

Unwanted Girl Spoiled by Billionaire – c 131-140

Unchosen 131-140

by the adult word I've been streaming of fuallly within reach the wondered, park of cæcitement flickering inside her.

Seeing the sparkle in her eyes, Nicolas couldnt helpeðan lei not a low, teasing chuckle. Tais linde fool

arer. Still, shar'ahe one win asked for it. I wont hold luck, he thongla, a knowing smnlik tugelne excited now, four shall probably be

alinį regret thik," Nicolas murmurd, leaning down to lin

eyes held a dangerous glint

nichi was gentle, almost reader, heir

““Twond regret id” Noelle had always wanted in explore the adult world, leit Nicolas had always said it wasn't the right tone. Now that they were ficially going

“Olurally?” Nicolas chou kled softly. He slowly lifted one of her legs, resting it on lais shoulder.

Noelle blinked, confused “Nack, why are you lifting tuy leg!”

i like to know?” His voler was lazy, teasing His large lund wrapped around her slender ankle, his tluunb brushing against her **kn** Then, he lied hichhead and pressed a light kiss to the inside of her kare, his eyes never leaving hers.

Every movement was deliberate, slow, and dripping with huthmacy, It was enough to make Noelle's heart race and her imagination run wi

Nicolas was in stranger to playing games. Though he prided himself on his self-control, he'd spent enough time in social circles to know how to

urmand tease. His carefree simile and striking liks made him seem like the epitome of a playboy-flirtatious, untamed, and effortlessly

that he often felt like he **was** guiling her rather than

But with Noelle, he'll always been careful, almost paternal. She was so innocent, so childlike seducing her by when the mood turned romantic, her **naïve** comments would shatter the atmosphere in an instant.

This time, though, Nicolas wasn't going let her off so easily. His patience was wearing thin, and she'd been pushing; his buttons nonstop. If he held back any longer, he'll start questioning his own self-control.

Just as he was about to take things further, the sound of a plane ringing cut through the air.

"Nick, your phone's ringing!". Noelle reminded him.

But Nicolas didn't stop. His hand slid under the towel wrapped around her, his voice calm. "Ignore it" "Turn it off"

"Okay!" Noelle reached for the phone to shut it off. But when she saw the caller ID, her eyes widened in surprise. It was Eli.

"Nick, it's Eli she said, looking up at him.

Hearing Eli's name, Nicolas froze. His eye twitched, and a sense of foreboding washed over him.

Before he could react, the call timed out and ended.

"Oh, it hung up?" Noelle held the phone, looking at Nicolas. "Should I turn it off now?"

Before Nicolas could answer, a loud, booming voice erupted from outside the window. "Nicolas Sawyer, you jerk! Where the hell did you **take in**

right now!"

Open the damn door!"

I know you're in there

in there! Stop hiding!

"You son of a bitch—open the damn door, now!".

The sound filled the air like an announcement on a loudspeaker, Nicolas's face watched. He had had enough of Eli and his antics

Noelle was just as stunned. Her brother had really outdone himself this time—he had actually **tracked** them all the way to this place.

"Back, back" Elia downstairs she quickly turned to Nicolas, lustered.

She was a little worried if Eli saw her and Nick like this

i like this, he might just slop dead from anger. And she still had her mission to complete—it wouldn't

Der mood Nicolas had worked so hard fucirate mi completely mined. He felt utterly drained. **Taking** a deep breath, he forced a smule and said,

1/2

Chapter 131

“Elly babe, your brother should’ve been a paparazzi. His detective skills are out of this world”

In **Renaam** City, Nicolas owned several properties. With so many places. Eli had managed to find him—this guy’s investigation skills were top-

notch!

Noelle’s eyes narrowed, and she made a mental note to tell Eli what Nicolas had said later.

“Nick, are

to conmue” she **asked**, pouting. They’d already gotten this far!

“Continue! Are you **kidding** me?” N

Nicolas stood up, exasperated, and tossed her a dress he’d prepared earlier. “Get dressed, or your brother will have

a heart attack

“What?” Noelle **was** stunned, her shoulders drooping, her lips puffed out in annoyance. “Why is this happening?”

Nicolas was equally frustrated. As Eli’s voice continued to blare from outside, he pulled off his wrinkled shirt and grabbed a fresh one. “Don’t blame me. Take it up with your brother.”

“Hmph Eli’s such a troublemaker Always ruining my good moments! I’m mad!”

Without bothering to put on the dress, she wrapped the towel tightly around herself and ran to the balcony, ready to give Eli a piece of her mind.

Nicolas’s heart sank as he watched her go. He **had** a bad feeling about this

Noelle leaned over the balcony railing and shouted, “Elit Can you stop ruining things for once? Nick says you missed your calling as a paparazzi!”

Nicolas nearly collapsed on the spot. He rushed over, wrapping his arms around Noelle and **trying** to pull her back inside. “Elly babe, do you realize what you’re saying?”

ou **even**

“What’s wrong?” Noelle didn’t see the problem. She clung to the railing, turning to Nicolas **with a frown**. “You told me to talk to Eli, so I’m talking to

Nicolas felt a **headache** coming on. He couldn’t explain the situation to her right now, so he just coaxed, “Alright, you’ve said enough. Come on, get you dressed”

Running around in just a towel was not a good look. If Eli saw her like this, he’d probably have a meltdown.

are you two doing”

Jet’s

But before Nicolas could pull Noelle back inside, a shocked, trembling voice rang out from below. “What the bell:

Nicolas froze, then turned toward the source of the voice. There, standing below, was Eli, his eyes wide, his expression a mix **of** shock, disbelief, and total confusion.

Nicolas glanced at Eli, then at Noelle, and instantly knew they were in deep trouble. Noelle was still wrapped in a towel, and Nicolas hadn’t bothered to put his start **back** on in his haste to follow her. It was pretty clear to anyone who **saw** them–this looked **bad**.

Eli’s face was red with rage. Nicolas could practically feel the tension building,

no way in

Even he, the cool-headed and strategic **Nicolas** Sawyer, **didn’t** know how to get out of this one. He could try to explain, but there was no w would work

So he did what he always did he put on **his** signature smile and waved down **at** Ell. “Eli, how’s it going! **Didn’t** know you were coming by. You didn’t give us any **heads**–up?

Eli’s response **was a string** of expletives that would **make a sailor** blush

Nicolas winced. “Who **would’ve** guessed Eli had **such a** pony mouth? he thought, **shaking** his head in disbelief

Noelle stared at him in awe. ‘Wow, **Eli’s a**

amazing! Not a single curse word repeated she thought

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Chapter 132

Noelle **and** Nicolas, both dressed neatly, descended the stairs. Eli had already arrived and was sitting on the couch, fuming. His long legs were shaking like a **leaf**. a clear **sign** of his irritation.

