

## The Deadly 74

### Chapter 74 Move Your Car For Me!

When Robin heard Vera's reason, he was momentarily speechless.

Seriously! You're crying like this just because someone else has a boyfriend and you're still single?!

"Hey, look," he sighed. "Could you please stop crying? Seeing a woman cry really messes with me!"  
"Wuhuhu...Vera only buried her face deeper into her hands and crouched, sobbing even more dramatically.

Shaking his head helplessly, Robin approached her.

"Okay, I understand. Do you want me to go along and meet up with a few of your old college friends? Fine, I'll go with you! Are you happy now?

"But I have a condition," he added, pointing a finger in warning. "I'll go, but don't go around saying I'm your boyfriend. I'm not in the business of being rented out as someone's fake date." "Hehehe..." Vera looked up with a teary smile, rising to her feet as she hooked her arm around his. "Alright, let's go, then. Don't go back on your word now!!

Robin observed her tear-stained yet perfectly posed face. "Wait a minute... Were you faking it? Were you crying just to trick me? I'm not going, then!"

She clung tightly to his arm. "What kind of man goes back on his word? You've promised to go That's mean you'reing with me!"

with me.

Robin shook his head again and said, "Great! I was tricked by a woman. That was just perfect!

"Fine, fine! Just let go of me, and I'll go! But I'm warning you now, I'm not paying for anything!"

Vera gave him a look of disbelief. "Seriously? You're such a penny-pincher! Every time we go out, always me paying the bill!"

it's

Robin huffed, folding his arms. "You're the one begging me to go. If I'm doing you a favor, why should I pay? That's just inmon sense!"

Hmph! In my whole life, I've never encountered any guy who is as stingy as you! Alright, alright, you win! I'll cover everything!" she replied with a triumphant grin shing in her eyes.

Not long after, Rowan arrived and spotted Robin getting into Vera's car. He kept his distance, deciding not to let them notice him, and quietly followed from afar.

Twenty minutes later, they arrived at the Harmont Baron on the western outskirts of Harmonfield.

That was a popular spot for the youngsters to hang out.

Though not exactly high-end, the Harmont Bar was popular among a specific group of customers due to its distinct style in comparison to similar bars around Harmonfield. Since its opening, this bar has offered a distinctive British-style ambiance.

It had attracted a crowd of young, wealthy elites and urban professionals who preferred its unique air.

The vibe of Harmont Bar struck a balance: neither too stifling nor overly wild like some chaotic nightclubs.

Despite its modest size in Harmonfield, this bar became a nightly hotspot with just the right amount of gentlemanly charm and edginess.

Robin pulled up in his Porsche sports car by the entrance, just as a lively burst of voices floated over from the doorway.

Vera, hey! Over here! Three fashionably dressed women and a good-looking guy waved enthusiastically

from the Harmont Bar's entrance.

"Robin, did you see them? Those four are my ssmates. They're friendly, right? My social circle is top-notch, don't you think?" Vera flicked her freshly curled hair with a proud grin.

"I'll go say hi first, so could you park the car? I'll be right here at the door waiting for you, okay?"

Robin lifted his eyebrows. "Oh, I get it. Tonight, I'm the chauffeur, so you can show off a little, huh?"

"Don't be too stingy! With such a nice car, being my driver once won't hurt you," Vera scoffed.

She added with a smirk, "Just park the car and then come over. I'll let them all see how handsome you are."

"Whether I'm handsome or not has nothing to do with you." Robin huffed.

Vera shot him an annoyed look before saying, "Ugh! Just pretending to be my date for one night won't make you lose anything!"

"We agreed, didn't we? You're you, and I'm me. I'm not pretending to be your boyfriend."

"Fine, I'll cook for you for a week! Robin, just for once please?" She looked at him pleadingly.

Robin pondered for a while. A home-cooked week didn't sound too bad. There was a shortage of cooks at his home. "Alright, but remember, you promised a full week's worth of cooking!"

She sighed, exasperated. "For heaven's sake, you're like a kid! Yes, I promise a whole week of meals!" She thought to herself, as long as you can eat my cooking, I'll do it!

Seeing the mischievous glint in her eyes, Robin spoke again, "And wear a uniform! A different one for each meal."

Ass

As she got out of the car, Vera nearly stumbled at his demand.

What on earth?! She rolled her eyes but replied quickly, "Alright, I agree! Now hurry and park the car! I'll go there first."

She closed the door with a yful smile, throwing Robin a sly nce.

"Good grief! This woman looks like she's missed her meds, Robin muttered.

Watching her put on an exaggerated sway in her hips she strutted off. He rolled his eyes, adding. "This woman is manic-depressive, right? Just one trip to the bar with her, and she's showing off like this?" 2/5

He stepped on the gas and maneuvered the Porsche into the bar's parking lot.

