



Chapter 90 I'm actually very rich

Cynicism and disdain.

It was a so-called gathering of ex-employees in Supreme Beauty SPA saloon, but it had become a gathering for browbeating and mockery.

That was why Maximilian didn't want to come.

What a party! It was a fake as both male and female were flirting, men blowing each other off pretentiously.

And, as he knew from a quick glance, the dozen or so people here used to work in his SPA saloon.

"Maximilian, you came without a notice, otherwise I could pick you up.

What, you didn't come the first two times I call you, but you came when Sara invited you? Isn't it too



disrespectful to me, your brother?"

The one who said this was none other than Harry. At this moment, he had gotten up with a smile on his face and hooked Maximilian's shoulder, looking warm and easy-going.

At a first glance, others would think that old friends were reunited and that their relations were distinctly amicable.

Maximilian blandly glanced at him, had he become so hypocritical even now?

When did he ever call himself?

Walking to the middle of the box, Harry directly handed Kelvin a glass of red wine and said,

"Come on, it's rare for Maximilian to come today. Let's propose a toast, as he is my good buddy."

A group of people were already





indifferent to Maximilian, who was an insignificant man at the shop. He had a notorious reputation in H City and was a loser, and many people shunned him.

But, since Harry had said so, the group squeezed out a smile and raised their glasses in order to befriend Harry.

With a helpless sneer in his heart, Maximilian drank his wine and sat down directly in the corner.

However, Harry naturally wouldn't let go of this opportunity.

His eyes gestured to Alan on the side, who immediately understood and raised his voice.

"Maximilian, you're so fucking uninteresting! Every time Harry called you to a party, you don't answer the phone. Why, did you change your number?"





Or do you not respect Harry, or perhaps, do you not respect us?"

Alan was one of Harry's buddies. He could read Harry's mind that he was looking down on Maximilian, that he wanted to humiliate him and made him embarrassed.

At these words, the crowd accused Maximilian of.

"Yeah, Maximilian, you don't think that because you're the Griffith family's loser son-in-law, you're looking down on us old colleagues, do you?"

"Maybe he is now rich and prosperous, and naturally don't respect us. After all, he was the Griffith family's son-in-law, ah, definitely a gentry."

"Ha, stop it! How could he become rich and prosperous?"

His fame was as bad as rotten eggs



in H City! I've heard that, in the Griffith family, he's worse than the dogs that watch the door."

"Oh, Alan, don't make fun of him, now in our group, it's Harry who's the most awesome boss!"

The group kept belittling Maximilian, while wasting no time to curry favor with Harry.

Harry sat happily on the sofa, and was sipping his wine with crossed legs. He raised his hand and pretended to be nice, saying,

"We are all old friends. I just opened a small shop, and it's nothing! I only made five million dollars in the last six months."

However, the smile had betrayed his inner desire to show off.

The crowd balked at the words.



Looking at Maximilian again, sitting alone in the corner, Harry felt so good in his heart!

Thinking back in the day, he and Maximilian were considered good buddies.

But, for Victoria, the two fell out.

Now, seeing Maximilian in this situation made him feel content in his heart.

How could such a trash worthy of being with Victoria?

"Hey, Maximilian, I am asking you something, why don't you answer me?"

Alan's face was slightly cold and he looked upset.

This idiot, was actually sitting in the corner and eating.

Was he looking down on himself, or on Harry?





Maximilian said with a laughter,

"It's nothing. I've been busy recently and I haven't had time to come out. So, I'd like to say sorry to everyone and apologize to Harry.

Besides, I'm here today, aren't I?"

These whips had dirty thoughts in their bellies, and Maximilian understood at the first place.

This bit of caution and tactics was nothing compared to the Dragon Sect.

Little tricks that Maximilian could play when he was six years old.

Harry laughed and said.

"All right, all right, it's a rare gathering, so let's all toast."

After they drank a glass of wine, Harry suddenly turned to Maximilian, asking, "Maximilian, I hear you're still at the Supreme Beauty SPA? How's that, is





Issac still targeting you after I'm gone?"

Maximilian chuckled and said.

"It's okay."

What would their faces look like if he told them that he had bought the Supreme Beauty SPA saloon for forty million dollars?

Alan, who was on the side, immediately laughed mockingly and said,

"I'm sure you're being targeted just like before, so if you can't stand it anymore, remember to come and find Harry. By the way, I heard that you can't even be with your own daughter and you're having a divorce with Victoria? Is it true?"

