

The Deadly 89

Chapter 89 Isn't This the President's Seat?

On the tenth floor of the Dunn Group building, in the sales department, Connor stood nervously outside the office of Howard.

At just 26, Howard had earned his MBA from Hufford Business School in Autreynia, where he had crossed paths with Shirley during her studies.

A year ago, Howard had returned to the country and stepped into his role at Dunn Group.

With the recent founding of Eastvale, many people expected Howard to be the next president.

Rumors swirled that during his time at Autreynia, he had been pursuing Shirley.

His decision to come back and work for Dunn Group was believed to be motivated by this interest.

Allegedly, he had turned down offers from several prestigious international companies to join Dunn Group instead.

These factors positioned Howard as the clear second-in-command at Dunn Group.

He often brought up his connection to Shirley's senior in the university, leading many to speculate about whether he might be her fiancé.

Howard's responses to such inquiries were always vague, creating the impression that he and Shirley were romantically involved.

Over time, many within the organization began to believe that Howard would eventually join the core management team of Dunn Group. Yet, despite nearly two years in the company, he still hadn't made it to the board of directors.

This was Connor's first visit to Howard's office.

If Piper hadn't asked him to report Rosalie, he wouldn't have dared to step inside.

To him, Howard was a significant player in Shirley's life and a likely future leader of Dunn Group.

After a moment's hesitation, Connor finally gathered the courage to knock on the door.

"What do you want?" Howard looked up, frowning at Connor.

"Mr. Dixon, hello! I'm Connor Whitman, the deputy team leader in the sales department," he introduced himself, trying to maintain hisposure. Howard nodded in acknowledgment.

"Mr. Dixon, I'm here to report something, Connor continued, his voice steady despite the tension.

Howard"s frown deepened. "Report someone? Who?"

Connor swiftly responded, "We have a candidate name Rosalic. She was initially rejected, but then suddenly the Human Resources department informed her that she was hired."

"ording to the HR secretary, she was personally selected by the president," he added, his voice lowering. "I suspect it may have something to do with potential hidden dealings involving senior management." Rumor has it that the newly appointed president is involved.

"Shut up!" Howard"s expression darkened.

"Connor, right? Are you really questioning thepany"s hiring process? Get out of here-now!"

Connor was nearly frozen in

He hadn"t expected such a strong reaction from Howard.

He suddenly realized that the rumored new president of Eastvale was none other than Howard himself.

Reporting Rosalie's hiring as a possible case of favoritism could very well implicate Howard!

What an idiot am I

Fearing the fallout, Connor turned and hurried out the door.

"Wait!"

Howard's cold voice made him stop abruptly, trembling as he turned back.

He sneered coldly and said, "Remember, if I hear you spreading rumors anywhere else, I'll make sure you get kicked out of the company for good!" "Yes, yes! Mr. Dixon, I promise I won't say anything again!" Connor's back felt damp with sweat as he stumbled out of the vice president's office. Howard nodded at the clock, organizing the files on his desk with a smirk.

He muttered to himself, "Just as I'm about to take the president's position, someone tries to stir up trouble. They clearly don't know their place!"

As he made his way to the executive conference room on the 20th floor, a crowd of senior executives eagerly approached him with flattery.

"Mr. Dixon, it's been said that today's executive meeting will announce the president of Eastvale, and it's highly likely to be you!"

*Sigh! How can you put it that way? It's a guarantee-Mr. Dixon is the only one fit for the position!"

Howard basked in their pliments, enjoying the praise.

Yet he maintained a facade of humility and responded, "Oh, please, everyone, let's not jump to conclusions. Before making any assumptions, we should wait for Shirley to announce my election as Eastvale president. "Come on, everyone, let's head in. The meeting is about to start."

"Mr. Dixon, please go ahead; everyone here is waiting for you." Those high-level executives cleared a path for him to enter the conference room.

