

## Chapter 9 Dark Web Assassins

Robin slowly opened his eyes and peered through the gaps between the bodyguards to gauge the situation outside the vehicle.

Drake's convoy was completely encircled by the assassins.

It was evident from their gear and positions that these killers were far more proficient and dangerous than those who had previously kidnapped Shirley.

"Mr. Dunn Sr., how intense is your grudge that they've hired such a skilled team?" Robin inquired.

"Given their equipment and setup, it's clear that your enemies have spared no expense. These assassins wouldn't have come for anything less than ten million."

Drake shook his head, his face etched with bitterness. "Mr. Ramsey, this is just a chapter from my past troubles. Years ago, I was close friends with this enemy of mine, Norris Ruell. We built our business from the ground up together.

"We both fell for the same woman, Eda—Shirley's grandmother. Eda married me, which ended our friendship. During a business trip to Ugonland, Norris seized the chance to assault Eda and tried to smuggle her out of the country.

"Unable to endure the shame, Eda took her own life. When I learned this, I intercepted Norris at the border. In my rage, I accidentally killed his brother and broke his legs. I spared him, however, and warned him never to return to Draconia.

"I never imagined that thirty years later, this man would come back seeking revenge—"

A muffled thud interrupted his story. Robin quickly shoved Drake aside, grabbing Shirley and rolling out of the car.

"Get down!" Robin shouted as he held Shirley with one arm and forcefully flipped the Mercedes they were in.

Following Robin's commands, the Dunns' bodyguards protected Drake, swiftly exiting the car and seeking cover behind the overturned vehicle.

At that moment, Robin felt a peculiar sensation in his right hand and realized ...

Shirley, noticing something unusual, pushed Robin away.

Her face flushed into a deep crimson that extended to her smooth neck.

Robin glanced at his hand and murmured, "They're quite big."

Understanding his words, Shirley angrily shoved Robin.

He stumbled and fell out of the protective area of the car.

Another silenced bullet zipped past.

Robin tilted his head just in time, and the bullet narrowly missed his ear.

The assassins, initially confident, were now astonished by Robin's agility.

How did he evade two lethal shots?

The previously relaxed assassins immediately sought cover, but by the time they looked again, Robin had disappeared.

"Stop searching. I'm right here!" Robin's voice rang out amidst the chaos as he played with the dragon dagger in his hand.

The four assassins, realizing Robin had silently positioned himself behind them, saw their sniper rifles rendered useless, now nothing more than broken metal.

Shocked, they reached for their short blades for a final stand.

Suddenly, the short dagger Robin was toying with shimmered with a golden dragon before vanishing in an instant.

"Sir, we didn't know it was you. Please forgive us!" The four assassins kneeled, trembling with fear.

Robin's voice was icy. "Has the Dark Web become so idle that you're taking on such minor tasks? Seems like Sophie's been too preoccupied with Old Fred to manage her subordinates properly."

"Sir, we were instructed by the Queen of the Night to await your summons. With no other assignments, we took this one ... "

"Hmph! If you weren't associated with Sophie, you'd be dead by now!" Robin snapped.

"Don't show your faces again unless you're called! And deal with Norris—I don't want to see him ever again! Get lost!"

"Yes, Sir!" The four assassins, drenched and relieved, hurried into their vehicles and quickly drove away with Norris in tow.

Robin glanced at the hand that had just held Shirley with a hint of satisfaction. He smirked and said, "They felt pretty good."

Returning to Drake, who was huddled behind the car with the others, Robin shrugged. "Everything's clear now. Norris won't be a problem anymore."

Drake stared in stunned amazement.

The meticulously orchestrated assassination attempt had been resolved in less than five minutes.

Realizing that Norris and the hired guns had disappeared, he finally understood that Robin had saved him from this catastrophe.

Drake bowed deeply, visibly shaken. "Thank you, Mr. Ramsey. I'm profoundly grateful!"

Shirley, still in shock, suddenly threw herself into Robin's arms and began to cry.

Robin was momentarily taken aback by her reaction.

"Ow! Why are you biting me?" Robin exclaimed, feeling a sharp pain in his chest as Shirley bit him fiercely.

Then she punched him and yelled, "You jerk!" before scrambling back into the car.

At that moment, the heavy snowfall stopped, and a full moon emerged in the sky.

The pure moonlight and the white snow made Shirley's flushed cheeks look even more striking.

Huh?

What's this all about?

Crying one moment, biting me the next, and then calling me a jerk?

Robin stared after Shirley as she hurried back into the car, muttering to himself, "Probably a reaction to the shock."

Drake, witnessing the scene, burst into laughter.

"Haha ... This is incredible! Mr. Ramsey, you've saved my life! Haha ... "

He gestured to Andrew and the other bodyguards. "Listen up! From now on, Mr. Ramsey is to be treated with the same respect as me. His word is final!"

"Yes, sir!" The two dozen or so Dunns' bodyguards replied respectfully, "Mr. Ramsey, we're at your service!"

The Dunns' convoy then set off with grand style towards the villa district on Mount Geneva.

Back in the car, Robin noticed Shirley, still blushing, with her brows furrowed in thought.

He decided not to disturb her and closed his eyes to rest.

He reflected on what the Queen of the Night's assassins had mentioned.

Await my summons?

Old Fred gave me the dragon dagger and arranged for Sophie's Dark Web operatives to be on standby. What are they waiting for?

Robin was puzzled.

Over the years, Old Fred has often hinted at cryptic details, like an ancient terror in the Northern Frostlands set to awaken and wreak havoc every fifty years.

The curse-breaking period is nearing, and danger looms ...

"Robin!"

Lost in thought about Old Fred, Robin heard Shirley's soft voice beside him.

He opened his eyes and instinctively pulled her close. "What's up? And let me make it clear—I don't like being bitten."

Shirley's face reddened again. "I-I wanted to ask if you could come with me to a gathering at the Violetcrest Club tomorrow ... "

"No," Robin replied flatly, closing his eyes again.

"Don't worry. I won't ask you to come for nothing. I'll treat you to a meal, and you can eat whatever you want afterward," Shirley said, leaning closer, almost pleading.

"There will be Rygar's men and representatives from Universal Estates at the meeting. They might have some malicious intentions, and I'm scared ... "

Robin slowly opened his eyes and looked at Shirley's face, close enough to smell her pleasant scent. "Really? I can eat whatever I want?"

"Of course. Just let me know, and I'll make it happen," Shirley said, her delicate face breaking into a beautiful smile.

As Robin's gaze shifted to Shirley's neck, he found that it was just the right angle.

"Alright, if that's the case ... I'll reluctantly agree. But as for what I want to eat ... "

Shirley noticed where Robin's eyes were fixed and quickly grabbed her collar. "Y-you jerk!"