Just one question, the entire box fell silent.

Everyone's ears perked up.



Victoria, a name that made man craving, was the goddess in H City.

They never thought that such a fairy would marry a loser like Maximilian.

Harry also flickered slightly as he paid close attention to this Maximilian's every word and action.

"That is rumor. And we're fine now." Maximilian chuckled lightly.

Alan grinned.

Harry, however, immediately said, "Are you going to divorce?"

Maximilian, this is your fault. After all these years, you are still as poor as a church mouse?

It's not very nice to let a beauty like Victoria follow you and suffer all the time."

Harry had been thinking about Victoria, and he wanted very much to





prove to her right now, in front of her, that he was better than Maximilian!

He was more successful than Maximilian!

Maximilian was silent for a moment and said,

"She's not suffering either, and our relationship is still solid, so don't bother Harry."

Several people looked at each other and laughed, their eyes full of ridicule for Maximilian.

This guy, he was quite the pretender.

Emotional discord was emotional discord. What was the point of pretending to have strong feelings here?

Harry got up, sat next to Maximilian, patting him on the shoulder and said,

"I've asked around before, you're still working at the grass-root level, and it's





been so long that you can't even get a foreman, right?"

Here it came. Harry was starting to find troubles.

Maximilian just smiled slightly as he said, "Yes, in order to live, there is nothing wrong with working at the grass-root level. Unlike you guys, everyone is a big boss or general manager, I really envy."

Since Harry wanted to find superiority from himself so much, he should give him enough space, since he didn't lack it anyway.

Besides, it was really no fun.

In the future, it's impossible to say who will soar and who will fall.

Harry smiled and laughed as he patted Maximilian's shoulder and said,

"It's okay, work hard and try to make





over ten thousand a month."

Maximilian shrugged his shoulders.

Alan, who was on the side, smiled and said,

"Maximilian, Harry has just recently opened his shop and he is hiring, why don't you consider it?

Talk to him, he won't treat you badly, after all, you used to be good buddies."

Harry grinned and sat on the sofa in an easy manner, taking a small sip of red wine and waiting for Maximilian to open his mouth and beg for himself.

Great!

He never thought Maximilian would beg him one day!

"That's right, Maximilian, this is a once in a lifetime opportunity! I want to go, Harry, what do you think of me?"





A man on the sidelines said enviously.

"I want to go too, I heard that turnover of his shop is millions a month, with several dozens of employees!"

Sara was jealous, and she sat close to Harry with a face of admiration, constantly rubbing and pampering.

There were just a dozen people in the box. At first, everyone was playing on their own, but now that they steeply heard Alan's topic, everyone became so active and couldn't wait to look at Harry.

They had come to the party with a purpose in mind.

There was no way to go around it, as that was the reality.

They were ordinary people who were just trying to find a good job.

"Harry, are you looking for staff?"





"Harry, look at me....."

Wendy sat next to him. At this moment, she came up to Tarry, her big eyes fluttering.

He was a rich master!

Today, she begged Sara to bring her out, in order to befriend a rich man like Harry.

So what if she knelt on the bed and call Harry daddy? How comfortable it was to lie down and made money!

The group of people chattered on, desperately wanting Harry to take a stand.

Harry, however, looked at Maximilian and asked with a smile,

"Maximilian, what do you think? If you beg me, I'll give you a job as foreman straight away at 10,000, how about that?"



The crowd was all shocked when they heard that!

Ten thousand?

All of a sudden, all of them were on fire, even jealous of Maximilian!

"Maximilian, what are you thinking about? Why don't you thank Harry, this is a good opportunity for you!"

Alan called out, a mocking coldness flowing from the corners of his eyes.

"Maximilian, don't be ungrateful. This is the opportunity given to you by Harry himself!"

"This idiot, how dare he not give a toast to Harry?"

"Loser, he is just stupid. Harry, he doesn't want it, give it to me."

Faced with the crowd's persuasion and scolding, Maximilian was helpless, put down his glass and thought.





In that case, let's just tell the truth.

I, Maximilian, have bought the Supreme Beauty SPA, and my yearly earnings are several times higher than yours.

So Maximilian said,

"Thank you for your kindness, but I don't need them because, in fact, I've already bought....."





Chapter 91 Bentley Flying Spur

"What? Do you want to say you're rich? You're just a henpecked man who lives off your wife."

Wendy mocked him with dislike.

