

Chapter 93 This punch in the face

A dead mouse feels no cold.
Anyway, he had already pretended to
be a VIP, and he was not afraid to
pretend more.

When the crowd heard this, they said
with admiration.

"Boss Harry is awesome! We must
follow you from now on!"

Sara's eyes were filled with Harry,
and the more she looked at him, the
more handsome he became. She
wanted to swallow him in one bite.

She had to win over the man.

To that end, she went to the
bathroom, and removed her underwear
to facilitate what she was going to do
next.

When she returned to the room



again, she sat beside Harry while intentionally flirted with him and made him aroused.

For a nightclub veteran like Harry, he knew Sara was totally naked underneath. Then he smiled and clinked glasses with Sara.

They couldn't stop flirting under the table.

The vibe was just right for the moment.

Sara turned to ask Maximilian.

"Maximilian, what's the name of your shop, and how much money do you make a year?

Otherwise, why don't you close it and come to work for Harry."

She despised Maximilian from the bottom of her heart.

Did he think that marrying into the





Griffith family made him great?

He was still a loser.

Now that Sara said that, it was definitely intentional.

According to what she thought, even if Maximilian was good at opening a crappy shop, could he be better than Harry?

Harry's revenue went up to millions of dollars a month.

Therefore, as soon as Sara's words were heard, everyone's eyes in the room locked on Maximilian with all kinds of strange gazes.

Harry also raised his eyebrows and looked over.

He asked with a frown with a rather contemptuous laugh.

"Maximilian, are you running a shop? Why didn't you tell me earlier?"



Maximilian calmly replied. "A small business, how can it be as good as yours, Boss Harry?"

In fact, Maximilian was afraid that if he said so, Harry and the others would find a crack in the ground to hide themselves in.

He spent \$40 million to buy the Supreme Beauty SPA Saloon.

Maximilian was really disgusted with this group of snobbish former colleagues.

These people, after talking for so long without leaving his name behind, were all humiliating and demeaning him in each sentence.

Harry laughed and asked with a raised eye brow.

"What kind of shop? Tell me about it and I'll see if there's any chance of



working with you guys as partners."

Could this guy open a store?

It was hilarious!

Maximilian replied truthfully.

"It's a beauty salon with a little share of mine, which isn't much. I don't participate in management."

Harry frowned and said.

"So that's it? No wonder you don't like my offering.

That's fine, since everyone is doing well, I'm happy.

Then I'm here to wish you a great success in business and open your small beauty shop across the country."

After saying that, Harry proposed a toast.

The crowd drank it all in one gulp and felt uncomfortable.



They never expected Maximilian, who was the object of ridicule, opened a small beauty shop.

Even if he just had a little share, it was still pretty good, much better than doing physical work like them.

Just after sitting down, Harry asked again impatiently.

"By the way, what's the name of your beauty shop? I'll ask someone about it later, and maybe our company can even work with you."

Maximilian nodded and said.

"It's just a small shop."

After saying that, the crowd was silent and didn't seem enthusiastic at all.

And the crowd was only focused on flattering Harry.

After all, that was the main event of

the day.

Maximilian opened a store?

It was just a small business.

Compared to Harry, that was simply negligible.

What else could they expect from a small beauty shop?

Maximilian ate his food silently. If he knew it, he wouldn't have come.

It was all about watching Harry show off with no fun.

When the meal was almost done, Harry and Sara both went out together, saying that they had some business.

But everyone in the room understood that they were probably going for a make out.

Especially the men in the box, who thought Harry really earned a lot to



enjoy Sara's sexy body.

As expected, ten minutes later, Harry returned to the room with a satisfied face.

Sara was a little later, with a rosy glow on her face and a visibly wrinkled dress.

After the two came back, they just directly stuck together.

The crowd didn't say anything, as they just knew it by heart.

Wendy was angry, as she did not expect Sara to beat her for the opportunity.

Soon, some people in the room began to smoke. Harry got high, threw the keys of the GTR on the table, and shouted, "I've had this car for more than half a year and don't really want to drive it anymore! Does any of you want it?"





Just take it for half the price, and I'm going to have a Ferrari at the end of the year."

"What the fuck, Boss Harry is so wealthy? Ferrari?"

"It's true that rich people are capricious!"

Harry shook his head and laughed.

"It's just money, if I can spend it, I can earn it, and besides, how cool it is to drive a Ferrari!"

"Boss Harry is awesome!"

"Take us for a few rides when you get it."

Harry laughed and said.

"Okay, no problem."

Sara stared at Harry with intense feelings. It seemed that she had made the right choice.





A Ferrari!

A Luxury car for one million dollars!

It was also at this point that someone suddenly interjected.

"Damn! Look guys, there's a hot search, Boss Harry, the Supreme Beauty SPA shop was sold to someone for 40 million dollars!"

The man said in surprise.

"How much?"

The crowd was in awe!

Was it forty million for the Supreme Beauty SPA saloon?

They used to be employees in the Supreme Beauty SPA Saloon.

