

## **The Deadly 82**

### Chapter 82 I Can't Cook Shit!

Vera feigned indifference as she spoke.

But deep down, it was all an act.

The truth was, she simply enjoyed chatting with Robin

The thought of having an intimate moment between them felt too daunting for her.

Now, as Robin held her in his arms, a wave of nervousness washed over her.

She had never been this intimate with anyone before.

For a moment, she considered breaking free from his embrace, but she had already spoken too boldly to take it back. Nestled against Robin's chest, inhaling his alluring scent, she felt herself being a bit dazed.

This embrace is so warm!

Ever since her mother passed away, she hadn't experienced such fort,

Years had gone by, and she had almost forgotten that there was still a ce to lean on in this world.

At that moment, Vera wished she could stay in Robin's arms forever, never to leave.

"Thud!"

Just as Vera was savoring the warmth of the moment, Robin tossed her onto the sofa.

"Urghh!" She eximed, feeling dizzy.

"You j\*rk! Can't you be a little gentler?"

Suddenly, she noticed Robin was undressing.

\*J\*rk! What are you doing?" Vera shrank back into the corner of the sofa, pánic rising in her chest.

Robin halted, realizing he had a woman in front of him.

Sitting beside her, bare-chested, he said, "Didn't you say you weren't afraid? Haven't even gotten far yet, and you're already losing it." With that, he simply removed his pants.

"Ah! You pervert!" Vera quickly shut her eyes, her cheeks burning.

She heard the rustling of clothes..

Wait, is he serious?

What am I supposed to do now? Did I just walk right into a dangerous situation?

Should I expect what will be happening or resist?

Am I going to sleep with him?

We have barely known each other for a few days-how embarrassing!

Vera felt a wave of heat surge through her. Her heart raced wildly in her chest.

What should I do?

Would he think less of her and consider me one of those easy women?

That would spell trouble!

I've never been alone with a man before.

Just as Vera was lost in her frantic thoughts about what might happen next, she heard Robin's voice from behind. "Take my clothes and wash them!

"And then make me dinner."

Wait! What?

Vera's eyes snapped open as she looked at herself and then at Robin, who was striding up the stairs.

Did he just order me around like a maid?

"No! Why should I wash your clothes or make you dinner?"

Robin turned around, a lightugh escaping his lips. "You"re the one who made the promise this afternoon. You said you"d cook for me for week. If you"re lying, feel free to leave. With that, he headed upstairs.

"You! You jerk! I can"t cook for shit!" Vera was almost losing it.

I had never cooked a meal in her life, and now he expected me to cook for him?

What the he!!!

I had just mentioned it casually in passing: how could he possibly remember?

What a jerk!

He"s waiting to boss me around.

Letting me in is just a ploy to get me to cook!

Gurgle!"

Her stomach growled.

Vera patted her belly: it felt empty.

After a long night at Harmont Bar, she hadn't eaten anything and was definitely feeling h

Troubled, are you?" Robin called from upstairs. "No problem. If you can't handle it, just go home. I'll cook after my shower."

"Yeah, right! I'm definitely going to cook today!" Vera huffed. "Go take your shower!"

"Good! I'm looking forward to your gourmet meal." Robin chuckled at Vera's determined expression as he walked towards the bathroom.

Vera red at his retreating figure, stamping her foot. I'm going to make a five Michelin-star meal today! It's just one dinner; how hard can it be for me?"

Without wasting a moment, she quickly downloaded a cooking app online and opened the tutorials of at five-star chef.

She decided on a few home-cooked dishes: tomato omelette, pork knuckle, chicken stew, and sd.

Haha! Now there's nothing to worry!

I'm sure / could whip up a feast.

Just wait until that jerk saw it; he wouldn't dare look down on me again!

Vera felt a surge of excitement. Following the recipes step-by-step, she rummaged through the fridge for the ingredients she needed.

Cooking risotto was something she knew how to do.

She rinsed the ingredients, added some water, and set the pot. Simple as that!

