

Unwanted Girl Spoiled by Billionaire – c 291-300

Unchosen 291

Chapter 291

r neck. It

After Brandon locked her in the room, Noelle sat cross-legged on the bed, absentmindedly fiddling with the collar around her was her first time seeing such a device,

Supposedly, it was one of the lab's latest inventions—a bio-**reactive** collar that would detonate if she tried to escape or moved too far

from **Brandon**

But if it could be put on, there had to be a way to **take** it off.

The key was on Brandon, and getting it from him was nearly impossible. Still, maybe there was another way? Noelle stared at the collar, thoughtful.

Just then, the door creaked open.

She immediately looked up and froze **when she** saw Brandon walk in.

It had been nearly two days since he brought her back. She hadn't seen him since. But she had a good guess what he'd been doing. Bennett **had** said it—her memory chip had been tampered with. The **version** Brandon had didn't contain any of their time together. He'd no doubt gone off to verify that.

And since she was still alive, it meant Bennett **had** told the truth.

Brandon's eyes locked onto Noelle. She stared back, eyes wide **and** guarded, quietly assessing him like a cautious little animal—cute, but clearly untrusting.

Brandon found himself thinking. Yes, this is the Noelle I want.

There was wariness in her gaze—resentment, even—but that didn't matter. So long as she remembered him. As long as he still existed **in** her mind, that was enough.

A soft smile returned to his lips. As if nothing had ever happened, he strolled to the bed and sat beside her. “Noelle. I haven’t seen you in two days. Were you bored? Sorry about that—I won’t leave you alone for so long again.”

Noelle was honestly **a** little impressed. Just days ago, Brandon had tried to kill her. If **Bennett** hadn’t shown up in time, they’d all be **dead**.

How does he **have**

ve the nerve to act like nothing happened? His face **must** be made of steel, she thought bitterly.

Brandon didn’t seem to mind her silence. He just smiled **and** said, “Still giving me the cold shoulder? Are you still mad about that little misunderstanding where I tried to kill you?”

Noelle glared at him.

Seeing no response, Brandon teased, “If you keep ignoring me, I might just kiss you.

That got her attention real **fast**.

There was no way she’d let Brandon kiss her. Her lips were for Nicolas—only Nicolas

With a scowl, she snapped, “What do you even want from me? Whatever it is, forget it. I’m never seeing **you** as a friend again.”

“Oh! Not **a** friend?” Brandon chuckled. Then **what**, a couple? Wow, Noelle, **you move** fast.”

Noelle rolled her eyes so hard it hurt.

She turned **away**, refusing **to engage further**.

But Brandon reached out, gently tilting her face back toward him. “Still avoiding me? If **you** keep **this up**, I’m going to get **really** upset”

Noelle was already furious.

“You tried **to kill** me, **Brandon!**” she snapped. “And you forced me to hurt Damon—he nearly died! You **threatened** Nicolas, my family. And you expect me to just sit here and chat with you like we’re old **pals!** What’s wrong with you?”

Her voice trembled with emotion, words spilling out in an angry torrent,

Brandon’s r

is expression darkened. His eyes flickered, unreadable.

Ja

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But instead of rage, something unexpected filled his eyes—regret, even guilt,

“Noelle,” he said quietly. “I **know** I was wrong. I’m sorry”

Noelle blinked. What?

She stared at him suspiciously. “You... you actually know you were wrong?”

Brandon nodded, his expression tender, **even** remorseful. I didn’t really mean to kill you. I had your memory chip—if anything happened. I could just reload your memories and bring you back. I was just... angry. You disobeyed me for Nicolas. But I’ve thought it over, **and** I regret everything, Please forgive me.”

He sounded sincere. And he had backed off when he **learned** the chip was incomplete.

Maybe he really meant it?

Tentatively, Noelle asked, “You truly want me to forgive you?”

Noelle’s eyes **narrowed**. “Anything?”

“Anything”

“Then let me go..

A

d promise you’ll never hurt Nicolas **or** my family again.”

Brandon’s smile didn’t even waver. “No.”

Her face instantly fell. “Then forget it. I don’t forgive you. **And** I definitely won’t ever be your friend **again**.”

She turned **away**, fuming,

out a soft chuckle. “I knew it. Kindness gets me nowhere with you. The moment I let my guard down, you go running back

Brandon let out

10 Nicolas

Noelle said nothing. Of course I want to go back. He’s the one I love. That’s my home

Then she **heard Brandon’s** voice turn cold. “If those people mean so much to you... fine. I’ll kill them all. That way, you’ll have no one left but me.”

She whipped around, eyes blazing. “Don’t you dare.”

“Why not?” Brandon’s voice **was** light, almost cheerful. “They’re the reason you keep turning away from me. If I erase them, **you’ll** have no one left to lean on but me. Then your heart will finally be mine,”

“In your dreams” Noelle’s voice trembled with fury. “If you hurt them, I’ll hate you.”

“Hate me!” Brandon said softly, almost amused. He reached out, caressing her cheek. His **touch** was gentle; but felt like a serpent coiling

around her skin.

“Noelle are you sure you’re hating the right person?”

“What do **you** mean she whispered, trying to pull back.

He leaned in, his tone **slow** and deliberate. “Isn’t it obvious? The real person you should hate... is yourself. If **you** didn’t care so much. about the **Andersons** or about Nicolas, none of this would’ve happened. I wouldn’t have had to act. You’re the one **who** put **them** in danger. **You** are the reason they’re **suffering**

Noelle’s breath caught.

Her mind reeled. **Is** this is this my **fault**?

She shoved him away, pale and shaking. “You’re twisting things! You’re the one who tried to kill them! How can **you**

blame me?”

She couldn’t breathe. Brandon’s words slathered into her mind like poison.

Is it really my fault? If I hadn’t gone back to **the** Andersons. If I hadn’t fallen for **Nicolas**... Would they all be safe? Noelle wondered.

Brandon saw her hesitation and smiled. Good, he thought. That psychology degree finally came in handy.

Noelle was an open book. Every fear, every doubt—it all showed on her face.

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And now, he knew exactly where to strike.