“Hey, El Noelle waved cheerfully as she reached the bottom of the stairs.

Hearing her voice, Eli’s head snapped toward the staircase. He shot up from the couch and stormed over, grabbing Noelle by the arm and pulling her to his side. Through **gritted** teeth, he hissed, “Noelle, you’ve got some nerve!”

“Huh Noelle blinked, confused by Eli’s sudden outburst. But hearing **him** say she was “something else, she grinned and patted her head, replying “Yeah. I guess I am pretty awesome,

“Awesome my fool Do you **think** I’m complimenting you?” Eli’s face twisted in frustration **as** he recalled the scene he’d witnessed on the balcony earlier. He was so furious he could barely contain himself. This clueless, naive girl He couldn’t let his guard down for even a second, or she’d be taken advantage of before he knew **it**.

His **glare** shifted to Nicolas, his expression darkening as he demanded, “Nicolas, didn’t you say you were taking Noelle to see a doctor! Why is she at your place! What were you two doing just now? Explain yourself!”

After a brief moment of chaos, Nicolas had regained his composure. He smiled politely and answered calmly, “Eli, I **had** the donor come to my house, so naturally. Noelle is here. After she woke up, she felt sticky and uncomfortable, so she took a shower

“She had just wrapped herself in a towel when you arrived. She rushed out without even getting dressed because she heard your voice. We weren’t doing anything. Eli You misunderstood.”

“Oh really?” Eli sneered, his tone dripping with skepticism. If you **weren’t** doing anything, why were you shirtless showering together?”

when you

you came **out**? Were **you**

Nicolas remained unflustered. He continued to smile as he explained, “Eli, **Noelle** and I are engaged, not married. We wouldn’t shower together. It’s just that my house only **has** one bathroom, so she had to use the one in my room.

“I had just finished cooking and wanted to change out of my clothes because they smelled like smoke. It was pure coincidence **that you** showed up while I **was** changing. I saw Noelle run out in just a towel, so I hurried after her.

“If you don’t believe me, you can check the kitchen. There are still unwashed dishes in there.”

Eli eyed **Nicolas** suspiciously but decided to investigate. He marched into the kitchen and **found** the sink full of dirty **dishes**. He then went upstairs. to check the **rooms and** confirmed **that** only Nicolas’s bedroom had a bathroom. Everything matched Nicolas’s explanation perfectly.

Eli was left with no room to argue. He felt frustrated but had no choice but to accept the facts

Nicolas, noticing Eli's **defeated** expression, smiled even wider. "Is there anything else you'd like to clarify, Eli! I'm happy to answer."

Eli glared **at Nicolas**, who was **as** calm and collected **as** ever. He felt like he was punching air—no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't get a rise out of the man. Finally, he muttered, "Even if **that's the** case, the way you two were hugging on the balcony was still inappropriate!"

Nicolas nodded politely. "You're right, Eli. I'll be more careful **in** the future."

Nicolas's agreeable attitude only **made** Eli feel more frustrated. He couldn't put his finger on why, but something about the situation felt off.

Noelle, watching the **exchange**, suddenly **felt** a pang of sympathy for Nicolas. He was **being** so **patient** and **kind**, **even** though Eli was being **so** harsh. If it had been Damon, the two would've been at each other's throats by now.

"Noelle, **since** you're fine, let's **go** home, Eli **said**, turning to

o his sister.

"What?" Noelle's **reaction** was immediate. She had only just **woken up at** noon, and she'd barely spent a couple of hours with **Nicolas**. The thought of leaving so soon made her heart sink.

"What do you mean, what? **You're not planning** to stay **here, are you**?" Eli's face darkened

"Yeah," Noelle nodded without hesitation.

Eli's temper flared. "What are you thinking, staying here alone with him? Do you want

u want people to start gossiping?"

"Ti, you—" Noelle **was** about to argue **back** when Nicolas gently **placed** a hand on her shoulder.

"Noelle, since Eli came all this way to pick you up, you should go home with **him**," Nicolas said softly, his voice **calm** and reassuring.

1/2

2:49 PM

Chapter 132

"Nick" Noelle turned to look at him, her eyes wide with surprise.

Nicolas smiled gently. "You don't want to upset Eli, do you?"

Noelle hesitated. She had worked so hard to repair her relationship wi

with Eli, and she couldn't afford to ruin it now. With only four months left, she

will needed to get closer to her other brothers. She couldn't let anything derail her plans.

Reluctantly. Noelle agreed to go home with Eli. But before they left, she asked for a moment alone with Nicolas.

Eli **instinctively** wanted to refuse. His opinion of Nicolas hadn't improved much. But considering Nicolas's recent behavior and Noelle's stubborn expression, he reluctantly agreed. "Fine, but make it quick. I'll be waiting in the car

As soon **as** Eli **was** out of earshot, **Noelle** threw herself into **Nicolas's** arms. "**Nick....**

"What's wrong?" Nicolas chuckled, wrapping his arms around her

Noelle pouted, "Eli's so mean to

so mean to you. Why are you so nice to him? You're way too patient?"

"Me? Patient?" Nicolas laughed. It was the first time anyone had described him that way.

"Of course! Eli's always so harsh with you, but you never fight back. You're always so calm and understanding Noelle's voice was filled with frustration. She couldn't stand seeing Nicolas treated so unfairly.

"Sweetheart, do you know why I stay calm?" **Nicolas asked**, his voice soft and teasing

"Why?" Noelle looked up at **him**, her eyes wide with curiosity.

"Because of you, Nicolas said, brushing **a strand** of hair from her face. "You want **to** get along with your family, right? If I started arguing with them, it would cally make things harder for you. As your man, I can't let that happen. If they don't like me, I'll just have to win them over. Fighting won't solve anything The key is to find their **weak** spots and work from there. Understand?"

"Oh.." Noelle blinked, processing his words. She didn't fully grasp everything he was saying, but she could tell Nicolas was incredibly wise. Her admiration for him grew even stronger.

Suddenly, she felt a wave of affection wash over her. She clung to **him**, burying her face in his chest. "Nick, you're amazing. I don't want to leave you. I'm going to miss you so much"

Nicolas looked down at her, his eyes filled with warmth. He tilted her chin up and smiled. "Really? That much?

"Yes!" Noelle nodded emphatically.

"Well, if that's the case, I'll have to give you something to remember me by," Nicolas said, his voice low and **teasing**.

"Nick"" Noelle looked up at him, confused.

Before she could say anything **else**, Nicolas leaned down **and** captured her lips in a soft, lingering **kiss**.

