

Chapter 18

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"Here."

After knocking the leader unconscious, Robin removed his coat and handed it to Sheila, deliberately keeping his eyes away.

Her dress had ridden up to her waist, leaving her completely exposed below, and she was barely covered on top. The last thing he wanted was to be mistaken for a pervert.

Sheila, still in shock, snapped back to reality at his words. Her face turned crimson as she glanced down, realizing just how much of her was exposed. Mortified, she yanked the coat from him, wrapped it around herself, and quickly pulled down her gown.

"Found this. We wouldn't want the corpse keeping a souvenir of your... would we?"

Just as she was done, Robin's voice came again, and when she turned, he was holding something out to her, his expression oddly stiff. Sheila's eyes widened in horror.

It was her ripped underwear!

Damnit!

Her cheeks flushed an even deeper shade of red. She snatched it from his hand and hid it behind her, too embarrassed to even look at him.

Robin found her reaction amusing, nearly chuckling, but he held himself back. "Do you have a way to get home?" he asked.

"Ugh, yes," Sheila said shyly, forcing herself to look up. Her gaze

lingered on Robin. He was so hot! Her heart pounded—a first for her. Shyness in front of a man? That had never happened. And now, this?

What was going on?

She quickly averted her eyes, clearing her throat to steady herself. "I sent a distress signal to my family before these thugs took me. They should've been here a long time ago—probably will be here soon."

"Alright then." Robin nodded and turned to leave.

"Hey, wait!" Sheila called after him.

Robin stopped but didn't turn. "Anything else?"

"Ugh..." Sheila, who had just gotten to her feet, was momentarily speechless. She was the heiress of the Dunns and one of the most beautiful women in the county. Her suitors lined up from here to her family villa.

Every man who saw her would gawk, stumbling over themselves to impress her. Yet the one who had just saved her wouldn't even spare her a second glance. It both shocked and irritated her.

"I'm just a weak lady. What if there are other dangers lurking around? Are you really going to just leave me here?"

"I'm not your bodyguard." Robin said flatly. But he didn't leave. Thinking about it, he realized she had a point. The danger might not just come from outside—it could be the gang leader himself. Robin had only knocked him out.

What if he woke up? With a sigh, he walked over to a nearby stone and sat down. He'd wait until Sheila's family guards arrived.



Sheila's face lit up with a smile when she saw him stay. She walked over and sat beside him. Instantly, the air around Robin was filled with her perfume.

He inhaled the subtle scent. He had to admit—she smelled incredible. And she was just as beautiful as she smelled. A rush of warmth coursed through him. Gosh, were the Gods testing him by throwing so many stunning women in his path?

"Thank you for saving me. If you hadn't, I can't begin to imagine what horrific things those thugs would have done to me," Sheila suddenly said, her voice trembling.

Her mind drifted back to how close she had been to being violated and killed.

A tremor ran through her body.

Robin let out a quiet sigh. "From the gang's words, you're the heiress of the Dunns. Shouldn't you have bodyguards with you at all times?"

"Not everyone is as strong as you." Sheila shook her head, the images of him effortlessly taking down the thugs flashing in her mind. He had been amazing!

Those thugs—each capable of handling fifty of her family guards—were nothing but ants before him. If only her family had guards like him.

Shaking her head to clear her thoughts, she continued, "They killed my bodyguards. I had four escorting me tonight." Her face darkened as she spoke, but she quickly recovered. Flashing him a smile, she said softly, "You should come home with me. My family could protect you."

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Before Robin could respond, a chorus of voices rang out.

"Miss Dunn!"

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Twelve burly men in uniforms rushed onto the scene.

One of them rushed over to Sheila. "Miss Dunn, we got here as fast as we could. We tracked your car, but you weren't there—only the corpses of Mickey and the rest." A deadly glint flashed in his eyes at the mention of his fallen comrades, but he quickly masked it.

Forcing his voice to remain steady, he continued, "We were scared something had already happened to you. We're relieved you're alive. Are you hurt?" He scanned her for injuries before his gaze flickered to the corpses—and then to Robin.

His expression hardened instantly. He dropped into an attack stance. "Is this punk holding you captive, Miss?"

At his question, some of the guards pulled out daggers, others unsheathed swords, and a few yanked out their pistols, removed the safety, and pointed them at Robin.

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