

Unwanted Girl Spoiled by Billionaire – c 261-270

Unchosen 261-270

Chapter 261

As Noelle watched Nicolas descend the stairs, her eyes widened in surprise.

“What is it?” Nicolas chuckled when he noticed her wide-eyed stare. “Do I have **a flower** growing out of my face or something?” Noelle bounced over and clung to his arm, starry-eyed. “Nicolas, why do you look so good today? I think my heart just skipped a beat.” Today, Nicolas wore a tailored silver-gray suit, perfectly fitted and far more refined than his usual casual or businesswear. The look gave off a composed, mature vibe that only made his already devastating charm even more dangerous in Noelle’s eyes.

“Don’t I look good every day?” he teased with a crooked smile.

“You always look good.” Noelle nodded seriously. “But today’s different. It’s very... formal.”

There’s something about restraint that draws people in. Like monks or saints—those images of purity only make you want to see the mask slip. The more restrained someone is, the more tempting they become.

That’s exactly how Noelle felt looking at Nicolas in **that** suit.

Ah, that’s because I’m meeting with members of the business council **today**,” Nicolas said, adjusting his cuffs with practiced elegance. “I had to dress the part.”

Noelle tilted her head, “Are **they** important? Should I... not **tag along** today?”

Lately, she’d been glued to Nicolas’s side—even during meetings. She’d just sit beside him like **a** quiet little shadow.

You can come if you want, Nicolas smiled, pinching her cheek affectionately. “But you’ll need to change. Want to play my secretary for a day?”

Hearing that, Noelle blinked

Yep, this isn’t some regular meeting. Nicolas usually never asked her to play the **role** of anything

Just then, her phone buzzed.

She pulled it out and saw the caller ID. It was Bennett,

Her gut immediately told her this **wasn’t** going to be good.

going to answer?” Nicolas asked, seeing her pause.

Noelle forced a smile. TI **pick up**”

After all, Brandon had ordered her to cooperate fully with Bennett.

“Hello“” she answered. “What’s up, Bennett)”

Bennett’s annoyingly cheerful voice came through. “Noelle, **got** time today?”

“Nope” she replied instantly and without hesitation

“Well, that’s fire Come to the lab later, he **said** breezily, completely ignoring her answer.

Noelle rolled her eyes. So asking me was just for show, huh?

Got it” she grumbled and hung up, muttering curses at him under her breath.

Turning to Nicolas, she apologized. “I can’t come with you today Please bring extra security **and** stay away from quiet places. Don’t **talk** to strangers either, okay?”

Nicolas unird, amused by how serious she was “Don’t worry I’ll take care of myself. **But** what does Bennett want with you? And what’s

ever trusted Bennet. The man erined pad

“He **just** wants help with

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but Nicolas could sense the coldness underneath.

ch,” Noelle explained. “Apparently, no one else

assist hum, **so** he asked me ”

Nicolas frowned. That already didn’t sound great

Chapter 261

“Babe, you really shouldn’t be getting involved in his work. Bennett isn’t exactly the warm-and-fuzzy type. If he needs test subjects, let him find **someone** else. You don’t **need** to play along.

Noelle pouted. “It’s not dangerous, really. Everyone there’s been **treating** me well, and I wouldn’t agree to anything if I thought it was risky. Besides, if something happened to me, Bennett would have a hard time explaining it to my parents.”

“Still...” Nicolas looked unconvinced.

Noelle threw her arms around him and beamed up at him. “Don’t worry, **Nicolas**. 111 come **back** safe and **sound**.”

Seeing her so determined. Nicolas **had no** choice but to relent.

He gently pinched her cheek. “Just promise me you’ll know your **limits**. The moment something feels off—you walk away, okay?”

“Got it Noelle nodded like an obedient little kitten.

Nicolas sighed and pulled her into a hug, his heart still filled with worry. Even so, he couldn’t stop her. All he could do was hope—hope that she would come back to him, just as she promised.

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When Noelle arrived at the lab, she gave Bennett a quick call to let him know she was there. He said he’d come out to meet her. **But** to her st

surprise, when Bennett emerged, he wasn’t alone

“Brandon?” Noelle blinked in shock “What are you doing here with Bennett?”

Brandon gave her a warm smile. “I’ve been very interested in Bennett’s research project, so I asked if I could **come** by for a look.” He turned to Bennett and added, all charm and courtesy, “Bennett was

It was kind enough to agree—very generous of him, I must say.”

Bennett’s smile was stiff, barely concealing his irritation. “Happy to help,” he said flatly.

In truth, when Brandon first approached him about visiting the lab, Bennett had been ready to say no. This project was sensitive, and Brandon was from the Atoraka–Nowedon Lab. Letting him near anything important **was a** security risk.

But before Bennen could even voice his refusal, the **lab’s** director had rushed out in person to welcome Brandon. Clearly, Brandon had already gone over his head and secured the necessary permissions in advance—just for show, he’d pretended to ask Bennett afterward.

The whole act made Bennett want to roll his eyes.

He thought he was a master of polite façades. But after seeing Brandon operate? He realized he still had **much** to learn.

“I see...” Noelle was still out of the loop, completely unaware of the undercurrents between the two men. She walked up **and** looked to Bennett. “So, can we start the test right away?”

“Huh?” Bennett blinked, pulled from his thoughts.

“I want to get **the** experiment over with quickly, Noelle said

She didn't mention her real reason—that she was worried **about** Nicolas. With the **Sawyer** family likely to retaliate, she hated being away **from** his side.

But she **kept** quiet because Brandon was there

She already knew he wasn't fond of Nicolas, so

avoided mentioning him whenever possible.

That didn't mean Brandon didn't see right through her.

He narrowed his eyes slightly, then casually placed a hand on her shoulder and smiled at Bennett. "Since Noelle's eager **to** get started, maybe we should stop wasting time!"

"Fine," Bennett muttered, his gaze briefly flicking to the hand Brandon had so **naturally** placed on Noelle. His frown deepened, and from the way she seemed to be holding **back**... Bennett's **unease** only grew.

Brandon was more dangerous **than** he'd imagined.

Upstairs

In the trial room, Noelle sat calmly in the chair, dozens of electrodes being carefully attached to her head.

The testing was designed to determine the upper limits of Noelle's tolerance for neural resonance, in preparation for more experimental runs.

