

The Scorned Heiress: No More Mercy

Chapter 6

With a flawless spin, Tara sidesteps the dirty water entirely.

Screech.

The Rolls-Royce abruptly pulls over just ahead of her.

Tara hangs up the phone.

The driver rushes out, looking incredibly apologetic. "I am so incredibly sorry, Miss. I didn't see you there."

Tara brushes an imaginary speck of dust off her dress and replies calmly, "It's fine. Just watch the road next time."

Just then, the tinted rear window slowly rolls down.

"What's the delay?" a deep, magnetic voice echoes from the backseat.

Tara looks up and locks eyes with a strikingly handsome face featuring razor-sharp jawlines. The man's eyes are as dark and lethal as a freezing abyss, his thin lips pressed into a tight line. He exudes a suffocating, domineering aura.

However, his complexion carries a sickly, unnatural pallor. He is breathtakingly gorgeous, almost dangerously so, but his absolute indifference sends a chill down the spine.

What a shame. He's heavily poisoned, Tara thinks to herself, holding back a sigh. God really is fair after all.

"Mr. Calhoun, my apologies. I was careless," the driver explains nervously.

Danny Calhoun's gaze casually sweeps over Tara.

"Miss. Apologies for the inconvenience. Name your price. I'm in a hurry," he says, his voice deep and frigid as he pulls a sleek checkbook from his suit jacket. "Consider it compensation."

Tara studies the arrogant billionaire in front of her and scoffs, amused by his sheer audacity. "What's the rush? Eager to reach the cemetery?"

She pauses deliberately, letting the silence stretch before delivering the killing blow.

“Don’t worry. The poison ravaging your body will give you exactly three more months. After that, not even God himself can save you.”

Danny’s pupils constrict violently. The temperature around him plummets. “What do you know?”

Tara shrugs. “I just know a little bit about medicine. Oh, and you must also suffer from chronic leg pain, severe insomnia, and a total loss of appetite, right? So young, yet falling apart at the seams.”

“Keep your money to pay your medical bills.”

With that, she turns on her heel and walks away. She absolutely refuses to humor his arrogant attitude, especially since she hasn’t fully burned off her rage from dealing with her toxic family. Today is a disaster, and she is sick of dealing with annoying people.

The driver gasps in sheer terror, staring at this fearless woman. Anyone who dares speak to Mr. Calhoun like that is either unborn or already in a body bag.

Danny’s eyes turn predatory. “Who exactly are you?”

Without looking back, Tara waves a dismissive hand. “Just a passerby. You better hurry up and find a miracle doctor. Your local physician isn’t going to cut it.”

Danny’s gaze darkens, a jolt of shock rippling through his chest. How could this total stranger instantly diagnose the chronic affliction he has kept violently hidden for years?

“Stop her,” he commands coldly.

Two men in black suits instantly materialize from the trailing escort vehicle, blocking Tara’s path.

“What’s this?” Tara pivots, raising an eyebrow at Danny. “Trying to hold me hostage?”

“If you can diagnose it, you can cure it.” He rips a blank check from his book. “I am Danny Calhoun. Fill in whatever number you want.”

Tara freezes for a second.

Danny Calhoun?

The ruthless CEO of Calhoun Corporation? The undisputed wealthiest man in Capital City?

Tara remembers that the Dennis family and the Calhoun family are bitter rivals. The Dennis family used to hold the top spot, but the moment Danny took over, he mercilessly

crushed them, claiming the throne for himself. As he keeps an insanely low profile, the media almost never captures his face.

She never expected to run into the legendary, cold-blooded billionaire in the middle of the street.

An idea clicks in Tara's mind. She just severed ties with her family; she desperately needs a powerful backer. And the man sitting in front of her is the ultimate trump card.

A sly smirk touches her lips, her eyes gleaming with calculation.

"Ah, so you're Mr. Calhoun." Tara takes the check, but instead of pocketing it, she slowly and deliberately tears it to shreds right in front of his face.

"I'm not desperate for cash. But if you do me a small favor, I might just consider saving your life."