

Chapter 7

“Are you shy?” Sarah laughed. “Don't worry, I won't make things hard for you. Just kneel down, kiss my feet, and then hand over that Voidfire Crystal to me and I'll forgive you.”

“Who said I'm here to beg you?” Robin looked at her as if she was a fool. He snapped. “Stand aside!”

Sarah was shocked for a moment before bursting out laughing.

“Come on! If you're not here to beg me, what else?”

“Oh, perhaps you are attending the gala? Do you even have an invitation?” Marcus jeered.

“Listen, trash. This is no place for losers like you! Get lost before you embarrass yourself.”

“Even if I’m embarrassing myself, what does it have to do with you? We are separated, remember?” Robin arched a brow.

“As if we were ever together,” Sarah scoffed. “Anyway, I can't stand losers like you loitering around here. I'm doing Eagle Industries a favor by chasing you away.”

“And who are you to do that?”

“She?” Marcus grinned, draping a hand over Sarah and pulling her to himself. “She's my lover, which makes her a soon-to-be partner of Eagle Industries. You wouldn’t understand what it’s like to secure a major business deal, would you?”

Sarah clicked her tongue, shaking her head with a pitying look.

“Oh, Marcus, be nice,” she cooed, flashing Robin a condescending smile. “He’s never even been to a corporate event before.”

“Hahaha.” Marcus laughed. “Let’s not waste more time on this pauper,” he smirked, turning toward the security guards stationed at the entrance.

He raised a languid hand, gesturing for one of them to come over.

A burly security guard approached immediately, his sharp eyes already dismissing Robin as unworthy.

“This pauper,” Marcus said, gesturing at Robin, “isn’t supposed to be here. I’m sure it was a mistake, but we can’t have just anyone wandering around this event.”

The guard nodded curtly, already convinced of Robin’s guilt before even speaking.

“Sir,” he said, his tone gruff and firm, “do you have an invitation?”

“I do,” Robin said indifferently.

Marcus laughed outright, shaking his head. “Oh? And where is it? Let’s see this ‘invitation’ of yours.”

Sarah feigned excitement, clasping her hands together. “Yes, show us! Maybe he’ll pull out some crumpled flyer from a street vendor.”

A few guests chuckled, feeding off the mockery.

Robin’s eyes gleamed faintly.

“Enough wasting time.” Marcus snapped, turning back to the guard. “He doesn’t belong here. Throw him out.”

The guard stepped forward, placing a firm hand on Robin’s shoulder.

“Sir, I’m going to have to ask you to—”

“Touch me again,” Robin interrupted, his voice dangerously low, “and you’ll regret it.”

The guard hesitated. Something about the way Robin spoke, the quiet confidence, sent a chill up his spine.

Marcus, noticing the hesitation, laughed mockingly. “Oh wow, is this guy trying to act tough?”

Sarah shook her head, feigning pity. “This is getting embarrassing. Just let them escort you out, Robin. Save yourself the humiliation.”

Robin snorted. Suddenly, with a flick of his wrist, he held up a sleek, matte black card, its surface embossed with a golden eagle emblem - the official insignia of Eagle Industries.

“And what is this supposed to be?” Marcus jeered. “Your invitation? Some card you picked up from the streets?”

“Perhaps, he felt he could pick up just any card from the street and he would be granted access. Such a fool.”

They burst out laughing.

The security guard, his hand still hovering over Robin's shoulder, squinted at the card but clearly didn't recognize it.

“Punk,” he said condescendingly. “I’ve never seen that card in your hand before and believe me when I say I've seen a lot. It's obviously fake. Please, you've embarrassed yourself enough. Kindly leave now or I'll be forced to kick you out.”

"I suggest you consider carefully before making any decisions," Robin said, his voice low and cold.

Marcus rolled his eyes. "Oh please, drop the act. Eagle Industries wouldn't give someone like you a membership.

Sarah laughed softly. "You're embarrassing yourself. Just accept it—you don't belong here."

“You need to leave—now." The security guard reached out to grab Robin's shoulder—this time, with force.

But his hand never made it.

Out of nowhere, Robin, who had remained still all this time, finally moved.

With a swift step, he dodged the guard's grasp and—

SMACK!

A sharp, resounding slap echoed as his palm struck the guard’s cheek!

The smack was effortless, almost as if Robin was just shooing away a fly, but surprisingly, the power it carried was otherworldly. The burly guard, who seemed to weigh more than two ordinary men combined, was lifted off the ground like he weighed nothing and sent flying several meters away.

It was like watching a kite slip from its owner's grasp and soar into the distance.

He didn’t stop until he crashed into the wall over twenty meters away.

BOOM!

THUD!

The deafening sound of the guard colliding with the wall, followed by the heavy thump of him hitting the floor, echoed throughout the place.

Silence.

Stunned silence.

Everyone’s stunned gazes darted between the security guard sprawled on the floor and Robin, who stood there casually, as if he hadn’t just sent a man flying across the room. Sarah's mouth hung open in shock.

Beside her, Marcus’s eyes were wide, almost comically so, like a pair of saucers.

It was as though time itself had paused, trapping everyone in a moment of sheer disbelief. Then—

"Ugh."

A low groan broke the silence, like a crack slicing through thick ice. Heads snapped in the direction of the sound.

It was the security guard.

He looked to be in so much pain. But more than pain, everyone could see something else flickering across his face...

He was baffled too!

Clearly, he never expected that the pauper he had discarded as nothing could have the power to send him flying!

"Pfft!" The security guard spat out a mouthful of blood as he staggered to his feet. He glared murderously at Robin. "You, punk, you dared hit me, you are done for!"

His eyes darted across to his fellow guards. "Take him down! Make sure to break his legs and hands!" he bellowed ruthlessly.