

The Scorned Heiress: No More Mercy

Chapter 8

Danny's muscles tense violently. "How did you know?"

His poisoning is supposed to be an absolute, heavily guarded secret.

"Frost-Core Neurotoxin. The victim endures agonizing pain every full moon, and it guarantees death within three years," Tara explains, pulling out a silver needle. "You're tough to have survived this long."

"Can you cure it?"

"Yes, but it takes five sessions, spaced exactly seven days apart."

With a flash of silver, Tara's hands move with blinding speed, driving nine needles precisely into Danny's vital pressure points.

"Ugh..." he grunts, cold sweat immediately breaking out across his forehead.

"Endure it," she says calmly. "The toxins have been sitting in your system for years. Forcing them out is going to hurt."

The moment she finishes her sentence, Danny violently coughs up a mouthful of pitch-black blood!

"Mr. Calhoun!" The bodyguards instantly storm into the room.

"Stay back!" Tara snaps. "That's toxic blood. He needs to purge it."

She steadies Danny by the shoulder and rapidly pulls the needles out with her free hand.

As the final needle is removed, the sickening pallor on his face vanishes, replaced by a healthy rush of color. Danny feels a strange, soothing heat spreading through his veins. For the first time in years, the suffocating, bone-deep cold that haunted him finally fades.

"The poison is curable, but watch your back. This isn't something just anyone can get their hands on. Whoever poisoned you is someone in your inner circle," Tara warns.

Danny's expression turns deadly. "Understood. Thanks for the heads up. Once I'm fully cured, work for me as my private physician."

He feels an inexplicable, absolute trust in this woman.

She laughs lightly. “Looking to lock me into a long-term contract?”

“What, are you scared?”

“Deal. But keep in mind, I don’t like being tied down.”

Danny chuckles darkly. “Funny. I have a habit of taming wild things.”

After packing up her needles, Tara tosses him a small porcelain bottle. “Take one pill a day. It’ll keep the pain away.”

Danny catches the bottle, then suddenly grips her wrist. “Who exactly are you, Tara?”

Is she really just some ordinary, discarded heiress? How the hell does she know the cure to the

Frost-Core Neurotoxin when the world’s top medical specialists couldn’t even identify it?

Tara flawlessly twists her wrist, slipping right out of his iron grip. She leans in close, her warm breath brushing his ear. “Don’t let your curiosity get the best of you, Mr. Calhoun. You’ll find out soon enough.”

Danny’s gaze darkens with intrigue as his thumb brushes over the porcelain bottle. “Alright. I’ll be waiting.”

He steps back and adds, “You can stay here from now on. I rarely use this place, and it’ll make your treatment sessions easier.”

Tara pauses, genuinely surprised by his thoughtfulness. Now that she is officially homeless, she does need a secure place to crash. The rumors call him a cold-blooded monster, but so far, he is far more reasonable than her own flesh and blood.

She glances around the room. Summit Crest Estate is dripping with quiet luxury, offers maximum privacy, and has top-tier security. It is the perfect hideout.

“Thank you,” Tara says, meaning it. A complete stranger is treating her with more warmth than her own parents and brothers combined.

Before leaving, Danny hands her a sleek Centurion Black Card. “This has no limit. Buy whatever you need. Also, there’s a major charity gala this weekend. I expect you to accompany me.”

“Mr. Calhoun, I’m just your—”

“You’re my private physician. You belong by my side,” Danny interrupts smoothly. “And from what I hear, the Dennis family is definitely attending.”

