

Unwanted Girl Spoiled by Billionaire – c 111-120

Unchosen 111-120

Noelle and Stanley confirmed each other's identities before heading back to the lounge,

Not long after, Karla came over and told them it **was** time for stills.

Noelle went first, taking a set of solo makeup shots before joining the cast of "The Legend" for group photos, Karla picked the two best from each set, planning to use them as the official photos for tomorrow's release,

The next day, Noelle showed up at school like nothing was out of the ordinary.

However, after what she said yesterday, a lot of people were waiting for her to crash and burn.

"Noelle. I heard the official account **is** revealing the composer's identity at ten," someone said, smirking. "Can't wait to see your name on there."

Noelle glanced at them, her lips curving into a relaxed smile. "Don't worry, you'll see me."

Her confidence threw some people off. Murmurs spread through the room.

The announcement's about to drop. Why is she still so calm? Is she really the composer?"

"You don't get it. This **is** what full-blown delusion looks like. No cure for it."

"Oh man, **if** I knew I was about to get exposed for lying, I'd be digging a hole to hide in."

Harley, sitting beside Noelle, frowned as he listened to the whispers. He leaned in slightly. "Noelle, you sure about this?"

"No problem!" Noelle beamed at him, her smile so bright it was almost blinding.

Harley stared at her for a moment, then exhaled. Seeing her so relaxed, he couldn't help but nod. "Alright."

In front of them, Leia caught the exchange. Her fingers tightened around her pen, and a flash of hatred flickered across her face. 'Noelle, let's see *if* you can still smile after this:

At exactly ten, Radiance Media was dropping the big reveal, but since class was still in session, the entire room turned into a teacher's worst

nightmare.

Every so-called promising student in the room had their heads down, not taking notes, not paying attention to the lecture, but glued to their phones, refreshing the Radiance Media's page over and over.

It was 9:59:55 A.M.

A silent countdown began in their minds. Five, four, three, two, one.

The moment the clock hit 10:00, Radiance Media's official account updated. Two photos popped up on everyone's **screens**.

-The first was a solo shot of Noelle Anderson.

She was dressed **in** an outfit from DORL, the world's top luxury brand. The Lolita-style dress suited her perfectly, giving her the look of an elegant yet mysterious dark doll.

The second was **a** group photo of her with "The Legend". Noelle sat gracefully in a chair, surrounded by the trio.

Jimmy Jamison, the leader, half-knelt on the edge of the chair, his posture making it look like he was leaning against Noelle's lap.

Cole Leclair lounged on the armrest, casually tugging **at** the decorative black ribbon on Noelle's dress.

Then there was Stanley Preston, the center of the group. He leaned against the back of the chair, arms loosely wrapped around Noelle, their positioning effortlessly intimate.

The entire setup made Noelle look like **a** pampered princess with three princes at her side. The atmosphere, the styling, the **energy, it was all** on another level.

The internet lost it. In minutes, Radiance Media's post was flooded with over ten thousand comments.

Back **in** Noelle's classroom, the reaction wasn't much different.

Holy shit! It's really Noelle!"

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"Geez, she wasn't lying!"

"Tell me this is fake. Noelle is actually their music composer?!"

"Noelle is so damn lucky! If that were me surrounded by my idols, I could die happy!"

The whole class exploded in shock and excitement. People forgot they were even in a lesson. The teacher just sighed and gave up.

Meanwhile, Noelle soaked in the stunned reactions around her, a satisfied smile playing on her lips. ‘Well, do you dare calling me a liar now?!

She turned to Harley and slid her phone toward him. “Harley, check this out. These are the photos I took yesterday. What do you think?”

Harley glanced at the screen. “Looks good,” he said, nodding.

He already knew she was beautiful, like fresh morning dew on a flower. But with makeup? She was absolutely breathtaking.

Then, his eyes landed on the second photo, and his expression instantly darkened.

Those guys were way too close to Noelle. Especially that one behind her, he had the nerve to wrap his arm around her neck.

Harley’s jaw tightened, his eyes burning with irritation. If looks could kill, Stanley’s hand would’ve been gone by now.

As soon as class ended, Noelle was completely surrounded. The same people who had been waiting for her downfall before were suddenly all smiles, acting like they had been best friends forever.

One of them said, “Noelle, I’m so sorry. I totally misjudged you!”

“It’s all good! At least you know now!” Noelle replied casually.

“Noelic. I’m a huge fan of The Legend! Can you get me an autograph?” another chimed in.

“Of course! I’ll ask them!” Noelle answered with a grin.

“Wait, really? Noelle, I want one too!”

“Me too!”

“No problem at all.” With a confident smile, Noelle declared, “I’ll get Stanley and the others to sign for everyone!”

The crowd gasped. “Oh my god, you’re way too generous!”

“Absolute legend!”

“Noelle, you’re amazing!”

Leaning on her desk, Noelle watched her classmates practically trip over themselves trying to impress her. She couldn’t help but smile. Well, at least she’d flipped the script.

Right now, she was the center of attention. But while Noelle enjoyed the moment, someone else was having the worst day of their life.

Leia stared at Radiance Media's post, her head spinning. 'No. No. This can't be real. How can Noelle, of all people, be the music composer of The "Legend"? It has to be a mistake!

"Leia, are you okay?" Her friends looked just **as** shaken, but when they saw her face turn pale, they actually started to worry.

Leia's eyes burned. She didn't **say a** word. Instead, she grabbed her phone and rushed out of the classroom.

She barely noticed where she was going until she found herself **at** the empty staircase. Hands shaking, she unlocked her phone.

She wished maybe if she refreshed the page, the post would be gone. Maybe this was all some kind of prank.

Of course, life wasn't that kind. The second the screen loaded, Noelle's photo was still there, clear **as** day.

Leia's chest tightened. She couldn't hold it in anymore. She sank to the floor, covered her **face**, and broke down **in** tears.

Leia couldn't believe how unfair life **was**.

She had done everything to get Reyna's attention, even making Charlie upset just so Reyna could be her mentor. And after **all that** effort, **the** moment she finally signed the contract, Charlie and Reyna had **a** falling out.

Now, she was the one **at** risk of **being** pushed aside.

Meanwhile, Noelle, the same Noelle everyone used to **laugh** at and look down on, was rising higher and higher. **Step** by **step**, she was proving herself right.

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Now, she was the official composer for "The Legend", one of the hottest new groups. The company was fully backing her, even getting "The Legend" to support her.

It made Leia sick. Noelle got everything handed to her without even trying. Everything should have been Leia's, but Noelle had stolen it all.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she got. Tears burned in her eyes as resentment swelled in her chest. For a split second, she even wished Noelle would just drop dead.

If Noelle were gone, things would go back to how they were supposed to be. But even though she hated her, Leia wasn't a killer.

That was just a thought; an ugly, fleeting thought she shoved to the back of her mind.

Still, the frustration lingered. She skipped a class just to pull herself together, pacing and overthinking until she finally calmed down.

