

The Deadly 27

Chapter 27 Cynthia Rivers.

"Someone wants to see me upstairs?" Robin could feel a pair of eyes from the second floor fixed making him uncomfortable.

"Mr. Ramsey, I've been waiting for you all morning. It's so hard to get a moment with you, hehe..."

A seductive, bone-chillingly alluring voice drifted down.

Robin looked up and was instantly captivated.

She was stunning beyond words-an ethereal beauty.

Her graceful figure was wrapped in a long, snow-white dress.

Her delicate hands and jade-like wrists were a vision of elegance.

him.

A cascade of silky black hair fell like a waterfall, and her beautiful, expressive eyes sparkled with emotion.

The sheer radiance of her presence was overwhelming like a gentle spring rain softly drifting by

Ms. West? Vera almost screamed in surprise.

"Ms. Silva, please leave the bar," Rowan quickly gestured for her to exit.

Robin hesitated for a moment, then also turned to leave.

"Mr. Ramsey, I have no ulterior motives. I just wanted to invite you to a cup of coffee. Or are you afraid I might eat you up? Hehe.." "Alright, Robin said, stopping in his tracks.

With a swift leap, he ended on the second floor, standing close to Daph

A beam of noon sunlight filtered through the tinted windows, casting dappled shadows like shimmering scales on her smooth, fair skin.

Her fragrance filled the air, and her eyes sparkled like the morning sun.

For a moment, Robin was struck by the sheer beauty of the woman before him.

His deep, brooding eyes quickly regained their calm, like the serene waters at sunset.

"The queen of Violetcrest-your reputation is well-deserved."

Daphne covered her mouth with augh, her body trembling slightly.

"Mr. Ramsey, it's really hard to get a moment with you,

"Are you perhaps afraid of a delicate woman like me?"

Robin leaned in close to Daphne's car and whispered, Ms. West, you're far from delicate. The crown on the queen of Violetcrest is stained with blood." "Hehe... Daphne's sigh was enchanting, a sound that could captivate and mesmerize.

Her laughter was as intoxicating as it was dangerous, capable of luring anyone in.

"Mr. Ramsey, you're such a tease. I'm really quite well-behaved, Come with me."

With graceful movements, her slender, delicate hand pped around Robin's arm.

She touched him, but when he didn't move, she withdrew her long, pale leg, turning back with a teasing smile.

That sultry, electric smile seemed to reach deep into one's soul..

"Come with me, Mr. Ramsey."

In an instant, Daphne had already shed to the door of the VIP Room 1.

She waved her translucent, jade-like arm at Robin, who stood 26 feet away.

Suddenly, from her soft hand, several ck projectiles shot out, slicing through the air with deadly intent.

These ck points, carrying an icy killing intent, flew directly toward Robin's forehead, chest, shoulders, abdomen, and knees!

Rita and Rowan, who were standing nearby, were instantly thrown back 30 feet by the sheer force of the murderous energy The wicked queen's reputation was indeed well-earned

Beneath her bewitching, tender exterior, behind that seemingly innocent hid deadly des ready to strike!

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!!

Daphne's fair wrist waved again, her sheer red sleeves fluttering in the air.

The sharp ck des sliced through the empty space with a deadly whisper.

They carried a blend of lethal beauty and destruction, surging toward Robin with unstoppable force.

Facing this barrage of deadly weapons, Robin simply smiled, unfazed.

He casually picked up a napkin from the table and gave it a light flick of his wrist.

The ck throwing knives ttered harmlessly to the floor.

Robin opened his palm and let the remaining knives drop to the ground.

With a cold snort, he remarked, "As expected, you're quite the enchantress."

"Hehehe" Daphne giggled softly, covering her mouth Then let's see if Mr. Ramsey can handle this!"

She moved in a blur with a yfulugh, a fragrant breeze following her as she closed in on Robin

In an instant, her delicate, pale hand was at his chest.

Another throwing knife flicked out from her soft and supple fingers, aiming directly at Robin, now mere inches away. Robin made no effort to dodge.

Instead, he swiftly grabbed Daphne's wrist and pulled her close.

In a sh, the soft warmth of her body was pressed against his.

Daphne tried to move her limbs, but her long, slender legs wouldn't budge.

Her hands were firmly trapped in Robin's iron grip.

In that moment, she was powerless, like a lamb to the slaughter, panting softly in his embrace.

"You brute, how can you be so heartless? You're hurting me, Daphne whimpered, writhing in his arms with a hint of yful anger.

Not far away, Rowan, witnessing the scene, shouted, "How dare you!"

He leaped into the air, unching a flying kick aimed directly at Robin's back.