Next, she prepared chopped tomatoes and four eggs.

Then, she took out fresh chicken, chopped it into pieces, and marinated it with some seasonings.

Watching the chef's fancy knife skills on the video, this step was challenging.

After much effort, she finally cut the tomatoes and chicken into chunks, though they didn't look particularly appetizing.

She adjusted the pieces several times but couldn't get the chicken to look as good as in the video.

"The videos are all fake! This is what it really looks like to chop!" Vera declared firmly.

"Besides, it's just food. The shape doesn't matter as much as the taste!"

Gazing at her first attempts at chopping, Vera felt a sense of accomplishment swelling inside her.

She even took a picture and posted it on social media with the caption, "Cooking in the nine-star kitchen of Vi One at Dawnspire Peak."

"Look at my chopped vegetables! Aren't they beautiful? Stay tuned; I'll share the dishes I prepare shortly."

Moment later, Alice messaged her on WhatsApp.

"Vera, what are you doing up at this hour?"



Vera replied with a proud emoji, I'm at Robin's vi. Look at this nine-star kitchen. Alice, have you ever seen anything like it?"

"Vera, are you under his spell or something? You talk about Robin non-stop.

"You better stay away from him. He's alete con artist. By the time you realize it, it'll be too late."

Vera sent back a smiley face and chose not to continue discussing the matter.

Ifch, the one who should be regretting this is you, Alice.

I couldn't understand how blind you are.

"Let's drop that for now; time will reveal the truth."

"There's one dish left to prepare. I need to clean this chicken and then put it in the pot to stew."

"Gotta run for now!"

Just then, Robin walked into the kitchen. He asked. "Is the food ready yet?"

Vera nervously pushed him out of the kitchen. She said. "Just a moment! Go y on your phone in the living room for a bit; dinner will be ready soon."

"I want to see what you're making Robin tried to peek in, but Vera blocked his view.

I'm getting the chicken ready to stew. Why don't you take a picture with it?"

Robin leaned in and saw the chicken on the cutting board. "Great! I'm looking forward to the chicken. Just make sure it's edible!"

Vera nodded confidently. "The dishes I make are five-star quality. Once you try them, you won't be able to stop eating! Hahaha!" Robin looked at her brilliant smile and pursed his lips. Is making a meal really that impressive? This must be your first time, right? "Alright, enough with the teasing! I'm still waiting to taste your five-star dinner!"

"Go away! You're disturbing me! If you don't hurry up, the food won't be fresh anymore. If it tastes bad, don't me me!" Vera pushed Robin out of the kitchen, then rushed back to her cooking. Cooking was surprisingly fulfilling.

Once back in the kitchen, Vera immediately put the chicken in the pot, added various ingredients, and started steaming it

She started with the tomato omelette.

After watching the video tutorial, she hurried around in a state of excitement. Finally, the tomato

omelette, along with the pork knuckle, was plate.

However, her lack of skill in controlling the heat resulted in a chaotic cooking process.

She ended up with her hair in disarray and her cheeks stinging with white and red, as if she had just come out of a fierce battle.

At last, everything was done!

Looking at the four dishes on the stove, she felt an overwhelming sense of accomplishment.

I finally made a five-star meal!

"Where is that smelling from? Did the kitchen catch fire?" Robin poked his head in, observing the foggy kitchen and Vera's exhausted face. "Huh? Get out of the kitchen!" Vera quickly shoved him out of the kitchen.

She was determined to give him a big surprise..

I'll show that jerk my cooking-

After admiring her culinary creations, she quickly tied the four dishes, covering them with lids.

Mission accomplished!

Before long, the four five-star replica dishes were served on the dining table.

Robin looked at Vera's smeared face. He chuckled and said, "Cooking is pretty tough, huh?" Suddenly, a foul odor wafted from the covered dishes.

Robin stared at the tie on the table and asked, "Did you just cook shit? What's that awful smell?" Vera shot him a glare and lifted the lid. "Take a look, and tell me what you think of the dishes I made!"