By the time Leia cleared her head, she knew one thing for sure, she wasn't going to let Noelle have it easy.

Sure, Noelle was riding high now, but that wouldn't last forever.

Leia smirked to herself. That thing Noelle said about creating "The Shadows" in front of everyone? That was the perfect weapon. If the news got out, Noelle would be branded as nothing more than a fraud.

And wher

happened, she wouldn't be so smug anymore.

Leia sniffled, steadied herself, and grabbed her phone to call Reyna. She needed an update on Noelle's situation.

However, just as she unlocked her screen, a pop-up message appeared. [Do you have anyone you want to kill?]

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"What's this? A wam?" Lesa muttered, ready to close the pop-up window.

But then she read the message again. Do you have anyone you want to kill?)

She **had** dreamed about this moment countless times. The thought of Noelle disappearing from the world sent a strange thrill through her

Before she even realized what she was doing her finger hovered over the worn, **then** clicked confirme

Another window popped up

A form. It asked for a name, details, and a photo.

Leia's breath hatched. Her hands trembled, whether from nerves or excitement, she wasn't sure. But she filled in the form anyway, every keystroke feeling heavier **than** the last

When it asked for a photo, she didn't hesitate. She pulled up the one from Radiance Media's official account and uploaded it

One **last dick**. Contimi

For a second, nothing happened. Then, a new message appeared; [Your request **has** been accepted. **Please** wait for good news. with a handshake

emoji.

Before she could process it, the message vanished. The screen looked normal, **like** nothing had ever been there.

Leia sat frozen. Her breath was shallow, her pulse erratic. 'Did that **just** happen? Are they gonna kill her? Is this **a** game? A prank'

Her thoughts spiraled, but she forced herself to snap out of it. Whether that was real or not, she still had things to do

After taking a few deep breaths, she dialed Reyna's number.

It had been **days** since she last heard anything, and there was still no news **about** Noelle being held accountable.

The phone rang. No answer

Leia frowned and called again. This time, the call was declined immediately

Her heart skipped a beat as negative thoughts swirled in her mind. What? Why **did** she hang up on me!'

On the other side of the city, Reyna tossed her phone onto the table, looking annoyed.

Her assistant hesitated before asking, "Reyna.. you're really ignoring Leia's **call**?"

"Why should I bother answering Reyna scoffed. "Leia **is** as manipulative as ever. She probably saw her sister trending as The **Legend's** music composer and couldn't handle it. Now she wants to call me and stir the **pot**."

Her assistant stayed silent, watching as Reyna's expression turned colder.

With a sharp glint in her eyes, she muttered, "Since Phoenix Entertainment and Charlie dared to screw me over, Ell start by making **his sister pay**. Blacklisting Leia for a few **years** sounds perfect"

Soon, news of N

Kimberly

Noelle bring The **Legends'** music composer quickly spread through the Anderson Eunily.

y was ecstatic. She immediately called her kids, summoning them home that night for a celebration.

Except for Adriel, who was away on a **business** trip, the rest; **Bennett**, Charlie, Damon, and Eli, all made it back.

That evening, the **family** gathered around the dinner table.

Grinning from ear to ear, Kimberly **turned** to Noelle. “Noelle. I can’t believe you’re **working** with ‘The Legend! Why didn’t you tell me! I had to hear about it from my friends. I was completely caught off guard’”

Noelle looked from her soups, her smile radiant. “I wanted it to be a surprise?”

Kimberly laughed. “Well, you sure succeeded! You wouldn’t believe my friends’ reaction. A lot of them are ‘The Legend’ fans.

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“They told me about the new composer being an 18-year-old girl and even showed me a picture. My eyes nearly popped out when I saw it was you!”

Noelle chuckled “Wow, really!”

Kimberly nodded enthusiastically. “Oh, absolutely!”

Vincent, who had been quietly listening, raised an eyebrow “hit that a little dramatic?”

Kimberly shot him an annoyed look. “**Dramatic?** You weren’t exactly calm either! Didn’t you say you messed up your golf swing after finding out your daughter was working with The Legend?”

Vincent just sighed, too stunned to argue after being called out,

Then. Eli grinned. “Noelle **is** all anyone **at** school is talking about. They’re even planning interviews and nominating her for Campus Star this year

Kimberly’s face lit up “Really? I heard Eston University’s Campus Star gets noticed by big companies. Some even offer jobs straight out of graduation, no interview needed. Is that true!”

Eli nodded. “Yeah, pretty much”

“That’s amazing!” Kimberly beamed and pulled Noelle into a **hug just** as she was reaching for the soup. “My daughter is a star I’m so proud of you!”

Noelle, caught **mid**-motion, could only laugh and hug her back. “Mom, I’ll keep working hard and make you

ou even proudert

Kimberly was all smiles. “Good, good, good!”

Noelle then glanced **at** the soup and said playfully. “So... can I have this soup as **a** reward now?”

Kimberly laughed and **immediately** slid the pot toward her. “Eat as much as you want! If you like it, I’ll have the kitchen make more.

Noelle’s eyes sparkled as she finally got her **hands** on it. Her smile grew even brighter

Eli smirked. “You’ve been staring at **that soup** since you sat down. Took **you** long enough to get it.”

Noelle shot him **a** look. “**That** is so not true! Stop making stuff up

“Oh yeah!” Eli raised an eyebrow. “Then I guess you wouldn’t mind if I took it away!

“**Nope!**” Noelle quickly shielded the bowl. “Fine, Enel I admit it. I just really wanted it.”

Kimberly laughed and playfully pinched Noelle’s cheek. “Why do you love food so much! You, little chubby kid!

“A little chubby kid! More like a food monster,” Eli joked.

Kimberly shot him a sharp look. “Hey, don’t say that to your sister!”

Noelle just laughed, sipping her soup. “Mom, it’s fine. I know Eli doesn’t mean it. Deep down, he likes me the most.”

Eli scoffed, crossing **his** arms. “Who, met in

your

- dream.”

Noelle smirked. “Yept I know you better than anyone?

“Sure, whatever you say.” Eli muttered, rolling his eyes, but there **was a** small smile on his **face**.

Just then, Lela, who had **barely said a word** all evening, quietly set down her spoon. Her voice was soft, almost **shaky**. “Tin full I’m going upstairs to

rest. Enjoy your meal”

Without waiting for a response, she turned and quickly left the table.

ver the table. Kimberly frowned, watching Leia disappear. “She barely spoke today.. and she hardly ate anything

An awkward silence settled over

Before anyone could respond. Damon let out a sharp scoff. "Wow, I wonder why. Maybe because the whole dinner has been one big Noelle Appreciation Party! She's probably so upset and full just from watching"

Kimberly blinked, caught off y

guard by his tone.

Vincent's expression darkened, "Damon, that's no way to **talk** to your mother."

Damon knew his words wouldn't sit well with the family. But when he saw Leia was crying as she walked away, he couldn't hold **back**.

