

Unwanted Girl Spoiled by Billionaire – c 231-240

Unchosen 231-240

Chapter 231

Despite the recent chaos in the Anderson household, life went on. Those who needed to study went back to their books, and those with jobs

returned to work.

Noelle thought Ebie would insist on sticking to her today **and** follow her to school like usual. Surprisingly, though, Elsie chose to tag along with Adriel to the company instead.

So she really is more attached to Adriel, Noelle thought. That at least ruled out the possibility that Elie was pretending to get close to her for some ulterior motive. Still, Noelle wasn't about to let her guard down.

She made a mental note to report everything that happened **last** night to Brandon as soon as she had a free moment.

At school, Noelle had expected Leia's **sudden** "medical leave" to stir up gossip. Not to her surprise, the **class** reacted with eerie calm. No one even asked about Leia, much less showed any concern.

At lunch, she brought this up with her best friend Tina.

"You're surprised?" Tina rolled her eyes. "You really thought **Leia** was well-liked?"

"Wasn't she?" Noelle asked, genuinely puzzled. There were always tons of girls around her."

Oh, those fake friends Tina scoffed. "Sure, they stuck around when it was convenient. But Leia's gone now, and none of them care. You think they were genuinely invested in her!"

She leaned in and added. "Ever since that whole 'illegitimate daughter rumor got debunked—thanks to your brother Eli, by the way—people started seeing Leia for who she really was. Then **she** went all high and mighty after becoming Reyna's prized student, refused to sign **autographs**, kept everyone at arm's length. Meanwhile, you're approachable, funny, and **actually** nice. Anyone with half a brain knows who's worth talking to

"So that's how it is Noelle said, suddenly enlightened.

"You're a bit slow sometimes, Tina teased, then extended her hand expectantly.

“You forgot already?” Tina arched a brow. “You promised to get me 100 autographed photos of The Legend’s lead singer. I’m still waiting”

“Oh, right” Noelle smacked her forehead. “Sorry, I completely forgot. Things have been crazy lately. I’ll call Stanley later **and ask** him to sign them and bring them over

Tina’s glasses glinted as her eyes lit up. “**Wait. You can** get Stanley to personally deliver them?”

sadral

“Sure,” Noelle said casually. “It’s not **that** big a

She remembered Nicolas telling her Stanley **had** already made a hundred million dollars and **was** technically on vacation.

As a “transformer, running **a few errands was** nothing.

“Then its **settled**, Tins grinned, clearly already planning how she’d profit from this

Across the table, Harley had been silently watching the entire exchange. His brows creased. He stepped closer and **pulled** Noelle toward him, whispering with concern. “Noelle, don’t overpromise. Stanley’s still a public figure. If people see him delivering autographs in person, it could cause a media frenzy”

Tina turned to **him** with a mocking **smile**—three parts disdain, **three** parts sass, and the rest pure indifference.

Harley narrowed his eyes right back. This woman. She’s obviously trying to exploit Noelle. There’s no way I’m letting her **Treat** walking ATM

her like some

“You get what I mean? Harley asked, hopeful. Maybe she’d finally

lly listen to reason

Tina burst out laughing and gave her **a** thumbs-up. “**Genius**”

Harley’s face darkened immediately. He wanted nothing more than to **crack** open Noelle’s head and see what kind of brain let Tina **have** this much

I **was** here first, be fumed. But in her eyes, Fan not even second place!

And as if that wasn’t enough, Tina shot him a smug, taunting look—as if to say, ‘She likes me more, what are you gonna do about it?’”

Harley’s hands clenched ‘Goddamn it. **This** woman’s dead meat.

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“Noelle, am I your freaking assistant now? How many times have you **asked** me for autographs? And now you want a hundred! And you want me to deliver them! You’ve got some nerve

Stanley was practically fuming as he paced the reception room, yell

ing into his phone.

Ever since his band, The Legend, skyrocketed to fame, his schedule had been insane—nonstop performances, commercials, variety shows. He barely slept four hours a night.

Stanley had assumed that with all this hustle, he’d be swimming in cash.

But **payday** came, and when he checked his bank statement, his jaw dropped.

Three million dollars.

That

hat was it. Three. Freaking. Million

Just the album sales alone had raked in over 150 million, **not** to mention the brand **deals**, live gigs, and global tours. By conservative estimates, the company had made hundreds of millions off them

Stanley figured, okay, maybe not 100 million in his pocket, but at least 30 million, right?

Nope. A meager 3 million was all hea

got

He was livid.

So he stormed into Nicolas’s company HQ, ready to raise hell and **demand** answers,

But before he could even locate Nicolas, his phone rang. It was Noelle—casually **asking** him to sign a hundred **photos** and personally deliver them.

She

genuinely didn’t get it. In her eyes, she **and** Nicolas were the kindest people ever.

Stanley wasn’t done venting “You leeches! Never met a stingier couple. I’m expensive, okay? **EXPENSIVE**. You think my time is cheap?”

Before he could finish his rant, the door to the reception room swung open.

In walked a tall man in a tailored suit, exuding refinement and dominance.

Stanley instantly shut up.

It **was** Nicolas,

No matter how much stronger Stanley **might** be physically—as a “transformer, he could **easily knock** Nicolas into next week—there was just something about the man that made him shrink. Like a mouse spotting a cat.