This guy was simply so ignorant and insolent that he dared to treat Harry like this.

Harry forced a faint smile, but the dissatisfaction and displeasure in his heart was strong.

He thought he had gave Maximilian a good opportunity, but Maximilian was so ungrateful. At least, Maximilian should not treat him with such a terrible attitude.

How dare Maximilian be so proud of himself as a live-in son-in-law?

Such a poor guy!

Maximilian was just a loser after all!





"Maximilian, I advise you to think it over and talk to Victoria about it. You are my brother, and if you come to my shop, I will definitely help you. I will reserve the position for you."

Taking a sip of red wine, Harry smiled and pulled out a business card from his pocket, and then threw it directly to Maximilian, just like giving something to a beggar.

"Well, it's about the time for us to go to the Lasdun for dinner now."

Harry laughed, ignoring Maximilian's cold expression.

Everyone stood up and followed Harry. They are totally displeased with Maximilian, and glanced at him with contemptuousness and disdain.

Maximilian was so stupid.

He was too stupid to cherish such a great opportunity.

Being a henpecked man, Maximilian



would never live a promising life, so they'd better make a clean break with him.

Almost everyone present thought like this.

Maximilian had no choice, got up at last and followed them.

He wanted to tell them that he had actually bought the Supreme Beauty SPA saloon, but why didn't the guys let him speak it out?

In the parking lot. Harry drove his cool GTR, which cost him a fortune, almost half a million dollars!

As soon as he came out, he drew the attention of the whole crowd!

That was awesome!

Everyone was stunned, especially Sara and Wendy, and the girls!

However, the car was only for two people, so the passenger seat became a target of all the girls.





Harry understood the thoughts of these girls, and then he smiled,

"Who wants to go in my car?"

"Me!"

"And me!"

All at once, several girls couldn't wait to rush into the passenger seat beside Harry and some even got into a big fight.

Finally, Harry looked at Sara and said, "Sara, come up here. I'll take you."

Harry had noticed Sara before, and he thought it would be fun to flirt with her.

Sara was pleased and stepped into the car in a proud stance.

For an instant, other girls became jealous.

And then, Harry smiled and said,

"Well, I'll go over first, and you guys can share your cars."





A few moments later, more cars left the parking lot, and the best car was a Mercedes E-class. It was Alan's car, and he took in three women with complacent and delights.

Only Maximilian was standing alone on the side of the road, and no one would give him a ride.

Harry sat in the car and looked at Maximilian with a smirk, saying, "Maximilian, you did not drive today?"

"He doesn't have a car at all and he just walked here. Leave it alone. Harry, let's go over first and he can take a taxi."

Sara said something contemptuous and couldn't wait to experience the GTR.

"Haha, Maximilian, you don't even have a car, do you?"

"You are really a waste, and you can't even afford a car after so many years in the Griffith family."

"Well, he is not the same kind of





person as the Griffiths. I thought he had lived a comfortable life."

The crowd sneered.

Harry took out a hundred dollar bill from his wallet, and threw it to Maximilian.

"Take a taxi. It's on me after all."

With that, Harry buzzed the car and left.

And then, several cars followed him in turn.

The whole street was filled with their cacophonous laughter and sneers.

It didn't matter to Maximilian, as he didn't want to compare with others for a car.

Just when he intended to thumb a cab, a male voice full of deference sounded behind him,

"Mr. Lee, you're here too?"

At the sound of his voice, Maximilian





turned his head to look over and saw that Phillip was walking over with a few black-suited bodyguards in a brisk pace.

He stood respectfully in front of Maximilian and smiled,

"Mr. Lee, what a coincidence."

"Yeah."

Maximilian nodded, not saying anything.

Phillip was nervous because he owed Maximilian a favor on the case about Cole Waldon last time. He just wanted to make up to Maximilian all the time.

It was unexpected for him to meet Maximilian here today.

"Did you drive here?"

Maximilian asked suddenly.

Hearing his words, Phillip immediately fawned with a smile,

"Yes, I did. Where are you going? I'll





take you there myself."

Then Phillip led Maximilian towards the parking lot and asked his men to wait here.

At the same time, Emmie, Gene's girlfriend, was just about to step into the cafe, with her arm around a middle-aged man.

With a glance, she saw the backs of the two over there.

She felt it was quite familiar.

"Is that Maximilian?"

Emmie was suspicious.