He called sharply and looked at Kimberly, "Mom, we all get it. Noelle is amazing, and we're happy for her. But could you try just one, not to

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make it so obvious she's your favorite!

"Leia was sitting right there, and you barely looked at her. Do you even realize how much that hurts?"

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called you all back today to celebrate Noelle. Do you really have to bring

Kimberly felt hurt by Damon's words. She frowned **and** said, "Trilled down the road on such an important **day**?"

Eli, already fed up with Leia, didn't hold back. Ever since he found out she had gone behind Noelle's back and told Heyna what she had

stopped being her to heart.

Now, hearing Damon defend Leia and even call out their mom, Eli rolled his eyes

"Exactly" he said. "Noelle has done something amazing. Everyone is happy for her. Tudut Leia say herself that she sees Noelle but she's happy! What, is she dying of jealousy or something?"

her sister? So why

Damon's jaw clenched. "Eli, watch your m

Eli shrugged, unfazed. "What **Am** I wrong!"

Just as things were about to escalate, Vincent slammed his spion down with a loud clank. “That’s enough” he said sharply “You two need to learn sorse pespect. Are we trally going to turn this into a shouting match!“.

Damon and Eleshot each other a look but backed down. The room fell into tense silence, vorites,” she said, her voice softer.

Kimberly sighed and turned to Damon. “Tim not playing favorites,” she

“Tonight is about Noelle. Of course, she’s the center of attention. And Leia, she’s already doing well for herself.

’s Reyna’s last student, and now that she’s signeil with Lighting Media, her future is bright. She doesn’t need to feel insecure just because Noelle’s working as a composer for The Legend?

Charlie, who had been quiet the entire time, finally looked up.

“Mom,” he said, his voice calm but firm, “if you can, try not to bring up Reyna in front of Leu”

Kimberly frowned. “Why? What happened?”

Charlie besitated, but since it was already out in the open, he decided to just say it

“Reyna’s in the middle of a scandal. Because of that, Phoenix Entertainment and I have decided to cut ties with Lighting Media. She’s pissed about it, but since she can’t do anything to me, she’ll probably take it out on Lela.

“Leia is sull under Lighting Media, If Reyna holds a grudge, there’s a good chance they’ll blacklist her.”

Kimberly’s **face** fell. “How did this happen?”

Damon’s expression darkened.

He turned to Charlie, bis jw tigla. “Charlie, you’re in the industry. No way you didn’t know Reyna had skeletons in her closet. If you weren’t planning to work with Lighting Media, why didn’t you stop Leia from signing with them?”

Charlie met his glare, unfazed. “I did try. I told her to slow down and think it through, but she wouldn’t listen”

Damon scoffed. “And that was it? You just let her go?”

Qurlic exulet, clearly trying to stay patient.

Eli, on the other hand, was done holding back “Damon, cut it out. Lela **is an** adult. She made her own decision, and now she has to deal with the

“Charlie warned her, she ignored him. What he was he supposed to do? The her up and keep her from signing?”

Damon shot him a glare. “Eli, shut up!”

Eli smirked. “Oh, what? You don’t like hearing the truth? You can baby Leia all you want, but don’t take it out on everyone else”

Damon let out a sharp laugh, his anger barely contained. “You think I want to be pissed off? You guys are just impossible.”

Hi suddenly slammed his hand on i

on the table and stood up. “Oh, we’re impossible? Do you even **know** what Leia del

“the ran straight to tryna anal told her that Noelle daime to be the creator of The Shu-lows’ Do you have any idea how close kryna was to wing Nuelle over that? Is that what a sister does

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ili ngħad knowing than commersation was spiraling. He had promised Charlie they wouldn’t bring it up, but at this point, there was n

was no point in

boded like te lart been slapped. He shook his head. “No. No way. I don’t care how much Leia dislikes Noelle, the wouldn’t do something

not a day clarkle. “Then explain this, how did Keyna even know about Noellet Everyone in the industry gossips, but somehow, Reyna went

ally. Who else could ve upped her ud?”

Damon se aperitions dufted, doubt creeping

Heme Di

gare, his voice lower now. “Do you have proof Leia told her

frustration t

i tightening in lan cheat. He drenched his teeth and snapped. “Tin’t it obviouer

Demon muted, his anger roning into something durper. “So you don’t have proof? And yet you’re so quick to throw accusations at your own

text Serieady. Eli What kind of brother are you! Dau you even have a heart?“.

El nearly laughed at the absurdity of it. No heart! If I really don't have one, I wouldn't have stayed quiet after n my fallout with Leia. I had seen her

hadich exposed her to the family.

And

e reason, I'm suddenly the villain?

Kinderly, watching her sons go at it, let out a heavy sigh. Her good mood had long since disappeared. The evening had started off fine, but ever

que bela left, the atmosphere had soured, and everyone had been on edge.

glanced at Norde, suddenly worried about how this wat affecting her.

However, when she turned, she found Noelle sitting there, calmly eating roasted chicken like nothing was happening.

det. At least der's not letting it get to her. Simple, food-loving, and unbothered, that's my **girl**

orong. Noelle was eating, but her mind was far from relaxed.

finally speaking up for me Charlie's stance was still unclear.

And Damon, well, the didn't hate bit, but he really wasn't the sharpest when it came to Leia. It was fine if he wanted to be protective of her, but at the very least, he condd have speated her letter.

Hoelle dada i expert much, she didn't need blind loyalty or over-the-top gestures. All she wanted was for Damon to **have** her back the way he did

Unfortunately, judging by how things were going, that was still a long **way** off.

Thinking about it, she grabbed another chicken drumstick and made up her mind, this weekend, she would find a way to **get** along better with

The weekend rolled arounèl before slar kurw it.

That day, after wrapping up his driving practice, Darnon decided to hit the **mall**.

Berilad been in a lunk lately, burrrly leaving her mesen whenever he was home. Damon Wa

great at handling emotions, especially when it

car and was making his way toward the entrance when he heard someone call out, "Damon! Damon!"

sound of that voorr. Slowly, he turned his head, following the direction it came from. A petite figure was dashing

E

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“Noelle?” Damon frowned as she ran up to him. This expression darkened. “What are you doing here?”

Noelle flashed him a bright smile. Shopping obviously? And what do you know, I just happened to run into you. Total coincidence

Damon narrowed his eyes

Travis

Like Ed believe that

Under his sharp gaze. Noelle hesitated, then sighed. “Okay, fine. I follow you!”

Damon scoffed and turned toward the mall without another word, seeing her walk off, Noelle hurried after

him “Damon W

She reached for his arm, but he dodged, stepping away before she could grab him. His hair was older than usual “Noelle, just stay away from me?”

Noelle stopped in her tracks, thrown off by his mood

Sure, he had always acted annoyed when she clung to him, but this was different. He had never gone out of his way to avoid her before

Damon saw her stunned expression and clenched his fists. Something about it unsettled him, but he pushed the feeling aside. After a pause, turned and walked toward the underground garage. “Come with me?”

Noelle hesitated for a second before following. The area was quiet, almost empty.

