

Chapter 77

Chapter 77 of *We Solve Murders* opens in the vibrant, bustling heart of Dubai, where the gleaming city lights sparkle through the floor-to-ceiling windows of a luxurious high-rise apartment. The sharp contrast between the city's modernity and the tension brewing within the suite forms an intriguing backdrop for Rob Kenna's actions. As he sits on the bed, three guns are meticulously displayed before him, each of different sizes, symbolizing his readiness for whatever comes next. Rob's demeanor is one of controlled chaos; his confidence brims as he picks up the smallest weapon, a handgun, and holds it aloft in a manner that could easily be mistaken for a performance. "This one's for you, Amy Wheeler," he mutters, his tone a mix of mockery and menace. With a deliberate, exaggerated blow across the barrel, he mimics the sound of a gunshot, as if trying to assert dominance over the imaginary opponent. This playful act, though amusing at first glance, hints at a deeper, more unsettling side to Rob, someone who uses theatrics to mask a cold, calculating mind beneath.

The atmosphere thickens as Rob shifts his attention to the next weapon, a compact machine pistol, which he grabs with an air of purpose. The room seems to shrink with the mounting tension as Rob, now fully embracing his role, declares, "You defeated the rest, Amy Wheeler, but you just met the best." His words hang in the air like a challenge, as he spins and mimics spraying bullets around the room with reckless abandon. The noise of his playful imitation echoes off the walls, adding to the absurdity of the situation, but there is something undeniably menacing in the way he holds the gun, as though ready to turn his performance into reality. The thrill of the moment is palpable, and Rob appears more invested in his theatrics than the actual consequences of his actions. Finally, he grabs the largest weapon—a sawn-off shotgun—and with a flourish, announces, "Welcome to Dubai, Amy. It'll blow you away." The echo of "Kablammo!" follows his words, the gun hitting the bed with a

sharp thud. The entire scene becomes a performance of power and control, yet beneath it all, Rob is not merely playing; he's preparing for something inevitable.

As the scene progresses, the line between mockery and intent begins to blur, with Rob's final words signaling a shift in his mindset: "You need a job done properly, sometimes you gotta do it yourself." This line reveals a sense of personal responsibility and determination that had not been fully present before. What began as playful roleplay morphs into a serious proclamation of intent—Rob is preparing for a confrontation, and he will not leave it to others. There's no longer any pretense; Rob is done watching from the sidelines. His mind races as he imagines Amy Wheeler's inevitable resistance and the ways in which she will challenge him. Rob knows he will need to handle this encounter himself if he wants it to go according to plan. The playful bravado he displayed with the guns now feels like a cover for something darker, a steely resolve to face whatever comes his way head-on. His earlier antics have served their purpose—to lull both himself and others into a false sense of comfort, before the real action begins.

The chapter concludes with Rob's reflection on the situation and his readiness for what lies ahead. The weapons that were once part of his playful mockery now symbolize the tools he will use to assert his dominance. The room, the city outside, and the entire narrative have been set in motion for the conflict that is to come. Rob's antics, filled with exaggerated bravado, have acted as both a warning and a distraction, but the gravity of his words at the end of the scene makes it clear: the time for games is over. Readers are left with an unsettling sense of anticipation, as they are made acutely aware of Rob's true nature—one that combines theatrical flair with a chilling ability to turn the performance into a deadly reality.