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Chapter 133

As Nicolas walked Noelle out she seemed to float on air. She radiated a soft, bubbly joy, her cheeks flushed like she'd had a few drinks, giving her an almost tipsy, dreamy aura

Eli was taken aback when he saw her like this. He quickly got out of the car and hurried over to Noelle, scrutinizing her face. "Noelle, are you okay? Did you drink something weird or what?"

"El..." Noelle looked up at her brother, her lips curling into a silly grin, her eyes crinkling with happiness.

Eli's eye twitched. What in the world? Oh my god, How much alcohol did she drink? She looks completely out of it, he thought, utterly baffled by her dazed expression.

His gaze immediately shifted to Nicolas, the likely culprit, **and** he glared. "Nicolas, what did you do to Noelle? Why is she like this?"—

Nicolas looked genuinely innocent. All he'd done was give her a goodbye kiss before she left. And, well, maybe he'd let his hands wander a little to tease her, just to spice **things up**. But honestly, it wasn't his fault she was so sensitive. She had zero experience in that department. A little spark was enough to set her on fire.

Thankfully. Eli hadn't been around to see it. If he had, with his short fuse, he'd have exploded on the spot. And then there'd be no explaining anything

Eli, seeing **Nicolas's** smug, satisfied expression and Noelle's dazed reaction, didn't need to be a relationship expert to figure out what had happened. You two are unbelievable...

He couldn't even bring himself to scold them. After **all**, **Nicolas** and Noelle were technically engaged, so a little intimacy wasn't exactly out of line. He had no right to stop them, even if he wanted to.

But then didn't stop him from being furious,

seriously! Noelle had **said** the just t wanted to talk to Nicolas, and look what happened behind his back! He'd been waiting outside, and those **two** were inside doing who-knows-what

The more Eli thought about it, the **angrier** he got. **It** reminded him of that time he'd gone out with his buddies, and one of them had brought his girlfriend **along**. Eli had **ended** up being the third wheel, forced to watch them being all lovey-dovey **while** strangers gave him pitying looks.

It had left **a lasting** scar on his psyche, and now that **scar** was itching again.

To stop himself from cursing. Eli grabbed Noelle by the arm and pulled her toward the car.

grinning like an idiot! Let's go!"

Noelle giggled like a little fool, letting her brother drag her along, still completely lost in her own world.

Eli rolled his eyes so hard they nearly got stuck in the **back of** his head. He shoved her into the passenger seat **and** was about to drive off when Noelle finally snapped out of it

Her eyes lit up, and **she** quickly turned to **look** at Nicolas, leaning out the window to wave at him "Nick, I'm heading home now! I'll call you when I

get there!"

"Alright, be safe. And pull your **head back in**—it's dangerous," Nicolas **said, waving** back with a smile.

"Okay **Noelle** ducked back inside but kept waving at him through the **window**, her entire being radiating pink, lovey-**dovey** energy

Eli felt like his teeth were about to rot **from** how sweet and gross it all was. He slammed his foot on the **gas** and sped off

"Hey! Eli, why are you driving so fast?"

None of your busi

As the car disappeared **down** the road, Nicolas slowly turned away, the **smile fading from his** face. He pulled out his phone and made a call, bus voice cold and dull. From now **on**, have someone monitor Lela Anderson's every move and all her **communications**. If she contacts anyone suspicious, report immediately

After hanging up, Nicolas put **his** phone away his **expression dark** and brooding, a hint of menace in his eyes

He wasn't going to let Noelle's injury slide **just because** she healed quickly didn't **mean** she hadn't suffered. The memory of her writhing in **pain** last night was still fresh in his mind. Whoever had caused her that pain, Nicolas would stop at nothing to have them.

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List

Chapter 133

Lea was a suspect. Noelle had said it was unlikely, but even the smallest chance was enough for Nicolas to **act**. A single oversight could lead to a lifetime of regret, and Nicolas wasn't about to let that happen. Not to him. Not to Noelle.

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Meanwhile. Noelle and El returned home, and Kimberly, spotting them, greeted them with a warm smile. “Noelle, you’re back! Are you feeling better she asked, her voice full of concern.

“Yep!” Noelle beamed at her mother, her smile sweet and radiant. “I’m all good now!

Kimberly reached out to feel Noelle’s forehead, relieved to find her temperature normal. “It seems Nicolas’s doctor really did the trick. Your fever’s gone.”

Kimberly had been worried sick yesterday, but seeing Noelle so lively and energetic now put her mind **at** ease.

Not long after. Damon rushed home upon hearing that Noelle had returned. He was shocked to see her sitting on the couch, **cracking walnuts** like nothing had happened. “Noelle, **you’re** okay?”

“Hey, Damon” Noelle waved at him cheerfully. “Want some walnuts? I’ve cracked a bunch!”

“No, thanks... Damon stared at her, his expression a mix of disbelief and confusion.

Is this some kind of joke? Damon thought, bewildered. Noelle had been shot less than two days ago, yet here she was, bouncing around like nothing had happened. If he hadn’t seen her injury with his own eyes yesterday, he would’ve sworn it was all just a bad dream

Just then, **a** servant walked in **and asked**, “Mr. Damon Anderson, should we bring in the things from your car!”

Damon’s expression turned awkward, **and** he didn’t respond.

Curious, Noelle asked, “Damon, what did you buy!”

Damon, feeling comered under Noelle’s eager gaze, stiffened and mustered, “Nothing

His reaction only made Noelle more suspicious. She covered her mouth with a mischievous grin. “Oh Is it something you can’t show us! I get it. Damson’s **all** grown up now, with his own little secrets”

Eli, intrigued, chimed in with a teasing smirk. “Damon, what’s with the mystery! Did you buy something... sex toys!”

Damon’s face turned red with anger. “Eli, get your **mind** out of the gutter!”

“Am I wrong?”

“Dead wrong!”

Then what’s the **big** secret!

“There’s no secret!”

“Then why won’t you tell Noelle what you bought?”

top making it sound like

Damon **was** so frustrated he could scream. Finally, he snapped, “**Fine!** I bought some health supplements, okay? Stop something **shady**

“Health **supplements?**” Eli blinked, confused. “Why! Mom and Dad have their own specially prepared supplements. They don’t use the stuff you buy

of the shelf

“Who said they’re for

Mom and **Dad** Damon stor back

Then who are they for?”

Damon hesitated, then glanced at Noelle. “Well, they’re for you, obviously! Go get them yourself if you want them!”

“Wait, what?!” Noelle’s eyes widened in surprise. “Damon, you bought all that for me!”

“Who else?” Damon grumbled, his face **darkening**.