Harry froze and was also surprised as he said, "Forty million for the Supreme Beauty SPA Saloon? Quite rich, then boss Archer Atkinson has





earned a lot this time. I wonder who this mysterious buyer is, did the news say it?"

"No, there's only one side photo taken secretly."

The man shook his head and zoomed in on the photo on his phone.

Everyone gathered around this time, looking at each other in consternation.

This man was so rich.

The photo was a bit blurry and took far away, and it was obviously from a sneak peek perspective.

Suddenly,

Sara covered her mouth in amazement and said.

"This guy, why does he look so much like Maximilian?"

In an instant, the room fell deadly





silent!

Did this guy look like Maximilian?

Wasn't that a joke?

Everyone's eyes were wide and stared firmly at the phone screen while not missing a single detail.

Holy shit! The more they looked, the more they were frightened. What a fucking resemblance!

And, even the clothes were exactly the same as what he wore today!

The atmosphere was quiet.

Everyone looked up, their eyes locked on Maximilian, but the latter was actually sitting calmly, playing with his phone.

Yes, he was chatting with Wilfred to arrange something.

This time, when Maximilian saw





everyone staring at him like he was a ghost, his body hair stood up and his head was dumbfounded.

"Why are you guys looking at me like that?"

Maximilian put his phone away, and was somewhat puzzled.

Sara was the first to fail to hold back and spoke up.

"Maximilian, the beauty shop you run, is it Supreme Beauty SPA saloon?"

Maximilian froze for a moment and thought about it.

"You're right. It's actually okay, just consider it a small investment, since it's not expensive."

"Not expensive?"

At this moment, everyone drew in a breath of cold air.





How could he act like that?

Forty million dollars, and he said it was not expensive?

Harry's face changed slightly, his eyebrows tightened, and he was in a bad mood as he laughed awkwardly.

"Maximilian, don't brag, that's forty million! Do you really buy the Supreme Beauty SPA Saloon?"

Maximilian swept a glance around, and everyone's eyes were wide-eyed, desperate to know something from Maximilian's mouth.

Maximilian pretended to ponder and rubbed his chin while saying,

"Yeah, I bought it, and it's only forty million dollars, which is my pocket money for a month, I guess."

Harry drew back a breath of cold air with his eyes filled with shock, and he





asked in a rather disbelieving tone,

"Is forty million dollars just your monthly pocket money?"

You're so fucking pretentious!

Where did you get \$40 million as a loser who was live-in son-in-law?

"Is it expensive? This little money is nothing to me, it's just a number."

Maximilian shrugged with a bemused look.

I'm sorry, but you guys are forcing me to show off.

"Damn! Maximilian, you....."

For a moment, the crowd was at a loss for words, not knowing what to say at all.

Can't this loser be faking it?

It was fucking insulting to slap their faces like this!



Chapter 94 Be a good person

Just now, they were all laughing at Maximilian. With such a change in the situation, they couldn't accept it, nor did they want to.

The loser, Maximilian, actually managed to turn everything around?

The atmosphere was quite awkward.

They were bragging about Harry throughout today and kept kneeling down to him just hoping for Harry to take care of them in the future.

But now, Maximilian, who was crushed under the foot by the entire crowd, suddenly jumped out and said he spent \$40 million to buy the Supreme Beauty SPA Saloon!

They couldn't believe it! Could he be that rich?

Maximilian touched his nose and laughed calmly.

"Don't look at me like that, guys, it's not that much of money. After all, it really feels good to live off a woman! How about I introduce you to rich women?"

The crowd fainted again!

He was fucking addicted to bragging, wasn't he? Harry's eyes twisted at the corners and he smiled coldly and said

"Maximilian, I say you are too pretentious, this shows off with no bounds at all. Did you say you spent forty million?"

Maximilian must be bragging!

This idiot must have been upset that they were giving him cold shoulders and said it on purpose.

Harry was upset in his heart. He had paved such a long way from KTV to here, showing off, but in the end, Maximilian stole all the limelight with just a few words?

Maximilian moved his mouth and said, "Forty million is a lot? It was the pocket money my wife gave me."

The crowd was speechless.

Everyone understood that Maximilian was just bragging.

"Damn! Maximilian, you're too shameless."

"When did you learn to be so arrogant? Forty million dollars as your pocket money?"

"Fuck! The loser is a loser. I regret having dinner with him, and it's a shame."

All of a sudden, all of these old

colleagues exploded while spitting out angry curses.

At this very moment, Maximilian received a phone call, and when he looked at the number, it was actually from Tristan Parker, who he had invested last time.

"Young master, we have received the payment of your investment. Where are you now? I'll come to you."

"No, it's only a five billion dollars investment, just do it as you see fit and remember our agreement."

Maximilian got up and left the box with his voice still faintly audible before he left.

Chopsticks were dropping onto the ground!

Fifty..... fifty million dollar investment?



Harry and the others were completely dumbfounded!

They would rather believe that this was a deliberate act by Maximilian. He was not really that rich.