"Mr. Dixon, the president's seat is ready for you. Please take your seat, Marlon Williamson, director of sales, said fawningly.

deputy

Several department heads chimed in. "Yes, yes, Mr. Dixon, you should occupy the president's seat."

Howard smiled and pretended to decline, saying, "Let's wait for Shirley to arrive and announce the board's decision. It wouldn't be proper to sit there before that."

Marlon bowed slightly, saying, "Mr. Dixon, everyone knows your relationship with Ms. Dunn. You are destined to be the chairman of the Dunn Group. Why bother with protocol? You should sit here."

The other managers echoed his sentiment, insisting that Howard take the president's seat.

After some feigned reluctance, Howard finally approached the seat.

As he reached the spot, Howard turned to the others and said with a smile, "Everyone, let's be quiet now; Shirley should arrive shortly."

Before he could finish, Robin entered the conference room. He moved to the president's seat before sitting down directly in it.

An abrupt silence fell over the room.

Everyone stared at Robin, a stranger among them.

"Howard looked on in shock, equally baffled."

After a brief moment of astonishment, Marlon stepped forward, his voice sharp and manding. "Who are you? Get out of that seat! Can't you see this is the president's chair?"

Robin turned his gaze from his phone to Marlon, unfazed. "Yes, I see it. This is indeed the president's seat."

Given Robin's nonchance response, Marlon pointed at him in anger, "Are you clueless, or what? Mr. Dixon belongs here-this is his seat! Are you blind?"

Robin raised an eyebrow, a smirk ying on his lips. "It's just a seat. Are you scolding me?"

Marlon's eyes widened in disbelief. "I'm telling you that you're not supposed to be here!

"p!"

With a swift motion, Robin sent Marlon flying. Then he nced at the astonished faces of the executives in the room. He shook his head and remarked, "Seems like your manners need some work!" Howard's face turned pale with fury. "Why are you so rude? Why would you resort to violence!"

Robin leaned back in the chair, a rxed posture. "What's wrong with hitting him? Got a problem with that? Go sit in your own chair!"

The other executives stood in shock, unable toprehend how someone could speak to Howard like that.

Who was this lunatic?

Howard trembled with rage. In the two years at Dunn Group, he had never encountered anyone who dared to speak to him in such a manner. Everyone knew he was Shirley's senior at the university.

Rumors circled that he was her fiancée and that he saw himself as the future master of the Dunn Group.

This young man's self-awareness and publicly challenges him, essentially inviting trouble!

"Get the securities down here! Remove this troublemaker immediately! Howardmanded.

Someone promptly called the Security Office.

Before long, four security guards entered the executive conference room, led by the security chief, Hubert Long.

As Hubert stepped inside, he quickly approached Howard and asked, "Mr. Dixon, what's going on? Who's causing a disturbance?

Howard pointed to Robin and roared, "Get rid of this unidentified intruder!"

"Mr. Long. I must remind you that security is paramount. Such incidents shouldn't happen!

"This is the executive conference room, and your security team let an unknown person in without verifying his identity. This is a serious dereliction of duty!

"After you resolve this, I expect a written apology on my desk immediately!"

Hubert flinched at the reprimand and said, "Mr. Dixon I will take this person to the security office for questioning right away!"

He turned to Robin and hissed, "Get up ande with me to the security office!"

Robin raised an eyebrow and looked at Hubert. "You're merely a security chief and have no authority to order me around. Go back to your post!"

At that moment, Marlon picked himself off the floor, clutching his swollen cheek. He charged at Robin, his face filled with indignation. "Mr. Long, this jerk not only disrupted the meeting but also hit me." "p!"

Robin delivered another sharp blow and said, "You asked for it!"

Hubert's anger red. "How dare you! You can't hands on our executives! Boys, take him back to the security office and teach him a lesson!"

"With you?" Robin smirked, casually patting Hubert's shoulder.

With a loud crash, Hubert fell to his knees, the impact causing the floor to shake.

Howard's voice boomed in rage. "This is outrageous! How dare you cause a scene in here? Get all the security personnel here immediately!"