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Chapter 292

“Noelle, Brandon said softly, stepping closer, “if you must hate someone... then hate yourself.”

He gently brushed her cheek, his smile tender but twisted. “The Anderson family... and Nicolas? If they die, it’ll be because of you.” Noelle’s steady gaze faltered. Her eyes widened with panic. She grabbed his hand, shaking her head frantically. “No. You **can’t** hurt them. Please don’t.

Brandon’s smile never wavered. I **will** They’re your greatest weakness. As long as they’re alive, you’ll never stay by my side willingly.” Noelle’s breath hitched. She clenched her jaw, fury flashing through her. “If you kill them. I won’t keep living either

“Oh, no,” Brandon murmured mockingly, brushing her hair aside. “You don’t get to die. Not after **all** this keep you **alive**—closely monitored, protected, watched—day and night. I’ll make sure Death never gets near you,”

Noelle’s lips trembled. He wasn’t bluffing. If he said it, he’d do it

Her voice cracked. “Why? Why me? Why are you doing this to me?”

Brandon chuckled **as** if she’d told a joke. He cupped her face again, eyes glimmering with something dark and possessive. “Why? Isn’t it obvious, silly girl! Because I love **you**, Noelle.”

He’d lived in darkness for so long. But then she appeared—his light. She was the reason he survived countless brushes with death. She saved him, pulled him from the abyss. So, naturally, she owed him everything. Her life, her heart, her soul.

“You don’t get it, do you?” Brandon whispered. I’m only alive because of you. That means you belong to me. Forever.

“But I **don’t** love you.” Noelle snapped, **tears** brimming. “I love Nicolas

The moment she said it, Brandon’s eyes darkened. The warmth drained from his face. Still, he didn’t lash out. Instead, he let out a low laugh, released her, and **rose** to his feet.

From above, he looked down at her and smiled. “Noelle, do you remember Elsie?

Noelle froze. A terrible **chill** crept up her spine.

“Elsie’s from the Serpaton–Mocrta Alliance Laboratory, **Brandon** said calmly. “She’s also an 55-grade transformer, just like you. If she’s been activated the Anderson family won’t stand a **chance**”

He smiled. They’ll all die today, one by one... at Elsie’s hand. And it’ll all be because of you.”

Noelle’s world tilted. There was no bluff in his voice—only quiet, horrifying certainty

“No...” she gasped, lunging forward and grabbing his shirt. “No! You can’t do this! Brandon, **please** don’t

Brandon didn’t budge.

He pried her hands off calmly, ruthlessly. “Remember this, Noelle: they’ll die **because** of you. If you yourself for falling in love with Nicolas. Blame yourself for getting attached to that family.”

want someone to blame, blame

Then he shoved her away.

Noelle stumbled back and crashed onto the bed. By the time she scrambled up, the door had already slammed shut behind him.

She ran to it, pounding **and screaming**, “Brandon! Come back! Don’t do this–don’t hurt them Brandon?!”

The collar **around** her neck began flashing red, emitting shrill warning beeps.

Three beeps–then it explodes.

Noelle froze, eyes dropping to the collar **as** it beeped again. No, no, no.....

She clawed at it in desperation, panic rising like a tide. “Why won’t it come off?!”

She couldn’t waste any more time. If she didn’t stop him, everyone–her parents, Adriel, Bennett, **Charlie**, Kli, Damon.....

“Come on, come on.” she yanked at the collar until sweat beaded on her forehead, but it was useless.

Nicolas–they’d

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She turned back to the door **and** slammed her fists against it again. “Brandon! You can’t! Please! Don’t do this!”

But Brandon was already walking away–into the shadows, disappearing down a dark corridor. His green eyes glinted with **a** cold, emotionless light.

Then he activated his communicator. “It’s time.” he said. “You remember our deal. Now it’s your turn to act

Meanwhile, back at the Anderson estate...

The family was fully mobilized in their efforts to rescue Noelle. Damon remained in the hospital, finally out of critical condition but still unconscious.

Kimberly returned home from the hospital and saw **Vincent** on a call with one of his contacts.

“**Yes**. I’ll leave it to you. Thanks, Vincent said, hanging up. Kimberly hurried over.

“How’d it **go**?” she asked anxiously,

I’ve reached out to everyone I know, Vincent replied. “The moment the lab’s experiments were exposed, higher **ups** started taking it Seriously. They’re **planning** to apply pressure. Don’t worry—we will get Noelle back.”

Kimberly nodded, but worry still clouded her face. “I just hope Brandon doesn’t hurt her....

“Bennett said Brandon’s obsessed with her. He won’t hurt her, Vincent reassured.

But Kimberly wasn’t comforted. In fact, it was Brandon’s obsession that worried her most. When someone unhinged falls in love and doesn’t get their way, they don’t just walk away—they burn everything down.

Still, she swallowed her **fear**. Just then, a servant appeared. “Mr. Anderson, Mrs. Anderson, dinner is ready”

“Alright” Vincent turned to his wife. “Let’s eat something.

Kimberly nodded, then glanced toward the staircase. “What about Elsie! Has she come down??

Vincent sighed. “No. She’s locked herself in all day. The lunch we left **at** her door? Untouched”

“She hasn’t eaten at all!” Kimberly frowned. That girl will starve herself. Adriel asked us to take care of her we can’t let him come back to a half-dead girlfriend.”

Without waiting for a reply, she started upstairs.

Vincent called after her, hesitant. “Wait—Kimberly, is that safe? Elsie’s a high-level transformer....

Kimberly waved him off “She’s never been anything but gentle. You’ve seen it. She’s harmless.”

“I know, but still “

“I’m just checking in on my future daughter-in-law,” she said with a smile. “Don’t worry so much.

Vincent sighed but relented. “Alright, but be careful.”

“Got it, got it,” she **said** over her shoulder.

Upstairs, Kimberly knocked softly at Elsie’s door.

“Elsie? It’s Kimberly. Can I come in?”

There **was** no reply. Kimberly frowned. Strange... is she asleep?

But inside, Elsie wasn't sleeping

She **was** curled **in a** corner, trembling, clutching her head, drenched in cold sweat.