Nicolas’s signature cool smile was firmly in place as he looked at Stanley. “Heard you shouting all the way down the hall. Seems you’ve got some. strong **feelings**. **Who** were you yelling at!”

Stanley didn’t answer. He didn’t dare.

On the phone. Noelle noticed the sudden silence. “Stanley! Why’d you go quiet! **Wait**, was that Nicolas? Are **you** at his place! Hello! Why aren’t you

talking?!

Nicolas raised a brow and walked over, eyeing the phone in Stanley’s hand. Calmly, he leaned in and said with a smile, “Noelle, **Stanley’s** here with me. What do you need from him?”

Noelle wurled, putting on a pitiful tone. “I asked him

an for some signed photos, and he just started yelling at me and you! He **said** we’re a ‘ruthless couple

“Is that so?” Nicolas’s smile didn’t falter, but his gaze turned razor-sharp as it flicked back to Stanley.

Darin snitch, he cursed silently. Can’t win an argument so she tattles instead, Shameless

Nicolas **kept** his tone even as he **asked**, “Sweetheart, how many autographs do **you** ne need?

“One hundred.”

“Alright, **Nicolas** replied smoothly.”

y. “Til have Stanley sign a thousand **and** send them over.”

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“A thousand?” Noelle gasped. “That’s

Stanley’s eyes went round as saucers. A thousand?! is this man inanet!”

Nicolay didn’t miss a beat. He glanced at Stanley again—cool, composed, deadly.

Stanley's sudden surge of defiance vanished into thin air.

Why the hell am I so scared of **this** guy?

Nicolas turned back to the phone. "It's no big deal. The Legend **is** hugely popular right now—plenty of people want signed merch. With a thousand, you can hand them out to classmates, make friends. It's efficient."

Noelle giggled. That makes sense! Okay then—let's do a thousand."

Stanley wanted to scream. "HELLO"! I'm the one doing the damn signing here! Why are you agreeing on my behalf?

Nicolas chuckled. "Alright, I'll chat with Stanley here and have him bring them to you soon.

"Okay!" Noelle chirped. "Tell him to be careful though. Harley said getting spotted could cause a
1 cause a commotion."

Til remind him Nicolas **said**.

"Bye now!"

"Bye, sweetheart."

The call ended

Nicolas slowly turned to Stanley,

Stanley took a deep breath and braced himself, muttering internally, Don't let him intimidate you. Don't let him win.

With forced confidence, he **said**, "Mr. **Sawyer**, you're **really treating** me like your personal assistant now? A thousand autographs! Seriously?"

Nicolas strolled over to the couch and sat down with aristocratic grace. "Is there a problem?"

"Of course there's a problem? Stanley snapped. "Easy for you to say—it's not you doing the signing!"

Nicolas smiled faintly. "**A thousand autographs is** nothing. At your next **fan** meet, you'll probably be signing ten thousand."

mla printer to **you?!"**

Nicolas raised a brow. "Don't sell yourself short"

Stanley blinked. Wait, is he actually being nice-

Until Nicolas added **casually**. "A printer doesn't complain as much **as** you do

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After the whole autograph debacle, Stanley still wasn't done. He launched into a new round of complaints—this time, about his pitiful paycheck.

We made you guys a few hundred million dollars, and you're giving me three million? How the hell does that add up!"

Nicolas let out a soft sigh, sounding like a disappointed dad. "Stanley....you're still too young. You don't understand how expensive running a business really is."

"Oh really?" **Stanley** snarled. "How expensive could it possibly be?"

Unfazed. Nicolas began **calmly** listing expenses like he was teaching a finance seminar. "You only see the hundreds of millions in revenue. But have **you** considered the massive costs? How many employers are on payroll!

"Your latest album made 150 million, sure—but I paid Noelle 30 million in royalties alone. That's just licensing fees. What **about** marketing? Promotion! Online **and** offline campaigns? Logistics? Distribution? You think all that comes for free!

"Then there's the whole post-production team, which isn't small, by the way. When you divide it all up,

, the actual profit isn't nearly as big as it looks. Honestly. I pulled some strings just to get you a slightly higher cut. Your other two handmates didn't even get as much as you"

His tone was calm, persuasive—even logical

Stanley suddenly found himself running out of ammunition.

But something still felt off. He grumbled, "Then why **did** you pay Noelle that much? Thirty million!! That's like three million per song! It's not like she's some legendary composer or something. And come on, you two are a couple. **Isn't that** just transferring money from one **pocket** to the other" Why even bother paying her?"

At that. Nicolas's smile vanished.

He straightened up, voice crisp and serious. "Stanley. **That's** not how things work. Even brothers settle accounts fairly—what's due to Noelle, she earns. Just because she's my partner doesn't mean her work gets discounted. Her songs are worth every penny. You think you'd be this popular singing someone else's lyrics? Half of your three million is thanks to her, and now you want to complain? That's not just ungrateful, it's insulting"

Stanley felt like he'd just been slapped with a guilt stick. Nicolas was giving him that classic "I'm not angry, just disappointed look, and it made his blood boil.

When he came in, Stanley had been ready to tear into Nicolas with righteous fury. But now? Somehow he was the one in the wrong

“**And** about those 1,000 autographs, Nicolas continued, his tone light but unmistakably authoritative. That’s part of your job. If you slack off, we can dock your pay”

Stanley stood there fuming, practically radiating frustration

He opened his mouth to snap **back**, but couldn’t even form the **words**. Nothing came out. His righteous fire had been doused by a tsunami of twisted logic.

