

Chapter 6

“Yes! And he’s found some new sugar mommy! He’s just a gold-digging cockroach!”

Sarah scoffed, leaned back against the plush Italian leather, her fingers tracing the rim of her wine glass.

She didn't expect Robin to be still alive. But whatever, it didn't matter now.

"Never mind him,mom. Aer tomorrow's Eagle Industries anniversary celebra on, we'll have me to deal with Robin," she smirked, her voice carrying the arrogance of someone who had never known failure. "Next me he won't get a chance to live; I'll make sure dogs eat him." her voice turned sharp.

Madeline’s voice crackled through the phone, her tone laced with doubt. "But what happened at Emerald Vault—"

Sarah clicked her tongue, irrita on flickering in her gaze. That? That was nothing.

"One embarrassing incident doesn't change anything," she cut in, inspecng her freshly manicured nails, painted the same shade of blood-red as her ambitions. "Marcus's father has everything under control."

The so sound of approaching footsteps made her lips curl. Right on me.

Marcus entered the penthouse, his stride confident, cocky, as if he already owned the city. His expensive suit was slightly loosened, his smirk one of a man who had never known consequences.

"Speaking of control," Sarah purred into the phone, her gaze locked on Marcus, "I need to go. We have prepara ons to make for tomorrow."

She ended the call without waing for a response. Her mother had always been a lile too cauous. But not Sarah. She understood what real power was. And tomorrow, she'd be sing at the top of it.

“What's wrong?” Marcus asked, loosening his e.

A cold glint flashed in Sarah's eyes. "I sent my mom and sister to purchase the Voidfire Crystal for you — a precious gi l planned to let you offer the new chairman tomorrow to secure the coopera on. But..."

"But what?"

"They couldn't purchase it. Apparently, that loser is with a new rich woman we can't afford to provoke now. They took away the crystal." Her voice trembled with anger. " I regret that he didn't die that day!"

Marcus's expression darkened. "That loser again? " he hissed with despise, "Don't worry, my father has just received the confirma on from the Eagles Industries. Everything's set. A er tomorrow, I'll make sure to crush him!"

“And the rich woman?”

“Hmph!” Marcus snorted smugly. “Aer tomorrow, who would dare challenge us? We'd crush her too if she dares interfere.”

"Good!" Sarah smiled, her eyes gleamed. Finally. Finally!

"Make sure he understands the consequences of challenging his be ers. I want him to really feel it this me."

"That was an easy feat for my dad. Tomorrow's celebra on is just a formality before they sign off on the project." Marcus boasted, a slow grin spreading across his lips.

In fact, his father had exhausted all their resources and connecons just to convince a high-ranking member of the group to give their family a chance. It wasn't easy at all. But there's no need for Sarah to know that.

"Tell me again," Sarah whispered, eyes half-lidded with sa sfacon, "what happens a er the chairman signs?"

Marcus's smirk widened. "Once the project’s approved, my family moves up to second-er status. And you..." he traced a finger along her jaw, "you'll be right there at the top with me."

Sarah closed her eyes, savoring the moment. All those years of pretending. Playing the perfect, grateful pa ent.

Le ng Robin fawn over her like some lovesick puppy. All of it, leading to this.

"Our families will prosper together," she murmured. Her mother and sister had nearly squealed with excitement when she told them.

"No more looking up at the elite," Marcus added. "We'll be the ones looking down."

Sarah smirked. Exactly.

She raised her glass, the crystal catching the light like a blade. "To tomorrow night – when everything changes."

Marcus clinked his glass against hers. "To put dogs in their proper place."

Meanwhile, at Emerald Vault...

The store owner bowed so deeply it was almost pathetic.

"Please, take it as our sincerest apology," he pleaded, pushing the jade box toward Robin. "The Voidfire Crystal is yours, free of charge."

Robin glanced at the jade box, then at the trembling man. What a shift in attitude. Power really did wonders.

"Fine," he said simply, picking up the box. "Let's go, Katherine."

The ride back was silent, the city lights flickering past in a blur. Robin held the jade box in his lap, feeling the pulsating energy within, something ancient, something waiting to be unlocked.

He could feel Katherine watching him from the driver's seat.

"Will you need anything else tonight, sir?" she finally asked as they pulled up to the villa.

Robin shook his head. "No. But be ready for tomorrow."

Inside, his private chamber was already prepared. He set the jade box down carefully, the weight of its contents more than just physical.

His fingers moved methodically, preparing the crystal. It glowed faintly as he ground it into powder, the air thick with its earthy scent, the weight of history pressing in on him.

This wasn't just a technique. This was a foundation for power.

He mixed the fine powder with spring water in a bowl, the liquid swirling as if alive. The moment he drank, a surge of pure energy coursed through his veins.

Robin's breath hitched. It was overwhelming. Almost too much.

The ring pulsed with his heartbeat, syncing with something deep inside him. His body trembled—not with weakness, but with growth. Transformation.

Hour after hour passed, yet fatigue never came. Only power. Strength. Clarity.

When dawn finally broke, Robin felt sharper. Stronger. More alive than ever.

His senses had changed. The air felt different. The world seemed clearer.

Downstairs, Katherine waited, her presence as unreadable as ever.

"The car is ready, sir," she reported as he descended the grand staircase.

Across Eagle Industries' plaza as Robin's car pulled up to the entrance. As if fate itself had orchestrated their meeting, he spotted Sarah and Marcus loitering by the glass doors.

Sarah's perfectly manicured hand froze mid-gesture as she saw him step out. What is that loser doing here?

Her shock soon morphed to disdain.

“If it's not my pretty bone marrow donor,” she called out. “What are you doing here? Come to beg me to take you back? Has the rich woman left you already?”

“Hahaha.” Marcus laughed. “She probably realized on time that he'd only suck her dry. Punk,” he gazed at Robin. “Come on, kneel, beg us. Maybe, we could allow you to watch while we make out next time.”

Sarah giggled. “Punk, what are you waiting for?”

Robin's nose wrinkled in disgust. Are these two crazy or what?