Damon took a breath and finally faced her. His voice was steady, but his words were blunt. “Eli is already on your side. Charlie and the others **will** come around soon enough. **You** don’t need me. Stop following me around”

Why?” Noelle frowned. “Can’t we just get along?”

Her whole goal was to build a good relationship with the Anderson family, including Damon. If she got along with everyone else but he still resented her, that would consider that a failure.

Damon let out a dry chuckle “Why does it even matter to

neither of you

Damon, hail berni biting his tongue for days, but Noelle will didn't get it. He exhaled sharply and decided to just spell it out.

"You saw what happened with Leia. Everyone is slowly taking your side. If I start being friendly with you too, sharll have no one left in the Anderson family, he sat

Noelle wasn't achiad person, he knew that, She was a little naive, sure, but she meant well Still, nour of that changed the fact that Leia needed him.

If he backed off now, Leia would be completely alone

ds, in matter hose much he might alare Noelle in some ways, keeping his distance was the only choice.

Noelle frowned. "Why does Leia have to be alone just because we get along? Datori, why can't we all just be on good term: If Leia treats me well,

She didn't get it. Leja was manipulative, Noelle was well aware, but she wasn't holding a grudge. As long as Izia stopped coming after her, she wouldn't make things difficult either. She wasn't the type to waste time **in** drama.

Damon scoffed, shaking his head. "Not everyone thinks like you, Norlie"

Leia had her flaws, he wasn't blind to them. She was vain, jealoms, and could be downright penty

But befour Nurlle i me along, none of that had ever been an issue. Leia had always been seen as the perfect sister, kind, sweet, untouchable. Then Noelle showerlap, and suddenly, the cracks started showing

Eli had always put Leia oma pedratal, but now, even

Thannon had seen it on. He wasn't clueless about i rua's lerhavino. But at

in was sering her d

differently. That was why they

by they had fallen apart.

day, she was still his sister..

Onbers might **walk** away, but he wouldn't They had been family for over a decade, and that wasn't something he could just throw away.

he inlly believed thun, She was just strmogling to adjust, and maybe she wasn'i handling things well, but that

As long as Leia fuad someone by her side, someone who made her feel like the wand alone, Damon believed she'd get through this. She would Bad

I've said everything I need to say, If you get it, then don't bother me anyone. I don't want to see Lela upset again" With that, he turned to leave

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Damon "Noelle could feel the distance between them growing, and for some

If she didn't do something now, she might never get the chance to fix things with him.

that scared her.

the underground garage suddenly went **dark**

But before she could figure out **what** to

say.

The overhead

lights flickered out, plunging the entire space

into complete darkness,

Then out of nowhere, a sharp, icy sense of danger hit her

A gunshot

Noelle's instincts kicked in. The second before the shot rang out, she moved, just fast enough to dodge the bullet aimed **straight** at her heart.

What she dodged it!" A **voice** echoed through the garage, laced with shock

"Who's there?!" Damon's voice cut through the darkness, filled with panic.

Someone was shooting at them

Damon's head spun. He had always lived by the rules, far removed from anything like this. But now, someone was trying to kill them.

Meanwhile, Noelle had already zeroed in on the shooter's location.

Her expression turned cold. Without hesitation, she yanked off her bracelet and hurled one of the beads toward the voice.

"shit" A sharp cry of pain followed **as** the bead hit its target.

Noelle didn't wait. In a blur, she dashed toward the

the attacker.

The guy clearly hadn't expected her to fight back. Before he could react, she had already closed the gap, grabbed him by the throat, and slammed him to the ground.

to kill me?"

"Who sent you!" she demanded, her grip unrelenting. "Why are you trying to

That bullet had been meant for her heart. Whoever this was, they wanted her dead.

"Noelle" Damon finally snapped out of his daze. Fumbling with his phone, he turned on the flashlight and rushed toward her, his pulse hammering in livean

With the light on, they finally got a clear look at the guy.

He was young, probably in his early twenties, with sharp features and an annoyingly smug expression. The night vision goggles strapped to his hrad made it clear he had come prepared.

Noelle ripped them off and glared at him. "Start talking. Why the hell did you shoot at me? What did I ever do **to** you?"

The guy didn't even flinch. If anything, he looked amused. "Nothing personal. Someone just wants you **dead**. I'm here to get the job done."

Noelle scoffed. "You're gonna have to be more specific. I've got a long **list** of enemies.

saw my face? Yeah.. that's **a** problem

But instead of answering, he shifted his gaze to Damon. A slow, twisted **smile** spread across **his** face. "You saw n Guess you gotta go too.

Damon's eye twitched.

Before he could

d process what **was** happening. Noelle tensed. Her sharp instincts flared, and she shouted, "Damon, move!"

Another gunshot rang out.

"What?" Damon barely had time to react before Noelle shoved him to the ground. The bullet whizzed **past**, missing its **mark** by inches.

However, saving him had cost her.

The young **assassin** took advantage of the opening, his lips curling into a smug grin as he sprang to his feet.

"Gotcha" he muttered, leveling **his gun** at Noelle Another shot was

Damon's head hit 1

I was fired.

concrete hard, sending stars bursting through his vision. His ears were ringing, his thoughts scrambled. Then, through the haze, he heard a pained groan

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His heart pounded as he forced his eyes **open**. The first thing he saw was blood, Noelle **had** been shot.

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"Noelle where are you hurt!" Damon's voice was tight with panic.

He reached out to

out to steady her

only her, but the moment his hand touched something warm and

warm and wet, his stomach twisted

Blood. Noelle's blood.

Noelle had thrown herself into danger for him. She was hurt because of him. That thought sent a sharp jolt through Damon's mind, scrambling everything he thought he knew.

Her shoulder took the hit. With Noelle's reflexes, dodging the bullet would've been easy. But if she had moved, the shot would have hit him instead.

So, she took the bullet head-on.

Hearing the panic in his voice now, Noelle suddenly felt lighter, like the pain was worth it. A **minute** ago, she was frustrated about Damon trying to distance himself from her.

Now, this whole ambush almost felt like a blessing in disguise,

"Noelle Damon's voice was shaky. The parking lot was pitch-**black**, and he couldn't even see where she **was** hurt. But he figured it was her back-

1 it was bad.

His pulse pounded. What if it's somewhere worse? What if she's gonna die right here, just like that!

Norlie, meanwhile, barely seemed fazed. She let out a soft laugh. “Damon, are you actually worried about me? **I knew** you didn’t really want to cut

Damon just stared at her, his brain short-circuiting. Even now, bleeding in the dark, she was still teasing him

He clenched his jaw, half in frustration, half in relief. “Are you serious right now? This is not the time for jokes!”

They were still in danger. The shooter was out there, hidden in the darkness, while he and Noelle were sitting **ducks**. Any second now, another shot could come flying

But Noelle just grinned. “Relax, Damon. I’ll protect you. No one’s gonna lay a finger on you.”

