

# The Deadly Assassin Robin

Chapter 12

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Zachary Hits a Perfect Ten with All Three Arrows!

Alice cast a disdainful look at Robin, who had yet to take his ce in the field, and remarked, "Look at Mr. Gill. He"s been trained by elite Royal riding and shooting coaches from a young age. His skills are so refined that even top athletes find it hard to match him. "Someone like you, who probably has never even been on a horse, stands no chance.

"Robin, we"re not in the same league. I"ve ended our engagement, so why not just take the one million dors I owe you and leave? What"s the point of trying to outshine Mr. Gill? It"s absurd!

"I don"t understand why you think impressing me will somehow make you superior to Mr. Gill. It"s a fantasy. Even if you perform well, I wouldn"t bother

with someone like you.

"ept it-you"ll never reach Mr. Gill's level. We don't even operate in the same world!

"Here"s a piece of advice: It"s not toote to back out now. If things go wrong, you won't even know what hit you!"

Vera stepped in to add her voice. "Robin, I know about your past engagement with Alice. You and we are

trying to insert yourself into our sphere. from entirely different worlds, so sto

"Know your limits, or you might end up making a fool of yourself.

"I don't know what connection you have with the Dunns or why their heiress is letting you use their 50- billion investment as a stake.

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"But believe me, if you mess this up, the Dunns won't take it lightly. Just wait and see...

Robin was not interested in engaging with them. He responded calmly. "Alice, you're overestimating your worth. Your appearance alone isn't enough to make me go out of my way to impress you.

"Instead, you should start figuring out how toe up with that 300 million dors after the match."

At that moment, Zachary, already in the field, strutted around the arena like a conquering hero. He rode his magnificent white horse, relishing the admiration from the crowd.

He seemed to have forgotten about the enormous wager hanging over him.

Watching Zachary's grand display and Robin still waiting on the sidelines, Vera scoffed, "Robin, I'm sure you've never participated in this level of sport before. Be careful, or you might find yourself kicked by a horse before the match even starts." Alice and Vera's taunting attracted the attention of the surrounding spectators.

Robin ignored them and stepped onto the field.

He turned back at Alice and Vera and said, "You're right. I haven't played this so-called high-level riding and shooting game.

"But I've handled real weapons and faced intense bat with bullets flying all around.

To me, this riding and shooting is just a trivial, childish game."

With that, he casually picked up a bow from the rack, which appeared to be made of a tough alloy, and bent it slightly to test its strength

The bow twisted into a crumpled heap of metal.

Robin shook his head and tossed the mangled bow at Alice and her entourage

Their mocking fell silent as they stared at the twisted metal.

Robin pointed at them and said. "Have the 200 million ready. I'll collect it after the thatch

With that, he stood upright and confidently walked towards thepetition arena.

Raymond watched Robin's retreating figure with clenched teeth. "How arrogant and disrespectful! I'm eager to see how you'll handle it when you lose the Dunns 50-billion dor project. Then we'll see if you're still so cocky" Outside the arena, Shirley's gaze lingered on Robin's poised, almost perfect form, filled with admiration

On the lush green field, Robin's athletic build stood outstarkly among the pampered rich kids, exuding authority and self-assurance.

The rules for the riding and shootingpetition were straightforward: Eachpetitor had three

arrows.

They had to shoot at targets from a distance of 500 meters while riding a horse.

Accuracy was key-each bullseye earned ten points, while a miss scored zero.

The competitor with the highest total score from their three arrows would be declared the winner.

Robin examined the bows on the rack.

None met his expectations, so he casually picked one, mounted his horse, and prepared himself for the petition. This belongs to NovelDrama.Org - ?.

ording to the draw, Zachary was the first to pete

When the gun fired, Zachary urged his magnificent horse forward with remarkable speed, eliciting cheers from the spectators.

It was evident that, thanks to his training with elite British Royal riding and shooting coaches from a young age, Zachary's skills were top-notch.

His movements were fluid, and his coordination with the white steed was impeccable.

His performance was nothing short of impressive.

He notched an arrow, took aim, and released it with a swift, powerful motion.

From a distance of 1,640 feet, the arrow flew straight and true, striking the bullseye with a perfect score of

With two more arrows, Zachary continued to ride his horse at full gallop, hitting bullseyes with each shot,

In this round, Zachary achieved a perfect score with all three arrows.

Alice, Vera, and Raymond erupted in enthusiastic cheers. They had won- Mr. Gill had triumphed! The three hundred million dor wager was no longer a concern! Moreover, they were unexpectedly on the verge of securing the Eastvale Ecological Project, a coveted asset among Hammonfield's elite, with a staggering fifty billion dor stake! Even just selling this share could generate hundreds of millions!

Their excitement was palpable as they nced at Shirley, who remained seated

and watched the matchi quietly. Their hearts swelled with delight.

Following this match, the loss of the fifty billion dor Eastvale Ecological Project would surely provoke the ire of old Mr. Dunn.

Amber, the Dunns Group's CEO assistant, was visibly shaken and couldn't bring herself to look at Shirley.

How could Robin possibly turn things around and defeat Zachary now?

As Zachary dismounted his horse to a round of applause, he sauntered past Robin and taunted, "Mr. Ramsey, I'm sorry if I made the match seem so one-sided. I have to thank you for that!" "Thank you for giving us the Dunns" fifty billion dor Eastvale Ecological Project. It's something we never even dreamed of, haha..."

"If you're interested, I'd like to invite you to the best nightclub at Violeterest Pavilion tonight. I'm sure you've never seen anything like it."

Robin replied with a frosty smile. "The results aren't final yet. How can you be so certain of victory?"

Before he could continue, Vera stepped forward, sneering. "Are you blind? Mr. Gill hit all three bullseyes. How can you still think you have a chance?"

Alice shook her head in disbelief, her expression full of scorn. "At this point, Robin, can't you just face reality and preserve some dignity?"

"Do you really believe it's worth continuing? Do you want everyone to witness your humiliation?"

"Mr. Gill has already made this match aplete spectacle. What more are you

trying to prove? It's finite!"

Zachary moved forward with a deliberate air of superiority, saying, "Oh, the match isn't finished yet. We need to ensure he loses with grace, after all, haha..."

"Let's all remain calm and see how this so-called expert from the other world performs on the field."