



Chapter 38 How Could It Be Him

That voice was unpleasant.

Maximilian raised his eyebrow and looked over, and saw the scantily dressed Travis, who was walking towards him with his hands in his pockets and his face full of sneers.

Travis looked Maximilian up and down with a contemptuous look before cleaning up the lapel of his suit, and said with mockery.

"Well, Maximilian, your SPA business has opened up to Hankook Palace, great."

As saying that, he gave a thumbs up, but his words were full of sarcasm.

Maximilian's eyebrows knitted and his face recoiled a little.

Did you have to worry about what I





was doing here?

Besides, did I know you well?

Maximilian shook his head and didn't intend to pay any attention, turning around to leave.

However, this made Travis very upset!

Shit! A wasted son-in-law of the Griffiths, a loser that everyone despised of, dared to ignore him?

Travis wasn't going to let Maximilian go and directly blocked his way and mocked.

"Well, quite a bully now, how dare you ignore me?"

What, do you really think you're an honored guest after you arrived the Hankook Palace?

Don't dream for too long! You can never afford the service here."





Maximilian's brows knitted, and his expression was extremely irritated.

He had business to deal with and didn't want to waste time on such a trivial thing.

At the same time, a few rich men and women behind also looked at Maximilian with strange gazes.

Although they were not familiar with Maximilian, they had heard rumors about him.

The son-in-law of the Griffiths, usually relied on his wife to support him. He was nothing in the Griffith family.

"Mr. Hart, is this the notorious wimp Maximilian? He's really a loser as the rumor says"

"It's the first time I have seen him. I heard he couldn't recognize his own





daughter. How pathetic he is!"

"Hey, why did Victoria marry him? I can't figure it out."

Several people stood behind Travis, cajoling and chattering with contemptuous words.

They, in no way, considered Maximilian's feeling. He was just a joke to make fun of in their eyes. Why should they care about his feeling? Especially his own wife despised him. It was said they were going to get divorce soon. How ridiculous he was!

Maximilian frowned, not wanting to stay here any longer, he turned around and prepared to leave. But Travis was not giving up.

"Maximilian, don't leave, we have just met. How about I treat you to dinner? Of course, it's not free. As long as you bark twice like a dog, I'll pay the bill. Is it OK?"





It's a good deal! Being able to have dinner at the Hankook Palace, you can boast around in the future."

Travis looked at Maximilian the wimp with displeasure. How could he have married a heavenly goddess like Victoria?

Victoria would be Travis's girl if it were not him!

Maximilian, damned you!

"Just go by yourself."

Maximilian said coldly.

Travis laughed, reached out his hands, patted Maximilian on the shoulder, and talked to his ear to provoke him,

"Maximilian, I advise you, better get divorce with Victoria ASAP. Otherwise, I will make sure you can't leave intact."

After saying that, Travis led his men





and walked by him, heading to the hall.

Maximilian's eyes were cold with killing intents. He tugged his fist, exhaled a breath and walked outside.

However, Travis hadn't gone far when a middle-aged man with a round face, dressed in a grey suit, rushed towards him, and, followed by two assistants.

He was the owner of Hankook Palace, Max Walsh.

He was an influential man in H city, famous both in society and in the underworld.

His status was second to Connor Davies in H City!

The Hankook Palace, which was the largest hotel in H City, had an intricate relationship, so the owner behind it, whose strength naturally could not be



underestimated.

At this moment, seeing Max running out, Travis was very excited, hurriedly fawning and running over, extended out his hands and said respectfully.

"Mr. Walsh, how could you greet me in person? It makes me flattered."

However, Max just passed by and looked obliquely at Travis, wondering, who was this guy?

Then, he shook his head and asked.

"Have you seen the young master who went out just now?"

Max and Tristan were old friends for many years, and he already knew that Tristan had come here today to visit Maximilian and already took down a five billion dollars investment.

He must also visit him personally.

However, he came here late and the

young master had already left. That was why he hurriedly chased after him.

Travis was stunned and stammered, saying

"Young...young master? What young master, I didn't see it."

Now Travis was a bit confused. Who was the young master that Max was so anxiously looking for?

Is there such a young master who could make Max showed up by himself?

"Hey, young master, wait for me!"

Suddenly, Max, who was following him, seemed to have discovered something. He ignored Travis and chased after the young master all the way out.

Travis was confused and felt humiliated, just like a tool.

Well, Max was not here to greet

himself, and he was just a completely passer-by.

Travis was in turmoil in the wind, feeling like clogged by a mouthful of blood in his chest.

There were a few rich friends behind him, who were dressed fashionably. They kept their mouths shut, but there were sneers in their eyes.

"Fuck, what young master? He could make Max run out in such a hurry."

Travis grunted and turned around to look at his friends.

They shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders.

"I don't know, never heard of it."

"Hey, I remember he was the mysterious young master?"

Someone suddenly said. All at once, the crowd nodded in response.



"Yes, yes, yes, it's possible, nine out of ten!"

"How about going out to have a look? He who deserved Mr. Walsh's personal visit are certainly not ordinary." Someone suggested.

Travis raised his eyebrow, shrugged, and said hatefully.

"Let's go, I'd like to see who this young master is. How could he make the boss in the Hankook Palace come by himself?"

After walking out, they marched from the main hall to the door.

Meanwhile, outside the door. Max had caught up with Maximilian and shouted.

"Young master, please wait, I am Max Walsh, the owner of Hankook Palace."



Maximilian stopped and stood by the Rolls Royce, accompanied by Wilfred, who had been waiting for a long time right beside him.

He looked at the middle-aged man running with confusion and asked.

"Wilfred, is that your friend?"

Wilfred shook his head and said.

"Not really."

Max ran over, his eyes first landing on Wilfred beside Maximilian, his heart was greatly shocked! That was right!

The richest man in Chuchow Region, Wilfred!

Then this young man beside him was definitely the young master!

"Young master, Mr. Wilfred Collins, I didn't know you were here, sorry for that! This is Hankook Palace's Supreme VIP membership card, please accept it



if the young master doesn't mind."

Max handed out his membership card with extreme respect.

He had already made up his mind that tonight, he had to make friends with Maximilian.

Maximilian looked at Max with bland eyes, took the Supreme VIP membership card, and casually said.

"Thanks."

After saying that, he turned around and got on the car.

Wilfred had to handle the rest of the things.

Wilfred smiled and said.

"Mr. Walsh, our young master doesn't like to show off, so please keep this thing a secret between you and me."



"Got it, got it! Don't worry, Mr. Collins, I won't let anyone know this."

Max hurried assured.

Not far away, Travis stood at the door with his friend, just in time to see the scene of Max respectfully handing over his membership card, and someone turned around and got on the Rolls Royce.

However, due to the long distance and obstructed vision, they didn't see him clearly, all they saw was his vague figure.

That was a Rolls Royce! A commemorative edition!

"Hey, well...that, is that Maximilan?

In the same clothes!"

Someone in the crowd shouted in shock and trembling.