Damon blinked. Is she for real! Where the hell does she get that kind of confidence”

A voice came from the shadows, dripping with sarcasm. “Keegan, seriously! Two shots, and no one is dead! If the Revelations Guild hears about this, you’re done for

The Revelations Guild Noelle’s eyes narrowed. She had heard that name before.

The Buy

named Keegan Armstrong huffed. “This isn’t my fault! That girl is ridiculously fast. If she **hadn’t** jumped in to take the hat, I wouldn’t have

even grazed herf

“Oh““The **other** man sounded intrigued.

Even in the dark, Noelle could feel his gaze land on her, sharp **and** assessing. Then, almost **as if talking to himself**, he mused, “Could she be from the same place as us?”

Noelle’s stomach clenched. So, they are from the lab too

Damon, still caught up in the chaos of her injury, wasn’t even listening. Before he could **react**, Noelle leaned in slightly **and** murmured, “Damon. maybe get some rest for a birt

Damon frowned Wait, what-

Before he could finish, a sharp pain struck the back of his neck. His vision blurred, and everything went black.

Noelle carefully lowered him to the ground, then turned her attention **back** to the others.

She served there arts of eyes were locked onto her. From their breathing and subtle movements, she could tell they were

e men. And not amateties.

“Shur **has** to be one of us” Keegan muttered “No nonnal person moves like that. Fin guessing S-**rank**”

“S-rank?” Auther your scoffed. “You’re j
joking, right? **You** think she’s at that level?”

Tin serious. She dodged a bullet. That kind of reaction speed unit normal.” Keegan insisted.

7:22 AM

Chapter 115

Hearing the words “S-rank,” the other two immediately sized Noelle up, their expressions turning serious.

is no way she can

Silence stretched between them before ease of them chuckled. “So what if she’s S-rank? We’ve got two A-ranks and a B-rank. There’s n take us. Besides, she’s injured. She won’t be moving as fast now.

Hearing that, the other two seemed fired up.

Keegan grinned, his excitement barely contained. “You’re right! If the three of us take down an S-rank, we might even get promoted!”

Their organization ran on the same **ranking** system as the lab that created them.

The leader was a terrifying SS-rank. Below him wore the S senior cadres, and then the S-rank regular cadres.

If **they** managed to kill **an S-rank**, they’d have enough merit to **form** their own team and climb the ranks.

Noelle could feel their bloodlust intensify the second Keegan brought up a promotion.

What she didn’t get was why they were so eager to kill her instead of recruiting her.

They were all from the same lab, so they should be on the same side. She wasn’t even looking for a fight, she was a pacifist, after all.

After carefully setting Damon-**down**, then turned to face them. “Before we start this, mind telling me who put a hit on me?”

Keegan took **a** step closer, his eyes gleaming like a predator closing in on its target. “No can do.”

Noelle sighed then said, “Man, that sucks. I kinda like knowing why people wanna kill me before they actually do it”

it out in hell!”

Keegan let out a crazed laugh and lunged. “You can figure it out in

Big mistake. Noelle moved so fast he didn’t even register it. One second, he **was** attacking, next thing he knew, her hand was around his throat.

Keegan let out a strangled gasp, his fingers clawing at hers, but she didn’t budge.

His eyes widened, pure disbelief flashing across his **face**. She wasn’t just fast, she **was** way stronger than he expected.

Meanwhile, Noelle looked almost bored. If anything, her expression was weirdly innocent, like she **wasn’t** fully grasping the weight of what she was about to do.

ou to hell first,” she said lightly. And then, **crack**,

“Well, if you’re not talking. **guess** I’ll send you

She let go, and Keegan dropped like a stone. Dead before he hit the ground.

“Keegan!” The other two froze, shock and fury twisting their faces as they stared at their fallen comrade.

“Keegan is dead!” One of them choked out, eyes wide with disbelief.

The other **guy** looked **just as** railed. “No way. She took him out that fast? Even if **she’s** an S-rank, shouldn’t it have been harder? That was just brutal

And then, the worst thought hit them both at the same time. ‘What if she isn’t just 5-**rank**? What if she is S? Or even higher!’”

Their stomachs **dropped**. If that was the case, they were screwed. Without hesitation, they turned **and** ran aw

Noelle tilted her head, watching them. “Wait... lidrit you guys just say you were gonna kill me? Where **are** you going?”

Her silver necklace caught a flicker of light, **and** a calm male voice c

came through the hidden communicator inside. “Noelle, **take** them out. Three

minutes”

At those **words**, the warmth in her expression disappeared. Her eyes turned sharp, cold. “Con it,” she murmured.

A for

But i

E

Chapter 116

This wasn't a fight. was a slaughter

Just minutes:

ago, those three were so sure they had her cornered. Now, one was dead, and the other two were running like rats. Not that it would help. They had nowhere to go.

The underground parking lot echoed with frantic voices.

"Shit She's **catching** up! Is she even human!!"

"Shut up and split up!"

"Ahhh! No! Stay back! Stay the hell away, die, die, diett

Gunshots rang out. Then, silence.

"Warren!! Answer met Warren! Damn it. I'm gonna kill you, you little shit!" the **last** man shouted before his voice was cut off.

Silence returned in the **parking** lot. Against Noelle, even A-ranks meant nothing.

She was faster. Stronger Smarter. They thought cutting the lights would turn the battlefield in their favor, that they would get to enjoy her fear, make her suffer

Instead, they had just turned the place into her personal hunting ground. Three down. None left.

As she stood over the final body, the voice in her necklace chimed in. "Time taken: 1 minute. 42 seconds, Well done, Noelle. Mission complete"

The dull emptiness in her eyes flickered away, replaced by a bright, childlike grin. "Obviously! I'm amazing!" she said, laughing.

The voice chuckled. "That you are. The best

Thousands of experimental units had been sent out into the world, each one stronger and deadlier than any ordinary human.

However, even among those elites, Noelle was different

She wasn't just the youngest one to ever be deployed. She was the only perfect transformer, the only one who had survived **every** single experiment, every single enhancement, without **a single** failure.

Now, all that was left **was** one last data **check**. If she passed, she wouldn't just be **another** experiment. She **would** be the beginning of something far bigger

"Noelle, status report. How had are your injuries?" the lab tech asked.

She answered casually, **as** if she were just commenting on the weather. "Buller is still in my left shoulder. My bone is shattered. Lost about 500 **cc** of blood-

"Handle immediately, the staff ordered.

"**Roger**," Noelle responded, pulling down her clothes,

Her pale shoulder was drenched in blood. The bullet had torn straight through her shoulder blade. Without hesitation, she pressed her fingers against the wound and dug in

A wet sickening **sound** followed. Her fingers found the bullet, blood **stained** her lunds.

Noelle, who **usually** whined over the smallest inconveniences, didn't **make a** sound. Sweat dripped down her forehead, her breaths coming in short, controlled bursts.

With the bullet dually out, she forced herself to breathe **steadily**.

Most **people** had zero control over **things like** darn heartbeat or blood flow. They could move their **limbs** with precision, but their internal organs were but of their hands.