Ik had been **worried** about Noelle’s condition after her injury, thinking she must be weak and in need o

of nourishment. So, that **norung**. out early and bought a mountain of protein powder, hoping it would help her recover

hed

d gobe

But just as he was about to bring everything home, he got a call from the house **staff** saying Noelle had already returned. So, he rushed back, only to be trased by this little troublemaker Danson was beyond annoyed.

1/2

Chapter 131

If he had known she’d recover so quickly, he wouldn’t have bothered

Noelle stared at Damon, her heart swelling with warmth. She couldn't believe that taking a bullet for him had led to such a dramatic change in his attitude. He was actually worried about her! He even went out of his **way** to buy her supplements!

Overjoyed, Noelle felt like she was on the verge of fully winning Damon over. She jumped up from the couch and threw herself at him, exclaiming. **Damon**, you're the best! **I'm** so happy! Thank **you**! I'll finish every last bit of those protein powderf

Caigle of guard, Damon uumbled back **as** Noelle clung to **him**. Embarrassed, he tried to push her **away**. "Noelle, what are you doing? Let go!"

"Nope! I **want a hug**!" Noelle giggled, wrapping her **arms** around him like a **boala**.

"Noelle Damon tried to shake her off, but he was careful not to hurt her, given her recent injury. He could only **scold** her half-heartedly.

But Noelle was like superglue—once she latched on, there **was** no getting rid of her. She hung onto Damon's neck, her feet dangling in the **air**, and grinned. "Damon's such a tsundere! He acts all tough, but he's **really** soft inside. I love you, Damon!

Damon's face was red from embarrassment, his voice tight. "**What nonsense** are you talking about? Noelle, get off me now!"

"Nope! Not happening"

"Come on, Noelle!"

Kimberly, who **had** been watching the sibling drama unfold, couldn't help but laugh. Eli, though surprised by **Damon's** sudden change in attitude. toward Noelle, was glad to see another **family** member warming up to her.

Just then, Eli glanced upstairs, **his** eyes narrowing with a sudden realization

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Chapter 135

When i cia brand the commodium domustairs, she quietly slipped out of her moon. Peeking around the corner,

e, she saw Noelle clinging to Examin

"That shameless baat Leia thought, her frustration riting, Couldn't the larar Damon telling her to get off? Yet she just kept hanging on like a leech Teisslpool, her head, unable baddiclieve anyone could

What shùng Iria even finne **was** Damon's behavior. He had been out all day, and now she realized it was to buy supplements for Noelle. 'How vidiculous? Leis found. 'Noelle had just caught a roll—probably ed to gain sympathy—and yet Damon went out of his way to lay her medicin

Even when I was sick, Danem never

ver showed me ilds much concern. What makes Noelle so special? Why does she deserve Damon running all over towai bai her? She doesn't? Leta duught, bitterness bubbling up inside her.

Leia fel a deep i

ji sense of betrayal, as though the whole world had turned against her. Even Danon, who had always doted on her, was now choosing

What's left for me in the Anderson fansily! Not Fran'i just sit back and let this happen Noelle les stolen everything from me... and I'm going to take it all back? she thought, a fierce iletermination handening in her chest.

Pisable to bear the "Trattwarning" scene downstairs any longer, Lela stormed back to her room.

reached your limit, he

Eli, spotting, the shadowy figure upstairs, smirked coldly. "Too cowardly to show yourself, höling in the corner.. Lela, you've **rear** thought, his gaze slurp with knowing.

After spending some time with the family downstairs, Noelle returned to her room. Bored, she picked up her phone and called **Nicolas** to share **the** great **news** about Damon's change in atilinde,

The call connected quickly.

"Hey," came Nicolas's smooth, elegam voice,

Noelle mummediately lit up, rager taluare her excitemein. "Nick, I've got great news! Damon went out and bought me supplements today! He's really worried almost my injury. I think he's starting to warm up to incl"

"O" Nicolas chuckled softly. "Well, it's about time he showed some decency?"

In Nicolac's eyes, **Damon's** actions were just the bare minimum. After all, Noelle had gotten hurt protecting him. If Damon hadn't shown **any** concern, he'd be heartless.

This happy Noelle lögled, lying on her bed, her legs kicking in the air. She held the phone close, smiling as she continued. "**Now** I've got Daman and Eh on my vide. I just need to win over **Adnel**, Bennett, and Clearlier.

and Charles been coming home more often lately. I want to get closer to him, but he's cold and quiet. I **can't** figure him out. Nick, what should

Noelle had started turning to Nicolas for everything. To her, he was **like** a magical problem-solver. No matter what trouble **she** faced, Nicolas **always**. had the answer. He was her personal genie-always there to help

Nicolas laughed softly at her dilemma. "Don't worry.

z, sweetheart. **I've** looked into Charlie. He's reserved and rational, but he's not heartless. Your personality **is** actually perfect for someone like him"

"Really?" Noelle sounded skeptical

"Absolutely" Nicolas **reassured** her. "Most people won't back off when faced with someone as icy **as** Charlie, but you're different. **Even** if he seems distant or dismissive, you probably wouldn't even notice. So the key to winning him over is persistence"

"Prisistrier?" Noelle repeated

"Yes," Nicolas explained "Keep at it. Wear him down until he has no choice but to accept you. Eventually, you'll **leave a lasting** impression on him.

Plus, you're the creator of "The Shadows! **Even** if he hasn't said a word, the fact that he's been coming home more often suggests he's already intrigued by you"

"Really?" Noelle's eyes sparkled

2:30 PM

Chapter 135

She had been unsure about how to approach Charlie, but after Nicolas's advice, she felt confident she could win him over soon

"Of course." Nicolas said with a chuckle. "Would I lie to you?"

Noelle giggled, rolling around on her bed. "**Nick**, thank you! With your advice, I feel like I can do anything!"

"Sweetheart, do we even need to say thank you between us?" Nicolas's voice was warm and teasing, filled with affection.

Noelle couldn't stop **smiling**. Just talking to Nicolas made her heart race. She **had** never felt this way about anyone before. Her emotions were surging, her blood pumping, and she felt a thrill she had never experienced

Meanwhile, in a lab, a massive monitor displayed a

a line that b

that had started to fluctuate erratically.

The technician observing it immediately reported. "The subject is experiencing intense emotional fluctuations. All physiological readings **are** above normal levels

In a conference room, several men in white coats gathered around a table, examining the latest data.

One of them **remarked**, “**This** is an unexpected development. Before the bonds of family were fully established, the bond of love has already

formed”

Another asked, “Since the subject has formed an emotional bond, should we proceed with the test??

The “test” they referred to was the severing of emotional ties. Their **goal was** to create a “perfect human-**one** without weaknesses or flaws. Throughout history, emotions had **always** been a destabilizing force, capable of undermining even the most secure **situations**.