Ever since seeing Brandon, she hadn't been **okay**

It felt like something **inside** her had awakened—another her, one that longed **to kill**. To fight one that r

remembered blood, death, and endless experiments. A part of her

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She hated it.

She didn't want to be that pers

person again. She loved her new life—Adriel, the peace, the warmth.

But that darkness was rising fast, devouring her.

And then... her earring lit up.

A command came through. Kill the Anderson family.

The darkness in her stirred violently, hungry for blood. It clawed **at** her from the inside, demanding control.

fought it with everything **she** had. No. I won't let them die. I won't become that thing again.

But sometimes, the more you fear something, the faster **it** comes

Downstairs, Kimberly's **gentle** voice drifted through the door.

And the killer inside Elsie... perked up.

It had found a target.

Elsie clamped both hands over her mouth, burying herself deeper into the shadows of the room

Please... don't come in.

Please don't let me hurt you.

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Chapter 293

coming from inside

Exe hadn't eaten lunch, hadn't responded to knocks, and was already frail to begin with. "Could she have fainted við). Adriel entrusted her to me—if something happens to that girl under my roof, how would I

be called gently through the door. The if you won't answer. I'm coming in"

Inside, partic surged through lies bloodshot eyes No—please don't open the door.

The door creaked open and she stepped into the dim room. Este?"

insight. The bed empty. Where was

Kaderly panted, summing back as she was tackled to the ground.

cried out her voice rising in horror

But the girl pining her wasn't

redicacy

looking at her. It was a weapon.

Her eyes were glowing red. veins bulging, and her stare was hollow-

was

to struggle. "Elsie, what are you doing? Stop! Somebody

But the words cooked off in her throat as Elsie's hands closed around her neck.

Anvited site played on the girl's lips—one belonging to someone who knew nothing but blood.

The other had taken over

ces outside the door.

The servants had heard the commotion and rushed in—only to be stunned by what **they saw**.

Two of them dared forward trying to pull Elsie of “What are you doing? Let her go!”

But the moment they touched her. Elsie lashed out. With terrifying ease, she threw both adults across the room. Their bodies slammed into the walls like rag dolls.

Kimberly gasped, her vision dimming as Elsie’s grip tightened.

Her skin turned purple. Air refused to reach her lungs.

Then suddenly—the pressure released.

Elsie’s face twisted in pain. She rolled off Kimberly, clutching her head and slamming it into the floor, over and over.

Blood spilled freely.

She staggered toward the bleeding girl, but Elsie snapped her head up, eyes wild. “Stay back!”

Kimberly froze in her tracks.

Blue was shaking violently, hands digging into her scalp. “I can’t control it. They gave me an order to **kill** you **all**. Please... while I still have some control run. Hide All of you.”

id again—she bashed her head into the floor. Blood splattered across the wood, even staining Kimberly’s legs.

Kimberly’s **voice** broke. “Elur, **what** about you—what an

are you F

going

to do?

But Elve was barely clinging to herself. When Kimberly heutated, she shouted, “Go! Do you want to die?!”

That snapped Kimberly out of it

She bolted to her feet and ran for the door. Before leaving, she turned **back**. “Elsie! Think about Adriel! Please—hold on for **Adriel**!”

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At the **mention** of his name. Elsie incibilel..

Adriel

She clung to that thought, **shaking** her head and wouldn't lose to her. I won't

head violently. "I don't want to go back to that monster. I want to be Adriel's bride, not

weapon 1

Kimberly and the staff slammed the door shut behind them, racing out of the house.

Just as they reached the driveway, Adriel arrived, alerted by the emergency call

Seeing his mother disheveled, bruised, and breathless, his heart stopped "Mon? What happened?!"

Kimberly didn't **waste** time. She grabbed Vincent's hand and started dragging him away. "We need to get out of here. Else Jost control she said the lab ordered her to kill us.

Vincent paled. "Wait—your neck. was that her doing?"

I almost died, **Vincent**. But she was fighting it—just like Noelle that night. She didn't want to li

Vincent frowned. "And now she's what, bashing her head on the floor to stay conscious? She's going to give herself brain damage"

Kimberly barked. "You think brain damage is worse than dealer

They piled into the car, and Kimberly frantically called Aaltiel to explain everything.

Meanwhile, Adriel was already making a U-turn.

"Dad, Moin," he said calmly over the phone. "I have to go back."

Vincent gripped his son's arm before he could **leave**. "Adriel, think this through she's fully lost it, she might kill you, too?"

Adriel's

His gaze was steady. "Or she might be lunging on barely waiting for me

He turned to Kimberly. "Mom said she was hurting herself to stay in

Kimberly nodded tearfully.

"Then how can I turn my back on her **now**?" he said gently. "She'd rather die than hurt you. How can I just abandon her?"

Then he drove straight for the house.

Back at the now-empty Anderson estate, Adriel made his way through the silent halls.

He headed up to the second floor. The door to Elsie's room was already open.

His heart pounded.

Blood pooled just inside the doorway,

Adriel swallowed **hard**—**and** stepped inside. “Elsie?” he called softly. “It’s me, Adriel”

The next moment, he was tackled to the ground.

His eyes widened in horror. Her once-beautiful face was smeared with blood, her forehead torn open, crimson trickling down her cheeks. Her eyes gleamed with feral madness.

She looked like a wild beast.

Adriel stayed still, then slowly reached toward her

She recoiled. Swatted his hand away. Stepped back, trembling

He **sat** up, speaking gently “It’s okay I’m not here to hurt you. It’s me—Adriel, Come here”

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Her eyes flicked to his **hand**. Then, without warning, she lashed out

Her nails raked across his skin, leaving a deep gash on the back of his hand.

Adriel hissed in pain—but didn’t pull away.

Elsie flinched. Her eyes darted to the wound in horror. She backed away, looking like a child who’d just broken a toy.

She didn’t reply

But she didn’t run.

Adriel realized she was in a haze—caught between herself and the darkness inside.

He seized the moment **and** lunged forward, wrapping her tightly in his **arms**.

Elsie shrieked, struggling to escape,

But he held on. “Don’t be afraid. I won’t hurt you, Elsie—remember me. It’s Adriel. Come back to me.”