Norlle wasn't like most people. The lab had done something to her, altered her **brain**, enhanced her body.

Within seconds, the bleeding slowed, then stopped completely.

Her body was already repairing itself at an **insane** specit. For a normal person, **this** kind of injury would take months to heal, maybe event leave

- permanent damage

1/2

Lopes for four sons

7:23 AM

Chapter 116

For Noelle! She would be good as new in a week. No scar, no trace it ever happened,

"Self-healing complete, she reported.

"Alright," came the response. She had healed even faster **than** they expected.

“We’ll send a team to handle the bodies, the man added.

Noelle blinked “Wait, seriously? That’s awesome!”

Honestly, even with the bleeding under control, dealing with three dead bodies was going to be a hassle, especially with Damon still knocked out in the basement. Someone from the mall could walk in at any moment,

Just thinking about it gave her a headache. For once, the lab was actually helping her clean up the mess. How considerate.

“Noelle, you have one more **mission**, the **staff** suddenly said.

She frowned. “What is it?”

The silver necklace flickered, then came the **man’s** cold, clinical voice. “Kill Damon Anderson”

Chapter 117

Noelle didn’t think twice. She turned and started i

The lab staff on the other end hesitated for a moment, noticing how steady her heartbeat remained. Then, just as she was about to take another

Thib She stopped immediately, obedient as ever

The man’s voice came through the necklace again, slower this time “Noelle, you’re really not hesitating

“Hesitating” She blinked, confused Staring down at the necklace around her neck, she asked, “Why would I Obey orders?”

“Arri) you— sad?” he asked.

Noelle tilted her head. The word felt unfamiliar, like a concept she couldn’t quite grasp.

The man’s voice was steady but firm. “The target we just ordered you to eliminate is your biological brother. He paused before adding. If he dies you won’t have Damon anymore”

Noelle paused, her mind drafting for a moment.

Actually, when the voice in the necklace ordered her to kill Damon, something sharp twisted in her chest, like a tiny needle prick quick but

noticeable.

thought, ‘Should I feel something! Regret, maybe! After all, I haven’t built much of a relationship with Damon. And honestly I don’t have humi

Han ut didn't matter. The mission came first. It always did

"It is what it is" **she** said flatly. "Orders are orders..

Meanwhile, the lab way already analyzing her response. Her vitals stayed steady, no **signs** of distress. [Subject's emotional state remains stable. significant fluctuations| |]

The man

exhaled quietly. As expected. Their bond wasn't strong enough yet. It wasn't time.

"Mission aborted," he finally said. "Focus on strengthening your connection with your family instead"

"**Okay.**" Noelle replied without hesitation

However, deep down, somewhere in the **quiet** corners of her mind, she let **out** a breath she hadn't realized she was holding.

She didn't have to kill Damon, and though she couldn't quite explain it, that felt kind of nice.

Keegan and the other two who tried to assassinate Noelle were finally handed over to the liba logistics team to clean up the mess. When they arrived, they even thoughtfully brought her a fresh set of clothes and some **gauze**.

After patching herself up and changing, Noelle grabbed the car **keys from** Damon, **hoisted** him **into** the car, and drove out of the underground parking lot.

When Damon came to, he was slumped in the front passenger seat, his head pounding. A massive bump throbbed at the back of his skull, and his

of his sku

neck ached like hell.

The smell of fried food drifted over, paired with the sound of someone happily munching away.

Blinking through the lace, he turned his head only to see Norlie, **aprite**, doll-like girl, holding an enormous family-sized bucket of fried chicken in her arms, casually biting into a wing

"Noelle?" His voice was hoarse as he stared at her inse

"Yeah? Noelle glanced over mid-lite.

The moment she saw he was awake, her eyes lit **up**, and she scented closer with a bright smile "Damon! You're up! Are you hungry? Want some?" She held out a drumstick, completely unbothered by the situation

Before she could say anything **else**, Damon, now fully **awake**, grabbed her wrist. "Norlie!!"

Chapter 117

HubTM Noelle blinked, confused by his outburst.

Then, as if realizing something, she sheepishly pulled out his wallet from behind her and held it out to him. “Uh... Damon, I **was** kinda starving, so I used your wallet to buy some food. Just a little bit.”

She said it like it was no big deal, but in reality, while he was knocked out, she had gone out and grabbed some soup, eight drumsticks, **turkey**, duck wings, and who knows what else.

When Damon still hadn’t **woken** up, she figured she might **as** well hit up a **fast**-food joint and order three whole family buckets.

she was just finishing the last one now.

Chapter 118

To Damon, that was anything but “a little.”

However, he couldn’t exactly cold Noelle for eating so much, not after how much blood she had lost. She needed to refill her energy, or she would probably pass

Noelle assumed he was just upset about his wallet, but Damon didn’t even look at it. His eyes stayed locked on her as he fired off questions. your injury? What happened to the assassins? Are they gone?““

ThNoelle blinked at the sudden interrogation,

After a beat, the answered. I’m fine now. And the assassins! Lalready –

She didn’t even get to finish before Damon tensed up. “Fine? Who are you trying to fool? You were bleeding all over the place just now!”

“How’s

Sure, the underground parking lot had been dark, but the thick smell of blood and the way it had soaked into his hands was proof enough. There was no way she was just fine.

“Take off your shirt. Let me **see**” His voice was firm, almost demanding.

Huh?” Noelle pulled back slightly, eyeing him warily. “Damon, that’s not really appropriate, is it! Nick told me not to other men. If he finds out, he won’t be happy”

Damon didn’t even hesitate. “Cut the **crap**. Take it off”

He reached over, quickly unbuttoning her shirt. But the second her shoulder was exposed, he froze.

The wound was still wrapped in thick gauze, but she had clearly handled it with zero care.

Blood had seeped through the bandages, staining her skin, and it was obvious she had just wiped at it

at it half-heartedly.

clothes off in front of

Damon's Engers twitched. He took a slow breath, trying to steady himself, but his voice still came out rough. "Noelle_ your injury._"

He clenched his fists, cursing under his breath. Just seeing how much blood she had lost **made** something tighten in his chest.

Noelle was seriously injured, yet here she was, stuffing her face with fried chicken instead of lying in a hospital bed.

Damon felt his chest tighten. Is she out of her mind Even if she doesn't care about herself, she should at least **have** some basic sense?

Frustration. Anger. Worry. But more than anything, guilt, because he knew this was all his **fault**

The assassin had said it himself. Noelle was **fast**, skilled. She could **dodge** bullets

She hadn't been shot by accident. She had been shot because she chose to take the bullet for him

Is she crazy for a brother who once threatened to kill her! Who now wants nothing to do with her? She's still thrown herself in front of a **gun** for me. If the bullet had been just a little off, she could've... The thought made **him** sick.

