

Reborn 1586

Chapter 1586

The wheel spun wildly, faster than they could handle. They were all terrible shots, except for Hayes' one perfect arrow. Mia, though unharmed by Hayes' shot, was left bloodied by the others. Some arrows merely grazed her arms and legs, while others pierced her shoulder deeply. By the time the game ended, Mia was soaked in blood, resembling a gruesome, bloody figure. Her teeth gritted, sweat dripping down her spine and forehead, her face was as pale as paper. Yet, despite all of this, she did not appear the least bit broken. Instead, she exuded a fragile beauty and an undeniable, captivating resilience.

The game's outcome was soon clear. Hayes' team had won, all thanks to his one arrow. Mia was released from the spinning wheel, struggling to stand and collapsing to one knee. Kenneth glanced at her and then sidled up to Hayes, chuckling. "Hayes, this woman's got some luck on her side, surviving that ordeal."

"It's all thanks to your mercy," Hayes replied with a wry smile.

The other men let out an awkward laugh.

"Can't blame us for having a soft spot for such a pretty face."

"A soft spot?" Hayes scoffed. "As if people like us could have a soft spot for anything."

Kenneth stole another glance at Mia. He had not expected her to look so stunning, even when injured and covered in blood. The sight stirred something within him. He hesitated before turning to Hayes, smiling. "Now that she's survived, what's your plan for her, Hayes? Toss her out and let her fend for herself, or what?"

Hayes looked at Mia, his smile widening, then turned to Kenneth. "You want her?"

Mia's face twisted in horror, her gaze fixated on Hayes, her expression even more terrified than when they played the shooting game.

Kenneth did not mince his words. "You brought her here, so she must've done something wrong. Instead of throwing her out to fend for herself, why not just give her to me?"

"No, please... don't..." Mia finally whispered, her voice quivering with raw fear.

Hayes found the woman increasingly fascinating. She faced death without flinching, yet the prospect of being a man's plaything terrified her.

Kenneth stared at Hayes, his eyes wide with anticipation. "Come on, Hayes, she's just a woman. You probably don't even care. If you want something else in return, I'll trade for her with you."

Hayes gazed downward, a sly grin creeping across his lips. His cigarette burned steadily between his fingers, cloaking his enigmatic, devilishly handsome face in a veil of smoke.

Mia trembled with terror, a fear more intense than the dread of death itself. She struggled to stand, staggering over to Hayes on unsteady legs. She tried to kneel before him, but overcome by exhaustion, collapsed at his feet. Desperation etched into her face, she clutched at his pant leg and pleaded. "Please don't give me to him... I beg you..."

Laughter and mockery erupted around them. "Haha, Kenneth, you are pathetic! This woman would rather die or be cast out to fend for herself than submit to you."