

Chapter 22

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A dark cloud hovered over Robin's eyes. He had half a mind to smack their arrogant heads together, but in the end, he let the urge pass. These snobbish nobodies weren't worth his time. Taking a deep breath, he replied coolly, "I may not have been invited by Sheila, but how do you know I'm not acquainted with her?"

"You—"

Before they could respond, he cut them off dismissively.

"Go tell Sheila that the guy who saved her last night is here to see her!"

The guards stiffened in momentary shock. The incident last night had spread like wildfire within the Dunn household—every family member, even the maids, knew about the mysterious man who had saved Miss Dunn. Without him, she would have been violated and killed. She owed him her life.

Could this guy be him?

Their muscles tensed at the thought. If he was really the one and Miss Dunn found out they had been chastising and ridiculing him and even asked him to get lost, they'd be in deep trouble.

But as they took another look at Robin, they immediately dismissed the possibility. There was no aura of a martial artist or a seasoned combatant around him. He was just an ordinary man, a country bumpkin.

Any one of them could easily take him down with a single punch. How could he possibly be the one who killed four members of the Abyssal Dominion and knocked out their leader? Everyone knew how formidable

those men were. It was impossible.

Their expressions darkened, fists clenching. This loser had to be lying. He must have overheard the story somewhere and was trying to take advantage of it.

"What the hell!" One of them growled, stepping forward with a glare. He jabbed a finger at Robin. "You bastard son of a loser, how dare you impersonate Miss Dunn's savior and address her by her maiden name with no honorifics and any ounce of respect? Are you asking for a beating?"

"Get lost now before we throw you out ourselves! And don't blame us if we get rough!" Another threatened.

Robin's face turned ice-cold. These bastards were really pushing it.

He glared at them coldly. "Why would I pretend to be someone I'm not? If you doubt me, just go tell Sheila. If I'm lying, she can personally send me out."

Seeing how confident Robin was, the guards felt a little doubtful of their conviction. What if he really was the one?

But they dismissed the possibility once again. There was no way. With their years of experience, they believed they had a clear understanding of people like this.

He was just another desperate pauper hoping to meet Miss Dunn, only to grovel and beg once his lie fell apart.

Hah. Did he think he could fool them with his confidence and words?

"Hmph!" One of them scoffed. "Miss Dunn is busy. Get lost now, or we'll

beat you up and toss you onto the street!"

Robin's eyes turned cold. He'd had enough of their arrogance. "I'd love to see you try," he shot back. "I'll handle you fools the same way I dealt with those thugs last night."

"You're asking for it!" The guards snarled, their fury ignited. How dare this loser insult them? Without hesitation, they drew their batons and lunged at him.

But before they could strike, a cold, authoritative voice suddenly rang out.

"What's going on here?"

The gates swung open, and two of the Dunn family's personal bodyguards stepped out.

Robin and the security guards turned to the newcomers. 1

At the sight of them, a small smile tugged at Robin's lips. These two bodyguards turned out to be amongst those who came for Sheila last night. He could remember their faces because they were part of those who had been so quick to aim their guns at him.

But the security guards didn't know this. Seeing it was the family bodyguards, who could be considered their allies, their faces broke into wide smiles.

Their tone dripping with disdain, they pointed at Robin and said coldly, "This nobody is pretending to be Miss Dunn's savior. He claims he's here to see her, but he's obviously just here to cause trouble. We were about to teach him a lesson."