

The Deadly Assassin Robin

Tristan Storm

Chapter 1 Dragon Dagger

"Old Fred, if you keep this up, you're going to end up dead in some woman's arms!"

Robin Ramsey remarked, eyeing the aging man in front of him.

Old Fred brushed off the lipstick smudges on his face, looking bewildered. He fished out a credit card and handed it over to Robin.

"Robin, this leopard-print card is packed with cash—there's a few trillion dollars on it!

"Plus, I own high-end properties in major cities worldwide. You can stay at any of them whenever you like.

"And lastly, here's a gift from me ... " Old Fred began to say, but then he exclaimed, "Oops! Not that!"

He pulled out a piece of black lace lingerie from his belt, realizing it was the wrong item.

After a moment of fumbling, he finally produced a curious short dagger.

"This dragon dagger has been lost for fifty years. I'm giving it to you now. It's not just any dagger—it has the power to ...

"Uh, never mind. Someone will reach out to you at the right time. Just wait for them in Draconia.

"Robin, once you wrap up your engagement back home, just ... "

Old Fred tried to continue, but four exceptionally attractive women with striking figures came down the stairs, ready to usher him away.

"Old Fred, stop stalling! We're all dying to get going!"

"Don't worry. Your dedicated disciple is so skilled that even demons fear him. He'll be fine!"

"Ah!" Moments later, Old Fred's distressed cries echoed from the upstairs bedroom.

Robin glanced towards the second floor, shrugged, and slipped the leopard-print card into his wallet.

Leaving Old Fred's house, he hopped into a cab for the airport, examining the dragon dagger.

The dagger's intricate designs shimmered like a dragon exhaling mist and clouds, radiating a powerful aura.

The golden scales glistened in the car's dim light.

After over twenty hours of flight, he landed in Harmonfield, Draconia.

The bustling economic hub on the eastern coast was gently blanketed in the soft snowfall of the setting sun.

Robin reviewed the engagement contract details. After a quick check, he took a cab to the Miller Group Building in the heart of the city.

Old Fred had mentioned that Robin's fiancée, Alice Miller, was part of a match arranged by their grandfathers long ago, before either Robin or Alice were born.

Robin had spent many years with Old Fred, who had never spoken much about his own family despite him asking many times.

Robin had learned medicine, developed his skills, and mastered the art of combat under Old Fred's guidance.

Recently, Old Fred had taken him to Fricana.

From that point forward, the blood-soaked and chaotic mercenary battlefield welcomed a new force, one whose very presence sent shivers down the spines of all who heard their name—a figure feared across the globe, a true bringer of death.

Moving like a shadow, this individual remained elusive, earning the codename "Dragon Dagger."

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Robin gazed at the now-yellow engagement contract, lost in thought.

"I wonder what my future wife will be like. Is she beautiful? Kind?"

He spent the ride imagining what Alice might look like.

After thirty minutes, the cab arrived in Harmonfield's city district.

Robin rolled down the window and took in the city lights, feeling an odd sense of familiarity.

But then he sensed an imminent danger approaching.

Robin was focused forward, alert, and ready.

Crash!

A screeching of brakes and a jarring metallic crash suddenly pierced the quiet night.

A battered Porsche, wrecked in a collision, hurtled directly towards Robin's taxi with alarming speed.

The taxi driver, frozen in terror, was unable to move.

Robin quickly seized the steering wheel with one hand and yanked the handbrake with the other, executing a sharp, skidding maneuver.

The taxi narrowly missed a direct collision with the two out-of-control vehicles, with a gap of less than a millimeter.

Bang!

After a brief pause, the stillness was shattered by a gunshot.

From behind the barricades, four armed men emerged from a BMW SUV.

Two of them brandished their weapons at the onlookers, while another dragged a wounded woman from the Porsche, pressing his gun to her head.

The leader, a bald man, shouted to the bystanders, "Get down!"

Bang!

A shot rang out, striking the forehead of the bravest soul who tried to intervene.

The crowd erupted into screams of panic.

Everyone hit the ground, too terrified to raise their heads.

Robin, seated in the taxi, observed the scene through the window.

Under the cold glow of streetlights, snowflakes whirled violently.

The blood staining the snow from the wreckage cast a sinister shadow over the city night.

In the dim light, the woman's tall, striking figure was unmistakable, even though blood marred her elegant features.

Her exceptional beauty was evident, even in such a state.

At that moment, the robbers noticed Robin still sitting in the car.

"Get out of the car now! Hands on your head and get down!" one of the robbers shouted, aiming his gun at Robin.

Robin offered a detached smile, ignoring the armed men, and slowly rolled down the window.

He fixed his gaze on the hostage woman.

"Let her go!"

His voice was calm and firm, cutting through the icy, desolate atmosphere with a piercing intensity.

The robbers' hands holding their guns trembled.

The terrified woman, Shirley Dunn, turned her head and caught a glimpse of Robin's calm, enigmatic face, her heart racing with confusion.

Shirley, the heiress of Harmonfield's leading family, the Dunns, and the current CEO of Dunns Group, had never encountered someone so composed and strikingly handsome.

This man confronted a gang of ruthless criminals with such unwavering calm.

"You're gonna die today!" The robber, momentarily shocked, growled and pulled the trigger.

"No!" Shirley screamed in terror, closing her eyes and crying out in desperation.

A frigid wind swept through, causing trees to sway and branches to quiver.

In an instant, the scene erupted into a frenzy of chaotic light and swirling dust.

The snowstorm intensified, turning into a blizzard-like whirlwind!

After the gunshot, the world plunged into total silence.

On the disordered street, only Shirley's solitary, disheveled figure remained.

People's eyes scanning the area soon noticed the four robbers lying lifelessly in the pristine snow.

The rapid events felt almost surreal.

If not for the sight of the robbers' bodies on the ground, it would be hard to believe it had really happened.

The four robbers had been killed with a single strike to the throat.

Their blood trickled down their necks, steaming faintly in the cold snow!

"Shirley, are you ... are you alright?"

A white-haired elder from a speeding Mercedes rushed to Shirley, worry etched on his face.

"Grandpa, I ... I'm ... fine!" Shirley finally regained her composure.

She clung tightly to her grandfather, Drake Dunn's, arm, her body still trembling uncontrollably.

Her anxious gaze followed the taxi as it vanished into the snowstorm.

Although she couldn't see the face of the person in the car, the chilling sense of death lingered, filling her with overwhelming fear.

Drake surveyed the robbers' bodies, wiped sweat from his brow, and instructed, "Quickly, alert everyone in the Dunns to find the young man from that taxi immediately!"

"Even if we have to search the entire Harmonfield, we must locate him!"