Meanwhile, Noelle, completely unaware of the storm raging in his head, waved her hand off. "Relax, Damon. The bleeding

She noticed Damon's face had gone pale, his eyes **flickering** with emotions she **couldn't** quite read.

ng has stopped, hasn't its

But she didn't need to. All that mattered was that he **hadn't** pushed her away. He was here, worrying about her, making sure she **was okay**.

And that alone was enough to **make** her heart so

"Stopped, my aw!" Damon snapped, his patience snapping right along with it. "Do you think this **is a paper cut**

want to del

paper cut? The bullet is still inside you! Do you

Damon took a deep breath, showing down the whirlwind of emotions crashing

ing inside him. Right now, getting Noelle to the hospital was the only thing that mattered

This wasn't just some minor wound, she could end up

up with Lasting

damage.

Thay phot., all she cares about is food" Frustrated, he reached for her, **ready** to **shove** her to the **passenger** seat and drive straight to the nearest hospital

However, Noelle grabbed his wrist, her grip surprisingly strong "Damon, I'm not going **to** the hospital?"

Damon's jaw clenched. "Oh, **so you** wanna die? And then what? Blame me for the afterlife? Well, guess what? Not happening! **You're** going.

Chapter 11

whether you like it or

11 or not

Damon wasn't listening. At all. He was dead set on dragging Noelle to the **hospital**, no matter what she said

Noelle let **out** a sigh. This was a problem

She **couldn't** go to the hospital, not with how different her body was. If they ran any tests, **they** would find things they weren't supposed to, **and** then... well, things would get messy. Very messy.

However, Damon was stubborn as hell. Once he made up his mind, nothing short of a miracle could change it.

She had no choice. With a resigned look, Noelle unwrapped the gauze on her shoulder and showed him the wound. The bleeding had completely stopped, and **a** fresh scab had already started forming. "Look, I'm healing. No need to go to the hospital"

Damon opened his mouth, ready to argue, but the second he saw the injury, he froze. "What the hell?"

The bullet wound, which should have been raw **and** bleeding, was already closing up

"How is this even possible?" he muttered, staring like he had just seen a ghost.

Told

you, no hospital,” Noelle said, quickly pulling her shirt back up

Nick had always told her not to let anyone see too much of her body. Now she had gone and broken that rule. She could only hope he wouldn’t **freak** our **about** it..

Damon’s shock quickly turned into something else. Suspicion. His eyes narrowed, scanning her like she was a puzzle he couldn’t solve.

ut **too!**” he asked.

“You got the bullet out

“Yep, it’s out” Noelle nodded.

Damon pried again, “How?”

Noelle lifted two fingers and wiggled them in front of him with a smirk. “Dug it out myself”

Damon inhaled sharply. If anyone else had said that, he would’ve laughed in their face.

However, this was Noelle, and for some reason, he actually believed her. Digging out a bullet with her bare hands... of course she

He stayed quiet for a moment, his expression darkening. Then, with a serious look, he asked, “Noelle... what the hell are you?”

As soon as these words were spoken.

Her

reyes **flickered**. Noelle could see it, Damon wasn’t just curious. He needed an answer.

Noelle blinked once, twice, then finally, she **said-**

hapter 119

“Damon. I’m your sister. Noelle” she said with a playful grin.

Damon wasn’t having it. His faced

darkened, and he shot her a sharp look. Don’t play dumb. You know exactly what I’m asking”

There were too many things about Norſe that didn’t make sense. She wasn’t just skilled, she was too skilled.

Most people her age wouldn’t even come close to what she could do. It was almost like the had cheated her way through life.

And now, she had taken a bullet, hadn't seen a doctor, and yet, somehow, she was already healing. Way too fast

Damon's mind raced. The only logical explanation was that she had been part of some top-secret organization, trained for God knows what. That would explain the insane abilities, the unnatural recovery

Noelle **saw** the way he was looking at her, like he wasn't going to let this go. Her gaze flickered, her usual carefree expression dimming just a little. The shift was subtle, but the air around her felt different

ity kills the cat. Her

te was light, but there

sull, she smiled, soft, calm, almost lazy. "I get that you're curious, but you know what they say curiosity was something sharp underneath. "I really don't want you dying just yet. So how about stop asking?"

Because if she **told** him the truth, she would have to kill him to keep him quiet.

People al

e always thought Noelle was all fun and games, nothing but smiles and jokes. But when she got serious, she had a way of making the air go

Damon felt it. A quiet warning

He stared at her, his usual confidence shaken just a little. "Noelle...

For a second he wasn't sure how to respond. Then, almost like he was switching topics out of nowhere, he asked. "By the way where are the

Noelle blinked at him, caught off guard by the question. "Hmm" **Assassins?"**

She tilted her head, her expression all wide-eyed innocence, **like** she had no clue what he meant. Then, after a beat, she smiled and asked, "Damon, are you sure you want to know what happened to **them?"**

Noelle didn't really mind selling him, but she figured it might freak Damon out

Damon suddenly felt a chill run down his spine. His throat felt dry, but he finally managed to ask, "Umh, are they gonna be a problem for us

They won't" Noelle grinned. "Chill. There's no way this comes back **to us**, I swear."

Damon just stared at her, completely at a loss for words

After everything that happened today. Damon saw Noelle in a whole new light. All the things she had **said** before, the ones he brushed off, were starting to seem a lot more real

He remembered that night after the competition, during the celebration party.

Two **guys** from the team had tried to pull something on Noelle, and she had beaten them so badly they were barely breathing. At the time, she had looked at him, dead serious, and asked if she should **just** finish the jobs and **get** rid of the evidence.

He thought she was joking, but now... he wasn't so sure.

If he had at that time, she would have actually done it. That thought alone made his blood run cold.

For the first time

time, Damon felt something close to fear when it came to Noelle. And worse, he started worrying about the Anderson family as a whole. This girl **is** dangerous. What if someone in the family crossed her one day? What if she got pissed off **and**-

Now Damon didn't even want to finish that thought. The car fell into an eerie silence.

Noelle, meanwhile, was watching him, her head tilting slightly as she took in his expression. His face kept shifting, going pale, then dark, like he was

stuck in some horrible thought.

She blinked. What the hell is he thinking?"

After a moment, she tried to put herself in his shoes, **just** like Nick had taught her. Then, it clicked

Her eyes brightened, and she let out a small laugh before flashing Damon a reassuring smile.

1/2

773 AM C ㄷ

Chapter 119

"Damon, are you seriously worried that I'd hurt you?" she asked, amused. "Come on. You're my family. You're not like the others. And if anyone ever hurts you after me, I'll be the one protecting you."

As if to prove her point, she reached over and gave his head a light pat, like she was comforting a scared puppy.

It was almost funny, considering she **was** about to kill him earlier.

But in Noelle's mind, none of this contradicted itself. If it weren't for the lab's orders, she would never lay a hand on her family. In fact, she would do the opposite; she'd protect them.

After **all**, she liked them. There was no reason to kill **them**.

Damon stared at Noelle, unsure what to say.

He had wanted to **ask if** everything **was** true.

