

The Deadly 54

Chapter 54 A Habit of Beating Up Thugs

Alice scoffed, "He's probably just venting his frustration from earlier at Dawnspire Heights. All that pent-up anger finally came out here." Zachary paused for a moment, thenughed mockingly. "Didn't Mr. Barrett say he lives in Vi One?"

"For someone who can supposedly afford a mansion like that, lining up to buy fried dough at this stall? This guy is hrious." Alice sighed, looking at Robin with a pitying expression.

"Maybe breaking off the engagement really hit him hard. That's why he keeps lying and pretending to be someone he's not.

"I think he's just trying to prove himself to me to show me he can "live well" and "be impressive."

"But it's pointless. We're from different worlds. We'll never be on the same level."

"I mean, really. For him to pretend to own Vi One at Dawnspire Heights... how sad.

"There's nothing I can do for someone so shallow. Watching him try so hard just makes me feel sorry for him."

Zachary chuckled. "Alice, there's no need to feel anything for a guy like that. Just sit back and enjoy the show."

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Meanwhile, Robin was standing over the stocky man, who looked up at him, trembling.

"D-Don't... don'te any closer. Don't hit me again..."

Robin raised an eyebrow.

"Didn't you say something about how you won't get hurt if you don't ask for it?"

"It was me asking for it! It was all my fault!" The man stammered, begging for mercy.

He could tell that if he kept up his tough act, this young guy in front of him would beat him to a pulp.

Robin sneered. "Get lost."

With a swift kick, he sent the man flying back seven or eight feet.

Robin's kick sent the chubby man flying backward, landing hard 20 feet away.

After struggling to get up, the man scrambled to his feet and fled, fearing his initial bluster.

The crowd erupted in applause and laughter.

"Good job! Well done!"

"Young man, that was impressive!"

"Someone needs to teach thugs like him a lesson!"

"Hey, buddy. Are you a professional fighter?"

"At first, I thought you'd be in trouble!"

"Young man, that guy you just hit is trouble around here. Be careful, he might come back for revenge."

His name's Tucker Holmes, and nobody messes with him. They say his brother works for Dawnspire Security Company-those guys are serious."

"Yeah. No one around here dares cross him. He's got connections with Mr. Barrett at Dawnspire Security."

"You should probably get going. It looks like it's your first time at this stall, so don't hang around too long and risk more trouble."

Robin gave a faint smile, not bothered at all.

The girl in the id skirt walked up to him, gratitude written on her face. "Thank you for helping me."

Robin noticed the crumpled resume in her hands. "Hurry up and print another copy. You should still have time."

The girl shook her head. "I think I'm already toote.

"The Dunn Group has tons of applicants, all with really impressive resumes.

"Even if I rush over now, I doubt I'll get the job."

Robin looked her in the eye, his expression steady. "How can you be so sure if you don't even try?"

"Go now, and you might actually seed."

She hesitated, then smiled shyly. "Alright, I'll take your advice and give it a shot."

After a pause, her cheeks turned slightly pink, but she boldly continued, "My name's Rosalie Grant. Could I add you on WhatsApp? If I get the job, I'd love to treat you to a meal!" Robin smiled faintly. "It's no big deal. Don't worry about it. Just go to your interview."

"But..." She hesitated again. "I just... really want to thank you. Can't I treat you to dinner sometime?"

Robin shook his head. "No need. If we're meant to meet again, we will."

Disappointed, Rosalie gave him one look.

Seeing that he was serious about not exchanging contact information, she reluctantly gave up.

As she walked away, she felt a strange feeling growing in her heart.

She knew she was attractive-certainly not breathtaking, but beautiful enough.

At school and even after entering the workforce, men often went out of their way to ask for her contact info.

But this man who had helped her just now shrugged it off as nothing.

And when she tried to add him on WhatsApp, he refused.

He really was... different.

Watching Robin's clear, unbothered gaze, Rosalie could tell he wasn't putting on an act.

She sighed and walked toward the bus stop.

In the car, Alice watched with a smirk.

"Robin, even if you're refusing other girls because of me, don't expect me to be moved by it.

"You'll never understand. We're from two completely different worlds."

After Rosalie left, Robin finally reached the front of the line.

He ordered four doughnuts, four pancakes, and a bowl of hash browns, then got an extra order to bring back for Vera.

Robin had just settled down to enjoy his hard-won breakfast.

He'd only managed a few bites when he noticed Tucker storming back across the street.

And this time, he wasn't alone.

A group of seven or eight tough-looking characters followed close behind, their expressions promising trouble. Clearly, Tucker hadn't let things go.

He was back for revenge, and he'd brought backup.

Pointing at Robin, Tucker barked to the lead thug, "Jasper, that's the punk who hit me. Teach him a lesson!"

Jasper, a hulking brute, sized up Robin's slim frame with a sneer. "This guy? He's the one who took you down?" Tucker spat, "Don't underestimate him, Jasper. The punk's got moves; he's trained."

"Trained?" Jasper scoffed. "Doesn't mean squat. Real power is what matters."

Tucker curled his lip and gestured at Robin. "Hey, tough guy! Let's see you act all big and bad now!"

Jasper stepped forward, ring at Robin. "Someone like you? I could break you with one punch."

"I've been out on the streets with Mr. Barrett for years, and I've rarely seen anyone as weak as you. Honestly, beating you up would be embarrassing."

"But if you grovel at my feet and beg for mercy, I might just consider letting you off easy."

The crowd at the stall began murmuring in concern.

The name "Jasper Dean" was well-known in this area.

He was always dropping Logan's name, reminding everyone that the head of Dawnsfire Security was his boss.

He built his reputation by constantly bragging about his past with Logan.

This association with the infamous Logan allowed him to gather a crew and intimidate others in the area.

Essentially, he was using Logan's fame to make a name for himself.

The small-time thugs around here were all eager to work for Jasper,rgely because of his supposed connection to Logan.

Of course, the reality was that Logan had no idea who Jasper was.

"Tucker, once I've knocked this guy out, send me the two thousand dors you promised," Jasper said with a smug grin.

He then patted Tucker on the shoulder.

"Don't worry, it'll be over in seconds!"

Now the onlookers were really starting to worry.

Robin had managed to take down Tucker on his own, but this was different.

How could he take on a whole gang?

Plus, the rumors said Jasper was backed by Logan.

Crossing Logan was a bad idea, especially with Violetcrest International backing him.

It could lead to serious trouble.

In Harmonfield, Violetcrest International was a force to be reckoned with, practically untouchable.

Someone in the crowd spoke up, trying to warn Robin.

"Young man, just go. Otherwise, you're going to get hurt. Jasper here is one of Mr. Barrett's guys."

"Yeah, buddy, you've messed with the wrong people. Don't try to take them on."

"These guys are the local bullies around here."

"They walk all over everyone because they think Mr. Barrett is their big boss."

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Robin nodded at the well-meaning bystanders and gave a small nod. "It's fine. I've got a habit of beating up thugs."

Jasper strode over to Robin and kicked over his table.

"Think you're tough, huh? Messing with my crew? You got a death wish!

"Two grand. Get on your knees and hand it over. Then maybe, just maybe, I'll let you walk away. Otherwise..."