

The Deadly 110

Chapter 110 You Want to Start Cooking?

A chill swept through Harvey as the situation dawned on him.

Could it really be that they'd just handed over such a valuable chance so easily?

He wondered if this was reality or he was caught in a cruel illusion.

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"M-Mr. Ramsey, hang on a second. That's not what I meant," Harvey stammered, moving swiftly to position himself in front of Robin.

"Then let's do as you suggested-let Vera be the one to sign the contract."

Harvey knew he had no choice but to agree now; any sign of hesitation could leave the Silva family with nothing.

Robin's insistence meant the best move was to secure the contract first-ultimately, the three agreements would fall under the Silva Group's control anyway.

Since Vera had been kept out of Silva Group's core decision-making for a while now, even if she signed the project contracts, they would eventually go to Harvey and Quincy.

Robin gave a cool smile. "Silva Group holds the majority of shares, and as its legal representative, Vera is naturally the one to handle this contract. It's strange to think anyone else would." Quincy scoffed beside Harvey. "So what?"

Harvey quickly silenced her, turning to Vera with urgency. "Vera, for the Silva family's sake... just sign it."

"I refuse!" Vera's voice was icy and resolute.

Confused looks swept across the room.

Rumors had hinted at tension between Harvey and his second wife, and it seemed there was some truth to it.

Here was a golden opportunity, yet Vera stubbornly refused to sign, making their conflict all too clear,

Irritated, Harvey leaned in. "Vera, just sign it already! We can go over your concerns, all right?"

"Go over itter? I have nothing to say to you!" Vera turned on her heel, intent on leaving.

Quincy blocked her path. "You're as much of a disappointment as your pathetic mother..."

With a loud p, Vera's hand connected sharply with Quincy's check. "Insult my mother again, and I swear I'll make you regret it!" Quincy, furious lunged at her, but a firm hand caught her wrist and shoved her aside.

Robin stepped forward, his expression steely. "Enough with this scene!"

"Argh! How dare you stop me!" Quincy seethed, scrambling up to face Robin. "Ms. Miller was right; you're a nobody..."

Robin gripped her wrist tightly. "Harvey, if you can't keep your woman in line, I'd be more than happy to do it for you," he said coldly. Harvey hadn't expected things to escte this way. He stepped forward and pped Quincy, "My apologies, Mr. Ramsey.

"What? How dare you hit me!" Quincy shouted, then flung herself at Harvey, shrieking like a wildcat.

"Enough! How dare you make a scene here!" Shirley's voice cut through themotion, sharp and frigid.

Quincy stopped short, casting an angry linger at Robin, "M-Ms. Dunn, h-he....

Shirley's gaze hardened as she looked at Quincy. "Leave"

Harvey, bowing his head, muttered a quick apology. I'm sorry, Ms. Dunn. Fil-take her out now." With that, he quickly dragged Quincy out.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Dunn... "Vera stepped forward, her face remorseful.

Shirley nced at Robin and then back at Vera. "No need to apologize. You're Mr. Ramsey's guest, and I don't mind. The three Eastvale outsourcing projects are still set aside for you. Feel free toe by and sign whenever you're ready. "Let's wrap up for today's signing."

She gave Robin a smile, motioning for him to follow her. "Come on, let's head back."

Robin looked like he wanted to say something to Vera, but Shirley gently pulled him aside.

"We need to handle some things."

Robin was still processing everything that had unfolded as Shirley practically tugged him toward the elevator.

"Why the rush?" he asked, his confusion obvious.

Amber, who had been watching from a distance, held back augh as she followed them in.

In the elevator, Shirley's expression shifted, turning colder, and she said nothing as she stared straight ahead.

Robin nced at her. "What's wrong? Are you upset that I handed the three projects to the Silvas? It's not like they're finalized yet. I can always reconsiderter if they don't measure up. Don't be so petty."

She gave him a pointed look, her tone sharp. "Vera is quite attractive, wouldn't you say?"

"Huh?" Robin blinked, unsure of what she meant. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Shirley watched his puzzled expression, a flicker of amusement in her eyes.

"You seem to be spending a lot of time with Ms. Silvately. Giving her those three projects-is that your way of trying to win her over?"

Amber raised her brows slightly, curious to see if Shirley's cool exterior was actually masking a hint of

Robin rolled his eyes. "You think I'd try to woo her with that? Vera's actical kind of annoying, always:

buzzing around me like a mosquito and nagging. It's exhausting!"

A subtle smile yed on Shirley's lips.

Once they reached her office, Shirley motioned for Robin to sit across from her, watching him with an intensity that made him feel slightly ufortable. When he was watched by a pack of wolves in the Fricana jungle, it didn't make him feel as ufortable as being stared at by Shirley did.