The crowd of people looked at each other.

Sara took the lead while clutching her arms and cursing under her breath.

"I should have known not to bring him; I didn't expect him to be so shameless. Five billion dollars?"

"Yeah, Maximilian is too pretentious, what a spoiler."

Several people tended to curse him to ease the shock in their hearts.

Harry blushed badly, his expression stiffened, and followed with a few chuckles.

Shit!



The party was all ruined by this loser, Maximilian, so what the fucking were they continuing to stay here for?

The crowd was no longer in the mood to eat, and Sara sat for a while with her mind spinning. She had to go out and saw if Maximilian was really rich.

So Sara excused herself out of the box and went around the restaurant.

But she was careless and bumped into a waitress!

In one fell swoop, four bottles of expensive wine on the tray fell to the floor, shattering to pieces!

The waiter was shocked! They were the Lafite ordered by the guest. The four bottles were worth about forty thousand dollars!

They were all gone. She must be



responsible for the incident.

In a flash, the waitress became annoyed, and seeing that Sara was still pretending to slip away as if nothing was wrong, she immediately grabbed her and shouted loudly,

"You still want to run? Lady, you've smashed four bottles of Lafite! Please pay for them immediately!"

"What? Don't talk nonsense, I'm warning you! I didn't bump into you, and you dropped them by accident. Don't make an unfounded attack upon me!"

Sara shook her head desperately, her heart was burning, and she could not wait to escape immediately.

She also knew she couldn't be weak-minded at this point and must act strong!

So, she just pointed her fingers





directly at the waitress and splashed abuse.

The waitress was not to be outdone, and the two brawled.

Soon there was a crowd of onlookers gathered around them while pointing their fingers.

"Not you? Yeah, come on, let's watch the surveillance together!"

The waitress said in a loud voice. This time, Sara became completely flustered and immediately admitted her mistake and apologized,

"I... I didn't mean it, I just wasn't careful."

The current Sara, with a weeping appearance, was very aggrieved and pitiful.

"Not on purpose? Why didn't you admit it just now? Now you say you



didn't do it on purpose? I think you just did it on purpose!"

The waitress was getting mad for Sara's stubbornly denying her fault, and said coldly,

"Cut the crap and pay the damage done!"

"That's right, the woman is so bitchy, and she just refused to admit it."

"Oh, she's good looking, but she is a liar."

"Such women are a disgrace to women."

A group of people pointed at Sara with their eyes filled with disdain and contempt.

Sara was now crying out in anxiety, especially when she was being blamed by so many strangers. She lost her control inside and yelled.



"I'll pay for it. I'll pay for it, Stop blaming me!"

Sara was scared and panicked.

However, the accusations around her did not stop at all.

Even if she did something wrong, did they have to bash her in this way?

Wasn't it enough to admit her mistake and pay for it?

Did she have to go down on her knees and apologize to them?

"All right, this lady, shine your eyes and take a good look. These four bottles are Lafite, 10k dollars a bottle, 40k in total. Would you like to take a credit card or pay cash?"

"What? Forty thousand? No way! You cannot blackmail me!"

Sara was dumbfounded with tears rolling down her face like broken peas.



Forty thousand! How did she get that much money?

"Look, we're at the Lasdun here, will we frame you? You can be shameless, but we still have a reputation and are open for business."

The waitress didn't want to give in and said with a cold attitude.

Sara's legs trembled with fear, and her eyes focused on the ground.

She didn't have any money. She couldn't even get 2k dollars, let alone 40k!

"I I don't have that much money. Can you give me a few days to come up with the money?"

Sara asked while crying.

"No!" The waitress said indifferently.

"I think I'd better call the police. Look at you, money is spent on your face."



"Yeah, call the police."

The onlookers, who coldly sneered at this moment, were watching anyway. It was quite amusing to see a beautiful woman making a fool of herself.

Sara broke down at once, tears coming out in a wail and cried.

"No, don't call the police."

Sara's family wasn't rich in the first place, and 40k dollars was her family's income for a year.

"Then you hurry up and pay for it!" The waitress said in a cold voice.

Sara was overwhelmed with despair, especially as the crowd was bashing her from all directions, which was the last straw on the camel, "I..... I don't have any money."

At that exact moment, Maximilian finished his phone call and passed by





this way. He hesitated, squeezed into the crowd, and asked about what had happened.

He said to the waitress.

"I'll pay for her damage."



Chapter 95 Maximilian's Face

The crowd was stunned and turned their attention to the young man who had suddenly stepped forward.

He was a very ordinary guy. What made him say such words?

Was it possible for him to be a hero to save a beauty?

That was 40k dollars!

A lot of people let out contemptuous disdain!

The man, dressed in ordinary clothes, spoke like he was rich and generous.

"Oh, where's the poor man from? He was actually pretending to be rich here."

"I guess he saw her pretty face and had a purpose in his mind."



"How could that happen when it comes to him?

He was dressed in shabby cloth and was a loser at first glance."