Nicolas gave him a casual wave. “Alright, that’s enough. Go sign those autographs and deliver them to Noelle. **I’ve already** lost 30 million **dollars** just standing here listening to you **complain**.”

Stanley turned and stormed out, fists clenched, face stormy.

As soon as the door closed behind him, **Nicolas couldn’t** help but chuckle.

“Seriously, he thought, are all of Noelle’s friends this entertaining? It’s like bring gifted an endless supply of comedy content!

Just as he was about to **call** Noelle **and** fill her in on Stanley’s tantrum, **his** phone buzzes. An incoming call.

He glanced at the screen. It **wa** his relatives.

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He looked serious, brows furrowed, his mind clearly somewhere else.

The moment kept replaying in his head.

That girl clinging to Noelle he recognized her.

She was from Serpaton–Mocrta Alliance Laboratory. A high-ranking 55-class transformer

Dangerous didn’t even begin to cover it. Her strength was terrifying, and her reputation Violent, unpredictable, and bloodthirsty.

Stanley **had** seen her in the lab before. Back then, she was known to kill fellow test subjects just for getting too close. No one dared approach her. and when they did, she ended up in solitary more than one.

But now!

Now she was holding Noelle’s **hand**, smiling at her like they were lifelong best friends.

“What the hell **is** going on?” Stanley muttered, pulling his car over to the **side** of the road. He **slammed a fist against** the steering wheel in frustration. His thoughts were a tangled mess.

He wanted nothing—absolutely nothing to do with that monster from Serpaton–Mocrta. And yet here **she was**, seemingly BFFs with Noelle

“Does Noelle even know who that girl is? he wondered. “Should I tell her?”

He hesitated a moment longer before pulling out his phone to **make** the call

Meanwhile, Noelle sat in the back of Adriel’s car, completely unaware of Stanley’s inner turmoil. She was busy admiring the gift Adriel had **picked**

out for her.

Elsie practically dumped the jewelry box into her lap like a puppy bringing back a prize. Her eyes sparkled with joy as she watched Noelle open it.

Noelle’s own eyes lit up **as** she took out a **pair** of finely crafted earrings.

She didn’t usually wear jewelry—it could get in the way during movement or fights—but receiving a gift still warmed her heart.

You got these... for me?” she asked, glancing up at Adriel

Nicolas & unile faded. His eyes narrowed slightly as he answered the **call**. “Hello!”

Adriel nodded, calm **as** always. I wasn’t sure what style **you** liked, so I chose one of each. If you don’t like them, I’ll take you out to **pick** something

“No. I love them,” Noelle said cheerfully. “Thank you, Adriel”

He replied evenly. “No need to thank e. We’re family now.

you ever **need** anything, just say the word.”

Among the five brothers, Adriel was undoubtedly the most composed and mature. Unlike Damon’s fiery temper, Eli’s brashness, Charlie’s quiet detachment, or Bennett’s scheming mind, Adriel was stable and steady.

He kept his distance when appropriate, stepped forward when needed, **and always** managed things gracefully. Nothing ever felt forced with him- everything just flowed naturally.

Noelle was genuinely happy. Adriel was the one she thought would be hardest to win over, but it turned out... he might be the **easiest**. At least now, he treated her like a real sister.

At this rate, she figured they’d be close in less **than a** month.

things stayed on **track**—she could complete her family integration mission by the end of the month. Well ahead of the six-month

It meant—if thin deadline

She hugged Ehr with **sudden** excitement. “Elsie, I’m **so** happy right now!

Elie tilted her head, clearly unsure why Noelle was so giddy—but her joy was contagious. She hugged Noelle **back** with a bright, **innocent** smile.

That **was** wharu Noelle’s phone rang-

It was Sunley

She answered with a bright, “Hey, Stanley!”

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His voice on the other end was low and gruff. “Your thousand autographs are done. I’m near your school. Come get them.”

“What! Already?” Noelle blinked, remembering she’d completely forgotten about the whole thing thanks to Adriel and Elkie.

“You’re nearby?” she asked.

“Yeah”

Noelle hesitated. “I **was** jou about to go eat...”

“Eat my ass,” Stanley snapped.

“Why are you yelling at me?” she pouted. “We’re supposed to be teammates, you know,”

Elsie, she thought, would never talk to her like that.

Then she remembered—Brandon had said both Elsie and Stanley were from the same lab. Maybe they even knew each other

“No need. I’m busy. You come to me.”

Noelle sighed, then glanced at Adriel. “Hey, my friend’s nearby. I need to go grab something from him.”

I’ll **have** the driver turn around” Adriel **said** without hesitation.

But Stanley's voice cut in **again**, firm and cold. "You **come** alone."

"Huh? Can't Adriel just drop me off?"

"No" Stanley insisted. "You. Alone. Take a cab or I'll come to you myself."

Noelle groaned but relented. "Fine

Stanley let **out** a quiet sigh of relief. "Just remember—only you. Got it!"

"Yeah, yeah," she said, clearly annoyed, then hung up.

She turned to Adriel. Just drop me off here. You guys go ahead to the restaurant—I'll catch up."