Observation room. Brandon stood next to Renbelt

Several researchers glanced curiously at the stranger.

Who is this guy! they wondered. He's not one of us, so how did he get access here? And seriously, how

Upstairs

Bennett and

anyone look like

Facility But with Brandon in the room.

He and the female researchers looked at each other in the

hearts. A few even considered trying to strike up a conversation.

But before they could move, they noticed something that made them freeze in place. Brandon hadn't taken his eyes off the test room

e be entered

224 PM c c

Chapter 262

His gaze was fixed entirely on Noelle, in

intense and unblinking. It **was** like no one else even existed to him.

The sharp line he drew between himself and everyone else was **obvious**—so **much** so that it **was** intimidating. Even those who wanted to talk to **him** backed off instinctively

“We’re ready to begin. Bennen told the operator.

Yes, sir” the technician began, only to be interrupted by Brandon.

He tilted his head slightly and asked. “**Are** you starting with the lowest setting and scaling up gradually?”

““Uh... yes,” the operator replied, surprised to be addressed directly.

Brandon’s **lips** curled into a slow smile. “Don’t bother. Just set it to the maximum load from the start.”

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Chapter 263

The moment Brandon’s words landed, the entire room fell into **stunned** silence.

The operator froze, staring at Brandon as if he’d misheard. “S-Set it to maximum.....?”

Brandon gave a relaxed d smile. “That’s right. Incremental increases take too long—no need to waste everyone’s time.

Everyone in the n

room exchanged glances, clearly unsettled. A few female researchers who had just been swooning over Brandon moments ago now felt a cold sweat forming. They had mistaken his focused gaze on Noelle for

Was he here because he liked her—or because he held a grudget

Bennett couldn’t keep quiet **any** longer. He frowned and **said**, “Brandon, that’s far too risky. We don’t know how much Noelle can **handle**

-what if something goes wrong?

But before he could finish his sentence, Brandon was already behind the control panel. He reached past the operator and turned the dial straight to the maximum setting.

Bennett's heart jumped to his throat.

Yes, he wanted to use Noelle for the
e experiment. But never at the cost o
of actually hurting
ng her. This was pushing it.

He moved to stop Brandon, but the cold warning in the **man's eyes forced** him to stop in his tracks.

Just stand there and watch, Brandon said evenly.

For a split second, Bennett actually shivered. Brandon gave off a kind of danger that was **bone-deep**.

Bennett turned his gaze down to the testing chamber where Noelle sat, unaware of what was coming.

She'd been mentally preparing for another **round** of harmless testing like before. But just as she relaxed, a searing jolt of electricity shot. through the electrodes on her head.

The surge slammed into her brain like a tidal wave. The pain was **instant**, sharp, **and** overwhelming.

Her whole body flinched and tensed in reaction, and she instinctively tried to **move**, to get away

Then she heard a **familiar** voice over the comms.

"Noelle, can you hear me?"

"Brandon...?" she gasped through gritted teeth. She **was** trembling from head to toe, but the moment she heard **his voice**, she froze again.

"Can you keep going?" Brandon asked, voice calm. "This **shouldn't** be too **hard** for you, right?"

So... he was telling her to endure it?

past, this really wasn't that bad. IE

Noelle sucked in a shaky breath. Compared to the **kind** of **brain** stimulation she'd undergone in the p was just sudden and caught her off guard.

Still, if Brandon wanted her to keep going – then **she** would,

She sat **back** down and forced herself still. “I can do it. Keep going

“Good girl I knew you were the best,” Brandon replied with a soft smile,

Everyone in the observation room **was** floored.

“That’s the highest voltage we’ve ever tested, **and** she’s still conscious?”

“She’s not just CONSCIOUS— the speaking clearly. What the hell kind of monster is she?”

They were blown away. In previous tests, even trained soldiers couldn’t withstand this level of neural stimulation without blacking out. But Noelle was holding steady.

“Seef **She** a managing just fine, Brandon said, turning to Bennett with a pleasant **simile**.

But Bennett didn’t smile **back**. **In** fact, he couldn’t even **maintain** his usual polished composure.

1/4

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Chapter 263

His eyes stayed locked on Brandon. sharp with growing displeasure.

This man knew exactly what Noelle had been through. He knew. And yet he deliberately forced her to relive that trauma without warning—just like before.

Now, even Bennett—who’d always considered himself emotionally detached—was starting to feel doubt.

Because this sure didn’t look like it.

As the minutes dragged on, even Noelle’s remarkable endurance began to fray. Her body trembled uncontrollably. Her muscles locked up. She was clearly in agony, even though she refused to say a word.

Bennett saw her jaw clenched so tightly he feared she might crack a tooth.

She was in pain. Terrible pain. But she still kept going.

It hurt just to watch.

“That’s enough, don’t you think?” Bennett **finally** spoke, voice cold.

Brandon **shot** him a look, irritated. “She hasn’t called **it** off. What gives you the right to do it for her? You’re a researcher—act like one.”

“I am a researcher, Bennett said, his **tone** icy. “But before **that**, I’m also her brother

Without waiting for a reply, Bennett **strode** forward and cut the power.

The machines wound down instantly. Noelle, still dizzy with pain, felt her mind come rushing back to clarity. She let out a shaky breath, ripped the electrodes from her head, and tried to get up.

But her limbs were weak, trembling. She barely made it to her feet before her legs gave out, and she collapsed to the floor with a loud thud.

The noise jolted the entire observation team—and both Den the ro

“Noeller” Bennett immediately turned and bolted for the test room.

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react so emotionally.

Brandon, watching him with interest, raised an eyebrow. He hadn’t expected Bennett to **rea**

Huh. Maybe he’s not as heartless **as** I thought, Brandon mused, amused. ‘Noelle really does have a way of softening even the coldest people.

Downstairs. Noelle was slowly getting to her knees, still dazed.

Her **arms** were weak, and her legs were barely holding up—but she was recovering. **Just as** she was about to push **herself** upright, Bennett burst into the room and reached her.

“Noelle. **His voice was tight** as he helped her stand.

“Bennett?” Noelle blinked at him **in surprise**. “Is the test over?”

It’s done More than done, actually,” Bennett replied, still holding her

“Really?” She gave **him** a tired smile. “I did pretty well, huh?”

“**You** did great” Bennett said softly. Then he asked, “Don’t **you** have anything you i want to **say**?”