Therefore, **the** most critical attribute of their “perfect human wasn’t intelligence or physical prowess, but the ability to remain emotionless and detached in the face of any **emotional** influence.

Human emotions could be broadly categorized into three types: familial love, romantic love, and friendship. These were the most potent emotional bonds, and only by severing them could their “perfect human remain invincible.

“It’s too soon,” another voice interjected. “Only the bond of love has formed. Testing now could disrupt the subject’s subsequent actions. Let’s **wait** until all three bonds **are** established before conducting the test. We still have six months”

At the mention of time, one of the men frowned. “Time might not be as plentiful as we think.”

“What do you mean?” the others asked.

He placed a document on the table. It featured a strikingly beautiful, androgynous man around 25 years old, with mesmerizing emerald-green **eyes** that exuded an eerie, almost supernatural aura.

Despite his breathtaking beauty, there was something unsettling about him.

“Who is this?” the others asked, puzzled.

The man explained, “This individual was part of the same experiment as the subject. He’s the child **of** a high-ranking official and was returned after passing all the tests”

So what?

“We’ve just received word that he’s been appointed **as** the new commander of our regional lab. Aust before taking up his position, he made one

request

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Noelle, despite her injuries, never forgot the goal find the mastermind behind the attempt on her life.

After all, she was dealing with an organization. If the assassins didn't return on time, the organization would likely investigate. If they discovered their target was still alive, they'd undoubtedly send another wave of killers.

While Noelle felt invincible **and** believed no number of assassins could **take** her down, having people constantly gunning for her was annoying. Plus, if another attack happened while someone she cared about was nearby, that person could become a target too

So, Noelle decided to track down the assassin **organization**, root them out, and eliminate the **threat** once and for all.

That said, she wasn't sure how to go about it. During the **last** encounter, she **had** killed the assassins before extracting any useful information. The only clue she had was a name mentioned before one of them died: "Revelations Guild.

Noelle had noticed that the three assassins were all from the lab. This led her to suspect that the so-called "Revelations Guild" might be **an** organization entirely composed of "enhanced humans"

Noelle wasn't well-informed about other enhanced humans outside the lab, she **wasn't** worried. She knew someone who n inside scoop.

might **have** the

J....

That day, Stanley, the lead singer of the band The Legend and the first enhanced human Noelle **had** met outside the lab, arrived **at** a cafe. Dressed in black **casual** wear, sunglasses, and a mask, he scanned the room before spotting Noelle and walking **over**.

Noelle had already ordered a mountain of desserts. When she saw Stanley, she waved enthusiastically. "Stanley, over here"

Stanley nearly had a heart attack. He rushed over, clamping a **hand** over her mouth. "Are you an idiot! Don't shout my name! Do you want me to get recognized!"

If Karla found out he was out and about, he'd never hear the end **of it**. **That** woman was such a nag!

"Mmph!" Noelle struggled, pushing his hand away. "Relax" There's no one around!"

Stanley finally noticed the cafe was empty. Noelle **had** rented the entire **place** to ensure privacy. **Relieved**, he sat down across from her, removing his mask **and** sunglasses to reveal his handsome face. He grabbed a piece of cake and **asked**, "So, **what's** up?"

Noelle got straight to the point. "Stanley, do you know about the Revelations Guild?"

Stanley's eye twitched. He **set** the cake down and stared at her. "How **do** you know about the Revelations Guild? Have you had contact with them?"

a second **Wive**

“Yeah,” Norlie said, munching on a **croissant**. They’ve been hired to kill me took out the first wave of assassins, but there’s probably a **coming**. I want to take them out before they can send more.”

“Hey, hey, hey! Don’t do anything stupid!” Stanley immediately warned her, **his** tone serious.

Noelle i

tilted her head, confused. “Why

why **not**

“The Revelations Guild isn’t something you can handle on your own, Stanley explained. “It’s a killing organization **made** up entirely of enhanced humans. They’re all violent; battle-hungry maniacs. If you provoke them, they’ll swarm you, and you’ll be lucky to survive”

“Then what should I **do**?” Noelle poured “They’re **already** after me. Even if I do nothing, they’ll keep **coming**!”

“**You** still **can’t** go **picking** fighus with them Stanley took a sip of coffee and continued. The Guild has a lot of heavy **hitters**. Their leader is SS-rank. and they have at least ten 5-**rank** or higher members. Do you really think you can take them all on by yourself?”

Noelle was **stunned**. “How are there **so many** high-level enhanced humans?”

Stanley shrugged. “The Guild’s been around for a while. They’ve been **recruiting enhanced humans** for **years**, so their **ranks are** huge”

Noelle frowned. “Why **hasn’t** the lali done **anything** about it? Why let their **grow** so powerful!”

“Who knows?” **Stanley** stirred his coffee, his eyes glinting “But I **suspect** the **lab** is letting the Guild grow on purpose”

“On purpose? Why?”

“To create a breeding ground for the strongest,” Stanley replied, voice dripping **with** suspicion. “The internal conflict in the Revelations Guild is fierce-lighting for leadership, for power. Whoever survives that is bound to be stronger than any **average** enhanced human The Lib lows **that**

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Chapter 136

They’re letting it happen because they want to identify the strongest of the bunch”

“That’s... twisted” Noelle muttered, stunned by the revelation. “So their leader must be really strong

“Exactly” Stanley said, relieved she was catching on “That’s **why** you shouldn’t mess with them. Even if you’re 55-rank, you’re no **match** for someone who’s **been** fighting at that level for years. And with over **ten** S-pank members, you’d be walking into a death trap

Noelle hesitated “I can’t just sit back, though. They’re coming for me, whether I do something or not?

“Exactly” Stanley agreed. “But that doesn’t mean you have to provoke them. If you go after them head-on, you’ll just be

be asking for trouble. You need

to **play it sman.**”

Noelle bit her lip. “So, what do I do now?”

“Find the person who hired them,” Stanley suggested, **leaning** back. “Get rid of the source, and the problem will go away?

Noelle rested her chin on her hands, sighing. “If I could find that person, I wouldn’t be in this mess. I have no leads

“No leads?” Stanley raised an eyebrow. “Didn’t you interrogate **the** assassins? Didn’t the lab teach you any investigative skills?”

“They did.” Noelle said, **pouting**. “But I had to kill **them before** I could get any info. It was part of the mission.”

Stanley rolled his eyes. “You’re hopeless. Are you really 55-**rank**? I’m starting to doubt it.”

Noelle’s cheeks puffed out like a pufferfish. “It’s not my fault. The mission came first! And they might **not** have even known who hired them!”

“Alright, alright,” Stanley said, not wanting to argue. He leaned back, sipping his coffee. “Since there’s no changing what’s done. I’ll see if 1 **can** introduce you to some people who might know more about the Revelations Guild. Maybe they’ll be willing to give **you a** pass.”

