

Reborn 1587

Chapter 1587

Hayes smoked quietly, his calm expression impenetrable, causing Mia's anxiety to skyrocket. After an agonizing silence, he still had not uttered a word. Taking this as his approval, Kenneth reached out to seize Mia's hand.

Despite her injuries, Mia's agility remained intact. Fueled by sheer determination, she swiftly rose to her feet and delivered a lightning-fast kick as Kenneth's hand drew near. Her movements were so fluid that everyone was caught off guard. Kenneth tumbled to the floor, dumbfounding everyone—except for Hayes. He watched the young woman with intense interest, a sly smirk tugging at the corner of his lips.

"You damn bitch, you're begging for it!" Kenneth snarled, his face twisted with rage as he leaped up and lunged at Mia. She retreated with lightning speed to the side of a coffee table, her eyes catching a glimpse of a paring knife. With a smooth, practiced motion, she snatched the knife just as Kenneth's fist closed in on her. The blade sliced across his arm, eliciting a blood-curdling scream as he stumbled back, clutching his injured limb.

The knife cut deep, and Kenneth's arm was gushing with blood. He howled in agony, still managing to glare at Mia with venomous intent. "You wretch, you think you can escape me? I'll kill you, throw you in a cage, and feed you to the dogs! I'll leave your corpse in pieces!"

The others finally snapped out of their shock.

"Damn, this woman's got some serious guts. No one has ever dared to fight back in here."

"Yeah, she actually made our guy bleed. Seems like she's got a death wish."

"What a tragic waste—she's going to die a horrible death now. Such a pity, given that beautiful face of hers."

Mia's slender frame quivered relentlessly. She was aware that fighting back against the Velvet Vagabonds would end disastrously. Gritting her teeth, she suddenly pressed the paring knife to her own throat.

In that moment, her thoughts drifted to the audacious young man she had encountered earlier.

'There's no going back now. What a shame; I never even found out his name.'

A wave of bitterness engulfed her as she closed her eyes, steeling herself to plunge the knife into her flesh. Rather than dying at the hands of these twisted monsters, she would prefer to end her own life. At least in death, her dignity would remain intact. The stinging sensation on her throat was swiftly followed by a powerful grip wrenching the knife from her hand.

Her eyes flew open in surprise, revealing Hayes' striking yet sinister face. His eyes were as dark as ink, concealing a chilling sharpness that filled her with terror. Hayes flashed her a smile.

"I haven't given you permission to die yet. What's the hurry?"

A searing sensation touched her collarbone, causing her heart to pound. To her horror, she saw Hayes gripping the blade of the knife with his bare hand. Startled, she instantly released the weapon. The others were just as astonished. Their leader, known for avoiding women, had unexpectedly saved one in such a daring manner.

Kenneth, unable to accept this twist of fate, protested. "Hayes, what are you doing? This woman is too rebellious to keep around."

Nonchalantly tossing the bloodied knife onto the coffee table, Hayes replied with a cryptic smile, "The game is over, and it's time for me to take her back."