“What do you mean?”

“Nothing”

Hed expected her to complain, maybe cry a little—**like** she usually would when **she was** hurting. But now, she didn’t say anything at all.

I felt wrong

Just then. Brandon walked

He smiled at Noelle. “You did amazing today”

2/3

224 PM **d ch**

Chapter 263.

“Alright, anything for you, Brandon said, walking over and naturally slipping his arm around her shoulders. He gently pulled her away **from** Bennett. “Let’s go grab something **delicious** as a **reward**.”“

Noelle hesitated. She’d **been** planning to see Nicolas right after the experiment.

“What’s **wrong**?” Brandon asked, still smiling. “I **don’t** get out much. I was hoping you’d keep me company for a bit.”

How could she say no to that?

Noelle pressed her lips together **and** nodded. “Okay, I’ll show you around.”

“I knew you were the best, Brandon said, looking pleased. He led her **toward** the door but suddenly paused and looked over his shoulder.

“Oh, and by the way, he added with a smirk. “the current **today** was a little weak. Next time, maybe bump it up by two levels.

Two more levels?

That was insane.

Bennett noticed her reaction and narrowed his eyes. His voice dropped into a dangerous tone **as** he **said**, “That’s more **than** enough. If you go any higher. Noelle won’t be able to handle it.”

Brandon sighed like he was genuinely disappointed. “You know, for a researcher, you’re really letting your emotions get in the way. Disappointing. Bennett.”

Then, without giving him a chance to reply, Brandon turned with a grin and walked off with Noelle in tow.

Bennett stood there, staring at the doorway long after they’d gone.

His expression shifted—dark, stormy, unreadable.

Then, under his breath, he muttered, “Son of a bitch”

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Chapter **264**

Noelle thought she'd just have a quick meal with Brandon and then go see Nicolas.

But after accompanying Brandon around all day, the sky was already turning dark.

And yet they'd only left Bennett's lab at 10.30 that morning.

"Brandon, are you done **eating** yet? Noelle asked anxiously, watching him slowly **sip** his soup across the table.

Brandon set his spoon down with graceful ease and smiled at her. "Not yet. You finished?"

Noelle nodded quickly.

Brandon chuckled. "In such a rush to see **Nicolas**?"

Again, Noelle nodded emphatically—then, realizing how that might **sound**, **she** shot Brandon a guilty glance and slowly shook her head.

That only made Brandon laugh aloud.

With a smirk tugging at the corner of his lips, he rested his chin on his hand and looked at her with amusement. "Noelle, you're so much fun. I really enjoy being with you"

"If you like it, I'll hang out with **you** more," Noelle promised earnestly.

"Really," she nodded, widening her eyes in an exaggerated show of sincerity.

Brandon's smile deepened. In that case, stay with me a little longer.

Noelle froze. It was already past 9 PM. She hadn't contacted Nicolas all day and didn't even dare text him while she was with Brandon.

"What's wrong?" Brandon's voice dropped **a** little, eyes narrowing. "You seem hesitant. Were you just lying to me earlier?"

"No, I wasn't, Brandon..." Noelle shrank back **a** little under his gaze, her voice going small as she tried to explain.

"Good" Brandon's expression relaxed, and he smiled again. Then let's head to the beach. I heard the night view here is lovely."

"The beach? In winter?" Noelle muttered under her breath.

Brandon narrowed his eye

"I mean—let's **go**, let's go!" she quickly corrected herself.

"Glad to hear you're excited, Brandon said with a soft **laugh**. "You're making me happy already."

By the time they reached the shore, the wind **was** howling.

Brandon opened his arms, letting the sea breeze hit him head-on. “Ah, this feels amazing,” he said, eyes closed in **satisfaction**.

Noelle’s face had gone ghostly pale from the cold. She stared at him silently. ‘Feels amazing? His skin receptors must be broken or something

Brandon turned to glance at her. “Why so quiet, Noelle?”

Under the stark streetlight, his flawless face looked almost otherworldly—like a vampire noble wrapped in his dark overcoat, mysterious, elegant, **and** just a little dangerous.

Noelle had her hands shoved deep in her coat pockets, **chin** buried in her scarf, and mumbled, “I just.. don’t have anything to say right

Brandon’s smule faded slightly. He stepped closer, eyes narrowing. “Is being with me really that boring?”

Honestly‘ A little, Noelle thought

Something about Brandon had changed. Even though he still acted nice, she felt stifled around him now—like the couldn’t fully relax.

With Nicolas, she could be her chaotic, goofy self. But with Brandon, she felt like she was constantly walking on eggshells.

2:24 PM c d

Chapter 261

Still, there was no way s

she could actually say that.

She blinked up at him and replied **half**-heartedly. “It’s... not too bad.”

Brandon laughed softly, catching the insincerity in her voice.

“So eager to run back to Nicolas, huh?”

Noelle pressed her lips together, not daring to confirm it—but she **didn’t** deny it either.

Brandon finally let out a long sigh. “Alright, go. I don’t want to be the bad guy here. No need to make it seem like I’m forcing you.”

Noelle’s eyes widened slightly! You’ve been dragging me around all day—how is that not forcing me?

Clearly. Brandon still didn't quite get social cues.

"I'll drop you off. Where is Nicolas now?" he asked casually.

"I'll check." Noelle quickly pulled out her phone and called Nicolas.

He picked up almost instantly.

"Baby, done for the day?" he asked, voice gentle and low, like warm sunlight **made** just for her.

Yeah! Nicolas, where **are** you right now?"

"Still at the hotel—**just** wrapping up a dinner meeting"

"Want

me to come get you

you!"

"No need. I might be gone by the time you arrive. Just head home first—I'll be **back** soon."

"Okay, drive safe"

"Always"

Noelle hung up and turned to Brandon. "**Can** you take me home, then?"

Brandon glanced at his own phone, then smiled. "He's at the Sightsee Hotel, right? That's only ten minutes from here. **Want** to **go** see him instead!"

"Only

"Yep.

y ten minutes?" Noelle blinked.

"Then let's **go now!**" she laid, but paused again, sneaking a **glance** at Brandon.

She really didn't want him and Nicolas to run into each other.

Brandon seemed to catch on. "Don't worry. I'll drop **you off and go**—I've got **things** to do anyway!"

"Okay!" Noelle beamed, finally relaxing. **As long** as Brandon doesn't meet Nicolas, he's still **good** old Brandon.

