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"Mr. Robin...?"

Katherine's voice still echoed in the hall, sharp and undeniable.

But that one title — Mr. Robin — was like a thunderclap detonating in the hearts of everyone present.

The entire room fell into stunned silence.

Dozens of eyes snapped to Robin, who was still calmly seated. Not a flicker of surprise or emotion on his face.

And then they turned back to Katherine. As if trying to figure out what trick their ears had just played on them.

"D-Did she just... call him Mr. Robin?" someone finally muttered, his voice hoarse with disbelief.

"No way. That loser?"

"That guy who was almost thrown out just now?"

"That same guy she just defended—calling him 'Mr. Robin'?"

Whispers swept through the hall like wildfire. Shock, confusion, unease — it was all written across their faces.

Even Marcus was left speechless, his lips twitching but forming no words.

Liam's expression was pale. He looked like he'd swallowed a brick.

Sarah, holding her stinging cheek, stared in utter disbelief.

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Why... why would Katherine—the feared and respected General Manager of Eagle Industries—stand up for that nobody?

Unless...

Unless he wasn't a nobody at all.

The thought hit them like a punch to the gut.

Katherine, however, didn't spare them another glance. Her sharp gaze now landed on Robin. But instead of speaking, she paused—awaiting his cue.

Robin finally looked up from his phone, lazily meeting her eyes.

A subtle gesture.

Just a slight shake of his head.

No words. Just a message:

Not yet.

Don't reveal anything.

Katherine's lips pressed into a thin line. Her gaze softened just a fraction—but the reverence in her eyes was unmistakable.

"Understood, sir," she said quietly, her tone now far calmer. Almost... deferential.

The room, once buzzing with arrogance and mockery, now drowned in uncertainty and fear.

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Nobody dared to speak now.

The air remained heavy as Katherine stepped back respectfully, standing slightly behind Robin as though awaiting further instruction.

That simple detail didn't go unnoticed.

Whispers started up again, hushed but frantic.

"Why is she standing behind him like that?"

"Is he someone above her? Like... a major shareholder? Or someone from the board?"

"Maybe he's from the government... or military?"

The speculations snowballed quickly, and for a moment, an invisible pressure weighed down on everyone in the room. No one dared to speak too loudly, afraid they might say something foolish again and provoke another slap—or worse.

Marcus's fists clenched at his sides.

Sarah's lip trembled.

And Liam's forehead broke into cold sweat.

But... then something changed.

Katherine didn't say anything else.

She didn't clarify who Robin was. Didn't make any declarations. Didn't offer an apology or warning.

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She just stood there, silent and cold, with nothing but a vague “Mr. Robin.”

And that... gave them just enough rope to grab onto.

Marcus was the first to smirk again, albeit more cautiously this time. “Tch... probably just some minor investor she’s trying to please.”

“Right,” Sarah muttered, “Maybe she’s covering for him because she owes him a favor or something. That doesn’t mean he’s anything special.”

“Yeah, if he were really someone important, wouldn’t she say so?” Liam chimed in, trying to salvage what was left of his dignity. “This is probably all just her personal bias.”

Their words gained momentum, like a wave building behind a fragile dam.

“Exactly. He just got lucky.”

“Right place, right time. Bet he helped her once and now she feels obligated to protect him.”

Arrogance returned to their eyes, this time mixed with caution. They weren’t foolish enough to directly provoke Katherine again—but Robin?

He was fair game.

After all, if she wasn’t willing to reveal his background, then how powerful could he really be?

While these people were murmuring, Robin simply glanced at them... with the faintest trace of a smile tugging at the corner of his lips.

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Ignoring the crowd, Katherine stared at Liam coldly, causing a chill to run down his spine.

"What was going on before I walked in?" Katherine asked coldly.

Liam swallowed hard. His words tumbled out, defensive but firm.

He jabbed a finger at Robin, his face darkening. "Miss Katherine, I don't know why you're defending him, but he's claiming to be the new chairman! But the real chairman would never associate with a nobody like him. He's nothing but a fraud! I was so outraged by his audacity that I ordered the guards to throw him out!"

He puffed out his chest, his voice righteous, as though expecting Katherine to praise him for making such a bold decision.

"Haha. I think merely ordering to throw him out wasn't enough. We should break his legs and make him arrested and locked up in jail. Only then would that loser finally know his place," Sarah sneered, looking at Robin mockingly. Robin, didn't I say you won't be lucky forever? Haha.

SMACK!

A loud slap echoed through the hall.

Katherine slapped Sarah so hard across the face that the sound seemed to linger in the air. "Say one more word of nonsense, and I'll have the guards break your legs first!"

Shocked gasps rippled across the room. Then, the hall erupted in whispers.

"W-why, Miss Katherine?" Sarah stuttered, taken aback by Katherine's

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cold tone and glare, her face turned pale. "I did nothing wrong!"

She was only offering some advice on how to deal with that loser. Why was Katherine so angry with her?

"General Manager Katherine," Marcus stepped forward and said cautiously. " She was only—"

Katherine cut him off with a dismissive wave of her hand. "And you are?"

"Marcus. Marcus Tozer of Tozer Group."

Tozer Group? Katherine's brows furrowed slightly. She shot a discrete glance at Robin. Wasn't that the group he asked about earlier today? So it belonged to this fool?

Her face darkened even further as she snapped, " Whoever you are, when I'm speaking, everyone else should shut up or get lost!"

Marcus's face flushed with embarrassment. He gritted his teeth but, in the end, did nothing. "Of course, General Manager Katherine."

"Hmph! We were just trying to help you! Why are you being so cold and harsh to us?" Sarah's voice rose, but then a sudden thought struck her. " Or perhaps... are you that loser's sugar mommy? Is that why you're defending him instead of putting him in his place?"

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