Noelle’s eyes lit up. “Really?”

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Stanley, do you know anyone fi

from the Revelations Guila?” Noelle asked

Stanley Larily lowered his eyelids and answered slowly, “Tve had some dealings with them in the past. They tried to reemit me once, but into fighting and scheming, so 1 numed them down. As a result, I’ve had to regularly make ‘offerings’ to the Guill*.

“Oh, I see. “Noelle nodded, then asked, “If I make an offering to them, will they let me off the hook

Sunley shrugged. “You can give it a try”

“Awesome!” Once she heard that money could solve the problem, Noelle instantly felt a weight lift off her shoulders. She grinned at Stanley “Stanley, I’ll draw this to you, then?

“No problem,” Stanley replied with a smirk. He leaned back, adding, “Now, for my consulting fee and referral fee, that’ll be 30 million dollars. But since we’re friends, 171 give you a 20% discount just 40 million dollars”

Noelle’s eyes widened in shock. She stared at Declan, protesting, “You’re robbing me! You want to charge me 14 million dollars?”

1x 40 million dollars” Stanley corrected her impatiently. Folding his **arms**, he added, “I’ve got to make my offerings to the Revelations Guild too, you know! 15 million a month isn’t easy money. That’s 180 million a year!”

*But

§ 3

fee is way too high!” Noelle posted.

Though she didn’t have **a** strong grasp of money, she knew her songs only sold for a million dollars **each**. Stanley **was** charging her the equivalent of 16 songs just for a few words. Talk about a rip-off!

“What’s the **bag deal?**” Stanley teased, winking at her. “Lheard you’re engaged to Nicolas **Sawyer**, right?”

“Yeah, so what?” Noelle admitted without hesitation.

Stanley’s eyes gleamed **as** he said, “Nicolas is a walking gold mine. Just his 100% stake in the Sawyer **Group** brings in billions in dividends **every** year. And that’s not even counting the massive business **empire** he’s built behind the scenes. **His** personal assets grow by at least thirty billion dollars a year. With a cash cow like that, why are you worried about money?”

“Wow!” Noelle’s **jaw** dropped. She knew Nicolas was wealthy, but bearing Stanley break it down made her realize just how insanely rich he was.

like I said Stanley casually continued, “With a money tree like that, 40 million dollars is just pocket change for you, right?

“Well, when you put it that way, it makes sense,” Noelle said, a thoughtful look crossing her face. After all, Nicolas had made it clear that what was his was hers as well.

“So, 40 million dollars?”

*Deal

“Okay!”

In a few **sentences**) Stanley had made himself a cool 40 million dollars. He couldn't hide his smile, I felt good to have Noelle on **his** side, especially with such a profitable money tree in the picture. The pressure on him to keep up his 'offerings to the Cuill would definitely be lighter now.

After wrapping up their discussion, the two left the cafe. Quiside, Stanley turned to Noelle and said. “I'll contact the Cauld first. If they agree to settle this with money, I'll let you know”

“Okay!” Noelle nodded.

“Alright” Manley **said**, putting on his sunglasses and mask. “I'll head out now. I'll call you if there's any news”

“Okay, bye” Noelle waved

But **then**, she suddenly felt something and sharply turned her gaze toward a specific direction, her eyes narrowing

“What's wrong?” Stanley asked, noticing her reaction

Linum Noelle pursed her lips. She had sensed someone watching them, but there **was** no hostility, so she shrugged it off “Nothing”

“See you”

Chapter 137

After they parted, a **small** figure slowly sat up in a car parked not far from the café. It was a young, cute-looking girl who patted her chest and mated. That was close. That girl is really sharp—she almost spotted me.

She had never encountered someone so perceptive before, even though she was a master at hiding her presence. Could that girl be an enhanced human too she wondered, a flicker of suspicion crossing her mind.

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Chapter 138

The next **day**, gossip about the “secret romance” between the **genius** composer Noelle **Anderson** and Stanley Preston, the lead singer of The Legend. topped the trending charts.

Photos of Noelle and Stanley leaving a café together, standing close and appearing “intimate, fueled rumors of **a** budding relationships

The scandal caused an uproar at school. Female Fans of The Legend swarmed Noelle, demanding answers,

“Noelle, are you and Stanley really dating? Is it true?!”

Please don’t tell me it’s real

Noelle found the whole thing ridiculous. Since when were Stanley and I **a couple**? I didn’t even know about it myself she thought, rolling her eyes

in disbelief

Faced with the crowd, Noelle remained calm and straightforward. “What? No way! I **have** a fiancé! Stanley **and** I are just friends!”

Her response sent shockwaves through the crowd

Classmate A gasped, “What? Noelle, you have a fiancé

Noelle nodded proudly. “Yep!”

Classmate B eagerly **asked**, “Who is he? Tell us!”

Noelle lifted her chin, **beaming**. “His **name** is Nicolas Sawyer. He’s super, super, super handsome!”

Classmate C pondered, “Nicolas **Sawyer**? That name sounds familiar

Classmate A thought for a moment, then shouted, “Isn’t he the third heir of the Sawyer Group? I’ve **heard** of him. He’s a huge **playboy**! Noelle, he’s your fiancé

Her tone carried a hint of pity, as if Noelle was destined to be cheated **on** by a notorious womanizer.

But Noelle didn’t care about their judgment. In fact, she seemed thrilled. “That’s right! He’s my fiancé. So what if he’s a playboy? Isn’t it cool that he’s **changed** his ways just for me! It means he loves me a lot! We’re super in love!”

As she spoke. Noelle radiated so much joy that it was almost blinding.

Her words immediately put any doubts about her and Stanley being an item to rest. It was clear Noelle and Nicolas were deeply in love—there was no way she’d cheat

Meanwhile, Leia watched as her classmates bought Noelle’s explanation. She gritted her teeth in frustration. These idiots! Why do they believe everything Noelle **says**

Leia had hoped the scandal would **ruin** Noelle's reputation, but it seemed nothing could bring her down. Now, Leia could only pray that Nicolas **would** react badly to the news.

Aher all, seeing his fiancée with another man at a café didn't look good, right? If this could drive a wedge between Nicolas and Noelle, that would be a win for Leia!

Meanwhile, Stanley was getting an earful from

Karli

"Stanley, are you an idiot! Don't you know every move you make is under scrutiny? What possessed you to meet Noelle alone? Were you trying to **give** the media something to talk about?"