Brandon **chuckled** at her obvious relief, reached out to ruffle her hair, **and** said fondly, "Alright, let's go.

When they reached the hotel parking lot, Noelle jumped out of the car and waved at Brandon. I'm going to find Nicolas **now!**"

"Go ahead" Brandon said with a unile, watching her **walk** away

Once she was out of sight, his eyes **sharpened**. He scanned the area slowly, his emerald gaze gleaming with deadly intent.

That little dummy didn't even realize someone had been following her **this** whole time. **Guess** I'll have to clean up the mess for her...

Meanwhile, Noelle had made it to the front entrance of the hotel

2:24 PM ct c

Chapter 264

She didn't call Nicolas to tell him she'd arrived. Instead, she snuck behind one of the stone columns near the door, preparing to surprise him when he came out.

He'll be so shocked! Then he'll smile that

super sweet smile..."

Just picturing it made her giggle as she covered her mouth to hold it in.

She opened his location tracking and watched the little dot start moving. He was on the way out!

Noelle tensed with excitement, ready to leap **out** and throw her arms around him the moment he stepped outside.

The door opened.

A group of people began walking out.

Noelle sprang out from behind the column

but **froze** when she saw Nicolas.

Because beside him... was a young, beautiful woman.

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Chapter 265

"Mr. Sawyer, today's meeting went **very** well. I look forward to our partnership, the woman said warmly.

The woman beside **Nicolas** was dressed in a sleek business outfit, her **figure** accentuated by the tailored cut. Every movement exuded mature charm and confidence—she was captivating

Nicolas smiled with his **usual gentlemanly** poise. “I’m also looking forward to working more closely with your team?”

Angeline Hancy let her **eyes** linger on him, a glint of interest flashing in her gaze. Her red lips curved. “It’s still early. Would you honor me with a drink?”

Nicolas maintained his polite smile as he replied, “That’s kind of you, Miss Haney, **but** I have other plans **this evening**.”

“Oh? I see” Angeline didn’t press further. She just shrugged lightly **and** smiled. “Then let’s plan for another **time**.”

“Of course. Next time, dinner’s **on me**, Nicolas said with practiced ease.

Angeline gave him a playful wink. “I’ll hold you to that”

Nicolas nodded. Take care, **Miss** Haney.”

“I see myself out.”

As Angeline turned and walked toward the parking lot, Nicolas stood in place, watching her **leave**. Once she was out of sight, he turned to Bryan “Bring the car around.”

“Yes, sir.” Bryan said and made the call

Just then, a soft, sulky voice drifted in from behind. “Nicolas...

Nicolas froze **for** a second, then turned—only to see Noelle stepping out from behind a column. Her face was pale from the cold, nose tinged pink, and she was sniffing like a pouty little kitten, glaring at him with barely contained grievance

“Noelle?” He blinked, surprised. Before he **could** even ask why she was there, she **beat him** to it.

“Who **was** that woman you just walked out with?” she demanded.

She’s jealous, Nicolas thought, and couldn’t help **the** amused smile tugging at his lips.

He walked over to her, took off his scarf, and **gently** wrapped it **around** her neck. “She’s the business partner I met today. Angeline Haney, 25, daughter of the Chamber of Commerce president and lead negotiator for this **deal**.”

“Oh really?” Noelle poured, eyes narrowed. “She seems into you.

“She doni?” Nicolas chuckled.

“Of course,” Nicolas said casually

accuse me? Noelle's **voice** rose.

But before she could launch into a tirade, Nicolas bent down, pulled her into **his** arms, and said with a teasing **smile**, "I'm happy **because** it means you've got great taste. If other women find me attractive, doesn't that **just** prove you **picked** well! Or would you rather your

Noelle blinked

Nicolas

kind of made sense

continued softly, "And even if she did have feelings for me, so what? I only **have eyes** for you. Isn't that all **that** matters?"

That completely melted her

Her anger faded, and she let out a lande huff. Then she tilted her chin with pride. Fine. Since **you** put it that way, I'm not mad anymore"

Seeing his girl appeased, Nicolas smiled and took her freezing hands, slipping them into his coat pockets.

"How long w

you standing outside?" he **asked**. "Why didn't you just come in?"

I wanted to surprise you. Noelle admitted, lips pouting again.

224 PM c

Chapter 265

"Next time, don't freeze yourself for a surprise. Understood?"

"Yes, sir. Noelle nodded obediently.

Just then, the car arrived. Nicolas opened the door and gestured. "Let's go."

"Okay" Noelle hopped in, and Nicolas followed.

Neither of them noticed Angeline still sitting in her car nearby. She leaned **against** the window, watching their affectionate exchange-

So that man can be that gentle too, she thought with a faint smile. Interesting

On the way home, **Nicolas** asked Noelle about her day at the **lab**.

She brushed over the details, deliberately skipping everything that had to do with Brandon.

la brow.

That's it?" **Nicolas** arched a

Noelle glanced at him and tried to sound nonchalant. "What else would it be?

Nicolas chuckled inwardly. "She's so bad at lying. I don't even need to investigate to know she was with Brandon again.

But since she didn't want **to talk** about it, he didn't press.

Instead, he pulled her into his arms, **gently kneading** her **hand**. "Don't push yourself too hard. Your Nicolas might not be strong enough yet—but I hope you'll trust me at least a little."

"Nicolas." Noelle was touched.

He was giving her everything—unreservedly. Yet she was still hiding so much from him. It really wasn't fair.

Just as she hesitated, wondering if she should tell him about Brandon, Nicolas's phone buzzed.

He **glanced at** it, and **his** expression instantly **turned** cold.

as a text: [Bastard. Let's see how it feels to lose what matters most to you.]

Nicolas's eyes darkened.

"What's wrong!" Noelle leaned in curiously.

He gave a low chuckle, full of contempt. "The Sawyer family. I've been hitting them too hard with the **acquisitions** lately, looks like they're starting to **snap**. You didn't notice anything strange today, did **you**?"

"No Noelle shook her head. "I don't **think** so."

In truth, she'd been so tense around **Brandon all day**—and then so

so eager **to** see Nicolas—**that she** hadn't been paying attention to her surroundings at all.

Nirolas stone cooled. "I'll find a reason to freeze their remaining assets. Let's see how they hire **assassins** without funding"

"You can do that?" Noelle blinked in surprise

"Of course" Nicolas grinned.

