

## Chapter 8

At his words, the security guards immediately moved towards Robin.

Initially, it was just to send Robin out, but now, they were out to deal with him.

Their hands clutched their weapons, their faces full of malice.

Seeing this, Marcus and Sarah immediately lit up, their shock long gone.

"Do not go easy on him. Make sure he never walks with those legs or uses those hands again!" Sarah said viciously. She had been wanting to deal with Robin. This was it.

"Yes! How dare a worthless nobody like him hit one of you? Break his damn legs and hands, and beat him to an inch of his life, then throw him out!" Marcus added, a triumphant smile tugging at the corners of his lips. It was almost as if he could already see Robin groaning outside the premises in pain, his legs and hands broken.

"He deserves whatever he gets. How dare a loser like him touch a security guard of Eagle Industries?" one of the guests said.

"One should be aware of their own worth. He's really reckless for a nobody," another guest added. The rest nodded in agreement, their gazes on Robin filled with disgust and contempt.

Meanwhile, in the face of everything—the guards rushing towards him, the guests, Marcus and Sarah's words, and their gazes on him—Robin didn't react in any way. He just stood there, as if an emotionless statue.

The chaos hadn't gone unnoticed.

"You, punk, you dared hit one of us. What gave you the guts?" As they arrived in front of Robin, one of the security guards asked condescendingly.

Robin ignored him.

He wasn't worthy of a response.

This made the security guard even more furious. How dare this country bumpkin ignore him? He immediately lifted his baton and charged at Robin.

The rest also joined him.

"STOP!"

Just as the batons were an inch from touching Robin, a sudden roar rang out.

The guards immediately froze, their gazes turning towards the owner of the voice. Sarah, Marcus and the rest of the guests also turned to look. One glance, and excitement flickered across their faces.

Things were about to get even more interesting. The new intruder was none other than the lobby manager.

Robin was definitely done for!

"What's going on here?" The lobby manager's voice was cold and sharp. Today was an important day. How could these fools be creating chaos? He was so mad!

The security guard, who Robin had sent flying, said indignantly, "It's that punk, sir!" he pointed at Robin, "he's pretending to have an exclusive invitation card. I tried to calmly ask him out after confirming it was fake but he had the guts to hit me!"

"Haha. That card is surely fake. A brat that I dumped because he had nothing to his name just a few days ago, how could he possibly have an exclusive card of Eagle Industries? Hmph!" Sarah sneered.

"Perhaps, he did all that just to impress us. Haha." Marcus added and chuckled mockingly at Robin. He stared at him. "You must be really scared, right?" He jeered.

Robin didn't say anything. Not worth it.

Meanwhile, the lobby manager's face darkened. He walked over to Robin, his gaze taking him in. Almost immediately, one could see disgust appear on his face.

Clearly, he thought exactly as the rest.

"You said you have an exclusive card?" he asked flatly.

"Yes." Robin also responded flatly, extending the card toward him. "Now, tell me, do you also think my card is fake?"

"I can't believe he's still keeping up this act," Sarah sneered. "He really won't cry blood until he is in the coffin."

"Let him keep pretending, darling," Marcus said, his lips curling into a smirk. "I can't wait to see his face when reality finally hits."

The lobby manager's gaze fell on the card in Robin's hand, and for a split second, his eyes widened, his body stiffening.

Th... That was the exclusive black card issued to Eagle Industries's top executives!

But then, his excitement faded as he took a closer look. Though it resembled the black card, the design was slightly off. He had never seen this version before.

There could only be one explanation...

It was a fake.

His expression darkened instantly. "How dare you try to enter Eagle Industries with a counterfeit card?" he snapped at Robin. "You even assaulted a security guard and had the audacity to ask me that ridiculous question? You truly don't know your place!"

His glare shifted to the guards. "More men! Take him down and throw him out. And get rid of that!" He tossed the card to the floor.

"Yes, sir!" More guards flooded the scene, advancing toward Robin with menace in their eyes.

Robin's eyes narrowed slightly, the ring on his finger churning with barely-contained anger. Still, his face remained impassive.

"Hahaha!" Sarah's voice rang out, dripping with mockery. "Look at you, Robin. Pretending to be something you're not. You must be regretting this now!"

Marcus grinned beside her, clearly savoring the moment.

The guards closed in, their batons raised high, aiming for Robin's vital points. One solid strike and he'd be finished.

"STOP!"

Just as the batons hovered an inch from making contact, a thunderous voice echoed through the room, halting everyone in their tracks. The sheer authority in the shout sent a ripple of tension through the air.

A middle-aged man strode in, his aura commanding, his presence overpowering. The crowd collectively drew a sharp breath.

It was the regional manager!

The boss of the lobby manager!

"Sir...", the lobby manager tried to greet him, only to be cut off—

SMACK!

A blistering slap landed squarely across his face.

"You fool!" the regional manager barked, his face a mask of fury.

Stunned silence fell over the crowd. What was going on? Was the boss seriously striking his own employee?

Weren't they on the same side?

"W-What did I do, sir?" the lobby manager stammered, clutching his cheek in shock and confusion.

"What didn't you do?" the regional manager shot back, his eyes blazing.

Without wasting another second, he marched over to Robin, pushing away the security guards, and picked up the discarded card in front of him.

Turning to the lobby manager, his voice thundered, "The card you threw on the floor and dismissed as fake—it's the highest-level black card issued by Eagle Industries!"

"What?!"

The lobby manager's jaw dropped. The security guards blinked in disbelief. Sarah, Marcus, and the rest of the guests stood frozen, stunned beyond words.

The highest-level black card?

Belonging to Robin?

Unbelievable!

The regional manager ignored their stunned gazes. Turning to Robin, he bowed reverently. "Sir, I sincerely apologize for this disgraceful incident. The fault lies with me for not training my subordinates properly. Please, I beg your forgiveness."