

From Doomed Villain to Harem King Novel -

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Chapter 3

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Chapter 3 The Demolition Trembling with terror, Mia whispered, "I don't wanna go in. You said it yourself... the doghouse is my home." Mentally, she was cursing him in every language she knew. He'd definitely drag her inside, pretend he never invited her, and scream, "Who the hell let you in?!" And then he'd beat her half to death. She wasn't falling for this trap. "I said, we're going inside." Arthur repeated, his tone calm but brokering absolutely no argument. Hearing that tone, Mia knew her fate was sealed. The beating was inevitable. She nodded in numb defeat.

Pushing open the massive front doors, Arthur took in the ostentatious, hyper-luxurious decor. Everything screamed "f*ck-you money." Honestly, he hated it. It was gaudy and completely lacked taste. The sizzling sound of frying came from the kitchen. Hearing the door, a stunning woman in an apron hurried out, gripping a spatula. "Mia, what are you doing in here? The cameras are on..." Chloe trailed off as she locked eyes with Arthur. She stood paralyzed. Arthur studied her. Chloe had an inherent, tragic "damsel-in-distress" vibe.

Her hair was tied in a messy bun, highlighting her delicate, flawless features. Her endlessly long, toned legs could put runway models to shame. But it was her eyes-wide, innocent, and deeply sorrowful-that triggered an intense protective instinct in men. If there was one flaw, it was that she wasn't as stacked as Elena. But she certainly wasn't flat, rocking a solid D-cup that gave her a gorgeous hourglass figure. Arthur was utterly baffled. How could the original villain look at this goddess and decide to use her as a punching bag?

And more importantly, they had been married for almost a month. The original bastard hadn't laid a single finger on her. He spent every night partying at high-end clubs and only came back at dawn to sleep it off. Arthur knew exactly why the author wrote it this way. She was the Warlord's premium harem member. A low-tier villain wasn't allowed to defile her. But he wasn't that scripted villain anymore. Looking at his stunning, legally married wife... he'd have to be clinically insane not to touch her. "W-why are you home?" Chloe asked nervously.

Arthur could see raw panic etched across her face. He checked her stats with his skill. Name: Chloe Hayes Status: Housewife, Female Lead in "The Warlord's Descent". Affection: -15 Destiny Level: 8 (Max 10) Arthur sighed internally. The original villain abused her the most, yet her affection score was the least negative of the bunch. He knew

the lore behind it. Chloe felt an overwhelming sense of guilt toward the Pierce family. When her family's empire was collapsing, she begged Richard for a bailout, citing their grandfathers' blood brother pact.

Richard poured massive capital and resources into keeping the Hayes family afloat. But it was a black hole. The Hayes syndicate went under, and Chloe's parents vanished without a trace. Because of this catastrophic investment, the Pierce Group plummeted from a top-five state powerhouse to barely breaking the top twenty. Though still kings of Oakhaven, their broader influence had taken a massive hit. That was the canonical reason why the original Arthur despised them. Before the crash, the villain was treated like royalty anywhere in Northridge State.

After the downgrade, former bootlickers started giving him attitude. Of course, the new Arthur knew the real plot twist. The Hayes family didn't just go bankrupt naturally; Logan, the protagonist, had pissed off an ancient shadow syndicate. ... Looking at Chloe again, Arthur noted her affection was still in the red. But deep down, her guilt toward the Pierces acted as a buffer. In the novel, Mia had begged her to get a divorce a million times, but she always refused out of debt. "This is my house. Why wouldn't I be here?" Arthur walked up to her and handed over the bouquet.

"Picked these up on the way back. For you." Mia scoffed internally. Bullsh*t. You definitely bought those for Elena. She rejected you, so you're recycling them on my sister. "This..." Chloe was bewildered. Did pigs suddenly start flying? Why would he give her flowers? Did he think up some twisted new psychological game to break me? The moment she thought that, a text bubble popped up. "Affection -1" Arthur rubbed his temples. These girls had extreme PTSD. "Just finish making dinner. We're eating together tonight." Arthur waved her off, tossing the bouquet onto the glass coffee table. "Okay.

Give me twenty minutes." Gripping the spatula, she scurried back to the kitchen. Truthfully, the food was already done; she was just waiting for Mia. But she hadn't cooked a portion for Arthur, since he never ate at home. Terrified he'd beat her for "excluding" him, she bought herself twenty minutes to whip up another dish. ... The massive living room was now dead silent, leaving only Arthur and Mia. Mia felt like she had a knife to her throat. The silence was suffocating. Desperate to escape, she murmured, "I'll... I'll head out to the doghouse now." Arthur patted the leather sofa.

"Sit down." Mia was stunned. What kind of sick game was this? But crushed under his oppressive aura, she gingerly perched on the very edge of the couch. "There are plenty of empty rooms in this house. You're done sleeping outside." Arthur stated flatly. Sitting this close, a faint, sweet floral scent drifted from her. Arthur inadvertently took a deep breath. Ah, the scent of youth. The original villain really was wasting prime resources. Mia fidgeted anxiously. She wanted to just scream and ask what his endgame was. If he wanted to beat her, he should just do it instead of playing mind games.

"I... I actually like the doghouse." She stammered out the lie, her voice shaking. Ignoring her, Arthur whipped out his phone and texted estate management to demolish the wooden shack out back. With HOA fees costing a fortune here, the service was ultra-premium. The

staff were practically trained butlers compared to regular security. Less than five minutes later, the doorbell rang. Arthur strolled out to the front gate, where five uniformed guards were already lined up. Their captain, a sturdy middle-aged man, stepped forward. "How can we assist you, sir?" The captain bowed respectfully.

He knew full well the owner of this mansion was untouchable royalty. Even the estate developer had to kiss his *ss. Arthur swung the gate open and pointed at the shack. "Tear that down. I don't want to see a single splinter left." "Understood." The captain barked at his squad. "Go grab the sledgehammers and chainsaws. Double time!" "Yes, sir!" The guards sprinted off to fetch their gear. Arthur left them to it and sauntered back inside. Seconds later, the chaotic sounds of demolition echoed from the backyard.

Watching through the floor-to-ceiling windows as men sledgehammered her only "safe space" into kindling, Mia felt a bitter lump in her throat. A moment later, Chloe walked out carrying a tray of food. Seeing the destruction outside, the color instantly drained from her face. "What are you doing?! Are you going to throw her out on the street?! What did she do wrong to deserve this?!" Tears streamed down her face as months of pent-up trauma exploded. admin

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