Eyeing an open space, he pulled off a smooth spin, reversing neatly into the slot.

Whenever he got out and turned to leave, a sudden ring horn startled him.

Just then, a BMW pulled up right before his Porsche.

"Move your car out of my spot!" A girl, barely 18 or 19, stormed out, pointing a finger at him with unmistakable annoyance.

"Excuse me?" Robin stared at her, bewildered. "Isn't this a public parking spot?"

She rolled her eyes impatiently. "Are you deaf? I told you to move! I always park here."

"Why should I move the car?" Robin paced around, noting several open spaces nearby. There are plenty of other spots."

The girl snorted in disdain. "This is my usual parking spot!"

D\*mn! What kind of people inhabit this world?

Shaking his head, Robin spoke, "Is your name engraved on this space? Are you out of your mind?"

What's wrong with people these days?

This is a public parking lot, yet somehow this spot was "hers"

"Are you moving your car or not?" she snapped, her voice now bordering on a growl.

"Nope. I'm not moving it. Then, what are you going to do?" Robin huffed.

"What? Is the world supposed to bend over backward for you just because you pped on some overpriced face cream?"

"You j\*rk!" she shouted, stabbing a finger at his nose.

Oh, she wants to y a cursing game! I can do that too! Robin raised an eyebrow.

"You're the j\*rk! Your whole family's a bunch of j\*rks! Heck, your ancestors were j\*rks!" Robin and the woman began arguing back and forth. "You're not even a real man!" The woman was almost mad.

Robin gave her a dismissive look. "And you think you're a real woman? Oh, please make you one."

She clutched her hips in frustration, almost yelling, "Fine! Just wait here!"

"And why would I wait for you?" Robin rolled his eyes and turned to walk away. The girl blocked his path. "So, you won't move your ca some fake boobs don't

"Nope. I'm not moving. What are you gonna do about Robin shot back coolly,

"Fine! If you won't move, I'll just ram into it!" she yelled yanking her car door open with dramatic ir.

"Go right ahead and hit it! I'll be responsible for this!" Robin shrugged, stepping aside. "Whoever chickens out first is a loser!"



Her face turned a furious shade of red. She hadn't expected to run into someone immune to her tantrum.

If she were going to collide her shiny new BMW into his Porsche, she'd be very sorry.

Right then, the parking lot security guard approached. "What's happened here?" he asked, frowning.

The girl immediately turned to him, pointing at Robin "Sir, I want him to move his car so I can park here!

The security guard looked puzzled. "Excuse me?"

"That's my parking spot!" she dered with arrogance, still ring at Robin.

The security guard, visibly confused, replied, "Uh, Miss, we don't assign private spots here. It's a public parking lot."

She tugged on the security guard's arm with a sweet, pleading look. "But I park here all the time. He just swooped in and stole my spot, Sir....

The security guard, swayed by her charm, nodded and turned to Robin.

Pointing at Robin Ramsey, he spoke, "Come on, buddy. The dy here usually parks in this spot. Show little gentlemanly courtesy and move your car.

Robin let out a coldugh. "Why should I be a gentleman with someone acting like spoiled trash?" Ignoring them, he started heading toward the bar entrance. "Who are you calling trash?" she shouted, Storming toward him.

The security guard quickly stepped in front of her, pulling out his you gonna move it or not?"

electric baton as he red at Robin. "Are

"Nope!" Robin calmly walked back, straightening the security guard's cor as he leaned in. "Why don't you go ask your supervisor if he'd dare speak to me like that?" The security guard shivered in fright.

He nced uneasily at Robin's Porsche 918 Spyder, then back at the girl's BMW.

He believed that Robin must be a rich man from a prestigious family. Robin's car alone could probably buy ten of hers.

So, the security guard immediately offered an awkward smile. "My apologies, Sir. I didn't realize... I'll take care of this matter."

He turned to the girl, a hint of disdain in his eyes. "This is a public parking lot. Stop causing a scene. Do you

think a beat-up BMW makes you special?"

The girl's jaw dropped, humiliated, as she fumbled for her phone to call for backup.

When no

One answered, she angrily parked in another empty parking spot temporarily,

After parking her car, she hurried after Robin, "Just wait until my boyfriend gets here! He'll teach you a lesson you'll never forget!"

Robin ignored her.

She kept chasing Robin. Her voice shrills with frustration. "Do you know who my boyfriend is?"

"Do you think I care?" Robin brushed her off and gave her a light push. The girl stood unsteadily and fell the ground.

"You

you hit me! Ah! My boyfriend will kill you for this!" she shrieked. Watching Robin walk away, she scrambled for her phone, dialing furiously.