Adriel looked concerned. "Your friend seems a little... intense

Noelle **gave** him an apologetic smile. "Yeah, he's a little cranky. I may have pushed him too far,"

300

After all, the poor guy thought he **was** signing 100 photos... **and** it turned into a thousand.

Adriel **gave** her the restaurant address. "Alright. **Come** straight there after.

"I will Noelle promised.

She turned to **say** goodbye to Elsie, who looked up at her with wide eyes. Just as she was about to wave-

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For the first time, the ever innocent and wide-eyed Elsie wore an expression of hesitation. She held on to Noelle's sleeve, her gaze filled with something **far** deeper **than** her usual **dazed** curiosity—uncertainty, conflict, and **a** strange intensity that refused to fade,

What's wrong. Elsie Noelle asked, puzzled.

Ekie opened her mouth and tried to **say** something. But the words that came out were incomprehensible. Noelle frowned, scratching her head. "Elsie. I can't understand what you're saying "

She turned to Adriel for help, but he shook his head slightly. Truth be told, **most** of

of the time he was just guessing at what Elsie meant from context Her usual "ya-ya" babble wasn't exactly **translatable**.

"Elsie!" Adriel knelt a little, trying to meet her **gaze**. "What is i

Elvie opened her mouth again, trying harder this time, but her words still came out warped, like her brain was tripping over its own wiring.

From the driver's seat came a voice. "Mr. Anderson, this frit a good **place** to stop. Should we go?"

"Elsie, we'll **talk** later Noelle said gently, prying **Elsie's** small hands from her sleeve. "I need to go meet my friend right now. **I'll** come back to you later, okay?"

And with that, she darted away down the sidewalk, **disappearing** in the blink of an eye.

Elsie instinctively reached out **as** if to chase her, but Noelle was already gone.

Adriel watched her. "Did you

ant to go with her?"

Elsie shook her head. It wasn't that she wanted to follow Noelle—it was that voice on the phone. The one that called Noelle. It sounded... familiar. Unsettlingly familiar.

And then her mind shattered.

Like someone had flipped a switch, vivid **images** began to flood her brain. Cold blue eyes—eyes just like hers—stared back at her from within her memory Detached, merciless, devoid of warmth.

Elsie's body tensed. Her hands shot up to grip her head.

"Elsie? What's wrong?" Adriel asked, alarmed

She cried out suddenly, folding in on herself **like** she was trying to hold her head together. Adriel rushed to support her, panic **etched** into his usually calm expression.

"Elsie!" he called again, but she only trembled harder.

The images were flashing faster now—fragmented, jarring, unfamiliar and yet intimate. Her entire being felt like it was splinting apart.

"Elsie!!"

Adriel saw her thrashing her teeth clenched against the pain. He **quickly** scooped her into his **arms**, slammed the car **door** shut, and barked, "Drive. Go to the hospital Now"

"Yes, sir!" The driver hit the gas.

In the **backseat**, Adriel held her tightly, trying to soothe her. "It's alright. **We're** almost there. You're going to be fine, Elsie

But as he spoke. Elsie shook harder. She gritted her teeth and suddenly forced **out** a strangled whisper, "No... don't go.

Adriel froze. Had she just... spoken?

“What?” he asked, eyes wide.

And then, clearly–barely, but undeniably–Elsie murmured, “Don’t **go**. Hospital. No... hospital...”

Adriel’s eyes shrank in disbelief

Elsie was speaking.

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Meanwhile, Noelle arrived at the spot Stanley told her about and climbed into his car.

Stanley looked like he’d been brooding for hours, his elbow propped on the window, cheek in hand. As soon as he saw her, he scowled. “What took you so long!

Noelle scowled right back. “You told me to come alone, sa 1 came alone. Now you’re mad I wasn’t fast ennigh!”

The hutted. “You could ve taken a cab“

“Peak hour. Couldn’t get one”

“Then I should’ve picked you up.”

“And then we’d both be stuck in traffic. Lake right now.”

Stanley had no comeback for that. He grumbled something under his breath.

Noelle smirked “Speechless **Admit** it—you were wrong. Apologize.”

“What for?” he said, rolling his eyes.

“You misunderstood me and snapped at me.

That was me snapping!” Stanley asked.

She crossed her arms.

“Alright, alright Stanley muttered, waving a hand. “I was wrong, **okay**! You win. Don’t get all dramatic.

“Hmph. As you should.” Noelle sniffed, satisfied.

Stanley clicked his tongue. “Nicolas **has** spoiled you rotten, hasn’t he? You act like some pampered princess now. Where’s the tough 55–class transformer I knew!

“Jealous much?” Noelle smirked, then reached for the **backseat**. “So, where’s my autographs?”

She turned, about to grab the case, when Stanley tugged her back.

“Wait. I need to **ask** you something first.”

“What?”

He frowned, hesitating.

1. g. “Who’s that girl always with you! Do **you** know where she’s **from**?”

You mean

mean Elic!” Norlle’s face lit up. “She’s **a transformer** tout And guess what—she’s from the Serpaton–Moerta Alliance Lab. Do you know her!” Stanley’s jaw tensed. “So you do know she’s from that lah.”

Noelle nodded. “I saw the earpiece **on** her car, then asked **Brandon** to confirm it. That’s how I found out

“Brandon knows **too** Stanley looked like someone just told him gravity wasn’t real. He blinked, **Hard**.