Many people mocked him and sneered openly and secretly, ignoring Maximilian's feelings completely.

Sara looked up at this time with tearful eyes to see Maximilian, and she was immediately ashamed. In her eyes, Maximilian was a bragging poor loser. Her embarrassment had been seen by such a loser, how could she not be angry?

And, she thought Maximilian had just come over to taunt her!

"Maximilian, what are you doing over here? Go away. I don't need your help here!"

Sara scolded him with shame.



In the middle of the crowd, Wendy ran over.

"Sara, what's wrong with you?"

"Wendy"

When Sara saw Wendy coming, her tears broke at once and she wrapped her arms around her and started crying.

"Sara, it's okay. What's wrong? Talk to me."

Wendy said to comfort her, gently patting Sara's back.

She did notice the broken bottle on the ground and the large puddle of red wine, plus the accusations from the onlookers, and she immediately understood.

Sara was in trouble!

"Wendy, I broke four bottles of Lafite and she wants me to pay 40k dollars!"



Sara was crying her heart out.

"Forty thousand?" Wendy was startled.

Her family was not much better, and it was 40k dollars, and she didn't have that much of money either.

She even regretted stepping into it now. It was hard for her to not help her best friend.

The waitress next to her got tired of waiting and said in a cold voice.

"Please pay for the damage you've done ASAP. I have work to do, or I'll call the police."

The restaurant was surrounded by so many people, and if she didn't take care of it on time, she would be criticized as a waitress.

"Don't call the police, please don't, I'm sure I'll pay for it."



Sara cried and shook her head, and turned her hopeful gaze to Wendy, pleading,

"Wendy, you're my best sister, you're going to help me, right?"

Wendy had no way to back down, and she said with an embarrassing face.

"Sara, I..... I don't have that much money, you know my family's situation, and I still have to pay for my brother's tuition."

As soon as Sara heard that, she became even more flustered in her heart, and she despised Wendy a million times more.

It was surely enough that they were toxic friends who couldn't be trusted when it came to the moment of truth.

"Sara, why don't you go and ask

Harry? He must have money, maybe he can help you out. Since you two had just made out anyway, he shouldn't leave you in the lurch."

Wendy suggested.

"Is it okay if I... do this?"

Sara was ashamed, as asking Harry for help would make him look down on her.

She had always been a goddess of gravitas in front of people.

But there was nothing she could do now except begging for help.

"Hurry up, will you? I'll really call the police if you don't."

The waitress prodded her.

"I..."

Sara couldn't stop her tears from flowing out, and finally, with a resolute

look, she immediately took out her cell phone and called Harry.

Harry was sulking in the room when he suddenly received a call from Sara, who was crying. And after asking for why, he said arrogantly.

"Okay, wait, I'll be right over. It's just a few bottles of wine, why bother?"

Clap!

After hanging up the phone, Harry arrived with a line of colleagues, and shouted from a long distance away.

"Hey, what's going on? Are you bullying my girlfriend, right? It's just a few bottles of Lafite, how much can they be worthy of?"

Harry was very upset just now, so he couldn't wait to earn her face back in front of the crowd.

When Sara saw Harry coming, she

immediately jumped into his arms and cried with pearly tears.

"Harry, they're mean to me!

And I have to pay 40k dollars!"

Sara whispered with her affectedly sweet voice.

Harry put his arm around Sara and said a few comforting words.

"All right, all right, it's only forty thousand dollars. I'll take care of it for you."

Sara's face was overjoyed when she heard it. She was busy wiping her tears and kept thanking him.

"Thank you, brother Harry, mua!"

While saying that, Sara kissed him on the face.

With this action, Harry who was instantly aroused couldn't help but



leaned down and muttered a few words in Sara's ear, which made Sara's cheeks scarlet and her legs twisted together in the shape of twine.

And then, Harry turned to the waitress and said in a cold voice.

"It's forty thousand, right? Put it on my tab and I will settle it together later."

The waitress took a look at Harry, who looked like a big boss, and immediately nodded her head and said yes.

But, suddenly! A man came in a suit, the lobby manager, and asked coldly,

"Cindy, what's going on? Why are there so many people gathered here?"

Earlier, the lobby manager, Mr. Carson, had heard the commotion over there, and now that he saw it, he probably guessed what was going on in



his mind.

The waitress, upon seeing the lobby manager coming, bent over quickly and said,

"Mr. Carson, this lady accidentally broke four bottles of Lafite for our guests, and I'm taking care of it."

Carson smiled, nodded, and didn't say anything, and even spoke to politely Harry.

But when his eyes landed on the broken bottle on the floor, he panicked!

"How much did you just tell them to pay? Forty thousand?"

Carson asked hastily.

The waitress nodded her head with an affirmation and said.

"Yes, Mr. Carson, Lafite, 10k for one bottle, 40k for four."

Clap!

Carson slapped her straight across the face and roared.

"Are you fucking blind, is this a \$10,000 bottle? Look closely at what vintage of Lafite this is!!!"

