

The Deadly 26

Chapter 26 Interrogate Me? Who Do You Think You Are!

The onlookers in the bar were already imagining the terrible fate that awaited Robin.

He was just a nobody from out of town with no connections, and now he had assaulted the eldest son of one of the top four powers in Harmonfield, the Hamilions. Worse still, he'd done it on Daphne's turf.

Such actions had offended two of the most powerful and ruthless forces in Harmonfield.

There was no way Robin would walk away from this alive.

The crowd was eager at the thought of what was toe-Robin being forced to drink urine, mutte his own hands, and beg for forgiveness.

They also couldn't wait to see Vera dragged upstairs by Eric for whatever twisted revenge he had in mind.

After listening to Eric's ount, Rowan turned his cold, predatory eyes on Robin.

But Robin, seemingly indifferent to everything Eric had said, casually took a towel from a waiter and began wiping his hands as if nothing had happened. More importantly, he completely ignored Rowan's presence.

A flicker of anger flashed in Rowan's eyes. "Is what Eric said true?"

Robin tossed the towel onto the waiter's tray with disdain, raising an eyebrow. "Does it matter?"

"I asked you a question-answer me!" Rowan's voice carried a sharp edge, clearly displeased with Robin's nonchalant attitude.

A wave of hostility surged from his body, filling the bar with a sui

The entire room fell silent, no one daring to make a sound. are.

Robin responded with a faint smile, "Interrogate me? Who do you think you are?"

The bar erupted in screams.

Some people were so shocked by Robin's words that their legs gave out, and they collapsed to the floor.

"Holy crap! This guy's got to be out of his mind!"

"Talking to Mr. Hartley like that? He must have a death wish!"

"Who the hell says something like that in one of Ms. West's bars? This guy's practically begging to die!"

"He's done for! Not only did he mess with Mr. Eric, but now he's mouthing off to Mr. Hartley! He's as good as dead!".

Rowan's expression darkened, his eyes shing coldly.

He couldn't believe Robin had the audacity to speak to him with such arrogance..

"You've broken the rules of Violetcrest Bar!"

"Oh, spare me with your bullshit rules!" Robin sneered,

"He provoked me, so I hit him. Simple as that. What's the problem?"

The crowd gasped again in disbelief,

"This guy really doesn't know when to shut up! Does he have a death wish?"

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"Did he just call Violetcrest Bar's rules bullshit? Even the most powerful people in Harmonfield wouldn't dare say something like that" "He's definitely got a screw loose!"

Vera was on the verge of passing out from fear.

She quickly rugged on Robin's arm. "This is Ms. West's Violetcrest Bar! You can't just say whatever you want

-Robin's lips curled into a smirk. "Daphne's bar?

"Oh, right, I almost forgot! That woman sure does love her stupid rules!"

Vera was speechless.

D*mn it, Robin! Can't you just stop saying things that are going to get us killed

Any chance we had to talk our way out of this is gone now!

Everyone knows who Rowan is-he's Daphne's most ruthless en

Causing trouble on Daphne's turf, and then mouthing off like this?

Robin's finished, totally done for!

Alice and the others stared at Robin in shock.

At this point, "recklessly stupid" didn't even begin to describe him.

It was like he was deliberately choosing the quickest way to get himself killed!

"Alright! You've got guts, kid!" Rowan said coldly.

"If Ms. West weren't about to meet an important guest here, I'd make sure you learned the rules of Violeterest Bar right now!

"I'll give you one more chance. Get on your knees and apologize to Eric, and we'll call it even

Otherwise, don't think you'll be leaving here alive!"

"You think I'll apologize just because you say so? You think I won't leave just because you tell me not to?

Who the hell do you think you are?" Robin shot back, grabbing Vera's hand.

"This is boring. Let's go."

Vera's body trembled as Robin took her hand.

She hadn't expected him to be so domineering!

"Leave You really think you can just walk out of here? You've got no idea what you're up against Eric jumped in front of them.

"Mr. Hartley, this punk doesn't even respect you! He's way too arrogant!"

Rowan cast a cold look at Robin's back and waved his hand,

Immediately, 20 Violetcrest security guards blocked Robin's path.