Noelle tilted her head “Wait—how did you know about Ekie! And... do you know her?”

“**I saw** you get in the car with her earlier,” he said, rubbing his nose. “And yes, I know her. She’s one of Serpaton’s 55-class transformers.” Noelle’s eyes widened. “The is **55**—class too?”

She remembered Stanley saying there were five ranks for transformers—55 being the highest.

“She’s not just ‘strong Stanley **said** grimly. “She’s **dangerous**. Way more than your **average** aggressive transformer. She’s a killing machine. Cold. Ruthless. No lugnandy left in her”

Noelle’s smile faltered.

“Why would Brandon let someone like that near **you**!” Stanley continued, clearly agitated

Noelle blinked, struggling to reconcile Stanley’s words

the sweet girl who just gifted her jewelry and snuggled hver like a teddy bear.

“Are **you** sure?” she asked.

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Positive Back **at** the lab, she **was** infamous. People died just for getting close to her”

Noelle opened her mouth to argue... but then she remembered **last** night..

The moment Elsie had pinned her down, poised to strike

Achill crept down her spine.

Maybe Stanley wasn't exaggerating after all.

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"What's wrong!" Stanley asked when he noticed Noelle's hesitation

"Well.." Noelle explained everything that had happened the night before.

The moment she finished, Stanley didn't hesitate. "Told you. She's a killing machine. Even without her memories, **that** instinct to **kill** is built-in You'd better tell Adriel to kick her out before someone gets hurt."

"No **way**" Noelle shook her head. "Adriel really likes Elsie. He'd probably kick me out before he kicked her out

"Unbelievable," Stanley muttered, rolling his eyes.

Noelle glanced sideways at him. "Stanley, aren't you worried"".

"You're from the same lab as her. Aren't you scared they'll punish you for badmouthing one of their own?

But Stanley shrugged like it was no big **deal**. "What's there to be scared of? It's not like the lab monitors me 24/7"

No?" Noelle raised a brow. Im always being monitored. Brandon once told me everything I say or do **is** logged.

Stanley chuckled, almost smug. That's because you're SS-class. They **keep a tighter** leash on you than someone like me."

"Oh." Noelle's expression dimmed **a** bit. She had grown used to being constantly watched, but still, the thought of **Brandon** knowing everything, even her innumerate moments with **Nicolas**, made her deeply uncomfortable. If only she had more freedom **like** Stanley.

Stanley, meanwhile, **had** just wanted to confirm whether Noelle actually knew who Elsie was, Now that he knew she was informed—and that Brandon was, too—he could rest **a** little easier.

"Whether or not you get rid of her, just watch your back," Stanley said. "That girl's dangerous."

"I keep that in mind." Noelle nodded.

"Great. Now take your autographs and go," he **said**.

Noelle pouted and nudged his arm. “Hey, at least give me a ride **back** to Adriel’s place.

Stanley snorted. “Do I look like your chauffeur?”

“Aren’t we friends” she shot **back**, arms crossed

Stanley blinked at that. “Friends” He had always thought of Noelle **as** a partner–someone he worked with, nothing more. But hearing her say that... it didn’t sound too bad.

He raised an eyebrow. “Tine. Give me the address:

“Yay!” Noelle cheered, delighted at the free ride. “Oh, and join us for dinner!”

“No thanks”

“Boring”

When they arrived at the restaurant, Noelle barely got the door open before Stanley sped off like he was being chased.

Watching his taillights disappear, she muttered, “**Coward**. Is **Elie** really that **scary**?”

To her. Ele still felt more silly than d

dangerous–maybe even adorable.

Inside the restaurant, a server escorted her to a private room. The moment the door opened, a familiar gure barreled toward her.

“Elsie?” Nocile instinctively caught the girl in her arms, stunned. Did she just **say** her **name**!

“You..... can talk now Noelle asked, eyes wirle with disbelief.

Elie looked up, those bright blue eyes sparkling. “I... ran **talk** now,” sh said slowly, carehilly forming each word.

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“How! **What** happened!” Noelle turned to Adriel in suprise.

Adriel explained. Right after you left to meet your friend, Elsie suddenly had a bad headache, I was about to **take** her to the hospital, but then... she

da had b just started speaking”

That **made** Noelle pouse. Right after I left to meet Stanley? Could it be–did Ebie react to hearing Stanley’s voice!

Noelle eyed Elsie carefully and asked. “Do you remember anything from before!

Elsie shook her head. “No... I can't remember.”

Noelle observed her closely—her **breathing**, her eye movement, her muscle tension. Nothing suggested she was lying.

So, she could talk now... but still had no memory of who

she was

Still, Stanley's words echoed in her mind. What if she gets her memory back? What if she becomes that bloodthirsty monster again? Then what?

What would she do? What would Adriel do!

“Hey, don't just stand there. Adriel called “Come **take** a seat.”

Noelle snapped out of it and smiled. “Coming. Let's go, Elsie”

As they sat down the rest of the gr

group arrived—Eli, fresh from his student council duties, and unexpectedly. Bennett

Bennett “What are you doing here!” Adriel asked, surprised.

Bennett, ever the picture of charm, smiled as he stepped in. “Adriel, you're really going to dine out with the younger siblings and not invite me! That's cold”

Adriel laughed. “How was I supposed to know you were free! You're always busy”

“Taking some vacation days. Plenty of time now Bennett then turned to Noelle, feigning disappointment. “Noelle, I even went to your school looking for you. Ran into Eli, and he said you were here. But not a word from you! You don't **care** about me at all!”

