

From Doomed Villain to Harem King Novel -

From Doomed Villain to Harem King Novel

Chapter 5

SHARE THIS CHAPTER

Chapter 5 Claiming What's His Seeing him disappear into the master suite, that specific phrasing made Chloe flush bright red. "They're exactly the same as the ones you pawned!" Mia gasped, staring at the jewelry. Is the psycho actually turning over a new leaf? Impossible! She absolutely couldn't fall for this facade. This was part of a sinister master plan. Mia dragged Chloe downstairs for a serious intervention. This was textbook abuser psychology: break your ribs, then buy you ice cream. Were they supposed to get on their knees and thank him? F*ck that! ...

Meanwhile, Arthur was lying in bed, sweating bullets. He was technically still a virgin. In his past life, he was a corporate drone who never even had a girlfriend. He was a traditional guy who steered clear of red-light districts and shady massage parlors. Right, time to roll the gacha. He mentally opened the shop. Every 100 points bought one spin. He currently sat at over 200. He needed to see what the prize pool looked like; this was his survival kit against the protagonist. Accessing the system, he virtually tapped the spin button. The wheel spun rapidly, glowing with ethereal light.

"Congratulations to host. Received: 20 Stat Points." Checking the description, he saw they could be freely allocated to his base stats. This was god-tier loot. Permanent physical enhancement was every man's dream. He pulled up his current build. Strength: 9 Speed: 11 Stamina: 6 Defense: 7 Logically, he should dump it all into Strength or Speed. With enough DPS and evasion, even the Warlord couldn't touch him. However, considering the immediate "challenge" awaiting him tonight, he silently dumped all 20 points into Stamina, boosting it to 26.

With every point added, he felt a surge of raw, primal energy flooding his veins. He hit the spin button again. The wheel blurred before slowly clicking to a halt. "Congratulations to host. Received: Master-Class Piano Skill." Decades of sheet music and muscle memory instantly uploaded into his brain. He air-played a complex sonata, his fingers moving with flawless, instinctual precision. "I'd really prefer combat skills, to be honest." Arthur sighed. Knowing how to play Beethoven wouldn't save him from a mercenary army.

Still, Chloe was now in the green, guaranteeing a constant 8x multiplier moving forward. He'd have plenty of spins soon enough. And she was just one of the female leads. The Warlord had a massive harem just waiting to be poached. Farming the entire harem would make him an absolute god. A few minutes later, the bedroom door clicked open. Seeing Arthur already under the covers, Chloe's face burned crimson. She couldn't even

process her own emotions. Her sister was absolutely right. After months of psychological torture, did a pair of earrings magically erase all his sins? Obviously not.

She knew exactly what he expected tonight, but she had zero leverage to refuse. At the end of the day, she was his lawful wedded wife. They skipped the ceremony, but the marriage was registered at court. "Come here. Let's go to bed." Arthur patted the empty spot beside him. "Okay." She nodded faintly, slipping out of her robe. Arthur embarked on a deeply intimate exploration, first claiming the twin peaks before slowly charting his way south into the hidden valley. After a thorough and breathless excavation, the floodgates finally burst open, bringing the intense journey to a blissful climax.

... Next door, Mia was instantly filled with regret. She suddenly wanted her doghouse back. Sleep was impossible. It sounded like they were remodeling the bedroom with jackhammers! Early the next morning, Arthur's eyes snapped open. He instinctively grabbed his phone to check the time, only to realize he was holding a tri-fold prototype model. The reality check hit him again. Right. He had transmigrated. No more clocking in at 9 AM, terrified of getting his pay docked for being a minute late.

He glanced at the exhausted woman sleeping soundly beside him, dried tear tracks still at the corners of her eyes. He concluded that 26 Stamina was more than enough to handle his wife. If it ever felt lacking, he could always upgrade later. Any future points were going into different stats. Too much of a good thing could be dangerous. Checking his balance, he saw a massive spike of over 500 points. Throughout the intense "interrogation" last night, green numbers had spammed like crazy above her head. Although, towards the very end, it actually dropped a few points.