She thrashed wildly,

She

But gradually, as she breathed in his scent, something shifted.

Her muscles loosened.

Her frantic movements slowed.

Her head rested against **his** shoulder.

He held her tighter.

“Elsie?” he whispered.

A beat passed. Then another. Finally, her trembling fingers clutched his shirt. And in a voice barely above a breath, she said, “Adriel.

AD

Comment

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When Elsie called out his **name**, Adriel’s face lit up with hope. He quickly asked, “Elsie, you

you’ve regained consciousness?” “Mm...” Elsie blinked, hesitated a bit, but then mustered up the courage to say, “I’m a transformer from the Serpaton–Mocrta Alliance Laboratory. My name is Ekie”

“Earlier, the lab ordered me to kill the Anderson family. I **know** they’re **your** fami

‘re your family, and if I killed them, it would hurt you.”

“So, even if you had **to** harm yourself, you still refused to hurt my mother?”

“Mm. Elsie nodded.

A **soft** look flashed in Adriel’s eyes **as** he gently wiped the girl’s forehead, smiling despite the situation. “Silly girl, why hurt yourself like that? Don’t you know how much it hurts me?”

“It doesn’t hurt that much. I’m an SS-level **transformer** with strong healing abilities,” Elsie explained.

“Even so, it still hurts me.

Adriel kissed her forehead and then asked, “So, you’re no longer under the lab’s control?”

Elsie bit her lip uncertainly. “I’m not sure, but to prevent them from influencing me again, I took off my earrings.”

It was then that Adriel noticed her ears were raw and bloody. She had physically removed her earrings, leaving behind a bleeding wound that was starting to scab over.

His heart ached when he saw the injury. “Does it hurt?”

“No, it’s nothing. It won’t kill me, Elsie replied earnestly.

“Silly girl, it hurts me.”

Adriel hugged Elsie tightly, promising. “Elsie, I promise you. I will destroy the lab **that** controls you. **You’ll never** be under their influence again.”

“Mm.” Elsie nodded.

As she rested against Adriel’s chest, she finally felt at peace. The violent, murderous persona **inside** her began **to** calm down.

She nuzzled into Adriel’s chest, her voice weak **as she** said, “Adriel. I’m so tired. I want to sleep for a while

Adriel, knowing that Elsie had just **gone** through so much mental torment, held her closer and kissed her brow softly. “Sleep, it’s okay now. I’m here, **and** nothing will harm you.”

In the laboratory’s communication room, the researchers of the Serpaton–Mocrta Alliance Laboratory spoke solemnly, The emotional suppression test has failed. The results from two ‘SS’–level transformers show **that** emotions in bio–constructed transformers cannot be entirely eradicated.”

Initially, their **goal was** to create the perfect human. Since they couldn’t advance artificial intelligence technology, they shifted their focus to transforming **humans** into machines–retaining their biological traits but turning them into tools

However, this led to a problem. As long as they were human, they would have emotions

In combat, unnecessary emotions could introduce **uncontrollable** factors, so they decided to deploy the transformers to interact with various people and, when the time was right, perform emotional suppression tests.

If successful, they would have the perfect transformers for completing missions, which would revolutionize the **world** and solidify their position internationally

Sadly, the experiment **had failed**.

The two top-tier transformers they relied on had not been able to withstand the impact of emotions on their psyche. Even if **they** mass-produced them, they would only create more uncontrollable tools.

The failure of this experiment, coupled with the impending exposure of the laboratory, left the scientists feeling defeated and dishcamened

They had sacrificed everything—enduring global scorn and walking a path that violated basic human ethics—**all** for a failed experiment.

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Chapter 21

The entire Serpaton–Moerta Alliance Laboratory was now in despair.

Meanwhile, Brandon, who had

He didn’t care whether the emotional

caling with them, so

ppression test had succeeded or failed

What mattered to him now was

i now was just one

The operation to eliminate the Anderson family had failed

Brandon silently switc

He made his way to

off the communicator, stepping out of the room as thoughts brewed in lus mind.

nlinemment room, opening

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AD

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Chapter 295

Inside the confinement room, Noelle's anxiety was almost unbearable. With no way of knowing what had happened to the Anderson family, her mind was on the edge of collapse. She felt a constant tension in her body, and the closed environment made her feel trapped in her own thoughts.

Brandon's words echoed in her ears. The thought of Elsie, who was h the Anderson family, possibly turning against her own parents. sent a wave of panic through Noelle. She felt completely helpless, unable to stop anything from happening.

What if her parents, her brothers, were all killed?

It **was all** her fault.

If she had just listened to Brandon back then and stayed with him, would things have turned out differently?

Why was the Anderson family so unfortunate?

If she weren't their daughter, none of this would have happened. They wouldn't be in danger.

It was all because of her. They were all going to die because of her.

What should she do? What could she do?

Noelle clutched her head, sinking deeper into despair.

Just **then**, the door to the confinement room opened.

Brandon walked in.

The moment Noelle saw him, her emotions flared up again. She rushed towards him, grabbing his collar, urgently asking, "Brandon, what happened to my parents?"

Brandon looked down at her frantic and anxious expression, the corner of his lips curling into **a** smile.

He calmly held her hand and, with **a** gentle smile, **asked**, "Noelle, don't you think you already know the answer to that question?"

"Or do

you think anyone from the Anderson family could fight off Elsie? Even if Stanley were there, do you think Stanley could defeat Esie! How naive you are, Brandon continued, his words a death sentence for the Anderson family.

Noelle's mind exploded in that moment.

A wave **of** cold swept over her, spreading from the soles of her feet, leaving her fingertips numb.

"So... they're all dead?" Noelle's voice trembled uncontrollably.

"Yes," Brandon replied softly, "I told you, I wouldn't spare the Anderson family. They had too much influence on you. As long as they're alive, **you'll** always be distracted by them."

Brandon's **tone** was gentle, but there **was a** hint of affection that only made his words feel even more poisonous to Noelle.

Noelle thought, They're dead. Really? My parents, my brothers... they're all dead?'

Just as she thought it couldn't get worse, Brandon continued, smiling. "By the way, while Elsie was killing them, I **had** her record it. I made sure to capture the entire scene of the Anderson family's death. It was quite something. Would you like to watch it with me?"

