

The Deadly 66

Chapter 66 Spark Ignited

This man has incredible eyes.

Is Alice blind?

"Snap out of it! Watch where you're driving!"

Robin reached over and adjusted her grip on the steering wheel. ad was empty; otherwise, that shiny new sports car would have ended up in a ditch.

Vera, shaken, quickly realized she had let her focus slip.

It took her a few moments to settle down again.

"Mount Geneva is just up ahead. Drop me off at the gate, and you can head back. Shawn will be in touch with you about the Davidson Group's stock transfer," Robin said, ncing at her still-rattled expression. "Can I wait for you outside the vi?" Vera asked hopefully, her eyes fixed on Robin.

"What I mean is, Rowan's Hummer is still parked back at Oasis za, so if it gets toote, you'll have no car to get home."

"No need! Rowan will have my Range Rover sent overter," Robin replied, stepping out and heading toward the vi.

Vera leaned out of the car window, calling after him, "You're just gonna leave like that?"

Robin paused, looking back at her. "Were you hoping for a hug goodbye?"

With that, he turned and strode toward the vi.

D*mn, he's stubborn!

Watching him walk away, Vera couldn't help butugh. "This guy's such a piece of work! Haha...

Just to mess with him, she honked the horn once before driving off into the night.

Once inside the viplex, Shirley's car pulled up beside him.

"Ms. Dunn, you really should find someone else to run Eastvale Development. I'm terrible with those boring tasks, and I'm used to being free," Robin shrugged. "If I stay, I'll probably end up offending all your contacts."

Shirley chuckled lightly. "Our family doesn't have many connections to lose, so there's not much to worry about."

"You saved my family, and grandpa said that even if we end up offending everyone else, we'll stand by you."

Robin was momentarily speechless. Shirley's words made it hard for him to think about leaving the Dunn Group.

"Grandpa was talking about you earlier, you know. He was impressed by your suggestion for the Eastvale Ecological Project's no-margin outsourcing model."

"He said you have a real talent for business."

Robin chuckled. "Mr. Dunn Sr. is ttering me."

"When I brought it up at the Eastvale Ecological Project investment meeting in Violetcrest, it was just because I could see that Liam was trying to use the project to corner all of Harmonfield's businesses. I just said what I thought." "I can't stand those shady tactics."

Shirley shook her head, "Grandpa says that since the Eastvale Ecological Project is such a huge investment, and Universal Group was trying to use it to monopolize the businessndscape in Harmonfield, we needed a way to disrupt his scheme,"

"By outsourcing some of the Dunn Group's subsidiary projects in Eastvale to other businesses for free, we might appear to be giving up a large chunk of profits."

"But in reality, the surrounding industries would develop rapidly, bringing more popularity and funds to the Dunn Group's main projects in Eastvale."

"It's a brilliant strategy."

"Not only does it reduce the risk of a capital chain rupture that could come with heavy investment in Eastvale Ecological Project,"

"It also rallies a group of loyal, cooperative business partners to the Dunn Group."

"It completely foils Liam's plan to take over all of Harmonfield's resources."

"Grandpa says that move of yours was pure genius!"

Robin shrugged with a smile, "I just said it off the cuff. Is it really that impressive?"

"That's what I'm saying-you're a business genius." Shirley laughed and handed Robin a stock transfer agreement.

"Robin, here's 20 percent of the Dunn Group's shares, signed over by grandpa. Please ept

Robin was taken aback. "Twenty percent of the Dunn Group? I don't need this-tens of billions in market value doesn't interest me." Shirley quickly parked the car, visibly anxious. "Robin, grandpa meant nothing by giving you shares...

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"You don't have to go this far. I'll take the position of Eastvale Development's CEO, alright?"

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Seeing his insistence, Shirley sighed, "Fine, but it's yours regardless, and I'll hold onto it for you. You can im it anytime." "Take it back; I don't need it. Money doesn't interest me."

"Then what does interest you?" Shirley asked, clearly stumped.

Robin nced at Shirley, noticing her delicate features, her beautiful eyes, her full lips, and her perfect

nose.

This woman was stunning.

He instinctively touched his lips-a nervous habit he'd had for years. Noticing his gaze, Shirley's cheeks flush. Is he really about to kiss me?

Grandpa wants me to try dating him, but I have no idea where to even begin.

Shirley had grown up sheltered by her family. Aside from school and various training sessions arranged by them, she'd led a mostly isted life, entirely unfamiliar with romance.

Outwardly, she presented herself as cool and unyielding, maintaining the strength expected of the Dunns. But inside, she felt lonely and fragile.

Then, on a snowy New Year's night, everything changed. She'd been taken hostage by a group of dangerous criminals and nearly lost her life. And in that critical moment, she saw the very scene she'd dreamed of countless times. A hero, fearless and posed, appeared out of nowhere, saving her from danger before quietly vanishing.

In that single moment, a spark ignited in her heart. The image of his graceful, confident silhouette lodged firmly in her mind.

From that day on, her thoughts often drifted back to that snowden New Year's night.

She thought she'd never meet him again-until, unexpectedly, he was now right here, close enough to touch.

Wait... why was her face turning red? What was going on with her?

Robin, captivated by her beauty, suddenly noticed Shirley's flushed expression and had no idea what caused it.

They drove in silence for a while before stopping under a shaded tree midway up the mountain.

The area was pitch-dark.

"Why'd you stop here?" Robin asked, confused.

In the dimly lit car, he felt the intense warmth radiating from her.

Shirley didn't answer immediately. After a moment's hesitation, she turned to him, eyes zing, then closed them and slowly leaned in, her warm, soft lips inching toward his.

Uh...

Robin was utterly stunned.

Ring!

The sound of a ringtone shattered the moment. Shirley immediately opened her eyes, nervously brushing her hair aside.

It was a call from Drake.

"Um... It's grandpa checking if I picked you up. Let's head back now."

Robin gazed at her, momentarily mesmerized by her delicate beauty.

Wait, was that it?

It felt like something significant was just about to happen, and then-of all things-a phone call?

Curse that call foring at just the wrong time!

When they reached the Dunn vi, Drake was already waiting by the entrance.

"Mr. Ramsey, please in." Drake motioned for the butler, Andrew, to prepare dinner.

Robin stopped him. "Mr. Dunn Sr., there's no need for that. Let's go check on Mr. Dunn first." Drake hesitated. "Alright, if you say so."

Drake and Shirley apanied Robin to a room at the far east end of the second floor. Just approaching the door, Robin sensed a dark, oppressive energy seeping from inside.

The room's upant had been poisoned with a malevolent parasite.

Once the parasite enters the bloodstream, it reproduces rapidly, draining the person's strength and rapidly deteriorating their physical health. Within a month, the victim is bedridden, gradually losing consciousness until they resemble a lifeless shell.

Drake noticed Robin pausing at the door and wasn't sure what it meant.

"Mr. Ramsey, is something wrong?"

Robin looked around. "Mr. Dunn Sr., who usually cares for Mr. Dunn?"

Drake looked puzzled. "One of our maids, Maria, looks after him. Is there something wrong?"

"Maria's been with the Dunns for over a decade..."

Before Drake could finish, Robin pointed to the door. Let's go inside first. Mr. Dunn's condition is due to a parasitic poison."

"Parasitic poison?" Drake was taken aback. "Who would poison Timothy with something like that?"