She ulted her heart "But if they don't have money anymore, how will they live?"

He laughed "What, you're feeling sorry for them?"

“Nope” she replied firmly, eyes wide and serious “If they all drop dead, they’d deserve it”

Sawyer faintly had gathered around, listening expectantly for news from the **assassin** t

they hurried to **take** Noelle **out**

When Marshall’s phone rang, he immediately answered. It’s them

i

“Well” is it done?” Braiden asked eagerly

2:24 PM c d ·

Chapter 265

“Of course. I hired the best. Marshall **said** smugly as he answered. “Hello? **Did** you take care of it?”

But instead of confirmation, an angry voice roared through **the** speaker. “You bastards didn’t tell us the full story! I swear, you’ll pay for

“What?!” The whole Sawyer family jolted.

The hitman on the other end continued furiously, “That girl had a monster guarding her. All my all of them are deadt

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Chapter 266

The hitman’s words left the entire Sawyer family stunned.

A monster? All their men taken out? Marshall couldn’t wrap his head **around** it. “That’s impossible....

Before they could react, the hitman continued, voice filled with rage. “You told us **she was** just some ordinary girl! Because of your lies, we suffered huge losses. This isn’t over. The Sawyer family will pay for this!”

“Wait! Don’t **hang** up- But it **was** too late. Marshall stared at his phone, face pale.

‘Not only did they fail to kill Noelle **now** even the assassins are out for revenge!

They were completely screwed.

Meanwhile, Nicolas had tightened the estate’s security after receiving the ominous message from the Sawyers, **anticipating** a potential

attack.

But several days passed... and nothing happened.

Not even a shadow.

“Maybe your family suddenly grew a conscience?” Noelle offered, ever the optimist.

Nicolas snorted. “If the Sawyers suddenly found **their** conscience, it would be a miracle.”

“So what now?” she **asked**.

“Simple. Freeze all their assets. End of story.”

Back at the Sawyer estate, **just** as **the** family was still reeling from the assassin fiasco, the next disaster struck—Nicolas made his move.

In one swift, ruthless sweep, he exposed every shady detail the Sawyer family had buried over the **years**. Their entire fortune was seized, accounts frozen, **assets** confiscated.

The once-proud Sawyer family was left stunned, unable to e

ven put up a fight. Just like that, they vanished from the business world.

Even after settling the **score** with the Sawyers, Nicolas didn’t slow down. He **knew** Noelle’s background was far more complicated **than** it seemed—and if he wanted to protect her, he needed more power.

It meant doing something he swore he never would: contacting the family of **his** late mother—the Jenkins family.

Before reaching out, Nicolas had played **out** every possible scenario in his mind. His grandfather, Rory Jenkins, **had** famously cut ties with Nicolas’s mother years ago, declaring her dead to him. The man never **even** attended her funeral.

Truthfully, Nicolas had no desire to reconnect. There was no affection between them. But with the shadow of Noelle’s secret organization looming, he needed stronger allies—and the Jenkins family was one of **the most** powerful **families in** existence.

So he made contact, bracing himself for rejection.

To his surprise the Jenkins family agreed to meet immediately—and quite enthusiastically at **that**

When Nicolas stepped into the massive **Jenkins** estate for the first time, he immediately felt the weight of their legacy. The entire place was more palace than home—sprawling architecture, manicured grounds, even a private lake and surrounding forest that stretched for

Led by the butler through layer upon layer of grandeur, Nicolas was finally shown to a serene rear courtyard Mr Sawyer. Mr. Jenkins

Refund a decorative screen **at** an elderly

haired but strikingly youthful for his age. His presence radiated paws

Chapter 266

This was Rory Jenkins, his grandfather..

You're here," Rory said calmly, sipping **his** coffee.

Nicolas took one look at him **and** gave his trademark smile, **as** if he were just visiting an old relative. "It's been too long. Grandpa. I hope you'll forgive **me** for not visiting sooner.

"Spare me the pleasantries. Rory said flatly, placing **his** cup down.

He **gave** Nicolas a long, appraising look—then gave **a** rare nod of approval. "As expected of my blood. Impressive."

Nicolas returned the smile, eyes sharp but polite. "Well, good genes do help."

Rory raised an eyebrow, "And a silver tongue. 100.

"I only speak from the heart"

—

"No need to flatter me, Rory said, cutting to the chase. I agreed to meet you because I **have no** intention of making things difficult fact, I'm **prepared** to give you the support you're looking for."

That gave Nicolas pause. His smile faltered ever so slightly. "So... **you** know **why** I'm here?"

"Don't underestimate the Jenkins information network," Rory replied with a smug smile. "I know exactly **what** you've been doing, who you've met, and everything you own. I've kept a close eye on **you**."

Nicolas's **eyes** darkened.

So he's been watching me all these years... but did nothing while I was trampled by the Sawyers? No wonder my mother wanted nothing to do **with** this man."

Still, for Noelles sake, Nicolas swallowed his anger and smiled coolly. "So, are you satisfied with what you've seen?"

"You've done well Rory nodded. "You took your mother's 30% stake and turned it into an empire capable of devouring your father's company. Even among the Jenkins heirs, few could match that."

Nicolas smirked, but got straight to the point, "Then let's not waste time. You know why **I'm** here. What's your price? Whatever I

-I will”

Rory gave a knowing smile, **tapping** his fingers lightly on the table. “Come out.”

Nicolas blinked, confused. He turned toward the source of the **noise**

And from behind a screen stepped a beautiful, poised woman with graceful **curves** and a knowing smile.

1: was Angeline Haney.

The same woman from the business dinner earlier that week.

“**Mr.** Sawyer,” she said warmly. “**Fancy** seeing you again **so** soon.”

do

Nicolas’s gaze cooled. He looked from Angeline to **his grandfather**, lips curving into a faint, dangerous smile, “**Grandpa**, care to explain

Rory met his eyes, unbothered, and said with deliberate clarity,

You want the Jenkins family’s backing? Fine. But my condition is this—**you** marry Angeline

Comment

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P t pushed open

Chapter 267

As soon **as** the words left Rory’s mouth, **Nicolas** let out a cold laugh.

“You’re joking, right?”