He reached into his pocket.

The sight of his hand moving infuriated Noelle. Without waiting for him to take anything out, she grabbed him by the collar **and** slammed him to the floor

"Brandon, how dare you? How dare **you?**" she shouted. "**I'll** kill you. I'll kill you."

But before she **could** act. Brandon swiftly twisted around, pinning her to the ground with even more **force**

He looked down at her with ease, effortlessly restraining her hands, and then smiled. "Noelle, you're so silly. **You** know you can't beat me,

yet you still try to fight me. Did you want to provoke me so I could punish you? Do you **have** a thing for being punished?"

"No." Noelle's voice was hoarse **as the** continued to **struggle**. Her eyes were bloodshot, tears welling up. Her pain **and** hatred were so dear in her **eyes**.

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Chapter 295

She had always been the one to smile through everything, to remain positive. Nothing could break **her**.

But now, she had been forced into an abyss of despair.

Brandon watched her quietly for a while. In truth, he didn't like seeing her like this.

He liked the Noelle who smiled at him, not the one in front of him, filled with rage and sorrow.

He was planning to conduct another memory-reading **experiment** on her soon. This time, he would extract all of her memories and delete everything about the Anderson family and Nicolas

That way, Noelle would belong to him entirely.

After a while, Brandon released Noelle and said, "Stop wasting your energy. You can't defeat me. Also, don't think about killing yourself. The collar around your neck **has** a monitoring function. If **you** have any suicidal thoughts, it will notify me."

Noelle didn't respond.

She lay on the ground, covering her eyes with her arm, tears slowly slipping down her cheeks.

Brandon looked **at** her and silently decided to back up her **memories** as soon as possible. But the problem was that the memory-reading equipment was with Bennett, and with the lab's current state of affairs, getting access to the equipment again would be difficult.

But, if it meant getting Noelle back by **his** side, he would kill everyone at the lab if he had to.

"Rest well," he said as he walked toward the door.

But Noelle suddenly called out, "Wait."

Brandon paused and looked back at her, asking. "What is it?"

Still lying on the ground, shielding her eyes, Noelle said, "Didn't you say you recorded it! I want to see my family again."

At her words, Brandon's eyes darkened.

He turned his gaze away, replying. "I offered it to you earlier, but you refused. It's too late now."

With that, he quickly left the confinement room.

The door slammed shut behind him.

After a long pause, Noelle slowly moved her hand away from her eyes. There were still tears at the corners of her eyes, but her expression had not **sunk** into despair.

When she first heard Brandon say that her family **was** dead, she had been shocked and enraged, almost to the point of breaking.

But now, when he refused to show her the recording, she couldn't help but wonder—Was he bluffing?

Perhaps her family was still alive?

It wasn't just her trying to escape reality. After all, Brandon had said her family was dead, but there was no proof. She hadn't seen any concrete evidence of their deaths.

If she could resist the lab's control, why couldn't Elsie?

From

the time she had spent with Elsie, Noelle could tell **that** Elsie cared more for Adriel than anyone else. She could see that Elsie **was** in love with him. And maybe, because of her love for Adriel, Elsie had refused to follow the lab's orders to kill the Anderson family.

Noelle couldn't give up now.

She had to believe **in** Nicolas

Nicolas had promised to save her, and she had to find a way to help herself.

With this in mind, Noelle looked down at the collar around her neck.

To leave this place, she first had **to** figure out how to remove it.

Chapter 295

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Unwanted Girl Spoiled by Billionaire - Unchosen 296[1,055 words]

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hapter 296

Meanwhile, due **to** Nicolas's relentless efforts to stir public opinion, and with the support of the Anderson family, global condemnation of the laboratory grew louder. Even the corporations backing the laboratory started to buckle under the pressure. **Many** countries also joined the call for human rights, and after much deliberation, the corporations decided to abandon the lab.

"It's over. We're finished. The corporations **have** abandoned **us**. Once we're caught, we're facing a life sentence, one lab worker muttered.

"It doesn't matter anymore. The experiment failed. We should just accept the consequences and face the law," another said,

"How can you just give up like **that**? As long as we **have** the 'transformers, we could **still** fight. Who **knows**, we might even come out on top in the **end**," one scientist countered

“You’re still thinking about this? The emotional tests failed. How **many** of the ‘transformers’ we **released** are still truly loyal to us?” another muttered.

Then what should we do? Just wait to die?”

Inside the Aroraka–Nowedon Laboratory, the scientists were embroiled in a heated argument.

As one of the lab’s leaders, the administrator approached Brandon, seeking advice on how to handle the situation

“Brandon, the corporations **have** abandoned us. Interpol is coming for us. What should we do now?”

Brandon, with a calm smile, replied nonchalantly, “What else can we do? If you don’t want to get caught, recall all the ‘transformers’ and have them fight against Interpol. Then you’ll have a chance to escape.”

“But what’s the point of just escaping? The **administrator was** frustrated. “The **lab’s** confidential documents are too important. We can’t take them with us, but if we leave them behind, they’ll fall into the hands of others. Who knows if we’ll ever get them **back**?”

“Why should I care?” Brandon replied casually.

“What?” The administrator was taken aback.

Looking at the administrator, Brandon smirked and said. “There’s an old saying: Birds of a feather flock together, but when trouble strikes, they fly their separate ways. Even spouses do it. Why **would** I need to care about what happens to you?”

The administrator’s face turned pale.

“Are you..” He was in shock as he realized that Brandon **had already** prepared to leave, having dressed himself and ready to go.

Brandon, uninterested in **talking** further, directly addressed the administrator, “The lab is done for. If you want to run, do it quickly. If not, it’s up to **you**. As for me, I’m leaving”

With that, he brushed past the administrator.

The administrator’s face twisted **in** anger. “Leaving? This guy really plans on just walking away? What kind of commander is he

While the other lab leaders were frantically organizing an evacuation, Brandon had already become the hands-off commander, abandoning them all in their time of **crisis**. **His** actions sparked fury.