Noelle forced a polite smile. Truth be told, **she** wasn't fond of Bennett right now.

Bennett looked warm and **gracious** on the outside, but Noelle had a feeling his mind **was** a **maze** of calculations no one could see through. “What's wrong. Noelle? Bennett asked, smiling as her silence stretched on,

“No... nothing.” Noelle said quietly, snapping out of her thoughts.

Bennett saw right through her. Her face always gave her away.

He leaned down suddenly, close enough for only her to hear,

With a charming yet unsettling tone, he whispered near her ear, “After dinner, come with me. I need to take you to the lab.”

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Noelle knew it at Bennett wanted to talk to her, it couldn't be for anything good,

Internally roasting Bennett, Noelle stareil at lis ever smiling face and nearly refused him on the spot—just to wipe that smug smile off. But then she remembered Brandon's warning, always comply with Bennett's respuest

So, though she puffed her cheeks in silent protest, the still muttered. "Alright, I got in"

Jou then. El leaned over curiously and asked, "Hemmett, Noelle, what are you two whispering about?"

"Uh, nothing important..." Noelle was trying to find an excuse, since the lab

the lab stuff was top secret.

But before she could think of one, Bennett casually slung **on** arm over her shoulder and smiled at Eli. "Ewas just telling her that we're going on a

"What A date!?! Eh nearly choked, his eyes wide as suicers,

He glanced between Bennett and Noselle, must already racing with wild thoughts.

Noelle, equally shocked, shot Bennett a "what the hell is wrong with your look.

Adriel finally spoke up. "Bennett, stop teasing them. Can't you see Eli and Noelle both took it seriously?"

Bennent couldn't hold back a laugh. "Didn't think Ell would still be this gullible at his age."

Then, **as** if nothing happened, he smiled at Eli again. "Just kidding. I wanted to discuss some medical stuff with Noelle since we're both in the same field That sall

Eli forced a smile, though his lips twitched. "This guy really has no boundaries. Everyone thinks he's some gentleman, but they clearly haven't seen his true color"

At that moment, Elsie quietly tugged on Noelle's sleeve and, in her still-stilted speech, said, "Noelle... I **want** to **100**."

Noelle turned to her in surprise, just as Bennett leaned in again with a grin. "Oh! You want to come! Of **course**, the more the merrier

"No" Noelle cut him off without hesitation, her tone suddenly **sharp**. "Elsie doesn't know anything about medicine. It's **pointless for** her to go. Heiment, E'll come with you. Don't **drag** Elsie into this"

She was already suspicious of Bennett's intentions. He probably suspected that Elsie, like her, **was** a transformer. If he got his hands on Elsie, he might try to experiment on her too. But she wasn't from their lab, IT Serpaton-Mocria Alliance found out, they'd retaliate without hesitation.

Bennett always looked polished and composed, but he was easily the most dangerous one among her brothers.

Whenever Noelle was around Bennett, she always felt like she had to stay ten steps **ahead**.

you

Bennett noticed she was getting riled up and simply **smiled** again. Wrapping an arm loosely around her **neck**, he teased, "Aww, didn't know y were so possessive. Trying to keep me all to yourself? Fine, I'll behave. Just **you** and me"

Noelle really wanted to punch ham **right** then.

Meanwhile, Elur narrowed her eyes slightly. She might not remember her past, but she knew she and Noelle were the same kind

And this mun-Bennett-he felt wrong. There **was** something predatory about him, like he wanted to strip away their secrets.

She wanted to kill harm

Seraing a sudden wave of murderous intent, Noelle turned and looked sharply at Elsie.

The moment their eyes met, thie froze. The killing aura vanished Instantly.

Euer Nuelle asked, puzzled.

She was sure she just felt a surge of lethal intent from the girl.

Bennett, standing close enough, had **also** served it. His expression cooled slightly,

"So lawas right. Elsir muy look innocent, laut slar might be even more dangerous than Noelle

1/2

Chapter 238

The air grew tense between the three of them

Eli, completely in the dark, looked at the three of them exchanging intense stares and blurted out, "Hey, what are you all staring at Aren't we here

That broke **the** silence.

Bennett casually smiled again and said, "You're right. Le

Let's car

He let go of Noelle, and just like that, the pressure was gone

Dinner resumed smoothly after that

After the meal, Noelle followed Bennett to his car. Before they left, she **poked** her head out the window and waved at the others.

"Adriel Eli, Elsie—we're heading out first!"

"Be careful on the road." Adriel said,

J

I will Noelle replied cheerfully.

"Adriel we'll see you later," Bennett added with a smile.

"Alright" Adriel nodded.

Once I

Bennett's

"Let's go. Elsir

's car pulled away, Adriel turned to take Elsie home..

But Elsie didn't move. She stood there, staring at the road, deep in thought.

"Else!" Adriel called again.

She blinked, looked up at **him**, then immediately stepped forward and hugged his waist tightly. With her face buried in his chest, she mumbled. "Adriel... that man isn't a **good** person.

Adriel Frove for a second.

He instinctively held her **back** and asked gently. "Who do

you can

"Your brother," she said clearly, word by word.

"You mean, Bennet? Adriel blinked in surprise.