Rory raised an eyebrow. “Do I look like someone who jokes

Unfortunately... **no**, he didn’t. Rory Jenkins **had** never **been** known for **his** sense of humor.

But when **Nicolas glanced** at Angeline standing beside him, he still found this whole setup utterly ridiculous.

He turned back to Rory, eyes narrowed. “You said you’ve been watching me, that you know exactly why I came. **So** what’s this supposed to be, then! A test? A **trap**?”

Rory smiled, calm and composed.

“You came here for **the** Transformer, didn’t you? You **want** power—enough to protect her. Well, with one word, I can **guarantee** her safety. The condition? Marry Angéline. Seems fair to me.

Nicolas silently cursed.

But out loud, he focused on the one word that mattered, “Transformer? You **know** about Noelle?”

“Of course.” Rory nodded, signaling for a refill. Angeline stepped forward obediently to pour him another cup of coffee.

He took **a slow** sip, then added. “She’s part of a human experimentation program—specifically, a Transformer from the Atoraka- **Nowedon** Laboratory. A high-value subject. Normally, someone like her would be untouchable. But the Jenkins family happens to be one of the labs’ major investors. We carry considerable influence. If I say the word, she’ll be officially removed from the program -and protected.”

Nicolas fell silent, his mind spinning. A human experiment... I knew it. Noelle must have suffered unimaginable things in that place!

His voice dropped, edged with ice. “Isn’t human experimentation illegal? Internationally banned? **And** yet you invest in it?”

Rory let out a booming laugh. “Oh, Nicolas. Don’t be naive. **Laws are** for the weak. To the people in charge, they’re nothing but tools to control the masses. You really think those rules apply to those of us in power?”

He leaned forward, gesturing at himself. “Look at me. What do you see?”

Nicolas **gave** him a **once**—over and thought, A smug old bastard.

But he forced a polite smile. “You look remarkably young

“Exactly. I’m over 80 **years** old, and yet I’m in better shape than most men half my age. That’s **the** power of our research. And the **girl** you’re so infatuated **with? She’s** the pinnacle of it all. Physically superior in every way—strength, stamina, healing. She’s a breakthrough. **A** weapon. One that could change the course of human **evolution**.”

Nicolas’s **eyes** darkened. “Noelle is not a weapon”

“Shen a weapon,” Rory replied coldly, his voice hard **as stone**.

“You think she loves you! All it takes is one command from the lab, and she’ll kill you without blinking. These Transformers are designed to obey order without question. As we speak, your little pet **is** undergoing final emotional testing. They’re measuring her responses to love and familial bonds. Once that data’s collected, she’ll be ordered to destroy every emotional **attachment** she’s made That means you. Her so-called family Everyone. Because in the end, **she’s** not human—she’s a tool. **A** beautifully efficient killing

Rory continued, his voice like a noose tightening.

stop you from keeping her **as** a pet, if that's what you **want**. Powerful men have their indulgences. But in public, in your marriage and at your side—you will protect Angeline. If you agree to hurry her immediately, I'll contact the lab and have them release the girl to you. I don't! You'll never get any help from the Jenkins family — and you'll have to deal with it all on your own. And remember, the emotional testing could be triggered

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Chapter 267

When Nicolas left the **Jenkins** estate, he felt like a walking shell. Rory's words were still echoing **in** his head, relentless and suffocating.

There **was** too much to process.

Noelle **was** a Transformer. A product of one of the world's **most** secretive human experiment programs—Atoraka—Nowedon Laboratory.

She was undergoing emotional testing.

She was

And once she

truly

ly formed deep

ep emotional attachments, the lab would issue one command: destroy those bonds. Kill them **all**,

Nicolas stared out the car window, mind reeling. 'Does Noelle know this? She looks so happy with her family. She smiles so brightly when she's with me. Could she really turn on all of us just like that? No. **No** way

She had no idea.

With how pure she was—**how** deeply she cherished every little emotion—there was no way

y she could hide the truth so flawlessly.

But if she truly **didn't** know.. then once she did, it would destroy her.

Maybe that's exactly what the lab wants.

Build her up. Let her fall in love. Let her experience connection, warmth, belonging-

And then rip it all away. Let her shatter.

Because once she's broken, she'll never hesitate again. She'll become exactly what they want: a perfect tool with no weakness.

The more Nicolas thought about it, the more his stomach twisted

They're not just destroying her life. They're **destroying** her **soul**."

na room for compromise.

And Rory... that smug bastard. He left no

If I want to protect Noelle—if I want **to** get her out **safely**—I **have** to marry **Angeline**. Otherwise, I risk losing everything... and maybe even dying by her **hand**!

"F**k," Nicolas muttered under his breath.

"Mr. Sawyer?" Bryan glanced back from the driver's seat, startled.

He'd never seen Nicolas like this before—so openly distressed. In all their years together, even under pressure, **Nicolas** had always remained calm and composed.

But this? Whatever happened back there had shaken him to his core.

Nicolas didn't answer.

He ran **a hand through** his slicked-back hair, messing it up in frustration, then pulled out **his** phone. He had to call Noelle.

No matter what happened next, he needed to know what she was thinking. What she felt.

They'd only been together for **half** a year, but in that time, every **smile**, every **laugh**, every tear—he'd memorized it all

And Nicolas refused to believe that a girl who cried when **she** saw a wounded cat **could** be turned into **a** killer by **a** single co

He needed to hear her voice. Needed her to tell him it **wasn't** true.

e command,

A robotic voice came through. "The number you love dialed is currently

rently

available.

Please try again lat

Try again later"

Nicolas's brow furrowed.

Noelle always answered quickly. The only reason she wouldn't **pick** up.

She's still at the Lab Sull helping Bennett with that damn experiment? Nicolas thought

But it had been hours.

And suddenly, a chilling wave of unease washed over **him**. What if something's happened to her!

Inside Bennett's lab, Noelle was still strapped into the testing chair.

Her fists clenched so tightly that the veins on the backs of her hands bulged **beneath** her pale skin. She bit down hard on her bottom lip. but despite her effort to stay silent, soft cries of pain still slipped out.

Beads of sweat rolled down her forehead, dripping in steady streams down her face and **off** her chin, pooling beneath the chair into a small puddle.

She had clearly been enduring **this** for a long time.

In the observation room above, the researchers watched in tense silence. Many had turned their eyes away, unable to bear the sight of her suffering under the maximum neural load.

