

Chapter 63 Are You Threatening Me

At 6 p.m., Talia knocked on the door to Becky's office. "Miss Ramos, the dinner is scheduled at half past six," she reminded.

Hearing this, Becky raised her hand and rubbed her aching temples. "Thanks, Talia."

It would take roughly twenty minutes to get to the restaurant if the traffic was okay.

Becky promptly shut off her computer, grabbed her things, and stood up to leave.

Talia was waiting for her by the door. "Will you need a driver?"

Becky shook her head. "No need. I can take us there."

If she ended up drinking, she could just have a designated driver.

"Okay."

They two headed straight to the basement parking lot. Noticing that Talia was following her, Becky stopped and said, "You can take your car."

If she took her own car, Talia could drive home after dinner.

Talia paused. When she understood Becky's intentions,

she nodded and walked to her own car.

On the drive to the restaurant, Talia briefed Becky on the village's representatives over the phone.

Doran Nixon, the East Village's head, and Briar Nixon, the director of the village committee, were going to be at the dinner tonight.

According to Talia's report, Doran had first agreed to sign the contract for compensation, but later on, he was also the first one who went back on his word and broke the contract. It was obvious that he was intelligent and able to make decisions based on different situations.

Smiling wryly, Becky mused, "Doran's a smart man." And she liked to negotiate with smart people.

Talia nodded and then started talking about Briar. "It seems that Briar also signed the contract and then went back on his word, following the example of the others. But it was he who persuaded Doran to break the contract a month ago."

Becky clicked her tongue. "Interesting."

It was a red light. Now that Becky had a general idea of what was going on, she ended the call with Talia. "Okay. See you at the restaurant."

"See you, Miss Ramos."

"Drive safe."

Because traffic was light at that time, they made it to the restaurant in twenty-five minutes.

By the time Becky and Talia made it to their appointed private room, they still had two minutes to spare.

The waiter pushed the door open and let Becky inside.

"Mr. Nixon, I'm Becky Ramos, the manager of Fairway Group. Mr. Perkins had something else to deal with today, so he sent me in his stead. There was a traffic jam on the road, and I apologize for our tardiness. I hope you two don't mind."

Hearing what Becky said, Doran and Briar had different reactions. Doran looked a little dissatisfied, while Briar seemed unfazed. The latter even invited Becky to sit down.

After taking their seats, Doran and Briar exchanged glances. Doran adjusted his mood and said graciously, "Miss Ramos, thank you for coming. Our appointed time is half past six, so you're not late."

Becky smiled. "Anyway, you two must be hungry. Let's order first."

Doran and Briar were about the same age, in their late forties or early fifties. Before coming here, Talia had already informed Becky that both of them were fond of drinking.

Becky asked the waiter to serve them their best liquor.

"Allow me to show my sincerity by drinking this glass of wine."

She held up her glass and downed its contents.

The liquor was a bit mellow in taste. Becky was good at holding her alcohol, and she could drink several glasses without getting drunk.

Soon, the food was served. Throughout the meal, Becky just listened to the two men talk without making comments and clinked glasses with them if necessary.

After a while, the meal was over. Seeing that Becky didn't bring up the topic of negotiation, Doran grew a little anxious. "Miss Ramos, let's make this easy. Can Fairway Group satisfy our demands? If so, we can reach an agreement as soon as possible. Otherwise, prolonging the problem will do no good to your company."

While Doran's voice was smooth as honey, there was a threatening undertone. Becky didn't buy it. She smiled at Doran and replied, "I agree, but I have some material to share with you first."

As Becky spoke, she turned to look at Talia, who handed her the prepared blueprint.

Becky laid out the blueprint on the table and pointed out, "East Village is indeed located right in the center of our layout. If you are unwilling to move, it'll greatly impact the design of our amusement park. But after days of

discussion, we've found another way to solve the problem. We understand that you don't want to move, and we can't bear to force you, so we came up with a new plan. If you refuse to move, we can just carry out the second plan."

Doran's and Briar's expressions fell instantly. Doran, who was a bit drunk, pounded his fists on the table and stood up abruptly. "Are you threatening me?"



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