"What is it? Why are you staring at me like that?" Robin finally asked after checking himself.

A slight blush rose to Shirley's cheeks, and she let out a small sigh. "Were you with Daphne yesterday?"

"Yeah, she invited me to dinner at the Violetcrest Club, he answered inly.

Then, noticing her expression, he asked, "Wait, how did you know?"

Shirley avoided his gaze. "Why would she invite you to dinner?"

Robin knew that Howard must have shown Shirley the photo Connor had given him and was spreading all

sorts of nonsense.

Robin lifted his gaze to Shirley, who was holding a cup of water, and said earnestly, "She's my maid; isn't it completely normal for her to invite me to dinner?"

"Cough!" Shirley almost choked on her water, his deadpan reply catching her off guard. Her laughter bubbled up.

"You're telling me that Daphne, the one everyone calls The Enchanting Queen of Harmonfield, is your maid? Hahaha...

Plop!

"Oh, sh*t!"

Robin almost fell out of his seat; the sound of her laughter was so captivating that it left him feeling weak in the knees.

"Daphne is indeed my maid. Why is that so surprising Robin gazed at Shirley, who was blushing with delight.

"Sure, she's your maid. A warm flush spread across Shirley's graceful features.

After collecting herself for a moment, Shirley turned to Robin and casually inquired. "Did you stay at Graceview Apartmentsst night?"

"Yeah. What's wrong?" Robin answered nonchntly.

"I see... Shirley hesitated for a second. "I actually have two other properties for you, plus a house in the Vista Lake neighborhood. If you're not too busy, you could stay there; it's quite convenient, and the living 37.37.

conditions

natives are much better.

sometimes I end up working reallyte at the office so I crash there

Tally spend my weekends at that ce. If you choose to stay, I could pick up some groceries and whip up a meal for us...

Her cheeks flushed a deeper red as the spoke, and Robin checked his phone, nodding. "Sounds good."

For a moment. Shirley was stunned, but she then muttered in annoyance and pped the table, saying. "Why are you looking at your phone?"

"Oh" Robin eximed as his phone slipped from his hand and fell to the ground with a loud thud.

Shirley chuckled quietly, her hand covering her mouth. "Did you catch what just said?"

I did. So, you're thinking of buying groceries and cooking? Is that even... going to be edible?" Robin looked at Shirley, who didn't seem like she would bother with housework, and he struggled to imagine her preparing a meal that anyone would actually want to ear I definitely don't want to end up with a culinary disaster."

Shirley shot back, a hint of annoyance in her voice, "You really underestimate me. This weekend, after work, we're heading to your ce, and I'll cook you something amazing!

"Let's see if I can create a culinary masterpiece!"

Robin paused briefly, uncertain, but the resolute look in her eyes made him realize he couldn't refuse her offer. Reluctantly, he nodded. "Alright."

"Fantastic! Now, you get back to work." Shirley responded with a cheerful smile.

As soon as Robin left, Shirley grabbed her phone and dialed Amber.

"Ms. Jennings. I need you to find a highly skilled chef immediately. I'm going to learn how to cook!"

Amber was taken aback. "Wait... Ms. Dunn, you want to start cooking?"

"Why not? Is there something strange about that?" Shirley huffed impatiently. "No more questions. Just make it happen. Price doesn't matter-just get me a chef who can teach me by the weekend!"

"Understood! I'll start the search right away. As Amber exited Shirley's office, she couldn't suppress a laugh. "Ms. Dunn learning to cook? Now that's a surprise... Ha!"

Across from Eastvale Development Group's building, in Hilltop Plaza, a busy Starbucks bustled with activity.

Seated near the window, Alice was overwhelmed by a flurry of phone calls from her family and anxious shareholders.

The shareholders wanted answers about the dire situation facing the Miller Group.

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"Mr. Call, I observed today that mad, Read they are aligned with one wother

ha in Howard should we the bende of wrenting this wh a discount. If the market shifts, it might to get the sold over for m

Zachery thugh it over, then der Mode, else we're running out of choices. I just worry about The trouble se"ye had with the Dunns Lately

Alice's expression hardened "I'm well aware this is all is doing, stirring things up behind the scenes Without him meddling, we wouldn't be in this humiliating position. I'm furious with him right now.

Still, I've noticed something interesting Mr. Dixon does seem too fond of Robin, either

Aller's sharpened. "Then maybe Mr. Dizon would be willing to consider the Southvale property just

"Mr. Gill, let's go meet with Mr. Dizon. We're running out of time, and this could be ourst hope

Seeing Alice's determined look, Vera chimed in, "Zachary, why not give it a shot? They might be willing to take the Southvale property off our hands

With a resigned sigh. Zachary nodded. "You're right. Its worth a try?"