

Chapter 14

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His father's roar was so loud that Marcus had to pull the phone away from his ear, afraid it might damage his eardrums. Staring down at the screen, his hand trembled slightly, and cold sweat broke out along his back. He had never seen his father this furious before — not once in his entire life. In fact, it was the first time his father had ever shouted at him.

But he understood his father's anger. A lot had been invested to secure this deal. Tears of frustration welled up in his eyes.

He wasn't foolish! Why would he provoke Liam when their family's future depended on securing the deal? He had done no such thing. Everything was confusing. One minute, he and Liam were chatting happily, and the next, Liam was canceling the deal, cutting ties with him, and sending him out.

What had he done wrong? He had no idea!

"Dad," he tried to explain, his voice cracking.

But his father cut him off sharply. "I don't know what you've done. I don't care. But you better find a way to fix things with Liam and secure that deal before you step foot in this house again. Don't you dare come back without it — or I'll kill you!"

The line went dead.

Marcus bowed his head in shame. Sighing, he turned to Liam, who was standing in a corner of the conference hall. "Mr. Liam!" he called out, stepping forward, but the guards immediately blocked his path.

"Get lost!" one of the burly guards barked.

"How dare you talk to him that way?" Sarah screeched. "He's still the heir of the Tozers!"

"So what?" the guard scoffed. "You two better leave, or we'll kick you out ourselves! Troublemakers!"

"How can you be so rude?" Sarah snapped. "You're just a lowly security guard. What gives you the right to speak to us like this? Aren't you afraid Marcus will deal with you once you're off work?"

"Deal with me?" The guard snorted mockingly. "I doubt he'll have the time—not when his father has sworn to kill him if he dares come back home without securing the partnership deal. The way I'm seeing it, he might not even survive this night."

"Hahaha."

The other guards burst into laughter, their mocking echoes filling the hall.

Sarah's eyes widened in shock, her face turning pale. He said that? She spun to Marcus. "Did your father really say that?"

But Marcus ignored her. His focus was on Liam. "Mr. Liam, please, at least tell me what I did wrong! We'll make up for whatever it is!" he shouted desperately, but Liam didn't even glance his way. Frustrated, Marcus tried to push past the guards, but they shoved him back, making him stagger.

"Get lost, you troublemaker!" they barked.

But Marcus wasn't giving up. "Mr. Liam, please! Remember your promise to me! You can't just go back on your word!" he pleaded, taking another

step toward the guards. He wasn't leaving until he got an answer — they'd have to drag him out!

But at this moment, two figures suddenly walked back into the conference hall, chatting as they walked.

Marcus, mid-step, froze in shock.

Robin?

General Manager Katherine?

He rubbed his eyes, thinking he might be hallucinating—but no, it was real.

His blood ran cold.

Didn't Katherine take Robin away to punish him? Why was he standing there perfectly fine? And why were they together, chatting like old friends?

What the hell was going on?

Beside him, Sarah noticed his sudden stillness. She followed his gaze — and froze as well.

Robin?

There he was, standing in front of the podium in the conference hall, laughing with Katherine.

But he was supposed to be beaten within an inch of his life! How was he not only unharmed but comfortably chatting and laughing with one of the most powerful women in the industry? If one didn't know, they might think they were lovers!



Lovers? Something snapped in Sarah—like a slap to the face. Her mother's words from yesterday echoed in her mind. Robin had found a new "sugar mommy."

Could it be Katherine?

A wave of envy and jealousy surged through her chest. No—no way! Robin was a pathetic dog she'd discarded. How could he end up with her—this beautiful, successful, and powerful woman?

Katherine was everything she had always aspired to be—her role model, a symbol of strength and success. She had long envisioned herself standing at the top like Katherine, untouchable and admired.

Robin was supposed to be beneath her, always begging for another chance, clinging to her like a lost puppy. How could he have gotten close to someone so far above her—someone even more beautiful and powerful than she could ever be?

Her face darkened, her fists clenching at her sides. No. She couldn't allow this.

Her role model couldn't be involved with that loser. She immediately darted into the conference hall.

The guards had been focused on Marcus, before they could stop her, Sarah shoved past them and stormed into the hall, shouting at the top of her lungs, "General Manager Katherine! General Manager Katherine!"