The administrator couldn't hold back anymore. He rushed at Brandon, furious. "Brandon! As the commander, **how can** you **just**

abandon **us** now! You-

Before he could reach Brandon, however, Brandon swiftly turned and grabbed the administrator by the neck, pinning him against **the**

"Enough with the whining" Brandon said impatiently, though still smiling. "To be honest, I don't care at all about what happens to **the** Lab. Whether it continues or **falls** apart, it's irrelevant to me. If I'm in a good mood, fine. But if you get in my way, I don't mind helping Interpol by taking you all out first"

The **administrator**, looking at the smiling young man, knew he was serious. If he continued to resist, **Brandon** would kill them all..

Brandon let him go, and the administrator collapsed to the ground, **gasping**.

Looking down at him, Brandon smiled **and said**, "Interpol should be here by around 9 PM. If you want to **avoid** capture, call back your 'transformers Do as **you** wish."

With that, he turned to leave.

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Chapter 296

The administrator, still trembling, called out to him. "Wait"

Brandon poised, turning back with a menacing **look** in his eyes, "What? Looking for death?"

No The administrator shrank back, then gathered the courage ask. When you leave, will you take Noelle with you?"

"Yes," Brandon answered without hesitation.

The administrator took a deep breath. I've heard about your past. To **gain** power, you slaughtered your

own people. You could have **risen** higher in the ranks, but you ended up here at the Atoraka-Nowellon Laboratory. All of this was for Noelle, wasn't it? From the beginning, it **was** always **about** her. You don't **care** about the lab's fate at all, do you?"

Brandon glanced at him, not denying it. That's right. From the start, it's always been about Noelle. Whether you live or die, whether the lab survives, it's all irrelevant to me?

"Are you done now?" The administrator asked. "Goodbye."

Brandon turned and walked out. The administrator collapsed in despair.

Was **this** karma?

cate the perfect human, they had crossed the line, performing forbidden experiments. In the end, they got nothing but failure. The “transformers” were completely uncontrollable. In fact, this whole crisis **started** because of Noelle.

He knew it **was** because of the young master of the Jenkins family, with the Anderson family’s help, that they stirred up the public opinion to threaten the lab, all to bring Noelle back.

Their In

life’s **work** had come back to haunt them.

Before Interpol arrived, Brandon left the laboratory with Noelle.

They headed straight to Reniam City—her home, the city where Nicolas and her family were.

Once they arrived, Noelle couldn’t hold back her confusion “Why are we back here!”

Brandon looked back at her and smiled. Don’t **you** like it here? After all, your family **used** to live here.”

Noelle bit her lip and, lowering her eyes, spoke the truth, “You brought me back here to conduct another memory–reading experiment, didn’t **you?**”

Brandon paused, then laughed. He ruffled Noelle’s hair. “Noelle, you’re so smart, figuring out my plan so quickly.”

Noelle’s mind wasn’t slow, but when it came to social mences, she **was** more adept at logical reasoning.

The last memory chip didn’t contain anything related to Brandon, so this time, planned to extract all of her memories, making it easier for him to “edit” them later. Once the memory–reading experiment was complete, she would no longer be of any use to him.

But Noelle wasn’t someone who would let Brandon have his way.

She wasn’t going to die. She had to find a way to escape him, and if possible, turn the tables on him...

Brandon noticed Noelle’s shifting gaze and knew exactly what she was thinking, but he didn’t care. After all, Noelle could never beat

In the enil, she would come back to him

Unwanted Girl Spoiled by Billionaire - Unchosen 297[753 words]

Chapter 297

The journey to the lab was uneventful. Everything was strangely smooth, as if the univers

As a “tramformer, Noelle was highly sensitive to her surroundings. She could sense Trained on them. Was it Nicolas’s people! Could Nicolas have already known they were

them to pass without a hitch.

they were being followed, and many eyes we

The thought filled her with a brief flicker of hope. But then, the quickly realized something if she could sense the presence of others. Brandon, with his sharp senses, surely noticed it too. Why, then, was he so calm?

As she thought this, Brandon suddenly chuckled.

Noelle’s heart skipped à brat. She looked at him warily and asked, “What’s so funny?”

Brandon glanced at her with a smile, radiating warmth and a hint of indulgence. “Noelle, didn’t you know! You wear your thoughts on your face. Are you wondering if I’ve noticed the many rats tailing us? If so, why am I still so calm??

The realization hit her hard. It **was as** if he could read her mind, **knowing** exactly what she was thinking. A chill ran down her spine.

She nervously asked. If you know we’re being followed, why aren’t you reacting**

Brandon gave her a smile and responded, “Why should I react? Like I said, they’re just pests in my eyes. If they don’t bother me, I’ll pretend they don’t exist. But if they dare make a move, I’ll deal with them. It’s that simple:

Noelle was silent,”

(still processing his words. Brandon’s voice broke the quiet again as he leaned in playfully. “Noelle. let me ask you something. Do you think your beloved **Nicolas** will **show up at** the lab! If he does, what should I do with him. hmm2*

The mention of **Nicolas** immediately made Noelle tense up. She quickly retorted, “**If** you hurt Nicolas, I will—”

Will you fight me? Or die with him?” Brandon interrupted with a **mocking smile**. “Silly girl, you can’t defeat me, but if you really want to die with Nicolas, it’s not impossible. As long **as** you cooperate with me.”

“Cooperate with you for another memory reading experiment, right?” Noelle snapped back.

Brandon affectionately ruffled her hair, “You’re so clever, Noelle.”

Inside, Noelle was seething. She didn’t understand why she and Nicolas had to die when Brandon, the one truly deserving of it, still **walked** free. But the thought was quickly pushed aside as she glanced at Brandon again.

Brandon understood her thoughts **all** too well. He knew she wanted him dead, and if she dared provoke him, it could make things worse. But when Noelle looked at him, he remained calm, keeping **his** eyes on the **road**, showing no sign that he had noticed her internal conflict

She sighed in relief, but she didn’t realize that at that moment, Brandon had indeed caught her subtle shift in mood. His eyes briefly scanned her, but he said nothing, simply driving forward.

When they arrived at the lab, there was no sign of activity. It seemed the people inside had been evacuated in advance–this was a trap.

