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Robert thought for a while and shook his head.

Robert knew that Whitney had just bought the house today and was still excited about it. There was a saying that one should not interrupt others' happiness. So, he thought it was better for him not to say too much. After all, today was Whitney's special day.

Seeing Robert shaking his head, everyone burst into laughter.

"Say, Mr. Zabinski, since you have such a substantial inheritance, you should at least renovate your house into a decent one, don't you think?" Whitney sat on the couch, wearing a scornful expression. "It can only be called a home when you have your own place."

"Whitney, what is that? Is there another castle in our residential area?" A classmate suddenly noticed the prime unit outside the window.

Behind the flowing river, the mansion was particularly eye-catching. Its facade was like a palace, which made it impossible to ignore.

Besides, it was still dawn at this time in the northwest area.

"Well." Whitney began as she gazed at the 27,000 square feet mansion with envy. "That is a place that only the ultra-rich can dwell. It's 27,000 square feet! I can't even imagine the interior design of the mansion. Also, it has 37 rooms! Can you all even grasp that? Thirty-seven!"

Robert rubbed his nose. To be honest, he didn't even notice how many rooms there were in the mansion, but Whitney remembered every detail of it.

Whitney took a deep breath. She couldn't even remember how many times she had gone through the pamphlets about the prime unit.

"No! If only I can go inside and have a look. But, one cannot simply enter a luxurious mansion like that just because they want to. A piece of furniture inside could easily cost tens of thousands of dollars, and the expensive ones are worth more than hundreds of thousands of dollars!" Whitney exclaimed.

Envy filled the faces of the five classmates as they heard Whitney's words.

Suddenly, a commotion was heard.

Outside the room, Cameron's voice sounded. "Let me tell you, you don't know how stupid that woman is, hahaha! Today, her classmates are all there. There are three girls, so let's split equally. All right, we're almost at the door. Stop talking."

A few seconds later, the door was opened, and Cameron walked in with three men.

"Whitney, my buddies are here. They'll be joining the party together. Is that okay?" Cameron spoke loudly as soon as he entered the room.

Everyone inside the room heard Cameron's words as he approached the door. Upon seeing him enter, Whitney and the others felt a tinge of embarrassment.

"Whitney, my buddies here are all outstanding and single. Not only are they good-looking, but their families are also in the construction business. So, all of them are wealthy." Cameron patted his chest as he introduced them. This was also a common tactic they used to pick up girls.

Whitney hastily walked up to greet them.

As for the three female classmates, they took two steps back in fear.

The two male classmates, on the other hand, looked embarrassed. They stood up and greeted them, but didn't dare to say anything further.

They were still a little intimidated by these scions.

Cameron walked into the living room and saw that there were three other men present. Furrowing his brows, he said, "Why is this property agent here? The two guys beside him must be his colleagues, right? Then, ask them to leave. There's no space for them in the party."

Whitney understood right away what Cameron meant. He wanted the rest of the men to leave and the women to stay.

Whitney relied on Cameron, and he even bought this place. So, she didn't dare to object. She turned to Robert and the two male classmates and said, "Well, I'm sorry, but it's not the right time today. Perhaps you three can go back first. We'll treat you again another day."

One of the male classmates looked at the female classmate standing next to him. "How about we leave together?"

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Everyone heard what Cameron said outside, and the guys knew what would happen if they let the girls stay there.

"Okay, okay, let's go together," the female classmate replied.

"Well then, Whitney, we'll come back another time."

The three female classmates chose to leave.

Hearing this, Cameron expressed his displeasure. "What's the meaning of this, ladies? Why are you all leaving just when we arrived? We're not going to bite. Come on. Let's sit down and have a meal together, or at least show some courtesy."

After seeing Cameron getting mad, Whitney felt a cold breeze on her neck and pulled her three female classmates. "Why don't you all stay for a while?"

"Whitney, what are you talking about?" a male classmate said as he stood up. "Didn't you hear what they said just now? If they stay here..."

"What's wrong with staying here? This mansion of 1,940 square feet can't fit you all?" Whitney lashed out all of a sudden.

She had become so accustomed to compliments from these people that even the slightest hint of objection would make her snap immediately.

"You all can come with me," Robert sighed as he glanced at his classmates.

Robert thought to himself that society had the ability to heavily influence a person, transforming a fresh graduate into someone different in just a short period of time.

"Robert, who do you think you are? There's no place for you here! I feel ashamed to even expose you and call you the heir of the Zabinski family. What a good excuse you've got there. As expected from a property agent!" Whitney shouted, pointing at Robert. "Take a good look at yourself. Are you still trying to be a hero here?"

Looking at Whitney, who was causing a scene in front of him, Robert couldn't help but shake his head.

He thought, "In school, we were merely classmates. But after graduating, it seems that it's easier to build a rapport with a stranger than someone you used to know."

Robert ignored Whitney. He turned his gaze to Cameron and asked, "You're Mr. Zeller's son, right?"

Cameron was stunned for a moment and then cursed, "Who said you can speak that name?"

Robert looked over and saw the three other men standing by the door. One of them looked familiar, and he had a feeling that they had met at Kendrick's dinner party.

Robert tried to recall his name. The names of the people present during the party were mentioned by Naomi.

"Waylon, come here," Robert casually said.

The young man standing by the door walked over as soon as he heard his name. When he saw Robert, his expression lit up immediately. He was surprised at first, but then he felt flattered.

"Robert, you're here too! What a coincidence." Waylon walked toward Robert, rubbing his hands together and lowering his head respectfully. Cameron and the others were stunned.

"Waylon, this is..." Even Cameron himself realized something was wrong.

"Cameron, this is the one I talked to you about last time. This is Mr. Zabinski that smacked Kendrick and the Quesnell family during the Zabel family's banquet," Waylon explained to Cameron. He hastily turned his look back to Robert again and said, "Robert, you know, what you did that day was freaking cool!"

"Mr. Zabinski! Mr. Zabinski of Zabinski Group!" Cameron was shocked as if he had been hit by lightning.

He knew too well the reputation of Zabinski Group.

Even though he didn't get the honor to meet Robert, the incident at the banquet had gone viral.

"Mr. Zabinski, what a ruthless man he is. He even beat up the Zabel and Quesnell families without showing any mercy," Cameron murmured inwardly.

After what they heard, the other two men who came with Cameron hurried up to greet Robert.

Cameron, who came back to his senses, hastily came forward. He then stretched out his hand and repeatedly smacked himself.

"Robert, I'm truly sorry. Please forgive my ignorance. What I said just now was all unintentional," Cameron explained.

The sound of Cameron slapping his face could be heard clearly.

Whitney and the five classmates were all dumbfounded.

She thought,