As for the man beside Maximilian, was he Phillip, the owner of the Vienna Concert Hall!

Emmie used to work as a waitress at the Vienna Concert Hall and had the privilege to meet Phillip a few times and remembered his face.

He was known as Master Phillip,





who was not only the boss of Vienna Concert Hall, but also one of the four underground masters in H City!

Was Maximilian with Phillip?

Was it her illusion?

Emmie shook her head and went into the cafe, wrapping her arms around the middle-aged man and not taking it seriously.

Phillip led Maximilian to the parking lot and opened the door for him, but Maximilian did not get in.

"What a luxury car, Bentley's Continental Flying Spur Deluxe Sedan, a customized version? Five million dollars?"

Maximilian smiled, his eyes falling on the dark blue Bentley logo in front of him with joys.

He was a fan of luxurious cars, and his underground garage under his mansion in Dragon Sect was filled with





hundreds of luxury cars of all types.

But there was no chance for him to use them now.

Phillip was blushing and he explained,

"Mr. Lee really has sharp eyes. It's the latest version, and costs exactly five million dollars."

Saying this, he noticed that Maximilian seemed to stare at the car for a while, with fondness in his eyes. Then Phillip said immediately,

"If you like it, I can give it to you."

Maximilian shook his head and said,

"No, a gentleman doesn't take advantage of others. Such a nice car doesn't match my status. Let's go."

Phillip nodded, but he kept it in mind.

Phillip was clear by the way the men looked at the car.

It seemed that he should find a





chance to give this car to Mr. Lee without causing his dislikes.

Then Maximilian got into the car. With a bit of fear, Phillip drove the car personally, since the one sitting inside was Mr. Lee, the young master of Mr. Wilfred.

With his ten years of driving skills, Phillip tried his best to keep it smooth all the way.

Cold sweat appearing at his forehead, Phillip didn't want Maximilian to feel a slightest jolt.

Soon, the two arrived at the Lasdun.

The car pulled up in the parking lot and Maximilian stepped out of the car and smiled at Phillip,

"Nice driving."

Phillip nodded at him immediately.

Then Maximilian walked forward, and met Harry after taking a few steps.



Chapter 92 A Respected Man

Harry and Sara were the first to arrive.

When he saw Maximilian had arrived, Harry's face was full of doubts. Why Maximilian had arrived but not the others? The speed of his GTR was not slow at all!

"Well, Maximilian, I didn't expect you to be quite fast with a taxi. A short cut?"

Harry laughed teasingly. As he spoke, his eyes glanced at somewhere behind Maximilian.

It was the latest Bentley Flying Spur. It seemed that Maximilian had gotten off it just now.

Was that possible?

Harry guessed it was just his illusion.

Sara also mocked, "He ran over all





the way, I guess."

Harry chuckled.

Maximilian didn't respond.

The two turned and went in first.

Maximilian waited for a while, and Phillip ran over and said a few words to Maximilian, then he left.

At the same time, a dozen other colleagues all arrived.

"Maximilian? I can't believe you got here first."

Some people were confused when they saw Maximilian standing in the doorway.

Why Maximilian was faster than them? He didn't even have a car!

How strange it was!

Maximilian smiled and said,

"The driver took a shortcut."

They suddenly saw the light upon





hearing this.

But Wendy said loathsomely at this time,

"The driver? Come on, be honest. You just pretend to have a car."

Wendy was less attentive to Maximilian than before.

In the car, she inquired about Maximilian and knew he was absolutely a loser.

Both the shop and the block booking for 500K were fake!

It must have been his schemes.

Wendy told a few people about this matter, and everyone agreed that Maximilian was afraid of losing face in front of Sara and plotted the scheme.

The crowd shook their heads and let out a contemptuous laugh before they turned their heads and walked away.

Maximilian just smiled, and thought





the gathering was pretty boring.

These people found themselves superior by despising him.

Soon, the group was seated in a private room.

Lasdun was a famous restaurant, and a meal here cost much.

Anyone who could have a meal here was rich.

Many of his old colleagues had never been here before, so they looked around in awe.

Normally, they could sit casually, but today was different.

Everyone knew it and kept blowing off Harry. After he took the seat of honor, others took their seats around him.

On the contrary, Maximilian, totally a no-body, found himself a random seat and sat down.





No one said anything. After all, they were all clear about the situation.

Considering Maximilian's status, no one would like to flatter him.