But Brandon led Noelle inside anyway.

The lab was pitch-black inside. Brandon flicked on the lights, and they walked through the eerily quiet hallways. The sound of their footsteps was the only thing breaking the silence.

Suddenly, Brandon laughed, startling Noelle.

She looked at him warily, but he continued **walking**, his voice calm. “Noelle, although I despise that man Nicolas, I have to admit, his mind is impressive. When it comes to scheming, he’s unparalleled

Noelle was taken aback. Why was Brandon praising Nicolas? He had always been **so** arrogant, thinking

But as she pondered **this**, **they** reached the **main** hall of the lab.

no one was

one was his equal.

The equipment **that** had once filled the room was now gone.

Noelle was surprised. Had the lab anticipated Brandon’s return? Was everything **already** planned out?

Suddenly, footsteps echoed around them. In the **blink** of an eye, they were surrounded by a team of heavily armed **special** forces. The soldiers carried high-powered machine guns, capable of demolishing walls with **a single shot**.

Chapter 297

Nicolavite piped forward fo

Hearing Nicolas's voice, Noelle's heart leapt and she instinctively honked a reptilian horn at the

valer, natively but a

She hesitated. Running would only waste time. She had to be, was a deep breath, she stayed by Brandon's side

Brandon, seeing her compliance, smiled and ruled for him. Halle, yndar so andersending

Noelle was indeed

the right

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lid, a teljeslag

spoke directly, "Brandon, let's talk res

„Termal” Bando's eyes turned, shifting his focus to Nicolai.

Nicolas continued, Since you taught Markle back to the lab, it proved never fully obey you. So, why don't

that Bennett's memory chip for you was incomplete. Nyeste

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Unwanted Girl Spoiled by Billionaire - Unchosen 298[792 words]

Chapter 298

Take a step back?" Brandon chuckled lightly, his tone dripping with sarcasm as he addressed Nicolas. "Where do you get the confidence to make demands of me?"

Nicolas remained unruffled, his gaze briefly scanning the special forces **soldiers** surrounding them. He turned his attention back **to** Brandon and smiled. "You should know exactly whether I have the confidence or not. Even though you are extraordinary, you are still human, aren't you? When facing this kind of **heavy** firepower, are you **sure you** can **handle** it like you did that night?"

Brandon glanced around at the machine guns aimed at him. He acknowledged with a grin, True. If I get hit by these, even I won't survive"

"**Glad** to see you're not completely deluded, Nicolas clapped his hands, his sarcasm biting

Brandon raised an eyebrow. "So, what does this 'take a step back mean exactly?"

Nicolas replied, “You want Noelle to be completely devoted to you, right? I can provide the equipment for Noelle to transfer a complete memory to you. But as a condition, you **must** disappear from our lives forever. No more interfering with me or Noelle”

He looked at Noelle with a smile. “Noelle, do you agree with this proposal?”

Noelle hesitated for a moment but nodded. “Yeah”

Although it felt a little strange, she knew this was the best outcome. It meant she could stay with Nicolas, and as for Brandon **having** her memories, that didn’t matter. As long as she was with Nicolas, everything else could be left behind.

But then Noelle remembered something and quickly asked, “Nicolas, what about my family? Are they okay?”

Brandon had claimed he ordered Elsie to kill the Anderson family. Noelle had panicked at first, but after seeing Brandon’s reaction, it didn’t seem true.

Nicolas smiled at her. “Don’t worry, Noelle. Your family is safe. Although someone tried **to** use Elsie to eliminate them, like you, resisted the lab’s orders.”

At this, Nicolas’s gaze turned to Brandon with a hint of mocking amusement.

“Really? That’s great,” Noelle sighed in relief, now completely **at** ease.

Just as she had suspected, everything turned **out** fine.

Noelle cast another look at Brandon, her **eyes** full of condemnation.

That jerk had lied to her.

Elsie

Brandon wasn’t ashamed, though. He merely shrugged regretfully **and explained**, “did plan to kill the Anderson family to break you, but I didn’t expect Elsie to be so incompetent. She didn’t kill anyone. Then, I made up the story to **make** you believe they were all dead, hoping to **push** you over the edge. But you didn’t break, Noelle. You’re tougher than I thought.”

Noelle trembled with rage, her body shaking with anger. “Brandon, you bastard. How dare you do this to me, and now say it so casually?”

She wanted to punch him, but she knew she couldn’t.

Nicolas wasn’t interested in wasting time with Brandon. His eyes swept over the man with an unreadable expression, before he turned back to the **matter** at hand. “Enough about the past. Let’s talk about now. Brandon, if you agree to my terms, I can **have** Noelle undergo the ‘memory reading

experiment right now. She'll give you the full memory, and I'll ensure **no** one will chase you. You can live a peaceful life from now on."

Brandon remained silent, his expression unreadable. He seemed to be contemplating Nicolas's offer, while everyone else **waited** expectantly for his response. They thought **this** was a **no-brainer**.

Brandon would get the woman he wanted, **and** they wouldn't have to worry about being pursued. It seemed like the perfect deal.

Nicolas, sensing the danger, immediately retreated, signaling the special forces to **move** into attack mode.

"Fire! Brandon shouted

The command caught everyone off guard. Before anyone could react, Brandon shot forward **like a** streak of black lightning, heading

straight for Nicolas.

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2:28 PM c

Chapter 298

"Nicolas!" she cried out, her heart pounding. "Run!"

But it was too late. Everything happened too quickly.

Brandon's speed was beyond human comprehension. In the blink of an eye, Nicolas found himself pinned against the wall, Brandon's hand firmly around his throat.

Brandon's eyes gleamed with a cold, murderous light. He leaned in close, his voice laced with mockery. "Mr. Sawyer, do you think I'm a **fool**? You didn't think I would believe your lies, did you?"

All that talk of giving him Noelle's memories, of letting him go—nonsense. Once Noelle was back in his hands, this man would waste no time in killing him.

Seeing through the **plan**, **Nicolas** finally dropped his pretense. His face twisted into a cold sneer. "You're not stupid, huh? But there's no way I'd give you Noelle's memories. The idea of her lying in your arms makes me want to puke."