The slap was so sudden that it struck the waitress dumbfounded, her eyes crowded with tears, and she stammered for a while.

Carson glared angrily for a few moments before turning to Harry with a smile.

"Excuse me, sir, the waitress is new and doesn't know this stuff, as this is our new batch of Lafite, a 1787 vintage collector. These are the only four bottles in the city, it's nine hundred and sixty thousand each!

So, those four bottles, that's three



million eight hundred and forty four thousand."

Click!

Dead silence!

"What? 3.84 million! Who the fuck are you kidding?"

Harry blew up on the spot!

Was this fucking red wine?

It was money!

Sara was startled and immediately jumped out and pointed at Carson and cursed him.

"Damn! I didn't expect your Lasdun to be so shameless as to rip off customers!"

Many of the surrounding onlookers were also scared out of their minds at the moment.

What the fuck! \$960,000 for a



fucking bottle of wine?

Four bottles were for 3.84 million!

It was a racket!

Carson blushed, tugged at his suit, and faintly picked up a broken glass bottle from the ground and said.

"Please look carefully, it clearly states the vintage, and if you don't believe me, you can look up for yourself on the internet how much a 1787 Lafite costs.

I'll just tell you that these are the only four bottles left in the city, and they're the real deal.

Over the years, we've been open for business in Lasdun, and we've never bullied our customers. If you think I'm lying, you're always welcome to call the market supervisors to investigate."

Carson's expression was



contemptuous when he thought that these guys were green and inexperienced.

How could they talk about drinking when they didn't even know a 1787 Lafite?

Harry was shocked and took the broken glass piece himself, and it did say 1787.

But he wouldn't just admit it.

That was 3.84 fucking million dollars!

His company's monthly cash flow was just over a million!

How could he pay for them?

Harry panicked and stammered to Sara.

"Sorry, Sara, you're in big trouble! Three million eight hundred and forty thousand, I..... I can't afford to pay."





As soon as Sara heard this, she immediately pestered Harry and cried out.

"Harry, they are talking nonsense, how can it be 3.84 million? They must be cheating us, we will only pay 40,000!"

How could he not be panic?

If this were true, she, Sara, wouldn't be able to pay for it even if she sold her body!

"Do we cheat you?!"

Carson's face chilled and he said angrily.

"You can go out and ask around, when have we Lasdun ever cheated anyone?"

Cannot afford the compensation, right? Then I'll just have to call the police and let them handle it!"

Once Carson mentioned about



calling the police, Harry immediately stood aside in abject silence and did not care about this anymore.

Sara was alone, crying and begging for mercy, but it didn't help at all.

That was nearly four million dollars!

What kind of rich guy would be stupid enough to pay for her?

However, Maximilian, who had been standing silently on the side, suddenly spoke up this time.

"Well, just do me a favor, and let her go."



Chapter 96 Does he look like Maximilian

When the crowd heard this, they were all shocked!

What did he mean about "a favor"?

Was his face worth four million?

Harry frowned. While seeing that Maximilian stood out at this moment, he was quite displeased in his heart and sneered,

"Maximilian, you're not an idiot, are you? Didn't you hear what they said, four bottles cost four million, and your face is so big that it's worth four million?"

Maximilian must be trying to come out and show off!

Then he would see how well he showed off.

Sara was full of anger and shame.



Maximilian was trying to come out and show off again; and in the end, it wasn't just him who was disgraced, but her.

"Maximilian, get the hell out of here! There's nothing for you here!"

With tears in her eyes, Sara snarled. She was really pissed off.

The loser Maximilian was still pretending to be a rich guy.

Maximilian shook his head helplessly with a smile and looked at the waitress and said,

"Four million, I'll pay for it."

Even if Sara and Harry didn't trust him, Maximilian was still going to help out. After all, they were all colleagues.

Was he cheap?

It seemed a bit.

The waitress raised an eyebrow,



looked Maximilian up and down, and said with disdain and contempt.

"You'll pay for it? Please listen carefully. The 1787 Lafite, four bottles for 3,840,000 dollars!

Can you really afford to pay for it?"

It wasn't that the waitress looked down on Maximilian, but he was dressed ordinary and seemed as poor as a church mouse.

He even had the courage to stand up for her when his companions despised him.

This guy, his head wasn't squeezed by the door, was it?

The crowd around him, was also sneering and laughing, pointing at Maximilian with their fingers.

"Oh, this guy is such a douche!"

"I've never seen such a shameless



one who has to come out and show off! Let's sit back and wait for a good punch in his face."

"Hey, it's true that men are animals, as they think with their lower bodies. After seeing that pretty lady in trouble, he doesn't even want his face."

While facing the contempt and laughter of the crowd, Maximilian had an indifferent face.

He said,

"Maybe I can afford to pay for it?"

The waitress reacted with a frothy laugh, and was to reprimand him when the Carson next to her turned his head this moment and looked at Maximilian. At once, the pupils of his eyes tightened!

"This gentleman, would you please stop making a mess?"

Can people like you afford to pay for it?"

The waitress sneered.

