

I Am Not A Loser, But A Quadrillionaire!

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Chapter 1

“Mmm, yes, just like that... right there...”

“Oh, God, you’re so good. Don’t stop—yes!”

“Babe, you’re so much better than him!”

The moans were unmistakable, raw and unrestrained, spilling through the thin walls of Sarah’s apartment.

Robin’s grip tightened on the doorknob, his knuckles turning white.

His breath hitched.

No. It can’t be...

Sarah had texted him just an hour ago: “Come over, darling. I need to see you.” He’d rushed here, his heart pounding with anticipation, only to be met with this.

The sounds grew louder, more urgent, each one a dagger twisting deeper into his chest.

Rage surged through him, hot and blinding. He slammed his shoulder against the door, the wood splintering under the force.

The door flew open.

Sarah lounged on the bed, her eyes widened in surprise, but it was gone in an instant, replaced by a cold, mocking expression.

Beside her, Marcus Tozer—the infamous playboy—stretched lazily, not even bothering to cover himself. His smirk was as sharp as a blade.

“Well, well,” Sarah drawled, her voice dripping with sarcasm. “If it isn’t my poor little boyfriend. What are you doing here, Robin? Didn’t anyone teach you it’s rude to barge in uninvited?”

Uninvited?

“Sarah, you asked me to come-” Robin’s voice trembled, his anger barely contained.

Marcus let out a bark of laughter, reaching for his phone on the nightstand. “Oh, buddy, you didn’t actually think that message was from her, did you?” He waved the phone tauntingly.

“I must say, you came running faster than my father’s guard dogs at feeding time.”

Robin’s mind reeled. His voice came out hoarse. “You... you sent that message?”

Marcus grinned, eyes gleaming with pure malice. "Of course, I did. You really think Sarah would ever ask to see you?" He leaned forward, resting his chin on his palm. "I wanted you to come here, Robin. I wanted you to see it with your own eyes. To hear it. To understand—"

his smirk deepened, "who the real man is."

Robin’s hands clenched into fists, his nails digging into his palms. "So this... all of this... was just to humiliate me?"

Marcus let out a mock gasp. “Oh no, poor little Robin. Fooled by a text message. What’s next, you gonna cry?”

Sarah stood, wrapping herself in a silk robe that probably cost more than Robin’s monthly salary. She smirked at Marcus, her tone playful. “Oh, Marcus, you’re so bad. But I like it. But let’s be honest—he had it coming. It’s time to kick this pathetic little trash out of our lives."

“Sarah!” Robin’s voice cracked, raw with betrayal. “After everything I did for you? I even donated the bone marrow to save your life!”

Sarah rolled her eyes dramatically, her laughter sharp and dismissive. “Oh, please. Did you really think I cared about you? I only kept you around because your bone marrow matched mine. Now that I’m cured, you’re about as useful as yesterday’s garbage. ”

What?

Sarah's words hit him like a punch to the gut.

"You- you used me..." Robin whispered, his voice shaking, his eyes bloodshot.

Sarah tilted her head, her expression cold and mocking. “Obviously. ”

She stepped closer, her voice dripping with contempt. "But look on the bright side – at least some part of you turned out to be useful. More than we can say for the rest!"

Robin clenched his jaw to suppress his anger.

Every memory of their time together—every smile, every touch, every whispered promise—twisted into something ugly and false. Those nights he'd spent by her hospital bed, the pain of the bone marrow extraction – it had meant nothing to her. Less than nothing.

"You're right about one thing," he said coldly, "I was stupid. Stupid to ever love someone like you!"

"Oh man, the look on his face!" Marcus howled with laughter. "How pathetic!"

He smirked, leaned in, voice low and taunting. " Come on. You thought you had a place in this world, Robin? That you could rise above your station? That a nobody like you could actually matter? Let me spell it out for you—" His smirk widened, venom dripping from every word. "You don’t belong here. You never did. And tonight? Consider this your punishment for daring to touch what was always mine."

Sarah perched on the edge of the bed, a cruel smile playing on her lips. "You know what? It was really hilarious when you confessed your love to me. 'I love you, Sarah. I'd do anything for you.'" She burst into laughter. "Like a stray dog bringing back a dead bird, thinking it's a gift! Honestly, it took everything in me not to gag."

"Speaking of stray dogs," Marcus smirked, "tell me again about his parents? The ones who dumped him like trash?"

The words hit Robin like a physical blow. That secret – his deepest wound – had only been shared with Sarah during their most intimate moments.

"You told him about my parents?" Robin's voice was barely a whisper.

"Of course she did!" Marcus grinned. "It's hilarious! Maybe they had a crystal ball and saw what a pathetic excuse for a man you'd become. Smart of them to jump ship early!"

Something inside Robin snapped.

With a roar of pure rage, he lunged at Marcus, his fist swinging with surprising speed. The punch landed squarely on Marcus’s jaw, sending the rich boy stumbling backward into the desk. Robin didn’t stop there—he grabbed Marcus by the collar, slamming him against the wall with a force that made the framed pictures rattle.

"You think you can talk about my family like that?" Robin growled, his voice low and dangerous.

Marcus’s eyes widened in shock, but only for a moment. He swung a wild punch, but Robin dodged it easily, countering with a brutal uppercut that sent Marcus sprawling to the floor.

For a moment, it looked like Robin had the upper hand. But then, his body betrayed him.

The exhaustion hit him like a tidal wave. His muscles trembled, his breath coming in ragged gasps. The bone marrow donation he’d made for Sarah had left him weaker than he realized, and the adrenaline that had fueled his initial burst of strength was fading fast.

Marcus, wiping blood from his split lip, noticed Robin’s hesitation. A cruel smile spread across his face. "What’s the matter, orphan? Running out of steam already?"

Robin tried to swing again, but his arm felt like it weighed a ton. Marcus dodged the sluggish punch easily and retaliated with a vicious blow to Robin’s ribs. Robin staggered, pain shooting through his side.

Before he could recover, Marcus grabbed a heavy glass ashtray from the desk and swung it with all his strength. It connected with Robin’s temple with a sickening crack.

The world spun. Robin’s vision blurred, his legs buckling beneath him. He crumpled to the floor, consciousness slipping away as Sarah’s bored voice echoed above him: "The dog is out cold. Better dump him with the others like himself."

He felt himself being dragged across the floor, his body limp and unresponsive. The clang of the door locking shut was the last thing he heard before darkness swallowed him whole.

When Robin regained consciousness, it was to the sound of low growls and the stench of hot, rancid breath. He blinked, his vision swimming, and realized he was locked in a cage, surrounded by savage dogs, their teeth bared, their eyes gleaming with hunger. They circled him, closing in, their growls growing louder.

Robin tried to move, but his body felt like lead. His head throbbed, and blood dripped from a gash on his temple, running down his face and onto the ancient ring he always wore—the only link to his unknown past.

Then, something extraordinary happened.

As his blood touched the ring, it flared to life, glowing with an otherworldly blue light. A surge of power exploded through Robin’s veins, burning away the weakness and pain. His eyes snapped open, now blazing with the same eerie light.