Seeing this, Eric realized that Rowan was serious about taking care of Robin.

Protected by two of his bodyguards, he jumped in front of Robin, pointing at him.

"Kid, you hit me on Mr. Hartley's turf, and you still think you can leave?

You clueless idiot, do you even know the rules of Violetcrest Bar? Fine, let me educate you!

"If you cause trouble here and hit someone, your hand tendons get cut!

"If you hit someone and try to run, your legs-

"Smack!"

Before Eric could finish, Robin pped him hard he went

"All this fuss over a fight? If you're not happy, then get up and Long!"

This time, Robin didn't hold back.

Ignoring Vera's attempts to stop him, he walked up to Eric and grabbed him by the cor.

"Not satisfied, huh? Fine, let's keep this going!"

With that, he unleashed a flurry of ps.

"Smack, smack, smack."

The sound of the blows echoed through the bar as Robin pummeled Eric, leaving him sprawled on the floor, desperately searching for his teeth.

"Had enough!" Robin let go, and Eric copped to the ground.

After a brief moment of stunned silence, the bar erupted in gasps of shock.

"This guy's insane!"

"Holy crap! He really has a death wish!"

"Mr. Hartley isn't going to let him off this time!"

Rowan's eyes were filled with murderous intent as he slowly approached Robin "You're definely

arrogant.

The bar's patrons quickly backed away, giving them space.

"Mr. Hartley's going to deal with this arrogant bastard himself!"

"Mr. Hartley's boxing skills are unbeatable in Harmonfield. This guy's about to get destroyed

Vera was so terrified that she could barely speak.

Her legs trembled, and she was on the verge of copping.

Eric struggled to his feet and instinctively retreated behind Rowan.

"Mr. Hartley, did you see that? This kid doesn't respect you or Violetcrest Bar at all

Rowan let out a cold snort. "No one breaks the rules here!"

Just as he was about to make his move, one of his men rushed over and whispered in his ear, "Mr. Hartley, Ms. yton is on the phone."

Rowan paused for a moment, then took the phone.

"Rowan, Ms. West is in VIP Room I on the second floor, That Mr. Fey is the guest she's here to meet!

Rowan immediately turned to Robin, his eyes widening in realiz

This guy was Daphne's guest?

Eric quickly stepped forward, saying, "Mr. Hartley, does Ms. West know about this? We should just cut off his hands..."

Rowan coldly waved him off. "Yes, Mr. Ramsey hit you. But the fact is, you provoked him first.

"Mr. Ramsey and Ms. Silva were sitting peacefully, having drinks, when you spat into Mr. Ramsey's ss. According to Violetcrest Bar's rules, if we were to investigate this further, you wouldn't be off the hook either! "My point is, this matter ends here."

"What? That's it?" Eric was completely baffled.

He'd been forced to drink urine and then beaten in front of everyone, and now it was just going to end like

this?

Alice, who had been watching from a distance, was just as confused.

Robin had clearly beaten up Eric, and he did it in front of all these people.

Not only that, he openly defied Rowan and showed no respect for Daphne, the queen of Violetcrest.

And now it was all just going to end without co

Vera was in shock.

consequence?

Just moments ago, it seemed like Rowan was about to personally step in and teach Robin a lesson.

But then, after one phone call, it was all over?

What was going on?

Eric was furious. "Mr. Hartley, I got beat up this badly, and now you're just going to let it go? What do you mean by that?"

Rowan snorted coldly. "Exactly what I said. Or do you have a problem with how I'm handling this?"

As he spoke, Rowan positioned himself as if ready to strike, and the Violetcrest security team also turned their attention to Eric, poised for action.

Eric knew better than to mess with someone as dangerous as Rowan, so he quickly backed down. "No, Mr. Hartley, that's not what I meant." "That's better," Rowan said icily.

"The bar is closed. Everyone, please leave immediately

Eric shot Robin a venomous re but had no choice but to lead him out of the bar.

The other patrons quickly followed suit.

"Mr. Ramsey, please wait. Come with me to the second floor. Now Robin.

Robin raised an eyebrow. "What for? You want to fight?

Rowan frowned slightly. "Someone would like to meet with you upstairs."