

## Chapter 7

"Uncle Thomas, save me! Uncle Thomas..."

Ann trembled all over.

Half of the extra large blood bag had already been injected into her body, and she felt her brain swelling and a tightness in her chest.

She felt that she was about to die.

Thomas cast an irritated look at Ann for being so noisy and then looked at Howard.

Howard's face was pale, and his lips lacked any trace of color.

He then looked at the bodyguards of the Sherratt family, who were all lying on the ground.

It was at that moment that he knew he was no match for Dorothy.

Thomas stared at Dorothy and took a deep breath. He tried his best to humble himself as he had a huge internal debate and asked, "What do you want? Let them go, and we can make a negotiation."

Smirking, Dorothy said casually, "If you were this well-behaved when you first showed up, I'd probably have mercy on them, but it's too late now!"

Who on earth sought forgiveness after causing chaos?

Was she that complacent?

Thomas did not expect her to be that arrogant.

How could she not take him seriously, when he, the master of the Sherratt family, had already put down his pride to beg for forgiveness?

He was enraged!

"We can do it the easy way or the hard way. It's your choice!"

Dorothy stared at him, and her smile vanished, replaced with a chilling killing intent.

Just then, she flicked her hand again.

Two tiny silver needles shot out at the same time and pierced into Thomas's knees.

"Plop!"

Thomas' legs went limp, and he fell to his knees in front of Dorothy.

"Mr. Thomas!"

The bodyguards guarding the door rushed forwards in a swarm.

Dorothy sneered. She glanced at them and waved her hand again. Several silver needles shot out at the same time and pierced everyone's chest accurately.

All the bodyguards fell to the ground in just an instant.

Seeing such a scene, both Thomas and Howard were full of disbelief. Dorothy's skills were beyond their expectations!

On the other side, Ann's eyes were filled with horror.

How could that be?

Thomas was the most powerful person in the entire Northon City!

How was it that they were all defeated by that little girl before they even had a chance to make a move?

That couldn't be!

It was impossible!

However, the truth was that Thomas was indeed kneeling in front of that little girl at the moment!

The shock in Ann's eyes gradually dissipated and was replaced by a strong sense of despair and dissatisfaction.

She couldn't die like that! She was young, and there was still a good future waiting for her. She couldn't die!

She couldn't die so easily!

That was right, she couldn't!

Such a strong will kept her fighting. Suddenly, a bolt of ferocity struck her, and she looked at Dorothy fiercely.

With all her strength, she climbed up and shouted in Dorothy's direction, "Please let me go!"

"It wasn't me who drew your brother's blood. It wasn't me."

Ann immediately pointed at Howard and shouted, "It was him!"

She continued, "He insisted on doing it. I tried to stop him, but

he didn't listen to me. This has nothing to do with me. Please let me go!"

"It was all because of him!"

Ann cried out in pain.

Howard, who was lying on the ground in pain, looked at Ann in horror. Was the woman in front of him his kind and beautiful fiancée?

What was she talking about? How could she say something like that?

Seeing Ann begging for mercy like that, Dorothy smiled and said, "Howard, did you hear that?"

"Calling her a b\*tch is an understatement."

Everything would be uncovered in the face of death.

Howard only found the outcome unbelievable.

How could it be possible? How could his fiancée, whom he cared for so much, say something like that?

Nonetheless, Ann continued to yell madly, "Yes, you're right. I am a b\*tch. I am shameless. Please, I beg you, let me go! Let me go!"

She gradually started to plead.

Dorothy looked at her with mockery in her gaze. "Well, in that case..."

A burst of ecstasy rose in Ann's heart when she heard Dorothy start to speak.

There was an imperceptible viciousness in her eyes at the same time!

Ann swore she would skin Dorothy alive and make her beg for mercy as long as she remained alive.

Dorothy's voice, however, changed in an instant. "Then, I must make sure you die! A b\*tch like you will only become a nuisance for people."

"It's better to not have you in this world!"



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