However, then he remembered, **back at** the illegal street race, when they got ambushed by those **thugs**. They had threatened to break his hand, and it **was** Noelle who had stepped in to protect him.

And this time, she had taken the hit for him. That was the only reason she was so badly injured.

Even the assassins admitted it—Noelle was fast enough to dodge bullets. If he hadn't slowed her down, she wouldn't have gotten shot at all.

Damon's gaze drifted to Noelle's face.

She might have been acting all **casual**, laughing like it was no big deal, but her body couldn't lie. Noelle must be in **pain**.

Her usual healthy glow was gone, replaced by a sickly paleness. Even her lips had lost their color. She was clearly holding on

Is she pretending so I won't worry? That thought hit him harder than he expected.

A wave of guilt crept in as he remembered how, just moments ago, he had been afraid of her. He **had** actually thought she might kill them if she ever got angry.

But the truth, when it really mattered, Noelle had been **the** one to protect him. Not many people would do that.

Damon felt silly for having such negative thoughts about his sister over something that hadn't even happened.

Damon sat there, wrestling with everything that had just happened.

Finally, he looked **at** Noelle **again**. He wasn't great with emotional stuff, but for the first time, he reached out, resting a hand on her head. "Noelle....

thanks for this one.

Chapter 120

se first time Damon had ever touched Noelle head. Her eyes lit up instantly, and she grinned. Damon, this is the first time you've touched

second, staring at her bright expression. Then, as if realizing what he'd done, he quickly pulled his hand back and shifted away. distance between them. His expression turned a little awkward.

it reaction?" he asked, trying to

e grinned and scooted closer. "Didn't you say you wanted to keep your distance from me? And now you're patting my head? Does this mean tre firends.

Dandwitched. She really doesn't forget things, does sher

1. Damson was just as preot

the pushed her forehead back with two fingers. "Don't overthink it. It was nothing Stop acting like it's a big deal."

need to act cool" Noelle teased

ou talking abo

about?" he said curtly.

wing ear to e

ear to ear. T m not making things up. I **knew** it-Damon, you just can't ignore me!"

woded. Just stop dreaming"

ele bunt

OUT

lutely refused to go to the hospital. Damon had no choice but to drive her home

Noelle suddenly turned to him with a smile. "Oh, by the way, don't tell the family about what happened today"

from the lab, and whoever was behand them definitely was, too. Noelle didn't want her family digging into things, so she figured best to keep quiet...

Cramon glanced at her. He had always known she had secrets.

dibe tubond a lot, but when it came to certain things, she kept her mouth **shut**. No matter what, there were some things **she** just refused to share.

nosy or anything. The only reason he ever asked about her past was because he wanted to understand her

prone to have Noelles kind of skills, they had to have gone through | bell

Lelle clearly wasn't planting to explain anything she even gave **him** a look that warned him not to **ask**

Bearing

better than to **push**. If she didn't want to talk, she wouldn't. So, he just nodded and said, "Alright. won't tell anyone."

cür grinned and leaned her head against his arm, her eyes twinkling. "That means we have **a secret** now just the two of us. No one

Who would have thought, a few hours ago, he was telling her to stay away, acting like he wanted nothing to do with her. And now, they shared smurthing whether he liked it or no

ven weirder, he didn't actually ha

If anything, in frit, oddly erasing However, that also made guilt creep up on him. He had promised himself he'd stand by Leia's side, but here he was letting Noelle in

The thought

made his mood drop **fast**

ferring Noelle still leaning on him, his expression darkened. He nudged her off with his elbow, his tone sharper than necessary. "Hey. Don't lean

Before he even finished speaking. Noelle suddenly yelped. "Ow!"

Damon froze. **He** turned to see her lurching her shoulder, her face scrunched up in pain.

Chapter 120

In heart skipped a beat dropped Shit

He had completely forgotten, she'd been shot in the left shoulder. And he had just showed her without thinking.

Damon immediately pulled the car over. Leaning toward her, he asked anxiously. "Did your wound open up! Damn it, I told you not to lean over! How bad is it? Do you need to go to the hospital?"

For the first time in a long time, he was actually panicking,

His mind flashed back to her injury, to the sight of blood soaking through her clothes. This realization that he might have made it worse made his chest tighten.

From the way he looked at her, anyone would think he was the one who had been shot

Just as Damon was about to call 911, Noelle suddenly lifted her head and stuck her tongue out at him

She grinned like a little kid that had just pulled off the perfect trick. “Hat You totally panicked! I knew w you cared about me!

Don’t even try to deny

Damson just stared at her, completely dumbfounded. Then it clicked. She had played him.

The embarrassment hit first, then frustration. His face darkened as he snapped. “Noeller

J

But she unly laughed harder. “Aww, now you’re shy!”

“Noelle, I’m so...” Damon gritted his teeth. He had a short temper, **a bad** attitude, **and** normally, he had no problem letting people know exctly ho passed of he was

But with Noelle, somehow, he **just** couldn’t bring himself to yell **at** her. She was infuriating, yet at the same time he felt relieved. And that only annoyed him more.

In the end, he could only sigh in defeat, watching her bask in her little **victory**.

He swore to himself, next time, even if she actually collapsed in pain, he wouldn’t give a damn

When they got **back** to the Anderson family’s house, the whole family was huddled together in the living room, deep in conversation.

They were talking about the new song by “The Legend” that had just shattered records.

Stanley’s voice **was** already icons, and with Noelle’s composition, it was pure **gold**. The song had dominated the charts in just a week, climbing straight to number unr.

Meanwhile, Radiance Media had been going all-in on promoting Noelle. She **hadn’t** even made a public appearance yet, and she was already being hyped as the next big thing

Naturally, the Anderson family was over the moon. **They** turned to Charlie, their go-to for entertainment industry insight, and bombarded him with question...

Charlie didn’t sugarcoat it. He flat-out **said** Noelle’s commercial value was already **approaching** top-tier status. That sent the whole family into celebration mode

56, when Noelle and Damon walked through the door, they were met with a room full of expectant, eager faces.

Noelle Blinked. “Uh... why is everyone lurking at me like that?”

they hated her.

d to this kind of attention. A month ago, the **only** one who ever got this much **enthusiasm** from the family **was** Leia. And back then.

Noelle let out a

Karma sure **works** fast

Eli practically bounced over to her, his excitement through the roof. He clapped a hand on her left shoulder, grinning. “Noelle, you’re **a** celebrity

Being too excited, he didn’t hold back. Not even a little. The slap landed hand

Noelle’s **fare** twisted in pain. Her body healed faster **than** most, but she was still human.

Her wound had only just stopped bleeding, and the seals were still fresh, way too fragile to take that

No matter how tough Noelle was, the slap was too much **for** her to handle.

Chapter 120

Eli finally noticed something was off. “Noelle

is wrong?” His excitement dimmed as he frowned at her

Before she could say **a** word. Damon was already there. He shoved Eli back, glaring “Hey, are you out of your damn mind! Who told you to hit

without wasting a second, he turned to Noelle his voice tight

Noelle, are you okay!’