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Usually, Whitney would be obedient in front of Cameron, except when she was feeling lustful. If Cameron told her to shut up, she wouldn't even dare to breathe loudly. This was all due to Cameron's wealth. She couldn't afford to offend his family.

But now, what Whitney saw was Cameron cowering in fear, standing like a puppy in front of Robert.

He even slapped himself as a token of apology to Robert.

"If you all want to have fun, find someone who's willing to participate. Don't force those who don't want to," Robert said while shaking his head. He glanced at Whitney and walked out of the room.

"I understand. I know I was wrong, Robert." Cameron lowered his head and nodded.

"Robert, I'll drive you home." Waylon followed behind, bending his back.

The same went for Cameron.

Observing the sight, Whitney hurriedly trotted up to Robert.

"Robert, I was talking a little too harshly just now. Please don't take it personally. We're all old friends and are used to joking. Haha."

Robert ignored her and walked out. The rest of the classmates also left the room and took the elevator downstairs.

"Robert, where are you going? Maybe I can give you a ride," Waylon said, continuing to butter him up.

It was an once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for them to be in such close proximity to the heir of the Zabinski Group. It was a rare chance that might not come again.

"There's no need to. I live here," Robert said as he walked toward the private road across the river.

Under Whitney's gaze flashing with jealousy, Robert opened the mansion that she could clearly remember the number of rooms and entered.

Looking at the mansion and thinking about the place he lived in, Whitney felt particularly upset.

The luxurious mansion that once filled her with ecstasy was not pleasant at all this time. She even felt repulsed.

Knowing that there was a luxurious mansion, Whitney could only dream and feel envious. But, when she saw her classmate living there, she felt an indescribable sense of discomfort.

Whitney turned around and noticed that the five other classmates had all turned their backs and were about to leave without saying goodbye.

"Bitch!"

A brutal slap suddenly fell on Whitney's face.

Before Whitney could realize what had happened, a searing pain shot through her face.

"Damn it, why didn't you say earlier that you've invited the heir of the Zabinski Group? You almost killed me, bitch!" Cameron kicked Whitney again and left.

Whitney's eyes were tearing up and her heart was filled with

grievances, but she dared not show any dissatisfaction.

After all, this was the life she had chosen.

Whitney turned on her phone and found that she had been kicked out of the group chat, and the last message in the chat was the picture of her showing off the mansion before dinner.

Robert didn't take what had happened to heart. After thinking for a while, he casually asked Carlos to take him to Grand Triumphant Hotel for a meal. He needed to meet several quick-construction teams there the next morning as well.

The next morning, Robert got up and went to the conference room.

"Mr. Zabinski, your breakfast." Carlos entered the conference room, carrying a plate in his hand.

It was nine o'clock in the morning.

The heads of the four quick-construction teams who had been appointed arrived at the conference room of the Grand Triumphant Hotel to decide on the division of the project.

The meeting continued until noon.

Robert was impressed as he was examining the plans proposed by the four teams. "As expected from the teams that Zabinski Group has been working with for a long time," he thought. Given their capabilities, completing the construction of the holiday resort within three months was undoubtedly achievable. Besides, the design style was exquisite.

After carefully selecting a proposal, the contract was signed and cooperation was reached.

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"Then here's to a happy cooperation, Mr. Zabinski! Cheers!"

"Gilbert, I'll have to leave it to you to take extra attention to this project," Robert said.

"Don't worry, as it's now considered a long-term cooperation between us and Zabinski Group." Gilbert was the team representative responsible for the Zabinski Group holiday resort.

After the matter was settled, Robert felt a sense of relief. At this moment, Robert's phone suddenly rang.

Robert picked up the phone to look and saw it was a text message from Marilyn.

The message wrote: [I'm at Grand Triumphant Hotel. Can we meet up?]



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Robert frowned slightly.

"Then, Mr. Zabinski, I'll leave you to your work," Gilbert said after observing Robert's expression.

Robert put away his phone and waved his hand casually. "It's nothing. Say, Gilbert, it's already noon, so let's have lunch together. Please."

In the lobby of the Grand Triumphant Hotel, Marilyn checked the time. It was already half past one in the afternoon, and it had been an hour since she sent the text message to Robert.

Anxiety crept up on Marilyn's face. She paced back and forth in the lobby, unable to calm herself down.

It was two o'clock in the afternoon.

Marilyn's eyes wandered restlessly around the hall, eagerly searching for the figure she was anticipating.

Marilyn didn't know where to find Robert. So, this was the only place that she could go to.

"Gilbert, I'll be counting on you all. I know that three months is indeed very tight. So, please pay extra attention to it."

A familiar voice sounded in the lobby. Marilyn's anxious face immediately lit up. Searching along the place where the voice came from, she saw Robert walking to the lobby with several middle-aged men.

"We'll be taking our leave, then, Mr. Zabinski." Gilbert waved his hand.

Two project leaders of the Zabinski Group followed and escorted him out.

As soon as Robert turned around, he saw an elegant figure standing in front of him.

The moment Robert laid his eyes on Marilyn, his face lit up with delight, but the expression faded as quickly as it appeared. He averted his eyes and walked past Marilyn without even looking at her.

"Robert, I want to talk to you." Marilyn quickly followed Robert.

"What do we have to talk about?" Robert accelerated his footsteps.

Marilyn quickened her pace to catch up with Robert. In an anxious tone, she said, "Robert, I know you hate me now. There are things that I don't know how to tell you, but please, can you not go against the Zabel Group?"

Robert stopped abruptly.

Marilyn almost stumbled and bumped into Robert.

Robert turned around to face Marilyn, his expression turning into a smirk. "You mean I should give up the shares of Yrinas to Kendrick, your fiancé?"

When Marilyn heard Robert mentioning the word fiancé, Marilyn felt a tightness in her chest.

She forced herself to remain calm. "Robert, the reason I came here today was not to argue with you. I just wanted to say that you can't beat Kendrick and the Zabel Group!"

At twelve o'clock noon today, Marilyn received a call from her

father, Spencer.

Spencer told Marilyn clearly over the phone, "Don't tell me you're together with Robert! How could a brat like him go up against the Zabel Group? Let me make it clear to you. Zabinski Group is finished! It's just a matter of time before it crumbles. Don't get yourself into trouble, or else I won't be able to answer the Zabel Group. Our family and the Zabel Group are tied together now. We'll either rise or fall together."

Marilyn contacted Robert as soon as she received the call from her father.

She dreaded the thought of seeing Robert going up against Kendrick. Marilyn was well aware of Zabel Group's strength. It was not something that the Zabinski Group could fight against.

If the fight continued, the Zabinski Group would only be crushed.

"Marilyn!" Robert's voice boomed through the lobby. He had consumed a considerable amount of wine this afternoon, and the alcohol was starting to kick in. "It's not for you to decide whether I can fight against Kendrick or not! This is just the beginning! But you're right, I'm no match for you!"

Robert's roar caught the attention of the crowd.

Robert looked at the delicate woman in front of him and couldn't help but laugh at himself, "You don't have to act as if you care about me. It'll only make me think that if you showed up here suddenly, Kendrick will appear immediately. You two will hold hands, and Kendrick would point at my nose and laugh, saying, 'Look at the poor Robert. Did he believe your words again?'"

Listening to Robert's rants, Marilyn couldn't stop her tears from streaming down.

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She never intended to hurt Robert, but she didn't know how to explain herself that day.

She said she liked him, but she couldn't be with him.

It was funny enough to think about it.

"Marilyn, you're just despicable!" Robert strode away.



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