

The Scorned Heiress: No More Mercy

Chapter 7

Danny's deep, piercing eyes narrow, his gaze sharp as a blade. "Speak."

Tara stays perfectly composed. "I'm Tara, the eldest daughter of the Dennis family, though I officially severed all ties with them about an hour ago."

Danny studies her face for a moment, a faint, almost imperceptible smirk touching his lips.

"The eldest Dennis daughter?" he murmurs, his tone laced with dark amusement. "The despised true heiress?"

Tara raises an eyebrow, a self-deprecating smile on her lips. "Bad news really does travel fast. Seems like you're quite well-informed, Mr. Calhoun."

Danny scoffs. "The Dennis family is full of idiots. Cutting ties is the smartest thing you've ever done."

Since their families are corporate rivals, it makes sense that Danny knows the gossip. Tara is just surprised that this ruthless corporate king is so sharp-tongued when it comes to insulting her former family.

She chuckles lightly. "So, Mr. Calhoun, want to make a deal? I rid you of your poison, and you act as my untouchable supporter."

She speaks clearly, emphasizing every word.

The air instantly turns thick with tension. The driver and bodyguards hold their breath, terrified that their boss will order this arrogant woman thrown into the river.

Instead, Danny lets out a low, rumbling laugh, a spark of genuine interest flaring in his eyes. "You've got a lot of nerve, Tara."

"Right back at you," she counters fearlessly. "If you have the guts to let me treat you, I have the guts to name my terms."

"Your reason?"

"My grandfather left me thirty percent of the company's shares. The Dennis family will never let me walk away quietly. I need you to keep their pathetic schemes off my back. Plus, I want to use your influence for something else."

“I want the Dennis family to watch as I tear down everything they love, piece by piece.”

Tara’s voice is soft and frigid, but a dark inferno blazes in her eyes.

When she first returned to the family, all she wanted was a quiet life, but they relentlessly trampled over her. Since they pushed her to the edge, she is going to make sure they regret it for the rest of their miserable lives. She also plans to use this opportunity to investigate her mysterious disappearance. The circumstances surrounding her past have always felt deeply wrong. She is done playing the fool. Whoever framed her is going to pay in blood.

Their eyes lock, a dangerous current surging between them.

After a long pause, Danny parts his lips. “Deal.”

He suddenly reaches out, gripping the back of her neck and pulling her into his dangerous airspace. “But remember this-anyone who partners with me either survives with me, or goes down with me.”

Tara meets his gaze without a flinch, casually pressing the tip of a silver needle right against his throat. “Funny. That’s my exact rule for my patients.”

“Then let’s see what you’re capable of,” Danny challenges, releasing his grip, his low voice laced with provocation.

Tara slips the needle away and pulls an antique wooden box from her bag. Inside, dozens of silver needles, as fine as strands of hair, lay perfectly organized.

“Take off your shirt, Mr. Calhoun,” she orders, completely unfazed.

Danny raises an eyebrow. “Right here?”

“If you don’t mind the audience,” Tara says, glancing at the terrified staff. “Of course, we could find somewhere a bit more private.”

The driver and bodyguards are practically sweating bullets in the front seat.

“To Summit Crest Estate,” Danny commands sharply.

Thirty minutes later, the car pulls up to a heavily fortified, ultra-luxurious mansion.

Tara follows Danny into the sprawling master bedroom on the top floor, where floor-to-ceiling windows offer a breathtaking view of the city skyline.

Danny unbuttons his suit jacket and slowly strips off his shirt, revealing a heavily muscled, sculpted torso.

Tara immediately spots a vicious scar on his lower back, surrounded by dark, abnormal bruising. “Poisoned three years ago?” she asks, lightly grazing the scar with her fingertips.