But, suddenly!

Clap!

A loud slap was thrown heavily at the waitress's face in full view of the crowd.

"Mr. Carson, why are you hitting me?"

The waitress was confused while covering her reddened cheeks, her eyes crowded with tears and aggression.

This scene naturally caused the crowd to shudder.

Holy shit!

What?

However, in the next second, the crowd was once again in shock!



Mr. Carson walked quickly to Maximilian, bent at ninety degrees and said respectfully,

"Mr. Lee I'm sorry, she's new here and doesn't know you. I hope you are generous and not take it personally."

Mr. Lee?

The crowd all drew in a breath of cold air, and they looked at each other, all in disbelief.

This poor-looking dumb-ass guy was a chief of something?

Was he kidding?

Harry raised an eyebrow, and he was extremely unhappy in his heart, and spoke coldly.

"Mr. Carson, you're not making a fool of yourself, are you? This Maximilian is just a waste of time. He was bullshit Mr. Lee."





He was not happy that he didn't expect Mr. Carson to treat Maximilian so respectfully.

However, Carson turned his head and angrily glared at Harry, while angrily reprimanding him,

"Shut your mouth! What do you know, Mr. Lee is our"

The conversation came to a screeching halt!

Maximilian interrupted Carson and said indifferently.

"Alright, Mr. Carson, is this matter just over?"

Carson nodded hastily and said, "Of course, everything is at Mr. Lee's disposal."

Clap!

The invisible slap surged wildly across the crowd's faces.



It was coming too fast!

With Maximilian alone, were they really going to let go the \$4 million?

Everyone was dumbfounded and acted in disbelief.

Sara stopped sobbing and stared straight at Maximilian, then looked at Mr. Carson and asked.

"Really..... really you just let me go?"

Carson had a displeased expression. The stupid woman didn't believe his words, so once again, he solemnly said.

"Yes, you don't need to pay for it."

"Thank you, thank you!"

Sara kept bending over and nodding her head in thanks at the sound of it!

Instead, Carson said, "It's Mr. Lee you should be thanking for."

Maximilian?

Sara's eyes frowned. She looked at Maximilian, whose expression was indifferent as he was playing with his phone, and she was puzzled by a million questions in her heart.

After thinking about it, she turned toward Maximilian and thanked him.

"Maximilian, thank you for this time, if you are free, we..... we can....."

What could be done? All Sara wanted was to pay with her body.

Did Maximilian save her without a purpose?

This pervert, for sure, wanted to have sex with her.

But then, Sara's heart was also wavering, with Harry on one side and Maximilian on the other.

She knew Harry's background clearly, but with Maximilian, Sara was



now confused.

What was his status?

Did he really spend \$40 million to buy Supreme Beauty SPA Saloon?

Wasn't it a fake news?

Instead, Maximilian calmly replied her,

"It's okay, we're old colleagues, and it's a small thing."

After saying that, he didn't wait for everyone to react and just took his phone and walked to the side to answer a call.

The crowd over here was dispersed, and Harry was disgruntled as he led the men and walked away while angrily fling his hands.

Sara and Wendy, on the other hand, stayed where they were and kept waiting for Maximilian.





"Sara, I think Maximilian is not simple, that is four million. You don't have to pay for it, right?"

Wendy was filled with confusion.

Sara's heart was also in turmoil now. It was really hard to overlap Maximilian's loser look and his domineering aura just now.

Just in time, Maximilian walked over.

Sara stepped forward impatiently while coyly gesturing, and asked,

"Maximilian, that four million, you really don't need me to pay you back?"

Maximilian nodded and said,

"Don't worry, I know the owner here, and it's fine."

Sara was startled and her eyes widened in dismay as she said,

"You know the owner of Lasdun?"





Maximilian nodded and said,
"Yeah, he used to be my friend."

If he told her that he was the boss,
was she going to pee in her pants?

In this way, Sara's heart, which was
in an unsettled state, calmed down.

It turned out that Maximilian just
knew the owner of Lasdun and really
thought he was something great.

Oh! He was still a loser!

In a flash, Sara's face changed, and
with a cold word of thanks, she turned
around and left with Wendy.

Maximilian had a helpless face. Sara
just changed her face too quickly.

He had done her a favor at least.

However, just a few steps away, Sara
spun back around, pulled out her phone,
and said.



"Maximilian, give me your friend's number, I have to thank him in person."

It suddenly occurred to Sara that the owner of Lasdun. She had to meet him, and if she could, she had to seduce him.

Maximilian froze and asked rhetorically,

"Why don't you thank me?"

Sara was stunned and wasn't in the mood to speak.

"Didn't I just say thank you?"

Maximilian was helpless. He thought about it, and gave his number to Sara.

Sara got the number and was so happy that she said,

"Okay, when it's done, I'll buy you dinner."

When it's done?

What was it?



With a puzzled look on his face, Maximilian watched Sara happily walk away.

This woman, what was in her mind?