Apparently, there was such a thing as too much stamina. Not wanting to wake her, Arthur quietly slipped out of bed, got dressed, and headed downstairs. Only after hearing the door click shut did Chloe finally open her eyes. She had been awake for a while, but was too terrified to move while he was still there. She was deathly afraid he'd initiate round two. He was practically an animal. By 3 AM, she was actually starting to get annoyed. Come on, it was her first time! ... After a quick wash, Arthur slumped onto the living room couch.

Thanks to his grueling "hard work" last night, he had five spins locked and loaded. Desperate for combat stats, he opened the shop. The wheel spun and clicked to a stop. "Congratulations to host. Received: 10 Stat Points." Arthur clicked his tongue. Low roll. Yesterday gave him 20. He fired off another spin. "Congratulations to host. Received: 20 Stat Points." Spin again! "Congratulations to host. Received: Master Chef Skill." Arthur rolled his eyes. Why was he getting so much useless lifestyle garbage? He needed brutal combat power to survive. Frustrated, he hit spin again.

"Congratulations to host. Received: 50 Stat Points." "Congratulations to host. Received: Spatial Storage." Seeing the last prize, Arthur blinked. Ignoring the massive stat payout, he immediately inspected the storage skill. A new inventory tab appeared. Tapping it projected a translucent, holographic locker into the physical world. It was about the size of a double-door fridge, totally open in the front. Hesitantly, he grabbed a throw pillow

and shoved it inside. Dismissing the interface, the pillow completely vanished from reality. Recalling the inventory, the pillow was sitting right there.

He pulled it back out. "Now that's a god-tier utility skill." Arthur rubbed his chin. He could stash heavy weaponry in there. Airport security and metal detectors were completely bypassed. With 80 points banked, he began tweaking his build. He opted for a balanced approach, leveling all stats to a flat 30-roughly three times the capability of a normal human. He dumped the remaining 13 points straight into Speed. Maxing Strength was tempting, but the Warlord was an combat master. Heavy punches meant nothing if he couldn't land a single hit. Better to max evasion.

Even if he couldn't win, he could run like hell. With every tap, his body mutated. It felt like his bones were being reforged. His muscles rapidly densified, and the lingering brain fog completely vanished. His senses were sharpened to pre-teen clarity. The world looked vividly bright and hyper-focused. He pulled up his new stat sheet. Name: Arthur Pierce Status: Ultimate Villain Persona, HR Manager of Pierce Group. Strength: 30 Speed: 43 Stamina: 30 Defense: 30 Skills: Master-Class Piano, Master Chef Seeing the massive jump, Arthur nodded in satisfaction. Suddenly, his phone rang.

The caller ID read: Richard Pierce. His dad. In the novel, Richard was actually a ruthless mastermind, tragically ruined by his idiot son. When the Warlord returned, he executed Arthur, absorbed his sister into the harem... ...and reduced Richard to a puppet, completely taking over the Pierce Group. He used their empire as a stepping stone to conquer the state's economy. But now that Arthur was behind the wheel, the Warlord wasn't getting a single dime without a bloodbath. "Dad, what's up?" Arthur asked as he answered the call. "It's Saturday. Don't forget your meeting with the Sterlings.

Aren't you tight with their kid? Make sure we secure that contract." Richard instructed, "Swing by the office first. I need to brief you on the details." "Got it..." As Arthur replied, he noticed Chloe limping down the stairs. Clinging tightly to the handrail, her legs violently shook with every step. She glared at him, a deeply resentful pout on her lips. "Affection -1" ... admin

If you enjoy this work, please consider supporting me.

HOW WAS THIS NOVEL?

Report a problem with this chapter

SUPPORT

TEAMADMINOFFICIAL NOTICE

We understand that everyone loves reading for free, and we're truly grateful for every reader who supports the website. Maintaining and updating the site every day requires a lot of time and resources, so help us continue providing faster updates and more novels for everyone to enjoy. we hope you'll consider supporting us.

