

WILL THE ALOOF BILLIONAIRE DIVORCE TODAY?

Chapter 13: I Never Accept Useless Things

Coffee slid down the front of his chest, spilling onto his top-of-the-line custom shoes.

The lobby manager was stunned, his face turning pale with fright.

This incident happened under his watch, and he had an unshirkable responsibility.

It would have been fine if it happened to someone else, but it just had to be their young heir.

Richmond is a nationwide chain of five-star hotels, one of the assets under the Seymour Consortium.

Matthew Rogers stood in place, his face looking slightly ashen.

The lobby manager looked at his expression and cautiously took out a tissue intending to help him wipe off, but Matthew Rogers pushed him away, eyes blazing with fire, gritting his teeth with a cold smile, "Scarlett Yates, you'd better give me a reasonable explanation."

Scarlett looked at him, then at Alexis Denton who was with him, and frowned disdainfully.

Yet another woman with a big bust and slim waist, with a fiery figure.

Less than a day had passed, and he already had a new face by his side, his speed of discarding the old for the new was simply unparalleled.

She didn't have any good impressions of this flirtatious Young Master Saxon, so she just perfunctorily apologized, "Sorry, I mistook you for someone else, I stained your clothes, I will pay for the cleaning cost."

The lobby manager's face changed again, secretly sweating for Scarlett Yates.

This girl doesn't know the immensity of heaven and earth, daring to speak like that in front of the Saxon Family's second young master.

But from the current situation, it seemed like the two of them knew each other.

As Scarlett spoke, she took out her wallet, looking unlucky, and kept muttering, "This is really unlucky, where on earth did that jerk go, making Stella sad, and making me lose money for nothing. He better not let me see him again, or I won't skin him."

She buried her head, counting the bills in her wallet with distress, but didn't notice the increasingly displeased face above her.

Considering the other party's prestigious identity, surely his clothing must be extraordinary, Scarlett painfully took out two more bills, placed a pile of money by the table, and said angrily, "Sorry to interrupt you and this lady's romantic moment, I'll take my leave now, you two continue."

Just as she turned to leave, her wrist was grabbed tightly, almost causing her to cry out in pain.

The man behind her had a cold face, eyes dark, his voice extremely cold, "Who allowed you to leave?"

The cool fingers seemed to drill into her flesh, tightening inch by inch, making Scarlett's face turn pale in pain, angrily she said, "I've already apologized and paid the cleaning fee, what more do you want?"

His smile grew colder and colder, "I never accept useless things, especially apologies."

The difference in power between them was too great, she couldn't break free and could only glare at him helplessly and furiously, "Then what do you want?"

A long and strong arm suddenly reached over, and before Scarlett could react, her wallet was gone.

The red wallet, printed with tacky English letters, fell into a long, beautiful hand, and all the money inside was poured out onto the table. Even a few one-yuan coins shook out of the wallet under the stunned gaze of onlookers.

Coins clinked crisply against the dining table.

Only when the last coin fell onto the table did Matthew Saxon stop.

Scarlett's wrist was released, and the force she couldn't break free from disappeared as well.

Matthew Saxon called George over to organize the money on the table, counting them one by one, and after counting, George pressed a few coins on the neatly stacked bills, bowing his head respectfully, "Young Master, it totals 1144 yuan."

The next second, the Saxon Family's second young master made a move that left everyone shocked.