Maximilian was ready to leave, and just after he stepped out the hotel gate, Thomas ran over and personally saw Maximilian off, and spoke to him respectfully.

As soon as the phone rang in Maximilian's hand, he pulled out his other phone and saw a text message.

He couldn't believe it was from Sara.

"Brother, thank you for tonight, are you free? I'll buy you dinner. (shy)"

Maximilian was dumbfounded. So Sara was flirting with him.

He smiled helplessly and simply didn't reply.

However, there were several text





messages in a row, all from Sara.

They were all kinds of teasing and begging for hookups.

Maximilian was helpless, and returned a sentence.

"Who are you?"

Sara immediately replied back.

"Rich boss, you finally got back to me, I was the one who accidentally broke the red wine in your restaurant today. Maximilian said you were his friend, so they didn't ask me to pay for it, but I was overwhelmed and wanted to treat you to a meal and apologize in person."

Maximilian replied with a smile.

"It's fine, dinner is not necessary."

After that, Maximilian stopped texting her.





Sara and Wendy were lingering in the parking lot, and only after finding that the other party stopped returning her messages did she give up with a helpless look on her face.

"Let's go, it looks like we'll have to put in a long line to catch a big fish."

Sara said.

But, at that moment, with a glance in her eyes, she saw a very familiar figure getting into a brand new Bentley.

Sara was filled with shock and confusion and asked Wendy, who was next to her.

"Wendy, look at that guy just now, doesn't he look like Maximilian?"

Wendy narrowed her eyes and said.

"It seems like him, why don't we go over there and check it out?"

Sara rose with a frown and said.





"Come on, let's go over there and check it out."





Chapter 97 Maximilian is so awesome

Sara and Wendy were busy and went over to the dark blue Bentley over there.

The closer she got, the more astonished Sara's face became, because the man looked too much like Maximilian. Even though it was only a side view, he was smoking and chatting with a tall and strong man.

"Maximilian?" Sara tried to call him.

While seeing that it was Sara, he looked visibly stunned and asked rhetorically, "Aren't you gone?"

Maximilian was also helpless. He didn't expect to meet Sara when he and Phillip were smoking in the car.

Sara's eyes rolled thievishly and stared at Maximilian for a moment



before her gaze went straight to Phillip.

The car must belong to this man.

It was hard to believe that this Bentley was Maximilian's?

That was definitely not possible!

With his poor looks, he was too cheap to ride a battery-powered bike.

So, for the first time, Sara hooked Wendy's arm and launched an ambiguous attack on Phillip, "Handsome, this car is yours, huh?"

Phillip looked at Sara and Wendy in disbelief. These two women were good looking and with curvy bodies.

He wanted to say no, but, without waiting for Phillip to speak, Maximilian took the initiative and said.

"Yeah."

Sara raised her eyebrows when she



heard that, but then glared at Maximilian and said unhappily,

"I am not asking you! What are you looking at? Why don't you get your ass back in there?"

Sara was moody and petulant, and Maximilian experienced it first-hand, he helplessly rubbed his nose and said,

"I'll have a cigarette and leave in a minute."

Sara gave him a white glance, and then directly pestered Phillip to ask about things enthusiastically.

The two of them didn't know Phillip, which was why they seemed to let loose.

Phillip was also confused. Maximilian said it was his car, so it was.

"Hey, Brother Phillip, do you and Maximilian know each other?"





Sara and Wendy, who had already hooked Phillip's left and right arms respectively, glanced at Maximilian curiously.

Phillip smiled sarcastically and said,
"We know each other."

Did they know each other?

Once Sara and Wendy looked at each other, they were both quite surprised in their hearts.

It seemed that Maximilian had good social connections over the years, the owner of the Lasdun was his friend, and this rich Brother Phillip, he also knew.

In this way, Sara couldn't help but think highly of Maximilian for a few moments. It seemed that this guy was hiding quite deep.

"Hey, let's go."

Maximilian smoked a cigarette and





said to Phillip, and then directly pulled open the car door to get inside.

Sara was so anxious that she took a quick step and yanked Maximilian down stiffly while coldly scolding him and saying.

"Maximilian! What are you doing? How can you get in this car?"

Wendy, with her arms around her chest, said with a shameful smile,

"Oh, I think he's just sick in the head, look carefully, this is a Bentley, not a taxi!

What a loser!"

Maximilian was dumbfounded, who did he mess with?

He said,

"Why can't I get in?"

Sara snorted and said fiercely.





"How could you even ask why?

Don't you see who you are? Do you really think you're big because you got some shares in a beauty shop?

This is Brother Phillip's car. Can you afford to ride in it?

And, did you get permission from Brother Phillip?"

This loser, the car owner was still here and he was going in. Did he have any manners?

And, Sara had made up her mind that the passenger seat of this Bentley had to be hers tonight!

And she was going to take a picture and show it off to her friends!

Maximilian touched his nose and looked at Phillip, who said nothing and angrily threw a slap at Sara's face!

Clap!





The whole parking lot heard the sound.

"Brother..... Phillip, what are you hitting me for?"

