

## Chapter 37 Set A Small Goal

Franklin blinked his eyes and tried to catch more glances as the car past him, and when he looked again, that Rolls-Royce was gone.

Hallucination?

Franklin blinked, his eyebrows knitting.

He didn't think so.

It was a Rolls-Royce Phantom and worthed at least six or seven million dollars.

How can that loser get into a stunning car like this?

However, Franklin didn't take it seriously and drove away.

Maximilian asked lazily in the car.

"Who am I going to visit today? Will



that take too much time?"

Wilfred replied respectfully.

"Young master, it won't. This man is quite famous in the country, a master in the antique world, and a friend of mine.

Moreover, he owns an overseas trading company, and the Dragon Queen thinks highly of him and wants you to visit him."

Maximilian chuckled and said.

"Let me visit him? Just say she wants to test me. Why did she talk in such a roundabout way?"

Wilfred smiled and continued.

"Young Master, this is Dragon Queen's command, and it's just a small project of three billion dollars. You need to see it for yourself to prepare for your succession of the Dragon Sect."

Hearing his words, Maximilian

couldn't help but raise his eyebrows and looked at Wilfred.

Was a project of three billion dollars called "a small project"?

Maximilian looked out of the window and said.

"Wilfred, you're even better at blowing than Mr. Wanda. He set a small goal at a hundred million dollars. But you are talking about three hundred million dollars."

Soon, they arrived at the most famous hotel in H city, Hankook Palace.

This was a top restaurant in H city, and all people who could come here were rich and famous!

Besides, Hankook Palace ran a membership system.

The minimum consumption for the membership in the Hankook Palace was



a million dollars a year.

Meanwhile, at the entrance to the Hankook Palace, stood a prominent entrepreneur in the H city.

He was Tristan Parker, the Chairman of Parker Trading Group,

which specialized in overseas trade, import and export of drugs and medicine appliances.

As the chairman of the Parker Trading, Tristan's personal fortune had reached one billion dollars, ranked in top 20 billionares in H city!

Moreover, he was a collector with a notable reputation nationwide.

Now, Tristan was standing at the entrance of the Hankook Palace with a dozen of executives from the company.

This scene really shocked a lot of people, who came to have meals here.



It also attracted a chorus of murmurs and gasps.

"That's Tristan, chairman of Parker Trading, right? Who is he waiting for?

Wow, the scene is stunning."

"Unbelievable, Tristan is a billionaire, and he's waiting for someone at the door."

"A big man is coming? I haven't heard of it, can it be that mysterious young master who is in the limelight these days?"

Sitting in the Rolls Royce, Maximilian looked at the gloriously dressed elite standing in two rows at the entrance of the gilded Hankook Palace. He frowned and said.

"I have told them to keep it low-key, why do they still do this?"

Wilfred hurriedly smiled sarcastically

and said.

"Young master, I'm sorry I didn't convey it properly. Perhaps Mr. Parker felt that this was suitable for your status."

"My status? The wasted son-in-law of the Griffith family? Ask them to withdraw."

Maximilian said in a low voice.

"Go to the parking lot and inform Mr. Tristan to meet me alone."

"I understand."

Wilfred nodded.

The car turned its head towards the parking lot.

At the entrance of the Hankook Palace, Tristan was standing humbly and respectfully, silently waiting for the big man.

If he could be valued by the Dragon Sect, his future would be promising!

Meanwhile, a handsome young man, Dominic, Tristan's son, stood beside him.

He was a second-generation rich who spent his time on drinking, racing and disco dancing. He nearly played everything.

He was now in a hungover and disgruntled, hands in his pockets, mumbling,

"Dad, how long we have to wait? Who's he? We have been waiting for almost half an hour. If he is not coming soon, I have to go back to sleep."

Tristan gave Dominic a sidelong glance and scolded him with hatred.

"Stand still! All you could do is drinking and dancing all day!"

Later, when that big man comes, you shouldn't talk too much. Just stand here to watch and listen. If anything goes wrong, I'll clean you up!"

Dominic grunted with displeasure.

He had a serious headache, because he drank too much and played until midnight last night.

His dad was really annoying. He had to drag him over here because he was meeting some big shot.

By now, he hadn't seen anyone. Who was that guy?

Suddenly, Tristan received a phone call, and then he said in a deep voice to the crowd.

"Let's go, he has arrived."

He has arrived?

Many people were suspicious and disgruntled.





Dominic was so angry that he immediately cursed.