Bennett's expression had grown increasingly grim. His usual easygoing smile was long gone, replaced by cold fury as he stared at **his**

Finally, as Noelle began to tremble violently, Bennett couldn't take it anymore.

That's enough he snapped, turning to Brandon. "**Are** y

ou trying to fry her **brain**?!"

Brandon didn't even flinch. He cast Bennett a sidelong glance and replied coolly. "If she can't handle this, how's she going **to** survive memory extraction? That part's longer and even more intense. You're in charge of this project, aren't you, Mr. Anderson? Or did you think the funding for this was just for show?"

"She's in pain!" Bennett growled through gritted teeth, "Can't you see that?"

Brandon's eyes flicked toward the testing room. "This is nothing. She can take it

He said it with chilling calm, as if Noelle's suffering was a trivial inconvenience.

But right then, Noelle let out a sharp cry of pain. It echoed through the observation room.

Bennett's face changed. He moved to shut down the system.

"You son of a—shut it off, now!"

But before he could reach the controls, Brandon moved.

In a flash, Bennett was slammed to the ground.

Brandon placed a firm boot on his chest, pressing down hard **as** he looked down at him with cold disdain.

I've been patient with you, Brandon said, voice dangerously low. "Only because you're Noelle's brother. **Don't** push me."

Bennett gasped, struggling to breathe under the pressure. His **ribs** felt like they were **about** to crack.

Brandon's gaze was sharp-lethal. He had no intention of letting Bennett interfere.

Bennett stared back, fury burning in his eyes

It was becoming clearer by the second-Brandon **was** here to extract all of Noelle's memories, and he **was** in a hurry. That's why he didn't care how much **pain** she **was** in. He needed the data-at any cost.

But why? What was he planning to do with Noelle's memories?

Eventually, Brandon stepped off, brushing imaginary dust from his hands and offering a tight-lipped smile.

Two second chances, Bennett Noelle lasted another half hour before she was finally removed from the chair.

Her body was completely drained-she could barely stand Her usually rosy complexion had turned deathly pale. The once-energetic

now looked like a wilted flower, completely sapped of life

You dat amazing today, Norlie Brandon approached her gently hot it a still not enough, he added, smiling **as** he tucked a strand of

다 다

Chapter 268

The pain she'd **endured** today had made her feel like she was dying. He **really** expected her to do even more tomorrow?

"Of course, I believe in you," Brandon said warmly, ruffling **her hair like** she **was a** good student. His tone was gentle, almost tender.

Lione was the

Terrifying, ruthless man from the control room. With Noelle, he was nothing **but** soft and indulgent. And that was the **most**

Because Noelle knew—no matter how sweet Brandon seemed, he belonged to the lab.

And she **had** been trained to obey,

Even if her heart resisted, her body wouldn't..

So, despite the dread swirling in her chest, she nodded obediently. “Okay... I understand.”

Brandon beamed. “That’s my good girl.

At the door, Bennett **stood** silently, watching the scene unfold. Watching Brandon stroke her hair like nothing had happened. Like he hadn't just pushed her to the brink.

And in that moment, Bennett’s unease deepened. Brandon wasn’t just dangerous—he was something else entirely.

And the longer he stayed in Noelle’s world, the more everyone **was** at risk.

2-2

Chapter 269

After the **test** ended, Brandon left to speak with the institute’s director, leaving Noelle behind to rest.

The other researchers, as usual, had prepared a **feast** for **her**. One had even brought in a professional chef to cook something fresh and nourishing

“Noelle, try this spicy dish—it’s really good.”

“No, **don’t give** digestion,”

her spicy food. She just **finished** testing. Her stomach’s probably sensitive. Let her have some steamed fish to settle her

“**Exactly**. Something **light** first. Noelle, I **had** the chef make a special broth just for you. It’s packed with nutrients—drink it while it’s hot. Poor thing, your face **is** completely pale... it’s heartbreaking.”

Normally, Noelle would’ve been thrilled by their kindness,

But after several **days** of increasingly intense experiments, even her enhanced resilience was reaching its limit. Her head buzzed like a **hive**, **and** though the food smelled great, her appetite had vanished.

Still, she forced a smile. “**Thanks**, everyone. I’ll eat in a little bit, just need to rest first.”

y should eat while it's hot...

"You really

They tried to coax her, but just then Bennett walked in.

"Noelle."

She looked up. "Bennett?"

He turned to the **others and** asked to **speak to** her privately. Everyone took the hint and filed out of the room.

Once they were alone, Bennett **sat** beside her, gently placing his hand on her clammy forehead.

You **still** feeling sick?"

Noelle **blinked** at him, surprised by the tenderness **s** in his voice. Ever since Brandon showed up, Bennett had been acting... different. Nicer. **Was** it just her imagination?

Had she, somehow, managed to win him **over**?

Eyes lighting up, she smiled sweetly and replied, "I'm fine."

"Tell the truth, Bennett said **flatly**, calling **her** bluff.

Caught off guard by his seriousness, Noelle **pursed** her lips and confessed, "My head **sull** hurts. It's throbbing, and my ears are ringing.

Bennett's gaze darkened.

Noelle's healing abilities were

the charts. A wound that would take **others a** week to recover from would disappear from her skin in hours—yet even with that, she still hadn't bounced back.

That meant the damage **from** the test was severe.

What's wrong?" Noelle asked, noticing his expression grow stormy

yourself.

Bennett frowned, eyes fixed on her pale face "Noelle, next time if you can't **take** it, just **say** so. Don't force y

"Hut I made it through, didn't I she replied, trying to smile.

"Even if you can endure it," Bennett said sharply. "you still have the right to say it's too much"

Because if she didn't. Brandon would keep pushing—no matter the cost.

ant that simple Brandon had made it clear she was to endure everything. Between tations, she had no real chata a

wanting to upart her brother, she tried to

2:24 PM

Chapter 269

“I wonder if Nicolas called **me**. Let me check my phone.

She pulled it out and immediately **saw a** missed call.

“Nicolas called earlier,” she told Bennett. “I’ll call him back now.

But before she could dial, a familiar voice interrupted from behind.

“Noelle.” The soft, almost cheerful voice sent a chill down her spine.

She turned slowly and saw Brandon approaching, **his** usual **calm smile** on **his** face.

“Brandon, you’re back.”

He nodded. “How **are** you feeling? **Can** you move around?”

