

The Deadly 50

Chapter 50 How Dare You Hit Me!

Alice watched as Robin's figure came closer on the video, and she let out a coldugh.

"Vera, tell that disgusting man that no matter how much he tries to impress me by setting up some film studio prop, it's not going to make me think any better of him. This is pathetic! "Him, the owner of Vi One at Dawnspire Heights Estates? Not in a million years!

"I'm done talking. I have to go meet Mr. Gill soon to visit Liam. Have fun with your little game!"

Vera stared nkly at the WhatsApp video chat screen.

She couldn't understand it.

She'd live-streamed the entire interior and exterior of Vi One for Alice, but Alice just wouldn't believe it.

Fine, think what you want.

Maybe you two really aren't meant to be.

"Come on, get ready to go so we can grab some breakfast. There's no one here to cook for you," Robin said, urging her along.

Vera shot him a yful re. "Hmph, and here I was expecting you'd have breakfast all ready for me when I woke up."

"Letting you stay here for the night was already more than generous. Now hurry up, get your stuff-I'll pull the car around and return it to you. Then we're done here," Robin replied. Vera scowled, annoyed. "What's that supposed to mean? Am I really that unpleasant to be around?"

Robin looked her over. "What, nning to stick around? Move it! If you don't get in, you'll be walking down the mountain by yourself."

With that, he opened the car door and started the Land Rover.

Vera panicked, quickly grabbing her things and scrambling into the car in a half-run, half-tumble.

"You really don't know how to treat ady, do you?" sheined.

"Do you still have the IOU?" Robin ignored herint and asked.

"Yes, I kept it safe. Why?" Vera asked, surprised.

"You're really going to go after Harris's brother for that Porsche supercar?" she asked, astonished.

"And all of Harris's shares in Davidson Group?"

Robin nodded. "Of course. Why wouldn't I take what I risked my life to win?"

"Besides, I still owe you a Porsche, don't I?"

"Robin, I know you're doing all this because of my brother," Vera said, her voice catching with gratitude.

"I'm really touched that you'd go to such lengths for me."

Robin nced at her, unimpressed. "You're overthinking it. I'm just trying to save some money."

"You-!" Vera red at him, frustrated. "Can't you say something nice for once?"

Robin let out a dismissive snort. "Why would I need to make you happy?"

Vera was speechless,pletely exasperated with hisck of tact.

D*mn it! He''s going to be the death of me!

She took a deep breath to calm herself.

Fine. I've gotten used to guys like him by now. If I kept waiting for him to say something sweet, I'd be a grandma before it happened.

Giving herself a mental pep talk, she felt a bit better.

"Robin, I'm actually getting pretty hungry," she said after a moment.

"I remember there''s a Crown & Sage Dining down the mountain. And there''s a Harvest Table not too far from it.

"Which ce are you taking me to for breakfast?"

Robin thought about it for a second. "Let''s go to Crown & Sage Dining.

"Across from Crown & Sage, there's a doughnut stand that's pretty good. We can get some bean pudding, grab a couple of doughnuts, maybe dip them in some sauce." Vera rolled her eyes. "You live in a place like this, and you're taking me to get street food doughnuts?"

Robin didn't bat an eye. "What's wrong with doughnuts? Don't want 'em, don't eat 'em."

Just as they exited the gates of Dawnsfire Heights Estates, a red Pagani suddenly sped up behind them and rear-ended the Land Rover.

Vera jumped in her seat, then checked the rearview mirror, fuming.

"That Pagani tried to force its way past us and hit our bumper! Looks like it knocked it clean off! Make them pay for it!"

Robin glanced at the dash cam screen to assess the damage. "It's a minor issue, not worth the time."

He pulled the Land Rover over to the side, gesturing for the Pagani to just pass by.

But instead, the Pagani roared around them and screeched to a stop directly in front, blocking their way.

A woman's face appeared from the window of the red Pagani.

Robin waved dismissively. "It's fine, just go."

But the woman stepped out of the car, pointing at Robin angrily. "What the hell kind of driving is that?

