

The Deadly 13

Chapter 13

At this moment. Shirley, sitting in the spectator area, maintained a calm facade, her eyes locked onto Robin, who remained posed in the center of the field.

Her intuition told her that Robin was not one to make hasty decisions.

If he had dared to stake the Dunns 50 billion dollars, he must be certain of his abilities!

Just as he had amazed everyone with his dart-throwing skills earlier, Shirley believed Robin was poised to deliver an even more impressive performance and thoroughly outshine Zachary and Alice. Robin had no interest in engaging in verbal exchanges. He mounted his horse, casually picked up a bow, and set off at a brisk pace.

In a sh, the mood on the field shifted dramatically!

Robin rode his chestnut warhorse with an air of authority, as if his arrow were slicing through the clouds- sharp, brilliant, and striking! This guy actually seems to have some skills!

Alice's eyes widened in surprise.

Robin's energy and intensity on horseback were strikingly different from Zachary's.

Zachary's performance had felt over-the-top, tinged with pretentiousness and a showy air.

In contrast, Robin's style was raw and intense, filled with a passionate energy that resonated powerfully.

"This guy seems... pretty impressive! His aura is so full of rugged charm!" Vera said, linking arms with Alice, her eyes gleaming.

Alice shot her a disapproving glance. "Look at you, all starry-eyed! Just because someone's physically strong doesn't mean they're worth your admiration.

"A man with brawn but no brains or finesse is just a brute!"

Hmph!

Alice thought to herself, casting a sideways glance at Robin as he raced across the field, Taim to be a queen like Daphne!

Why would I be interested in a man with such a low intellect

Meanwhile, Robin had arrived at the shooting range and was preparing to draw his bow.

However, as he pulled back the string, the bow snapped in half with a loud crack.

The crowd, initially impressed by his manding entrance, now watched in stunned silence as the bow shattered.

Laughter began to ripple through the audience.

How could he continue the petition without bow

Is he going to attempt shooting with his bare hands

That would be aboard!

Who has the strength to hit a target 1500 feet in her hand?

Even Shirley, who is usually posed rose from her seat.

Seeing Robin discard the broken bow her bean sanit

Is this how we are going to lose our 50-billion dollar Ele Fungical Pres

She felt a wave of dizziness and nearly stumbled

Amber quickly moved to steady her

Shirley slowly sat back down, her gaze distant as she stared at the find

Just as the crowd's laughter reached its peak, the next moment left everyone in awe

After tossing aside the broken bow, Robien drew a set of sharp arrows from a scabbard on his back
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With a bold and confident stance, he leaped three paces towards the target almost away!

The previously noisy crowd fell silent, their eyes wide with disbelief at Robien's daring move

"Damn This guy's lost it. He really thinks he can hit the target with his bare hands? What a den"
Raymond scoffed.

Veraughed. "What if he actually manages to hit H

Zachary let out a scornfulugh. "If he hits the target even once. Il cravd on my hands and its aba

Before Zachary could finish his derisivement, the entire area was struck by and simce broken only by a collective gasp!

Indeed, all three arrows struck the bullseye!

From a distance of almost 2.000 feet and while moving on boneback Robin buntaged so fit the target using nothing but his bare hands! Is this some kind of illusion!

The crowd went wild with excitement

The target, previously intact, shattered into pieces upon being hit by the arrows, sending debris. across the ground!

The force and precision were astounding, leaving everyone in awe

The result of the match was clear-Robin had won deckively

Shirley, who had been despairing moments ago, now had tears of joy sparkling in her eyes.

"Ms. Dunn, we won! We won!" Amber exclaimed, her face drenched in tears as she jumped up and down with exultation.

Shirley, regaining her composure, gave Amber a stern look. "Of course! I never doubted Robin. He never loses!"

Her eyes shone with pride.

"This method of shooting doesn't count! It's supposed to be with a bow and arrows, and he shot with his bare hands. How can this be considered a win? We've won this match!" Zachary, fuming with rage, shouted hoarsely, his voice almost giving out.

The crowd roared at him with disdain.

Raymond sneered, "Come on, Zachary, you've lost. Just admit it."

"He hit the target from 2,000 feet away with his bare hands. He didn't even need a bow!"

"This is the petition rule! How can it be a genuine contest without a bow? How can it demonstrate archery skills?"

Raymond, listening to this, felt a deep sense of embarrassment.

The Hamptons had always been a respected family in Harmonfield, but Zachary's objections over a mere 300-million dollar bet were disgraceful.

Raymond felt ashamed to be associated with him.

Ignoring Raymond's attempts to stop him, Zachary stormed over to the referee.

"I refuse to accept this! He didn't use a bow in the petition; he shot three arrows with his bare hands. Even though he hit the bullseye, this has never happened before!"

Vera looked at Alice and muttered, "Does Mr. Gill have no sense of shame? If he keeps this up, he'll make us all look ridiculous."

Alice, evaluating the situation, said, "Mr. Gill has a point. This is supposed to be an archery contest, not a bare-handed shooting contest. Shooting without a bow and hitting the bullseye shouldn't count as a win!" Vera was taken aback by Alice's words, left speechless. As Zachary continued his argument with the referee, Robin approached him with calm determination. "Still not convinced? If you're not, let me show you something even more astonishing!"

He casually picked up a massive horn bow from the rack.

This wasn't a modern, high-tech bow but an ancient, formidable horn bow designed for the strongest of men.

Without immense strength, it was impossible to draw.

No one at the Violetcrest riding and shooting range had ever managed to pull this bow.

Is Robin actually going to use it?

The crowd held their breath as Robin grasped the horn bow.

What is he nning to do?

Is he going to attempt another archery challenge with this horn bow?

This bow requires the strength of a thousand pounds!

Whether it can even be drawn is uncertain!

What was even more astonishing was that he proceeded to nock three sharp arrows onto the bow! at once?

Three arrows a

And he intends to shoot them from this distance?

"Prepare the moving target, Robin instructed, eyeing the target 6,500 feet away with a casual demeanor. Holy cow!

A thousand-pound horn bow, three arrows, and a moving target from 6,500 feet away?

Is he serious?

The staff at the recreational facility were now dumbfounded.

Without further dy, they grabbed their walkie-talkies and activated the moving target.

Squeak, squeak, squeak!

Robin began to draw the horn bow...