"Damn! What's wrong with him, making us wait here for a long time without seeing anyone and then he just arrived?"

"Don't bother. Follow me."

Tristan stared at him.

Dominic didn't dare to contradict his father, so he could only stifle his head and resentfully follow him into the Hanhook Palace.

Soon, they arrived at a private chamber.

The moment he opened the door, Dominic saw two people standing there, and his eyes fell directly on Maximilian, whose back was toward them.

Him?

Shit! Who the fuck was him? He was



quite a troll, but why was he dressed in rags?

The investor today?

He'd rather believe he was just a street cleaner!

Dominic's heart grew even more upset and his mouth snickered.

And after Tristan entered, he walked towards them directly, respectfully reached out his hands and walked towards Wilfred, who was on crutches, with a smile on his face.

"Mr. Collins, sorry to keep you waiting for a long time."

Wilfred smiled and stood still, holding out a hand, waiting for him to shake hands.

At the same time, Tristan's eyes fell on the young man beside Wilfred, and asked.

"And he is?"

"This is the young master of the Dragon Sect, Maximilian, and the investor this time."

Wilfred introduced with a smile.

Young...young master?

The young master of the Dragon Sect came in person!

Tristan's heart trembled. He didn't expect that he would meet the young master of the Dragon Sect!

Dragon Sect, what a majestic existence!

Was any organization more powerful than Dragon Sect in the world?

No! Tristan understood profoundly, and immediately bent down with profound respect, and said.

"I am Tristan, sorry, I didn't recognize



master Maximilian, I hope you can forgive me."

Maximilian turned around and smiled.

"Mr. Parker, there is no need to be polite. Let's make it short, this is a task arranged for me by Dragon Sect, and I've heard that you are seeking for investment. How much do you want?"

Tristan glanced at Wilfred and found that his eyes were slightly closed, seemingly not intending to intervene at all, then he respectfully spoke.

"Master Maximilian, our company is going to open the pharmaceutical channel between Country R and Country S, and our budget is three billion dollars.

Don't worry, we have the ability to make a profit for about five billion dollars in the next two years!"



"Three billion dollars..."

Maximilian murmured, and he slightly frowned as if he was thinking about something.

This made Tristan really anxious, was three billion dollars too much?

Of course, who can agree to invest three billion dollars?

That was no small amount, what if this project failed...

However, Maximilian's answer shook Tristan for a long time.

Even Dominic, who despised Maximilian as he entered the door, was dumbfounded.

"Well, I'll invest five billion dollars. Let's set a small goal. If you can make a profit of ten billion dollars within two years, I'll immediately let Wilfred pay you."

Maximilian smiled, as if, five billion was just a number to him.

Five billion dollars?

Jesus! Tristan was shocked, and at that moment, his mind went blank!

Five billion dollars!

How rich he was!

That's power of the Dragon Sect?

Horrible!

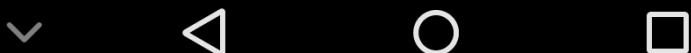
It was really horrible!

"Master Maximilian, are you sure you're investing five billion dollars?"

Tristan was still in a bit of a trance, and his speech was a bit shaky with excitement.

It was hard to imagine, a billionaire who owned billions of dollars was so embarrassed at this moment.

"What, not enough? Then I'll add





more."

Maximilian chuckled.

"More... more?"

Tristan was completely shocked and hurriedly said.

"No, five billion dollars is enough."

After a brief consultation, Tristan hurriedly let his assistant in, who was holding an exquisite brocade case in his hands.

He took out a piece of dragon jade from that case and respectfully handed it to Maximilian, saying

"Master Maximilian, this is a piece of jade dragon, a relic belonged to Emperor Wu of the Han dynasty. I have kept it for many years, this time I will take it as a token of my appreciation for your investment."

As a professional collector in China,





Tristan was no shortage of antiques.

This jade dragon was really fine carving, especially the dragon on the emerald white jade, vivid, with a touch of emerald green at the bottom. It must worth a great deal.

This jade dragon worthed at least ten million in the antique market!

Maximilian just swept a faint glance and nodded.

"Thank you, then, Mr. Parker."

After saying that, he collected the jade dragon together with the brocade case, and then left the chamber with Wilfred.

Just as he left the room, an untimely voice came, with a touch of surprise and contempt.

"Maximilian, what are you doing here?"







Maximilian turned around, and saw Travis, who was dressed in a delicate suit, walking towards him.

