

## **Reborn 1588**

### Chapter 1588

"Did you all hear that? Hayes just claimed her as his own," one of the men blurted, eyes wide.

"I knew there was something different about the way Hayes looked at her. How could he let such a breath-taking beauty face death?"

"Must be that she messed up big time, and Hayes brought her here for a dose of punishment."

The crowd's gaze on Mia shifted in an instant. Kenneth's heart seethed with resentment, but he dared not speak further.

"Alright, you guys carry on. I'm heading out," Hayes said, a smile playing on his lips. He then took Mia's hand and led her downstairs.

The men stared, dumbstruck, unable to grasp that the usually detached Hayes could be smitten with a woman. Once they left the Velvet Vagabonds, Hayes released Mia's hand. His voice dripped with casual indifference.

"Think you can manage? If you can, then come back to the McCray family with me. If not, well, you'll have to fend for yourself out here. The McCray family doesn't take in the half-dead."

Mia clenched her teeth, her tone resolute and unwavering. "I can manage. I want to return to the McCray family."

Hayes laughed and strode toward the car. He had always believed that those who endured the brutal and harsh training conditions would not want to stay with the McCray family. But this young woman's determination to return had caught him off guard. What he did not know was that her desire to return was solely for the enigmatic young man she had met earlier.

Despite being covered in blood, Mia's mind remained clear, as none of her wounds were life-threatening. Her eyes filled with concern as she glanced at Hayes' bleeding hand.

"Sir, let me dress your wound."

Hayes clenched his injured hand, blood streaming down incessantly. The sight was enough to make anyone's heart race. Yet, he seemed unfazed by the pain, his handsome face void of any emotion. He stared at his hand for a moment before extending it toward her.

"Alright, go ahead and dress it."

There were no first-aid supplies in the car. Hayes instructed his bodyguard to buy some from a nearby pharmacy. As the car pulled over to the side of the road and the bodyguard left, a heavy silence settled inside the vehicle. Hayes reclined in his seat, smoking a cigarette, while Mia closed her eyes, attempting to find a moment of reprieve.

After a tense pause, Hayes suddenly turned to her, his voice cutting through the silence.

"Why are you so unwilling to sleep with a man? If you had, you wouldn't have to endure all this agony, right?"

Mia's grip tightened on her clothing, lips pressed firmly together, her silence speaking volumes.

Hayes exhaled a smoke ring, scrutinizing her reticent demeanor before chuckling coldly. "You already have someone you like, don't you?"

Mia's heart shuddered, but she maintained a calm facade, replying, "No."

"Heh." Hayes' soft laughter hung in the air, his gaze shifting toward the window. He suddenly recalled the defiant gaze of the newcomer she had met earlier.

'So that's her type.'