He hadn't expected that. Bennett **was** generally well-liked and respected. That Elsie who rarely voiced opinions—would call him a bad perso was... unexpected

Adriel chuckled, trying to ease the mood. He patted her head and said, “Bennett’s just more calculating. But he **means** well. He was just joking

But Elie shook her head stubbornly. Her brow furrowed.

“No **he’s** bad. He wants to hurt Noelle

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Chapter 239

When Ebie firmly **insisted** that Bennett wasn’t a good person, Adriel paused. To be fair, even he wasn’t entirely sure what Bennett was thinking

most of the time

Bennell was just too smart—and a scientist, no less. And everyone knows, most brilliant researchers are a little unhinged in ways ordinary people can’t comprehend.

And then there **was** Noelle. Since coming back, Adriel had heard plenty about her—how fast she learned, how talented she was. She was only nineteen, yet already far ahead of her peers.

It wasn’t entirely out of the question that Bennett had taken an interest in her for research purposes

But then again, Noelle was **family**. She was their sister. Even if Bennett was a little crazy, he wouldn’t actually treat his on sister like some test subject right!

Adriel decided he’d talk to Bennett about it later—just to get

to get a read on his intentions.

main facility.

Meanwhile, Bennett had brought Noelle to one of his larger research labs—a more advanced and secure division of the m

As soon as they stepped inside and she caught sight of the white lab **coats** and gleaming medical instruments, a wave of unease hit her. The place triggered all sorts of flashbacks to her own time at Atoraka–Nowedon Laboratory—none of which were pleasant.

“You **okay?**” Bennett noticed the color drain from her **face**. He stepped closer, gently placed a hand on her shoulder, and gave her a **reassuring** smile. “Relax, Noelle. I’m here, aren’t 1 Nothing’s gonna happen to you with me **around**.”

She pushed his hand off her shoulder and muttered, “Alright, **what** do you want this time?”

Bennett chuckled softly, about to answer when another man approached—a **sharp**-eyed young researcher in a pristine lab coat. His name tag read Dr. Liam Robertson

His eyes flicked over Noelle with mild disdain before he turned to Bennett **and** said. “And who’s this? You know this facility isn’t open for casual

Visitors

Bennett smiled politely. “Dr. Robertson, this is my sister, Noelle.”

Noelle forced a small, polite nod. “Nice to meet you.”

“Your sister, huh?” Liam arched a brow. “Even so, this isn’t a sightseeing spot. I get that you’re the department’s golden **boy**, but bringing in outsiders! Really?”

Noelle immediately bristled This guy was clearly the kind who **could suck** the warmth out of a room in seconds.

“She’s not just visiting.” Bennett replied evenly. “She’s here **as a** volunteer for the memory resonance trials.”

Liam blinked. “Her?”

He **gave** Noelle a full once-over-disbelief written all over his face. She looked way too soft for the kind of brutal trials they conducted **here**.

“You **sure** about that?” Liam sneered. “Even trained soldiers struggle with this test. I give her.. what, three seconds before she calls it **quits**”

The experiment in question involved stimulating the brain with high-frequency waves to attempt memory resonance, a process that aimed to capture, store, and potentially replicate memories. It was cutting-edge work—and absolutely brutal on the test subjects.

Even elite soldiers rarely lasted inore than five minutes Civilians! Harely a minute.

And in Liam’s eyes, Noelle looked like she’d be lucky to last ten seconds,

Noelle, of course, hated being underestimated. Sure, she was annoyed Bennett had roped her into this again, but now **that** this Lian guy was bring such a **jerk**, her competitive streak kicked in

“How would you know if I don’t try?” she shot back. “Maybe I’ll **surprise** you”

Liam **paused**, then burst out laughing. “Sure, **sure**, Let’s see what you’ve got. Surprise me.

He walked away still chuckling, clearly not taking her seriously.

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Chapter 239

Noelle fumed. “What a jerk. Just wait. I’m gonna **blow** his smug face off.”

Bennett, watching her with amusement, smiled. He had been trying to figure out how to get her to **go** along with the experiment willingly. Turns out, all he needed was to have someone insult her.

Maybe she really is missing a few screws, he thought with a quiet laugh.

“Of course not,” he replied quickly. “You’re amazing, remember? I have full confidence you’ll wow everyone.”

Noelle huffed again but smirked. “Good. This will be **easy**,”

She had once lasted over forty minutes during neural stimulation tests at Atoraka–Nowedon This? Child’s play.

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Soon, she changed into sterile gear and was escorted to the testing chamber.

Before entering, she grabbed Bennett and narrowed her eyes. “You didn’t

’t tell anyone what I really am, did you?”

“Of course not,” Bennett said, winking. “Our little secret

Satisfied, Noelle nodded and went in.

arms crossed and face smug

Bennett headed into the observation room where several researchers **had** gathered. Liam was there, of course, arms

Bennett just smiled, unfazed.

Liam hated that smile. To him, Bennett was a fraud—an overhyped genius whose real talent was luck and good PR.

Now he was parading **his** sister around like she was some kind of proof of genetic greatness. Liam couldn’t wait to see **them** fail.

The countdown began.

“Beginning test in 3.... 2.....

Chapter 240

Through the large observation window, everything inside the testing chamber **was** clearly visible..