"Driving a junky Land Rover around here, blocking my way-how is that fine? Do you have any idea how much my brand-new Pagani cost? Can you afford to pay for the damage?" She looked at her car with a pained expression, practically gritting her teeth. Content property of NovelDra/ma.Org.

"Are you kidding me? A textbook case of a scam artist! You rear-ended us, and you're acting like it's our fault?" Vera said, stepping out of the car to confront her.

The woman shot Vera a scornful look. "Hah! I can tell just by looking at you-you're just here to gawk. Look at yourself!

"Driving a clunker like that around Dawnsfire Heights Estates-who do you think you are?"

Then she pointed toward a few security guards nearby, shouting, "I want to file a complaint! How can you let cars like this roam around our district?"

"Do you have any idea how embarrassing it is for actual residents to see this?"

The security guards at the gate knew this woman lived in Area Three of the estate.

Though her status couldn't compare to those in Area One or Area Two, she was still a resident here—someone they couldn't afford to offend.

Robin, still sitting in the car, watched her arrogant performance from start to finish, too bored to even argue.

It's a three-million-dollar Pagani, and she's acting like this?

If she were driving something worth five million, she'd probably think she owns the whole world.

He leaned his head out the window and said coolly, "Alright, fine. It's just a car. How much do you want for the repairs?"

Vera was indignant. "Why should we be paying? She's the one who hit us—"

Robin cut her off, clearly annoyed. "Enough. No point wasting time with someone like this. Any more days and we'll miss out on the doughnuts." Unbelievable.

They were going to throw away hundreds of thousands on repair costs... just so he could go eat doughnuts? This guy is insane!

The Pagani woman, hearing Robin's dismissive tone, yelled, "You're going to pay for my car? Do you even know how much it costs? I just bought it two days ago for 3.8 million! A single scratch will cost more to fix than you can afford, you broke idiots!" Vera couldn't take it anymore. "It's your fault, and you're acting like a victim? You've got money, sure, but why are you acting like such a shrew?"

"What did you just call me?" The woman raised her hand, aiming to p Vera across the face.

But Robin, who'd just stepped out of the car, caught her wrist before she could make contact.

"You know, calling you a shrew is actually being generous. I tried talking to you like a human, but you barked back like a dog," Robin said coldly.

"Don't want to settle this with money? Fine, we'll handle it your way."

With that, Robin pped the woman across the face.

The arrogant woman was stunned.

She couldn't believe that this seemingly mild-mannered guy would actually hit her without hesitation.

"You... you hit a woman? How dare you hit me! Today I-

"Smack!" Robin delivered another p, even colder this time. "Yeah, I hit you. What are you gonna do about it? Getting in the way of my doughnuts, and you're still running your mouth!" Vera was taken aback.

This guy is seriously fearless!

The woman red at Robin, practically foaming with rage. "Fine, you're dead! Just you wait!"

She pulled out her phone. "Dad, I'm at the entrance to the vi district and some lowlife just pped me! Get over here now!"

The security guards nearby realized this was getting out of hand.

They knew that anyone who could live in Dawnsfire Heights Estates-whether it was Area One, Area Two, or even Area Three-was someone powerful and influential.

If this incident wasn't handled well, they could all be at risk of losing their jobs.

The guards immediately reported the situation to the Dawnsfire Heights Estates Security Headquarters.

Security for Dawnsfire Heights Estates was managed by apany under Daphne's Violetcrest International.

Dawnsfire Security Company was founded by Rowan.

manager, Logan, was a 38-year-old ex-mercenary.

Under his watch, the vi district had never seen a single violent incident.

While the security team was reporting to headquarters, the woman finished her phone call.

She red at Robin and Vera with pure hatred. "You're both dead! Do you even know who my dad is? He's close friends with Mr. Barrett and Mr. Hartley from Dawnsfire Security Company..." Robin calmly took out a wet wipe and cleaned his hands. "I'm done talking. Move your car out of the way, or else..."

The woman practically shrieked, "Or else what? You mean to tell me you'd actually crash into my car if I don't move?"