Karla had transformed into a raging fury, hands on her hips, spewing fire like a dragon Jimmy **and** Cole, members of The **Legend**, tried to **intervene** "Ulu Karla Stanley didn't mean to—"

Before they could fish, Karla shot them a deadly a

glare "Shut it, you twor

The two younger guys quickly Inuddled together, **shaking** in their boots. Karla was terrifying!

Stanley, meanwhile, **was** kneeling on the flour, looking unterly defeated. The usually cocky star **was** now a wilted lower under barlas scolding

But in Stanley's mud, confusion stirred. How could someone have taken photos of me and Noelle without us noticing? We were both highly alert-

osse statuld've sensed any paparazzi **nearby**. Unless could i be another enhanced human? be **wondered**, a thicker of **suspicion** crowing his

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Chapter 135

thoughts

As Stanley pondered, a knock interrupted the chans.

Karla, sull fuming, stormed to the door and yanked it open. Who

Who **is** it? Can't you see the "Do Not Disturb sign?"

it her anger vanished the moment she saw Bryan's awkward smile. "Sorry, Karla. Am I interrupting?"

“Bryan” Karla’s eyes widened in shock. She quickly switched to a polite, apologetic tone. “Oh, no, not I was just disciplining my artist. Please, come

Bryan forced a smile. “Is Stanley in trouble?”

“Yes... this **kid** is so irresponsible. He needs a good scolding. What brings you here?”

Before Bryan could answer. Karla’s gaze shifted to the man behind him. Her heart nearly stopped. “Mr. Sawyer!”

Nicolas Sawyer stepped forward, his tall, commanding presence exuding an air of elegance and authority. His deep, ink-like

eyes swept over Karla as a faint, enigmatic smile played on his lips. “**Is** Stanley here?” he asked, his voice calm but carrying an undeniable weight.

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Comment

In an instant, the spacious lounge was empty except for **Stanley** and Nicolas.

As a transformer, Stanley naturally felt superior to ordinary people, viewing himself as a higher form of existence.

But when facing Nicolas, he couldn’t help but feel inferior, as though he were a fish on a chopping block under the man’s intense gaze.

Since neither of them said anything, Stanley finally spoke up, clearly uncomfortable. “Uh, Mr. Sawyer, don’t get the wrong idea! Noelle and I are just friends! She’s here to talk about something serious!”

“Oh!” **Nicolas** finally spoke, his tone calm but laced with intrigue. He raised an eyebrow, his handsome face still wearing that faint, enigmatic smile, “Something serious! **Care** to elaborate?”

“What else could it be? Stanley hesitated. Normally, he wouldn’t disclose anything about enhanced humans, but Nicolas’s presence was too intimidating to lie to.

So, he chose his words carefully. “Noelle was recently targeted by assassins. She came to me for leads. I know about the organization behind it, so I gave her some info.

“You know the organization that tried to kill Noelle?” Nicolas asked, surprised. He hadn’t expected Noelle to seek out Stanley for something like this. His opinion of Stanley shifted slightly.

Could this guy be like **Noelle**? Nicolas wondered.

Before coming here, Nicolas had reviewed Stanley’s profile. He was a trainee signed by the company, excelling in all areas and considered a key

“Yeah” Stanley said, avoiding eye contact. “The organization is dangerous. Noelle’s worried they’ll try **again**, so she asked if there **was** a way to handle it.

“And is there? **Nicolas** asked.

“Money solves everything.” Stanley replied, glancing at **Nicols**. “If the price is right, they’ll back off. By the way, Noelle owes me 50 million dollars for consulting and referral fees. Gare to settle that now!”

Nicolas chuckled, his eyes glinting with anusement. “You charge quite a bit

Stanley shrugged. Tm worth it.”

Nicolas didn’t argue. Instead, he asked, “I can **pay**, but since you can make introductions, could you **also** connect me with this organization? I’m quite interested”

Stanley’s expression suffered. He gave Nicolas a wary look and said with a forced smile, “I’d advise against it. That organization... it’s best you never get **involved**. Noelle wouldn’t want you to either,”

Outside the lounge, Karla, despite having **scolded** Stanley earlier, disin’t w immediately called Noelle, hoping she could intervene.

want him to face **Nicolas’s** wrath alone. Worried things might **escalate**, the

Not long after, Noelle arrived.

“Karla!”

“Oh. Noelle! **Thank** goodness you’re here!’ **Karla rushed** over, relief flooding her face. “Mr. **Sawyer** is sull inside **talking** to Stanley and clear things up?”

“Sure, I’ll handle it! Noelle nodded, worried **Stanley** might have said too much.

“Great, hurry inf

Noelle knocked on the door and cutered. By then Nicolas and Stanley had finished their conversation

Stanley looked pleased, grimming as he said, “Mi

“Mr. Sawyer, you’re a generous man. **May** your wealth grow endlessly!”

Nicolas, on the other hand, **wore** a cool, amused smile

When Noelle walked in, Stanley casually greeted her, “Hey, you’re here. I’ll leave you two to **talk**. Tan heading out.”

Could you go in

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Chapter 139

Noelle blinks, surprised. Kaila had made it seem like the room was a warzone, but everything seemed fine.

“Hey, you didn’t say anything weird, did you?” Noelle asked Stanley cautiously.

“Who, me? I just told Mr. Sawyer about the assassin **organization**. Nothing else “

“Oh” Noelle sighed in relict

Nicolas watched their exchange, his smile deepening. After Stanley left, Noelle sat next to Nicolas, tilting her head to look **at** him “**Nick**, you’re not mad about the rumors, are **you**? Stanley and I are just friends!”

“Why would I be mad” Nicolas chuckled. He gestured for her to sit on his lap, and she obliged, wrapping her arms around his neck.

His hands naturally settled on her **slender** waist as he **continued**. “I’m a mature, rational man. I don’t **get** worked up over baseless gossip.”

His tone was slow, **measured**, and calm—exactly what one would expect **from** a man of his caliber.

“Heh, is that so!” Noelle thred her head and looked at him with a playful glint in her eyes. “Hut you **know**, I actually kind of hope you’d get jealous. They **say** jealousy means you care.”

Upon hearing this, Nicolas’s eyebrows lifted slightly. His gaze locked with Noelle’s mischievous eyes, and then he suddenly confessed, “Alright, fine I’ll admit it. When I saw **those** rumors on the trending page, I **got** jealous.”

Though he knew Noelle would never cheat—she didn’t even fully understand love—seeing the rumors and speculation had irked him. He’d even canceled meetings to confront the so-called “other man.”

Normally, he’d never admit **something** so petty, but with Noelle, he couldn’t help it...

Noelle’s smile grew brighter at his admission. She kissed him lightly on the lips, swinging her legs back and forth, and said with a grin. “I’m so happy! You’re jealous for me! You really do care about me, don’t you!”