Sara's entire body was dumbfounded. The slap was so powerful that it directly sent Sara in circles a few times, and her ears were buzzing.

"Shut up !

You're looking for death!"

Phillip bellowed menacingly!

Now, Sara panicked, and was scared to death. She tugged tightly at Wendy while crying out.

"Brother Phillip, why are you beating me? And I'm speaking for you, when this loser Maximilian wants to get in your car!"

Sara was upset. Her cheek was





swollen from being hit for no reason.

It was a hell of a day. She shouldn't have gone out.

Phillip glared angrily at Sara, this bitch, damn it!

And then, he turned around and respectfully said to Maximilian.

"Mr. Lee, please get in."

While watching this scene, Sara and Wendy were both dumbfounded!

What did this this mean?

Didn't this car belong to Phillip?

"Brother Phillip, what did you just call him?

Wasn't this car yours?"

Sara blinked her big eyes with a look of disbelief.

Could it be any more shocking than this?





This big and thick man actually respected Maximilian very much.

Without waiting for Phillip to say, Maximilian calmly said, "Yeah, I don't own the car, but he's my driver."

He had to show off; otherwise, he would have to be constantly annoyed by Sara.

Was he his river?

Wendy suddenly remembered that when he came, Maximilian said that the driver had taken a shortcut.

Maximilian's driver was Phillip in a dark blue Bentley?

That was crazy!

Phillip respectfully welcomed Maximilian into the car, glared at Sara and Wendy viciously and said,

"You guys go ask around about Phillip with my Vienna Music Hall. If you





dare to disrespect Mr. Lee again in the future, don't blame me for being rude!"

Sara and Wendy just watched Maximilian go away in the racy Bentley.

Unconvinced, she took a photo of a license plate in her hand, and was exasperated.

"Sister Sara, do you believe that was Maximilian's driver?"

Wendy also looked confused and said.

"I'm not sure, but I think I've heard my ex-boyfriend mention the name of Phillip with Vienna Music Hall."

Sara was angry. She blamed Maximilian for this slap, and immediately sent the license plate photo to Harry,

"Brother Harry, I just saw Maximilian leave in this car, check it out, whose car





is it."

On Harry's side, he had been upset all night, and at this moment, when he received Sara's text message, he became even angrier.

What? That loser Maximilian actually left in a Bentley?

No way!

So, he immediately returned.

"Okay, give me five minutes!"

Five minutes later, Harry checked it out and was stunned!

So he immediately called Sara, and said in shock,

"Sara, this car belongs to Master Phillip of Vienna, are you sure Maximilian left in this car?

Do you know the name of Phillip?

He was one of the four underground





masters of H City, with a reputation second only to that of Master Connor Davies!"

CLICK!

Sara and Wendy froze directly in place with their legs shaking when they heard that!

How was this possible?

Did Maximilian know someone big like that?

Did Master Phillip drive the car for him?

Maximilian was taken to the hospital by Phillip.

When he came to Sissi's hospital room, he saw Sissi was fiddling with the Snow White and Seven Dwarfs Muppets, with her two-horned braids, very cute.

With big eyes, porcelain skin, and a





baby-fat face, she shouted at Maximilian in a childish voice.

"Daddy, come and play with me."

Maximilian came forward immediately, sat down on the ground, pretended to be an old witch, making a wicked face, and said.

"Daddy has an apple here; do you want to give it to Snow White?"

Sissi gave Maximilian a blank look and said in a very adult way.

"Dad, you're so childish, I'm not playing with you anymore."

With that, Sissi turned her head and stopped paying attention to Maximilian.

Maximilian hung his head and took a long time to coax it out of her.

It wasn't long before Victoria arrived, and the family looked happy and harmonious.





However, Maximilian could see that Victoria seemed to have something in her mind and wouldn't say anything even if she was asked.

The next day, Travis called Victoria and invited her and Maximilian to dinner, while saying that he wanted to take care of the relationship between the three of them.

This topic, Victoria told Maximilian about it, and the latter said straight back,

"Go, why not? Besides, you're my wife, and he cannot take you away from me."

Victoria actually didn't want to go, as she knew Maximilian and Travis's relationship and it was awkward.

But since Maximilian had said so, Victoria didn't refuse him.





Indeed, the three of them need to have a good talk.

The candlelit dinner he booked, Maximilian thought, might have to be postponed.

At noon, they arrived at the appointed place, the Shangri-La Hotel.

It was a rare five-star hotel in H City, fully equipped with everything from singing, bathing to massage.

Maximilian and Victoria entered the hotel, reported the room number, and a special waiter took them in.

And as they headed to the room, two local ruffians appeared in the hall.

"Mr. Travis, they have arrived, is it time to start?"

One of the large men in a black t-shirt and covered in tattoos, with a lecherous look on his face, spoke on his





phone.

His gaze was constantly locked on Victoria's back.

This woman was ripe for the picking!

Tonight, Mr. Travis was going to get high.

Maybe then, he and his brothers could have a good time too.