Noelle was seated in a specialized chair, wearing a sleek metallic helmet. The helmet was fitted with numerous patches, each one connected to a massive diagnostic machine.

One of the technicians worked the console and announced, “All systems go. Beginning neutral resonance now.”

Immediately, all eyes turned to Noelle.

Immediately, all eyes turned to Noelle.

During this kind of brainwave resonance experiment, a subject’s brain is flooded with microcurrents. E

For an

can average person, discomfort sets in almost instantly, and the sensation intensities rapidly. Within a minute, most participants start screaming from the pain.

That’s when special personnel usually step in to stop the test

Even elite, highly-trained soldiers can barely endure three to four minutes before violently struggling against the restraints.

So far, the longest anyone had managed to endure the test was five minutes.

And now, they were testing Bennett’s so-called “sister”—a girl who looked like she’d be blown away by a stiff breeze.

No matter how highly they thought of Bennett’s intellect, most people doubted the fragile-looking Noelle would last long.

The moment the test began, they stared at the monitor, eagerly waiting to see how many seconds it would take before she broke down.

One second. Two seconds. Three minutes... Still nothing

Noelle sat there as calm **and** composed as ever—not even a flinch.

That’s when Liam, the most eager to watch Bennett fall flat on his face, started getting antsy. He turned to the technician and snapped. “Is the machine even running? Did you forget to switch it on?”

The technician looked flustered. Huh? No way! Everything’s running normally.”

“Then why isn’t she reacting?” **Liam** shoved the tech aside to check the system himself—but sure enough, all the **readings** were within normal parameters. The equipment **was working** perfectly.

“Unbelievable,” someone murmured as four minutes passed. “She **hasn’t** shown **a** single adverse reaction.”

“She’s just a civilian, right! Her tolerance **is** already **on** par with some of our best military volunteers.”

“More than on par–this is insane. Even trained soldiers are **shaking** and sweating by now, but she hasn’t moved an inch. Her resistance is off the

“Bennett.. in she really your sister? Who is she?”

All eyes swiveled toward Bennell

Of course,

Bennett wasn’t about to reveal **anything**. He smiled calmly and said, “She’s no one **special**. Maybe **just a** little... gifted.”

A simple **answer**–but Liam took it **as** a full-blown brag. He could practically hear **lennett saying**, “Look how extraordinary my family is.”

Noelle being this strong only reflected more glory on Bennett–and Liam hated it.

He glared at Noelle through the **glass**, then muttered, “Tim going to check the test chamber myself.”

Without waiting for a response, he stormed out of the control room.

The others exchanged knowing looks.

“Here he goes again”

“Why is Liam always s picking fights **with** Bennen?”

“Jealousy, obviously

Chapter 210

“You’re too nice, Bennert. If I had to deal with that guy all day. I’d have punched him by now,”

“Well, you’re not Bennett. He’s the picture–perfect gentleman from an aristocratic family, remember?”

Hennett just chuckled, brushing off their praise. But his eyes remained on Noelle.

He checked the time–eight minutes in, and still no signs of distress.

And suddenly, a thought crossed his mind, ‘Maybe Noelle’s very existence is enough to shake the entire world.

Meanwhile. Liam had reached the testing chamber. He meticulously examined every device connected to Noelle.

Still, nothing was wrong.

He clenched his jaw. No. No way. This girl looks like she'd faint **at** a paper cut. How the hell is she handling neural stimulation **this** intense?

He shot another glare at Noelle, frustration mounting.

Back in the control room, nearly 15 minutes had passed. Bennett finally flipped the switch, deactivating the machine. He leaned into the mic and said gently. "Alright, Noelle. You can take the helmet off"

Noelle removed it with ease.

But Liam—still in the chamber—immediately protested. "What are you doing? I haven't finished inspecting everything yet

Bennett replied with a casual smile, "You've inspected enough, haven't you? Besides, she's been in there a while. She must be reaching her limit." "No, I'm not" Noelle chimed in cheerfully as she placed the helmet back on its stand. She tilted her chin up proudly, shot Liam a smug look, and added. Im totally fine. This was nothing."

To her, the currents used in this test were child's play—nothing compared to the intensity of the brain experiments at her old lab. Back then, she'd lasted forty minutes under far more brutal conditions.

Through the glass, Bennett watched Noelle's confidence-filled strut and couldn't help but **smile**.

His voice, warm

in with a hint of affection, came through the speaker, "Alright, alright—you win. You're the best. This test was nothing for you, right?"

"Exactly." Noelle declared proudly, hands on hips.

"Okay, come on out. I'll meet you outside," Bennett said, still chuckling,

"Got it Noelle chirped. And without sparing Liam a second glance, she bounced out of the chamber, as if she'd just been **on** a walk in the park.

Meanwhile, everyone else who had taken this test had to be carried out on stretchers,

Bennett left the comms room too, heading to meet Noelle.

Behind him, the researchers were still stunned

"Bennett, your sister is unbelievable. She's the perfect candidate for this entire project!"

"Can she come back tomorrow! We'd love to run a full-body scan.

“She didn’t even hit her limit! I bet she could last thirty minutes easy. Should we schedule another t

trial tomorrow?”

But Bennett only smiled politely and shook his head. Tim afraid that won’t be possible”

“Why not” they asked.

Bennett turned, giving them a sly, aristocratic smile.

“She’s a VIP. You’ll have to check her appearance fees.