After sitting down, Harry snapped his fingers to call the waiter, and said,

"Three bottles of Musigny Grand Cru, and two Maotai."

Soon, the waiter served the wine.

"Wow!"

A bottle of the Musigny Grand Cru wine cost 2000 dollars!"

"My gosh, Harry was awesome! He's really a rich man."

"Whatever, I will follow Mr. Harry from now on."

The crowd was so excited that they stared at Harry with fervent eyes.

Harry smiled and waved his hand,

"Hey, it's not a big deal. Just a few bottles of wine. As you know, I have a





company to run, and just knows a little about wine since we have to deal with customers. This Domaine Leroy Musigny Grand Cru is not expensive, and it costs just 2,000 dollars."

Sara's eyes went straight when she heard this. She recalled that Harry had pursued her years ago.

At that time, she was too young and ignorant to accept his love.

Today, she regretted what happened years ago, and tried to get reconnected with Harry.

Subconsciously, she glanced at Maximilian, who was much less outstanding than Harry.

Suddenly, she remembered Maximilian said he opened a shop, but Sara didn't think it was real, so she despised Maximilian even more.

At that exact moment, the door was pushed open.





Thomas walked in, with several bottles of wines in his hands, then he said with a smile on his face,

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am the manager of this restaurant, and this is our new wine, a Riesling Sweet Wine, Egon Muller Scharzhof Scharzhofberger Riesling Spatlese!"

The crowd was surprised, not sure what was going on.

Harry was shocked. He was clear a bottle of the Egon Muller Scharzhof Scharzhofberger Riesling Spatlese cost several tens of thousands of dollars, which was comparable to wines from La Romanee-Conti

It enjoyed the reputation of "King of Rieslings"

But he didn't order it!

Even if Harry was rich, he couldn't spend so much for a bottle of wine!

"Sorry, we didn't order these." Harry





smiled.

Alan, who was beside him, also explained to the crowd.

The crowd knew immediately that these bottles of wine could be tens of thousands of dollars!

"Oh, it's a gift from our restaurant."

Thomas laughed, his eyes landing on Maximilian without showing any signs, nodding slightly in greeting.

The crowd was dumbfounded.

A gift? Holy shit!

Was Harry so respectful?

The manager of Lasdun sent the wine personally!

Thomas enjoyed great status and fame in H City!

However, Harry didn't think so. His face was overcast with knitted brows, since he knew he himself didn't know Mr. Thomas at all.





"Excuse me, Mr. Thomas. Why are you serving us the wine?"

Harry thought about it and respectfully asked.

Thomas glanced at Maximilian and laughed,

"It's not because Max"

Before Thomas could finish his words, he saw Maximilian's cold gaze.

He immediately changed his words,

"It's fine. Just enjoy your meal."

Immediately, there were all kinds of chatting in the room. They were discussing who was so respectable that even Mr. Thomas sent the wine over himself.

"Who is it? Do any of you know Mr. Thomas?"

It was a bottle of wine which cost tens of thousands yuan, and it was three bottles for them!





The crowd looked at each other, guessing who it was.

Of course, no one bothered to look at Maximilian, since he was a total loser.

Thomas made an eye contact with Maximilian, thinking he was lucky and responsive enough to change his words; otherwise, he would be fired from his position in Lasdun if he exposed Maximilian's status.

Just now, Thomas was in the manager's office when the receptionist ran in and said that Maximilian was here.

He immediately came down and personally selected a few bottles of good wine, to please Maximilian and to show his respect in front of Maximilian.

He didn't expect he almost overdid it.

Thomas was so resourceful that he





withdrew from the room silently when he heard the crowd speculating.

"Wow! Who's it? Hurry up! Take a picture and send it online. It's rare, and ordinary people can't drink at all!"

A few girls was so excited that they took out their phones and shot a bunch of pictures.

"Haha, I guess Mr. Thomas served the wine himself for the sake of Mr. Harry."

Alan said with a smile on his face.

The crowd nodded at the sound of it.

"Yeah, it is Mr. Harry who had the honor."

"Harry, you did not mention that you know the manager of Lasdun. You want to give us a surprise?"

"Mr. Harry is awesome!

Amazing!"

The crowd were flattering Harry.





Harry was very confused, since he didn't know the manager of Lasdun at all. However, it was hard to deny it under the circumstances, so he had to respond with a smile,

"Haha, it is not a big deal. You guys just enjoy the wine, and I'll ask Thomas to send more if it's not enough."