Rita also drew a dagger and darted forward, aiming to strike Robin in the back.

But Robin countered with a backward kick, nding squarely on Rowan's shoulder.

With a resounding "thud, Rowan dropped to one knee, the force of the blow creating a shockwave that sent Rita flying back a dozen feet! "Ms. Cynthia Rivers!" Robin released Daphne and, with cold eyes, stare

Daphne shuddered, staring at Robin in shock.

ice calm and steady

After a brief hesitation, she gestured to Rowan and Rita. "Stand down. I want to talk to Mr. Ramsey alone."

Robin gave a faint smile. "Let's head into the private room. In a little while, you might not even have the strength to make coffee."

"What... what have you done to me?" Daphne's beautiful eyes red with anger as she suddenly felt weak, her vision blurring.

She slumped against Robin's shoulder. "Robin, did you poison me?"

"Your Rivers family's throwing knives are all poisoned, aren't they? I had no idea." Robin gave her an innocent look as he supported her toward the VIP room

"I'd known, I would have been more careful."

"You... you Daphne was furious.

Her family's secret weapon had been turned against her by Robin.

She tried to straighten herself, to stand tall, but dizziness overwhelmed her.

Her body went limp, leaving her unable to resist..

Was your whole n of inviting me for coffee just to kill me?"

Once inside the private room, Robin, still holding Daphne's soft and supple figure, gave a coldugh before tossing her onto the sofa.

"Is your Rivers family tired of living? Robin pulled out a throwing knife and pressed it against Daphne's pale neck.

Daphne red at Robin in anger. "Don't forget, this is Violetcrest Club

"Does it matter? Your Violeterest Club is nothing to me

"And even your Rivers family is just a bunch of ants!

"Since I'm currently residing in Draconia, if you're not satisfied, I wouldn't mind taking a trip to Sakurania to see the cherry blossoms and pay a visit to the Rivers family while I'm at it!" Robin smiled coldly, the arrogance in his eyes making Daphne gasp.

Her instincts screamed that Robin wasn't just making empty threats.

To him, Violeterest and the Rivers family were indeed insignificant!

"Who... who are you?" Daphne fought to keep herself from fainting, gritting her teeth as she asked.

"Who I am doesn't matter. Robin's smile remained icy "What matters is that I kuali

underground queen of Nordmare!"

Daphne stared at the coldly handsome Robin in front of her, utterly terrified.

How did he know her secret?

Suddenly, her eyes caught a glimpse of the seemingly ordinary dragon dagger hanging at Robin's waist.

The dagger was adorned with a fierce, golden dragon, shimmering as it devoured clouds and breathed fire

It was only a fraction of a second, a fleeting glimpse, but it sent chills down Daphne's spine.

Her once soft, seductive body trembled violently, and her face turned as pale as snow.

"Divine Drakebane!"

With a desperate roll, she fell from the sofa onto the floor.

Struggling against her weakness, she knelt, trembling with fear.

In that moment, her once proud and regal demeanor vanished entirely.

Daphne's voice quivered as she murmured, "Lord Drake bane! I didn't know it was you, please forgive my blindness and spare my life.

"I am willing to offer everything to Lord Drakebune!

From this day forward, I vow to serve Lord Drakeband as my supreme inaster, and I pledge to be your
ve for life

Robin said nothing, grabbing Daphne by her hair and garing coldly into her alluring, delicate face.

Daphne was at a loss, unsure of what to do.

Then, without warning, he released his grip and suddenly tore open her dress.

"Rip!"

Her pure white gown instantly fell to the floor, leaving only a few scraps of undergarments covering her body.

Before Daphne could react to Robin's shocking action, a silver needle appeared in his hand.

He swiftly drove it into the center of her chest,

A searing pain shot through Daphne, causing her to writhe on the floor, sweat pouring from her body like raindrops

As she screamed in agony, dark, wispy smoke began to rise from her pale chest, coalescing into the form of a menacing black serpent in the air.

"Wha... what's happening?" Daphne gasped weakly, lying limp on the floor.

Her once enchanting face was now drenched in sweat, pale and bloodless, as if she had been through death itself.

With a single, forceful strike from Robin's palm, the black serpent exploded in pieces.

The remnants of Daphne's undergarments were also torn apart, scattering along with the pieces of the serpent as they slowly drifted down.

Her once-hidden body was now fully exposed.

Shattered pieces

Instinctively, Daphne tried to lift her arms to cover herself, but her body was too weak, leaving her unable to move.

Is Lord Drakebane planning to take me here and now?

"If so, that would be an honor," she thought.

To experience even a single night with Robin would be a privilege beyond measure.

But in this situation, it felt a bit awkward.