

Chapter 16

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Gritting her teeth, she spat angrily, "General Manager Katherine, how can you claim that I used that loser? Robin is worthless! By taking his bone marrow, I was doing him a favor! If it had stayed in his body, it would have been worth nothing just like the rest of him, but inside me, it's worth millions.

"By that logic, he actually owes me! So how can you say I took advantage of him? He should be thanking me every day for accepting his worthless bone marrow!"

"Huh?" Katherine couldn't believe what she was hearing. She stared at Sarah in shock. Was someone truly this twisted?

"Guards, get this lunatic out of here immediately! Just listening to her is killing my brain cells," Katherine ordered coldly.

"Yes, boss!" The guards rushed forward, grabbing Sarah and dragging her out of the conference hall.

"You brat! I don't know what spell you cast on General Manager Katherine, but this isn't over! For humiliating me like this, I'll make you pay! I'll kill you!" as they dragged her away, Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs, glowering at Robin.

One of the guards, worried about angering Katherine any further, had to clamp a hand over her mouth to silence her.

By the door, Marcus watched everything with a cold expression. His gaze locked onto Robin with pure hatred. "This isn't over, punk. You'll pay for this," he swore before turning on his heel and following after Sarah.



Meanwhile, standing in front of the podium, Robin let out a quiet sigh. He had once thought Sarah was a kind and loving woman. Who would have imagined this was who she truly was beneath the mask?

Without a word, he turned and exited the conference hall.

Katherine, sensing the storm of thoughts swirling in his mind, didn't bother him. Instead, she calmly issued a few instructions to Liam and dismissed the black-clad guards before rushing after him.

By the time she reached the car, Robin had already opened the door and slid inside, shutting his eyes. She quietly got in, started the engine, and drove off.

The ride home was oppressive, the silence thick and heavy. Robin's eyes remained closed, his face a mask of calm, as the city lights blurred outside the window.

He didn't stir until they reached the villa's gate, where he finally spoke.

"Drop me here," he said calmly.

"Yes, sir." Katherine smoothly pulled the car over. After a brief hesitation, she asked, "Would there be anything else I can do for you tonight, sir?"

"No." Robin stepped out of the car.

"Goodnight, sir. See you tomorrow," Katherine said.

Robin simply nodded, not in the mood for conversation.

Katherine didn't press further. She stepped on the gas and sped off.

Robin watched the car disappear from view before turning toward his villa. Just as he was about to step inside, the sound of voices reached his ears.

The voices were close by.

He made to turn, but shook his head. This doesn't concern him. He opened his gate and was just about to walk in but their words made him stop in his tracks.

"Miss Sheila, your life is worth more than your family business. There's a saying that once there's life there's hope. Your family could always start afresh. You don't have to die. Just hand over the clip, and we'll leave you alone," a cold voice threatened.

"Never!" A sharp female voice rang out. "My grandfather poured his heart, soul, and entire life into building our family's business. I'll never betray his trust, his sacrifice, or his memory by giving away our secret!"

A low chuckle followed. "Hah, Miss Sheila, we were only trying to be polite. But if you refuse to cooperate, then we'll just have to kill you and take it ourselves."

By the roadside near the hill, five men dressed in black surrounded a young girl. A lion emblem was printed on their shirts, marking them as part of some organization. The air around them was thick with menace, their very presence suffocating. One glance was enough to tell they had taken countless lives.

One of them sneered, his gaze fixed on the young girl. "Brothers, since our little Miss Sheila has decided to be stubborn, wouldn't it be too easy to just kill her and take the clip? Look at her — one of the most beautiful women in the county and the heiress of the Dunns. It'd be a waste to kill

her without getting a taste of that creamy honeypot first. It's not every day we get an opportunity like this."

The others exchanged glances before their eyes raked over Sheila's body. She wore a short, skimpy dress that barely covered her thighs, her shaved long legs fully exposed. The V-cut neckline revealed just enough of her cleavage to make their blood rush.

Excitement surged through them. Their breathing grew heavier, their gazes turning downright predatory.

"Why didn't we think of this before?" one of them muttered, licking his lips.

"In that case, I'll go first," the leader declared, his eyes dark with lust. "I'm the one leading this mission, after all."

Sheila stumbled back, terror plastered across her face. "No! You can't do this!" she barked. "If you lay a hand on me, my family will hunt you all down and wipe you out!"

"How would they know we did it?" the leader chuckled darkly. "Miss Sheila, look around. Do you see any CCTV cameras?"

"Hahaha! And dead men don't talk," another thug added, laughing.

Sheila shuddered, goosebumps prickling her skin. He was right. There were no cameras, no witnesses.

If they did this to her—if they raped and killed her—no one would ever know. Was this really how she was going to die? Violated by these thugs, discarded like trash, with no chance of justice?

She had never done it before. Would these filthy men really be her first?



And worse—would there be no vengeance for her?

Tears welled up in her eyes. No. She couldn't let this happen. Heart pounding, she turned and bolted, but it was futile. As if expecting her to run, the thugs easily caught her, shoving her to the ground.

"Hold her down!" the leader barked.

"No! No, please don't do this! Please!" Sheila sobbed, desperation overtaking her.

The leader ignored her, unfastening his belt.

"No! No!" Sheila thrashed, but the four men pinned her down with ease, two gripping her legs, two restraining her arms.

"Miss Sheila, you should stop struggling. Fighting back will only make it worse. Just relax and accept your fate. Hahaha." He sneered as he leaned in, gripping the fabric of her gown and tearing it open, exposing her black bra. "So beautiful," he murmured, his voice dripping with twisted satisfaction.

"No, please, don't do this! Please!" Sheila cried, thrashing against their hold.

The leader only laughed. Finally undoing his belt, he let his pants drop slightly, his movements slow and deliberate.

Sheila's eyes widened in terror at the sight of his hard cock. "No!" she screamed.

"You don't like what you see?" he mocked. Then, he reached beneath her gown, gripping her panties and yanking it away with a harsh rip, then leaning down, positioning his hard cock in her entrance.

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Hot tears streamed down Sheila's face as she continued to struggle, her heart pounding in pure panic.

"No, please, don't do this. Please!"

"Let's see what makes heiresses so special," the leader sneered, about to thrust in. But at this moment, a cold, detached voice cut through the night.

"Let her go."

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