“I... I’m okay,” she replied quietly, heart starting to race.

nning another test today.”

Then came the words **she** dreaded. “Change of plans. We’re running

“What?” Noelle blinked, stunned. “Again??

Usually, she only had one test per day. The rest of the time was for recovery. Why the sudden change?

Bennett stood up immediately, frowning. “That’s enough for today. She’s not ready.”

“Oh?” Brandon tilted his head with a mild smile. “But she just **said** she’s okay to move.”

“Being able to stand doesn’t mean she’s ready for more testing Bennett snapped, barely containing his anger.

If he were strong enough, he’d have punched **Brandon** right then and there.

But Brandon remained unfazed, still focused on Noelle. “Noelle, you’re fine with it, right?”

“Noelle, if you’re not up p for it, say so,” Bennett urged, voice firm,

Noelle looked down, lips pressed together. She was clearly struggling.

Then slowly, she pushed herself up, bracing against the table for balance

She met Brandon’s gaze, her **voice** soft but **steady**.

“I’m fine. Let’s do it”

Chapter 270

The moment Noelle responded, Bennett’s expression shifted. He stared at her pale face and opened his mouth to speak. “Noelle, you—”

a warm smile,

But before he could finish, Brandon **had already** stepped forward and wrapped his arm around Noelle’s shoulders. With a **w** he said. That’s more like it. I knew you were the best.”

Noelle said nothing

In front of Brandon, she didn’t really **have a say in anything**. Whether she could or couldn’t—he **always** had the **final word**.

That afternoon, the second round of endurance testing began..

Compared to the morning session, this one required Noelle to push 45 minutes beyond the previous limit.

When the researchers **heard** the news, they were shocked and pulled Bennett aside.

“Bennett, is Noelle really going to do another round today? And for even longer? Isn’t that pushing her too hard?”

Bennett’s face was grim. He didn’t answer.

When he first learned of Brandon’s request for another test, his instinct had been to go straight to the institute director and protest. After **all, as** Noelle’s brother and a lead researcher, he had some pull around here.

But the director’s response was clear for the sake of scientific progress and the future of humanity, some sacrifices were necessary.

And now that it had come to light that Noelle was a product of a human experimentation lab—with physical capabilities far exceeding **a normal person**—her involvement in the project was seen as a once-in-a-lifetime breakthrough.

The director had been under pressure from higher-ups for lack of progress. Noelle's arrival **had** solved everything. So even knowing the risk, he still backed Brandon's decision.

Bennett had also received a chilling warning: if he couldn't accept this direction, he was free to **walk away**. And if he **dared leak** anything to the outside world... he'd be silenced before he ever had the chance.

With even the director siding with Brandon, Bennett had no choice but to fall in line.

Sull, he walked over to Brandon and eyed him coldly. Half-joking, he said, "Forty-**five** extra minutes? Are you sure this **isn't** an attempt **on** Noelle's life?"

Brandon shot **him** a glance, lips curling into a smile. "Mr. Anderson, you must be joking. How could I ever hurt Noelle?"

Brandon met his gaze, looking surprisingly innocent. "I don't expect **you** to believe me, but Noelle is more important to me **than** myself. Besides, you don't have to worry so much—she's stronger than you think. She's a miracle, really"

Then his eyes fell to the girl strapped **into** the test chair below, gleaming with something dangerous—an obsession that burned just beneath the surface.

"Just watch Shell pass this test flawlessly"

Bennett **caught** that look—wild, fervent, almost unhinged—and for the first time, he felt a chill. There was love **in** Brandon's eyes... but it

was terrifying

(the end, Brandon

Norte stood through and completed the extended session.

When the announcement came through the test was complete, she collapsed, crumpling to the floor, too **weak** to move

Noelle Bennett rushed from the observation deck in a panic.

Brandon, however, stayed calm. He walked up to the intercom, pressed the button, and **asked**, "Noelle, can **you** hear me?"

Her body barely stirred, but she turned her head toward **the** voice and, barely conscious, whispered, "Brandon....?"

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Chapter 270

“You did it,” Brandon said, smiling. You were amazing. At this rate, in less than a week, we **can** begin the full memory read–write testing. Congratulations. Noelle.”

Noelle, however, couldn’t find it in herself to feel proud.

Her entire body was in agony. Her head throbbed so violently **she** thought it might **split** open.

And knowing this was only the beginning that it would get even worse–made her want to give up **entirely**.

Maybe that was fine. After all, she was just a tool.

Brandon told her to endure, and so she would.

Noelle closed her eyes, letting **the darkness take** over.

Meanwhile, back in Reniam City, Nicolas returned and went straight to the research institute to find N

Noelle.

She **hadn’t** answered his calls, and his team reported she **hadn’t** left the facility. That alone gave him a terrible feeling

Every time she got involved with these labs, it ended **badly**.

As soon as the car pulled up outside the institute, he stepped out–and saw a petite girl being helped toward the exit by a tall man.

The girl was Noelle.

And the man, Nicolas guessed, had to be Brandon.

“Noelle!” he called out.

Though her mind was foggy and her body weak, the second she heard his **voice**, her **head** snapped up.

“Nicolas?” she breathed, not trusting her ears.

But when her eyes met his, everything inside her crumbled. Every ounce of pain and misery came flooding out at once.

Without another thought, she tore herself away from Brandon and stumbled toward the gates.

“Nicolas! Nicolas! Nicolas!”

The gate **was tall** and **heavy**, **but she** didn't care. With one leap, she cleared it and landed unsteadily on **the** other side.

Nicolas was already there, catching her in **his** arms.

"Noelle," he murmured, pulling her close **as** she buried her face in his chest, trembling **and clinging** to him like her life depended on it,

He didn't know what she had been through—but the way she clung to him made it clear; she was hurting.

"I've got you, sweetheart. You're safe now. I'm here."

He gently rubbed her **back**, whispering soft reassurances, not daring to **make a sound** louder than a breath

Back at the gate, Brandon stood silently, watching **the scene** unfold.

He saw everything—the way **she** ran to Nicolas, the way her eyes lit up, **how** she seemed to find strength again just from being near him.

She had forgotten about him entirely

Brandon's gaze darkened. So that's how it is. Noelle.

He loved her

o someone else

Brandon's sonide slowly faded, replaced by an icy stillness.

Nurtle he thought, you've made me angry.

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