could he be afraid of all of a sudden?" Phillip became desperate at this thought. Regardless of the pain on his face, he knelt down with a thump and pleaded, "Mr. Cox, I didn't know this gentleman was an honored guest. It's my first-time offense. Please forgive me!"

"Hmph," Justin snorted, his expression unchanged, "you're barking up the wrong tree. You need to ask this man for forgiveness."

While speaking, he looked at Leo who had been calm throughout and then swiftly to a flattering expression immediately. He asked cautiously, "Are you Mr. Leo Cohen?"

20 minutes ago, a powerful individual purchased the International Commerce Center from him at a very high price, then told him that he was merely a middleman. The person behind the action was Leo Cohen, a man who would visit the building in person that day.

So, Justin had been waiting downstairs after the call, hoping to make a good impression on the new owner. He believed that if he could hook up with him, or even cut a deal, it would be of great help to his future.

He did not expect such a farce to happen when the big shot arrived.

Leo nodded slightly and replied, "Yes, I am."

Justin became even more respectful and handed over his name card. He introduced himself humbly, "We're greatly honored by your gracious presence. I'm the owner of this building, Justin Cox. You can call me Justin, or my childhood nickname, Meatball."

Phillip and all the other guards were stunned.

As a matter of fact, "Meatball" was not Justin's childhood nickname at all, but rather a monicker the building's employees gave to him. No one dared to call him "Meatball" in public unless they wanted to be fired...

With Justin's humble attitude, Leo could only take his card and exchange pleasantries, "Nice to meet you."

Justin smiled sweetly at once, then looked at Phillip who was still petrified on the side and rebuked with a frown, "Mr. Cohen, this brat is as blind as a bat and stupidly ignorant. You don't need to concern yourself with such a brute..."

"As blind as a bat?" Leo sneered, expressionless. "If I were a nobody, what would happen then?"

"Do you think it's a great honor to be the lackey of those in power?"

Justin and Phillip changed colors at once.

Justin glanced at Philip and shook his head. He had tried his best to save Philip, but unfortunately, Leo had taken a firm line.

"Go and write a resignation letter. You're not fit for this job," Justin said to Philip while waving his hand.

"Mr. copy right hot novel pub

Cox..." Philip wanted to say more but Justin had escorted Leo into the building.

"Mr. Cohen, are you here today for the bidding?" Justin jogged all the way and asked Leo trucklingly.

"Not interested." Leo maintained a calm expression and looked straight ahead. "I'm here to take a look at this building. Get to know it."

"I see..." Justin wiped away his sweat awkwardly and asked again, "Mr. Cohen, since you've bought this building, shall I hold a handover ceremony for you to celebrate it?"

"No, thanks."

Leo refused without hesitation and explained, "I don't like these kinds of formalities. As for this building, you'll be the nominal manager here if you like. I'm just buying it for fun."

"Buying it for fun? This is what it means to have deep pockets I suppose, while always keeping a low profile," Justin wondered as the worship in his eyes grew stronger.

He gave Leo a tour of the building's facilities. On the way, they ran into some female employees who wore white shirts, black skirts and stockings, looking quite youthful.

They whispered about Justin and Leo who were walking side by side.

"Isn't that Mr. Cox? Who's that man next to him? He's so young looking."

"Maybe he's the general manager of some big company, here for the auction."

"Maybe. What a pity that I'm not working in Atlas Beauty of Ms. Henderson.

Otherwise, I could get an invitation too."

"Come on. Ms. Henderson is known for hating men and being harsh to women, a typical iron lady."

For a time, the mysterious Leo caused a great uproar in the building.

At this time, Caroline and Rebecca came out of the bathroom and were shocked by the sight before them as well.

Rebecca asked with a frown, while pointing at the back of Leo, "Caroline, look at that man who is walking with Mr. Cox. Doesn't he look like Leo?"

"Where?" Caroline asked as she did not see anyone when she turned around.

"He's already gone," Rebecca replied.

"Mom, are you too pissed off by that bad medicine that you mistook someone else for him? How could he set foot in a place like this?" Caroline was both angry and amused.

"You're right." Rebecca stopped frowning at once. Justin introduced companies on each floor to Leo cordially, who suddenly stopped and said, "I'd like to take a walk around myself. I'll let you get back to your duties."

Justin took the hint and agreed at once, "Then, please feel free to look around. Just call me in case you need anything."

Then, he left.

Leo walked into the elevator and pushed the button for the 88th floor directly. It was the floor where Atlas Beauty was located.

Actually, Atlas Beauty rented 78-88/F of International Commerce Center and was, without doubt, the largest group in the whole building.

On the 88th floor was the president's office of Atlas Beauty.

As the elevator climbed upwards, Leo overlooked the increasingly smaller buildings under his feet and suddenly felt his mood shift.

He noticed that he had trouble maintaining his usual calmness and his lips were pressed tightly together.

He had no idea how he should face the woman whom he had been deeply indebted to for the last five years.

Ding!

The elevator door opened. Leo walked out and made his way to the president's office.

But he did not knock on the door right away.

His hands were raised in mid-air and and left paused.

He had no fear, and would not even frown when facing a hail of bullets or threats of death.

But, at this very moment, he was so nervous that he was afraid to move.

He stood there frozen for some time, before he finally took a deep breath and gently knocked on the door.

"Who is it?"

Someone asked from inside before the door was opened.

It was a voice as clear as a bell that soothed people's minds.

Leo was surprised because it did not sound like Lydia at all.

When the door opened, he saw a delicate little girl standing timidly in front of him and staring at him with a pair of curious eyes.

The second their eyes met, Leo seemed to understand something. His pupils constricted and he looked away subconsciously.

The girl was seemingly not afraid of strangers. Instead, she stared straight at Leo and asked suddenly, "Dad, is that you?"

As soon as she uttered that immense word, Leo shuddered automatically.

"Dad!" The little girl called again when she did not hear any response from Leo.

Only this time, her voice was a little louder.

Her eyes were sparkled with a trace of anticipation.

The second "Dad" immediately broke Leo who had been struggling hard. Excitement, gratitude, guilt, and a variety of mixed feelings flooded out at the same time.

"This is my daughter! My daughter with Lydia!" he told himself.

"Sorry, I'm sorry..." Leo could not take it anymore. He squatted down, hugged the little girl tightly, and kept apologizing to her.

The God of War in the military and the Commander of Wyverns was now shedding tears in front of a five-year old girl.

No wonder people often say that men only weep when deeply aggrieved. .

