

Chapter 26 Sincere Or Not

On their way to dinner, Becky and Talia hit a traffic jam on the road. They made it to the restaurant only five minutes before the appointed time.

Becky stepped out of the car and strode inside the restaurant, her high heels clacking on the marble floor.

The private room was located on the fourth floor. Because it was dinner time, the elevator was full and stopped on almost every floor.

Becky looked down at her wristwatch. When she looked up, she suddenly saw a familiar figure standing outside the elevator on the third floor.

Denise?

Becky raised her eyebrows and looked away. Soon, the elevator doors slid to a close.

A few seconds later, the elevator doors

opened again on the fourth floor and Becky walked out.

When she arrived at the private room, she found that the door was slightly ajar. It seemed that Robbie was on the phone inside. His voice wasn't that loud, but Becky overheard him saying into the phone, "Miss Casper..."

Hearing that, Becky raised her eyebrows and turned her head to look at Talia.

Talia nodded and knocked on the door. "Mr. Powell."

As soon as Talia spoke, Robbie quickly hung up the phone.

Becky walked in and smiled at Robbie. "I'm sorry for being late, Mr. Powell. There was a traffic jam on the way."

Robbie smiled back at her, as if he didn't mind her being late. "Don't worry about it, Miss Ramos. It's a Friday night after all."

"Still, I'm sorry."

"It's no big deal. But since you're so sorry,

then why not punish yourself by drinking a glass of wine?" 2

After saying that, Robbie paused thoughtfully and then asked, "Are you good at drinking? If you can't hold your liquor, then forget it. I'll have the waiter bring in some juice instead."

Becky took a seat and looked at the man in front of her. She didn't know what he was up to.

But this was how the world of business worked, so Becky knew that sharing a drink with Robbie was inevitable.

"Don't worry. I can hold my drink. Please forgive me for being late."

As she spoke, she raised her glass and downed half of its contents in one gulp. 1

Robbie burst into laughter. "You are so straightforward! I like dealing with people like you!"

The corners of Becky's mouth tilted upward slightly. "You flatter me."

Robbie was a cunning old fox. Fairway Group had been cooperating with Highlight Group

for a long time. It should've gone without saying that the two parties would renew the contract, but Robbie wasn't about to play fair. He would inevitably seek more money for himself.

Birds of a feather flock together, so Elvin and Robbie were friends. Becky didn't know how exactly they would make things difficult for her, so she played nice and drank a lot over dinner to please Robbie. However, every time she brought up the contract renewal, Robbie would find excuses.

In the end, Robbie said that he'd need to reconsider the contract extension.

Becky also knew that the dinner tonight wouldn't produce any desirable effect, so she wasn't too disappointed. It was good enough that Robbie didn't leave right away. She felt that the dinner had been a success.

Understanding what Robbie really meant, Becky didn't bother to persuade him anymore. She said a few polite words and intended to leave.

"Mr. Powell, let me walk you out."

Robbie cast a glance at Becky. "That's nice of you. I know it wasn't easy for you and your secretary to work till such a late hour, so allow my secretary to drive you home."

It was the first time that Becky had dealt with Robbie, so for a moment, she couldn't tell whether he was being sincere or not.

How could a man like Robbie be so kind-hearted?

But since he had offered, Becky decided to agree to see what kind of trick he had up his sleeve.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Powell."

Robbie waved his hand and gestured at his secretary. "Bowman, please send Miss Ramos and her secretary home safely."

"Yes, sir."

The party of four walked to the entrance of the restaurant together. After Robbie left in his car, his secretary looked back at Becky and asked, "Miss Ramos, shall I take you home?"

Becky nodded. "Okay, thank you."

Neither she nor Talia had a car. It seemed that it was more convenient to have a car. ①

Throughout the ride, Bowman didn't talk much. Becky sat in the back seat while Talia was in the passenger seat.

Becky had drunk a lot tonight and felt a little dizzy all the way. When the car suddenly stopped, she couldn't help but frown tightly.