

Reborn 1585

Chapter 1585

The deadly archery contest they referred to was far from ordinary; it involved using living, breathing human beings as targets. In the past, this chilling game had claimed lives and those who survived were left crippled for the rest of their lives. Their shooting skills were nothing to brag about; they played for the adrenaline rush it provided.

In no time, Mia found herself bound and spread-eagled to a large spinning wheel. Fear surged through her veins as her hands clenched into fists. Yet, compared to the prospect of being thrown into a cage to battle a wild beast, this option seemed marginally more bearable.

The men swiftly split into teams. One of them stared at Mia's hauntingly beautiful face, lamenting, "Why'd you have to be so stubborn? If only you'd been like the woman earlier, just a single night with one of us would have granted you your freedom. Such a senseless choice!"

Mia bit down on her lip, internally agreeing with the man's sentiment.

'Yes, why be so obstinate? It's all for that young man, that guiding light. The true horror lies in losing my beliefs and purpose.'

As the unchallenged leader, Hayes and his team were granted the first shot. The rules were straightforward: the team that consistently hit the bullseye without causing any harm to Mia would be declared the victors. The losers would then be subjected to a month of running errands for the winning team.

Hayes showed no mercy, accepting the bow and arrow handed to him by a servant. He focused his gaze on the girl strapped to the spinning wheel, who, despite the terror coursing through her, maintained a brave front without pleading for mercy even once. A sinister smile graced his lips as he drew the bow to its full extent and aimed at the girl.

The servant set the wheel in motion, and Mia began to spin wildly along with it. The surrounding crowd watched with bated breath, their eyes glued to Hayes and his weapon.

"Do you think Hayes can hit the mark with this arrow?"

"Who knows? He never took part when we played this game before."

"I don't believe Hayes' archery skills are all that impressive either. We've never had any proper training, after all. This poor, lovely girl should just pray for a miracle."

The surrounding men engaged in heated discussions.

Suddenly, with a swift "whoosh," an arrow was released, speeding toward the girl.

Instinctively, Mia shut her eyes, bracing herself for the excruciating pain that she expected to follow.

But the agony never came. The arrow had landed just inches from her ear. Her chest heaved with labored breaths and sweat drenched her brow. As she tilted her head slightly, she caught sight of the arrow. She knew that if it had been just a hair off, even the tiniest fraction more to either side, she would have been a goner.

"Wow, Hayes is amazing! Has he had training?"

"Incredible, Hayes! He hit the bullseye, and the girl's unharmed!"

Hayes silently observed the terror etched across the girl's pale face, an unsettling sense of satisfaction washing over him. He reveled in her appearance – the way she was visibly frightened but refused to beg for mercy. Her resilience ignited something within him.

He tossed the bow and arrow to his teammates.

"You guys play. I'll watch. Remember, each of you only gets one shot."

"Aww, just one? That's no fun, Hayes. Are you falling for this pretty girl?"