

Chapter 17

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"Let her go."

The voice was soft, yet it carried an icy edge so chilling that the air itself seemed to freeze.

The gang of five turned to the source of the voice. Sheila also lifted her gaze.

A lone figure stood before them, bathed in the moon's glow.

The silver light cast an ethereal aura around him, making him look almost otherworldly.

This lone figure was naturally Robin. Though this had nothing to do with him, he couldn't just walk away and let it happen. His conscience wouldn't allow it.

For a brief moment, the thugs were stunned. But then—

"Hahahaha!" They burst into laughter, their eyes scanning Robin from head to toe.

Sure, he was good-looking—handsome enough to make women swoon. But that was all. He carried no trace of a martial artist's discipline, no bloodthirsty aura of an assassin. And judging by his simple attire, he was far too poor to be one of the Dunn family's bodyguards. In their eyes, he was just another pauper playing the hero.

Pathetic.

The leader scoffed, his voice laced with disdain. "Boy, walk away now, and we'll pretend you saw nothing. I'm in a generous mood tonight, so



"I'll spare you. Not every pussy is yours to save."

"Hahaha!" His comrades joined in, their laughter dripping with mockery as they dismissed Robin completely.

Turning their focus back to Sheila, they ignored the fool who had dared to interrupt them. The leader grabbed his cock, about to resume his vile act.

Robin's eyes narrowed. "I said, let her go!"

The leader's face darkened. What the hell? He had been generous enough to let this pauper leave, yet he was still here, running his mouth. Was he that eager to die?

His gaze flicked to one of the thugs gripping Sheila's legs. "Since this fool wants to die, grant his wish."

"With pleasure." The thug released Sheila and strode toward Robin, his expression dark. He was already on edge.

After the leader, he was next in line—he'd waited long enough, and now this brat kept interrupting. He couldn't wait to crush him.

"Hey, I'm Sheila Dunn!" Sheila suddenly shouted. "Please, run! You can't fight them, just go! Run to my family's villa—at least you can help me get justice. Thank you for trying to help, but please, run!"

"Hmph! You think he can still leave?" The thug sneered. "You're dumber than I thought. Punk," he spat, his gaze filled with hatred. "We gave you a chance to walk away, but you wasted it. Now—die!"

He lunged at Robin with terrifying speed.



In the face of this, Robin just stood calmly, his face calm and emotionless.

Sheila squeezed her eyes shut, her heart sinking. It was over.

Meanwhile, the thug's lips curled into a smug grin. What a joke.

This fool had dared challenge them, yet he couldn't even react to his attack.

But then—

His expression abruptly twisted in shock, his smug grin vanishing in an instant.

Just as he reached Robin, the young man suddenly vanished.

"He was just here. Where did he go?" the thug muttered, his eyes darting around in confusion.

"Looking for me?" Suddenly, a chilling voice whispered behind him.

The thug tensed up, every hair on his body standing on end. Instinctively, he spun around, fist already swinging.

But it was too late.

BANG!

Robin's punch landed squarely against his ribcage. The sheer force sent him soaring through the air like a cannonball, his body cutting through the night sky before violently crashing into the rocky hillside.

BOOM!



The impact shattered the stone beneath him, creating a crater-like shape. The ground trembled slightly from the force.

"Pfft," the thug spat out a mouthful of blood, his eyes wide in disbelief and horror.

"You—" he tried to say, but the rest of the words never left his mouth. His head suddenly slumped back.

"That's good for that fool. Ryker, get over here and help Mickey hold her leg again! This bitch keeps struggling," the leader ordered, hearing the noise. He assumed Robin had already been taken care of.

"You so sure Ryker is still alive?" Robin asked coolly.

The leader's body stiffened at the familiar voice. He turned sharply, his face paling as his eyes met Robin's. "You... how are you still alive?" he stammered.

"Isn't that obvious?" Robin flashed an almost boyish grin. "I killed your comrade."

"What?" The leader and the rest of his comrades were shocked beyond words.

Ryker, just like the rest of them, was no ordinary thug—he could take on fifty of the Dunns' elite bodyguards. And yet...

Their eyes snapped toward the source of the loud crash, and sure enough, there lay Ryker on the ground—motionless.

His lifeless eyes remained wide open, as if even in death, he couldn't believe that Robin, the boy he had so easily dismissed, had been the one

to kill him.

"You bastard! We'll kill you!" The thugs roared in fury. Without hesitation, they unsheathed their daggers and charged at Robin like rabid beasts.

"Hmph! You overestimate yourselves!" Robin scoffed before charging back at them. One of the thugs swung at his chest, but Robin effortlessly dodged and countered with a powerful punch.

BANG!

The thug was sent flying, crashing into the mountain before landing right on top of Ryker's lifeless body.

The remaining thugs were furious.

"You, asshole!" they bellowed, slashing at him with everything they had.

BANG!

BANG!

Two successive impacts echoed as Robin effortlessly sent two more thugs soaring through the air. Then, his gaze shifted toward the leader.

"You, punk... I'll admit you're strong, but don't get cocky. Taking down four of my comrades means nothing. Now, I'll show you the true power of an innate artist!" The leader sneered. Then, pulling his pants back on, he lunged at Robin with blinding speed. "For killing my comrades, I'll make you pay!"

His figure blurred, and in a blink, he was right in front of Robin, throwing a powerful punch.



Robin didn't flinch. He met the attack head-on.

BANG!

A deafening shockwave burst from the collision, sending wind rippling through the area.

Robin remained standing. Meanwhile, the leader was launched over twenty meters, crashing hard into the mountainside.

"Ugh..." he groaned in pain.

Robin approached him with calm, measured steps.

Terror flashed across the leader's face. His breath hitched, his voice trembling. "D-Don't come any closer, you monster!"

Robin's expression remained indifferent. "Relax. I won't kill you," he said coolly. "I'll just knock you out and leave you for the lady."

The leader's face turned deathly pale. The Dunns wouldn't just kill him — they'd make an example out of him. Everyone had heard the rumors about their underground torture chamber, Black Prison. No one who entered ever came out the same.

Desperate, he resorted to threats. "Boy, I serve the underground Kingpin! If you dare lay a hand on me, he'll hunt you to the ends of the earth!"

Robin chuckled. "Didn't you say earlier there were no CCTV cameras here? How would he know? Besides, I've already killed four. What's one more?"

His figure suddenly blurred.



## Chapter 17

Panic overtook the leader. He fumbled into his pocket, pulling out a gun and firing wildly. "You bastard! I'll kill you!"

The gunshots rang out in the silent night...

But they hit nothing.

His breathing grew ragged. He squeezed the trigger again.

Click.

Empty.

Realization dawned. He dropped to his knees in despair.

"Please... let me go! Let me go!"

"That's for the Dunns to decide." A voice suddenly whispered in his ear.