Seeing her joy, Nicolas felt a mix of helplessness and affection. He leaned **back**, pulling her down onto the couch with him. Looking down at her, he said, “Silly girl, **I’ve** been crazy about you for a long time

With that, he kissed her deeply, scaling the moment with **passion**

Meanwhile, on the monitor, the emotional fluctuation curve spiked dramatically.

The lab technicians watched excitedly. “It’s happening again! The **love** curve is spiking!”

“Looks like even enluned **humans** at this **age** can **be** swayed by **love**”

“This is a good sign

As they discussed, one technician rushed in, saying. “The Commander-in-Chief is here. Everyone, please gather **in** the front hall immediately”

The an

e **announcement** caused a stir. The technicians **exchanged** uneasy glances. Why is he here today! Didn’t we have a whole month! **they** wondered, anxiety **creeping** into their thoughts.

In the meantime, the **former** head of the regional labs stood nervously, clearly **anxious** about something.

Then, the doors opened. A **strikingly** beautiful man in a black uniform entered, flanked by a group of guards. **This was** Brandon Jones, the newly appointed Commander of the regional lab

The former head turned forward, forcing a smile. “Welcome, **Mr. Jones**—”

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The moment Brandon spoke, the lab staff exchanged **uneasy** glances. Finally, the former head of the lab stepped forward, wiping sweat from his forehead as he forced a nervous smile. “Un, Commander, regarding **the** person you requested. She’s a key subject under observation and is currently on a mission, so... uh... ahh!”

His words cut off abruptly. The only thing

left was his

was his blood-curdling scream

Brandon, with his slender frame, effortlessly lifted the 150-pound man by the **throat**, holding him suspended in the air. Despite the violent act, **Brandon’s** expression remained calm and polite, his smile almost gentle.

“It seems you didn’t take my words seriously, Brandon said softly, his emerald-green eyes glinting with danger. “I told you I wanted to see Noelle when 1 arrived. Yet, here you are, giving me excuses. **Hmm?**”

“N-no, **that’s** not it.” The former head gasped, his legs flailing uselessly in the air. His face turned purple as he struggled to breathe, desperately trying to explain. “The subject is in a critical **phase** of emotional testing. **Once** she passes, we’ll have the perfect human. S-so...”

you decided to ignore my orders, is **that** it?” Brandon’s smile widened **as his** grip tightened

“Ah, ah...” **The man’s** breathing **grew** more labored, his struggles intensifying. “Commander, please, have mercy...”

Before he could finish, **a** sickening crack echoed through the room. The man’s body went limp, his wide eyes frozen in terror, tears streaming down his face. He was dead.

The entire room fell **into** stunned silence. No one dared to breathe, let alone speak. No one had expected the young, seemingly **delicate** commander to kill their former head without hesitation.

Brandon casually tossed the body aside like garbage, his emerald eyes devoid of emotion. It **was as** if he hadn’t just taken a life but merely squashed

an **insect**

“Commander,” one of the black-clad guards stepped forward, handing **Brandon** a wet wipe.

Brandon took it, meticulously cleaning his hands as if removing **a** stain. Then, **he turned** to face the rest of the lab staff, **his** smile still in place.

The staff immediately lowered their **heads, too** terrified to meet his gaze. They **didn’t** want **to** end up like their former boss.

But Brandon’s **smile** never wavered. **His** emerald eyes scanned the room as he **spoke** in a calm, almost soothing tone. “If any of you think my youth **makes** me easy to fool, **I** suggest you reconsider. From today on, **I’m** in **charge** of the European regional **lab**. And **anyone** who dares to defy me will slure his face.

His eyes flicked briefly to the lifeless body on the floor, then back to the others. “Got it?”

The staff were **deathly** silent, their faces pale. No one dared to look at Brandon as if he were a demon straight from hell. His **beauty** was lethal, like a dangerous, venomous **snake**.

“**Cat** got your tongue? When there **was** no response, **Brandon** chuckled **softly**, his voice calm. But if any of **you** are still dissatisfied and want **to** end up like your boss. I’d be happy to send you on your way.”

His words sent shivers down their spines. The staff nodded frantically, their faces pale. “Y-yes, Commander! We’ll follow your orders!”

Brandon's **smile** deepened "Good. I'm not a monster. As long as everyone behaves, we'll get along just fine"

The staff murmured their agreement, though internally, they were convinced **Brandon was** the devil incarnate,

"Now," Brandon **continued**, **his** gaze sweeping the room, "aside from the former head, who else has the authority to manage the lab?"

All eyes turned to a plump, middle-aged man who stepped forward, trembling "C-Commander, how may **I** assist you?"

Brandon's smile didn't falter as he approached the man. "Relax. I **don't** bite."

The deputy manager **shuddered** You don't bue, but you sure as hell kill; he thought, a chill rumung down his spine.

"I want all of Noelle's **past** data and her current status. Brandon said.

The deputy **manager** nudded eagerly "Yes, sirt I'll **prepare everything** for you inunediatly"

Soon, Brandon's office was filled with stacks of documents. The **deputy manager** stood by, bowing **and** scraping. "Commander, **all** of Noelle's data **is**

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Chapter 140

here Additionally, our monitors track her real-time status. You can check **it** anytime."

Brandon flipped through the files with interest, then casually asked, "Earlier, the former head mentioned Noelle is undergoing emotional testing. How's that progressing?"

The deputy manager hurriedly replied, "It's going well! We initially aimed to establish familial bonds, but unexpectedly, she's developed a romantic bond first..."

At the mention of "romantic bond, Brandon's hand paused. He looked up, his **emerald** eyes narrowing "A romantic bond! Already?"

"Y-yes "The deputy manager stammered, suddenly feeling the room grow colder.

"With whom"" Brandon asked, **his** tone deceptively light.

"It's with Nicolas Sawyer, the third son of the Sawyer Group. Their families have ties, and they were engaged as **children**. We previously restricted Noelle from romantic entanglements, but now that she's **at** that agc..."

Brandon let out a cold laugh. “Who currently **has** command over Noelle?”

“There’s no specific command. We’ve programmed her to respond to orders through her necklace. Any directive issued through it, shell obey”

“Is **that** sot” Brandon’s smile didn’t falter as he spoke, his tone light **but** carrying an unmistakable edge. **From** now on, I’ll be the one to give her

orders

“Understood,” the manager responded quickly.

Shortly after, the deputy manager placed a **small**, silver-white oval device on Brandon’s desk. It emitted a soft green glow from its circuits.

Brandon picked it up, **turning** it over in his hands. “So **this** is how I’ll communicate with her?”

“Yes,” the deputy manager confirmed “Just press the button, and you can speak directly **to** her

Winne found the switch and flicked it on. The game was just beginning

AD

Comment