Noelle **was** his. Everything about her belonged to him.

Noelle was his. Everything about her was his. How **could** he **just** stand by and let someone else have her!

Better to destroy it all than **share**.

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Unwanted Girl Spoiled by Billionaire - Unchosen 299[894 words]

Chapter 299

Nicolas found himself in Brandon's grasp, and the others dared not move.

"Nicola

Noelle rushed forward, panic evident on her face.

Earlier, she had thought Brandon might agree to Nicolas's proposal, but to her surprise, both men seemed intent on killing each other, and now the **situation** was beyond any possibility of reconciliation.

"Stay back. Everyone, retreat, Nicolas ordered, **his** tone decisive.

"Nicolas?" she looked at him, confused.

She **didn't** understand **what Nicolas** was **planning**, but her heart raced, as though something **was** about to happen, and it felt ominous.

Brandon saw that everyone obeyed, creating a clear space around himself and Nicolas. However, the heavy machine guns still surrounded them, and Brandon quickly guessed Nicolas's intent.

Noelle's mind raced with confusion. Nicolas was planning to die with Brandon? What did that mean?

Nicolas tightened his grip on Brandon's hand, glaring back at him with a cold smile. "How could I leave someone like you alive? As long as you're still breathing. Noelle can never be truly free. **So** even if it means I die, I'll drag you down with me."

He was determined to ensure that what happened that night would never repeat.

Brandon **could** see the resolve in Nicolas's eyes. He had truly made up his mind to die. And the **machine** guns surrounding them could indeed pose a threat -even Brandon wouldn't dare to take a bullet from them.

"Are you scared?"

Nicolas gripped Brandon tightly, then turned to the special forces positioned above. "Fire!"

But before anyone could react, another voice rang out.

“Stop!” Noelle ran into the line of fire, tears welling in her eyes. “Don’t shoot

“Noelle!” Nicolas shouted, alarmed by her recklessness.

When he set this trap, Nicolas had considered two possibilities. The first was that Brandon, valuing his life, would take the memory chip and **leave, allowing Nicolas** to have the snipers eliminate him.

But that plan had failed. Brandon’s madness was always beyond expectations.

Now, the second scenario seemed inevitable: Brandon would target Nicolas the moment he chose to act

Once Brandon attacked him, Noelle would be separated from him, and with the heavy machine guns **in** place, Brandon would likely

die.

But now things were spiraling out of control,

Noelle **had run** towards them.

The situation **had** returned to square one—and was even worse.

Nicolas might die, and Noelle would fall right into Brandon’s hands.

“Idiot! Why did **you** come back?” Nicolas shouted at her, furious.

Tears streaming down her face, Noelle shouted **back**, “What do you want me to do? **Watch** you **get** killed by Brandon? If that happens, I might as well die with you!”

—

“Idiot Nicolas’s anger faded as he looked at Noelle, heart aching. His **voice** softened. “If I die, what about your family? **Your** parents **and** brothers **are waiting** for you to come home. You’ve just reunited with them, and you haven’t even experienced the warmth of family. Could you really just leave it all behind?”

His words hit Noelle like a blow to the chest.

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Chapter 299

The tears flowed harder. She sobbed. “But, but if you’re gone, Nicolas...”

“If I’m gone, you’ll find someone better.

Nicolas smiled bitterly.

Noelle shook her head furiously. “No, no one will ever be better than you No one will love me the way you do

The thought of him risking his life to protect her, to save her there was no one else who could compare.

She didn’t want him to die for her. He was too precious, and she needed him to live for her.

With a heavy heart, Noelle made up her mind.

She took a deep breath, turned to Brandon, **and said**, “Let’s have a duel”

“A duel?” Brandon **raised** an eyebrow, intrigued.

“Yes,” Noelle **nodded**, then set the terms. If I win, you’ll let me and Nicolas go. If I **lose**, you can take me and leave Nicolas“:

Noelle, Nicolas’s face paled **as** he tried to stop her.

Based on their previous encounters, he knew Noelle wasn’t weak, but she couldn’t possibly defeat Brandon.

Brandon clearly understood this as well.

He laughed loudly. “Noelle, what’s the point of this duel? You could never beat me, so why bother struggling?”

Noelle gritted her teeth. “How do **you** know if you don’t try?”

With that, she ripped the **collar** off her neck **and** threw it on the ground.

Brandon’s expression hardened, his eyes narrowing,

He **looked at** Noelle, a smirk forming. When did you take it off?”

Noelle answered, “Last night. Brandon, don’t underestimate me. I’m an SS-level transformer‘ too. Well see who’s stronger.”

The last time they fought, she wasn’t in the best state. But now, she was giving it everything she had, and she wasn’t inferior to Brandon.

Brandon’s lips curled into a smile, watching her unwavering resolve. “What if I don’t agree to your terms?

Without hesitation, Noelle replied. “Then you’ll only get our corpses–mine and Nicolas’s.

Nicolas’s expression changed, his eyes wide with alarm. “Noelle...”

Noelle looked at him, smiling through her tears. “Nicolas, if you **can** die for me, then I can die for you. I’ve read that love is mutual, **and** I don’t think I love you any less than you love me. If you think I could just watch you die and do nothing, you’re underestimating me.”

Nicolas’s lips tightened.

He couldn’t help but feel a deep emotion stir inside him

Having grown up with a mistrust of relationships due to his mother’s failed marriage, Nicolas never expected to find love like this. But **now**, with Noelle, he realized that **such** love existed—love where one was willing to give their life for the other, and even **death** could be a form of happiness.

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Unwanted Girl Spoiled by Billionaire - Unchosen 300[987 words]

Chapter 300

“Well, what do you say, Brandon? Are you ready to duel with me?” Noelle asked, her voice firm.

Brandon remained silent for a moment, scanning Noelle with **a** calm gaze. His lips pressed into a straight line, showing no emotion. After a brief pause, he finally smirked, his tone light and teasing. “Alright, **since** Noelle wants a duel, how can I not fulfill your request? If you want a duel, then let’s have one.”

He released his grip on Nicolas and asked, “How do you plan on doing this?”

Noelle responded confidently. “The arena is this lab. As for the conditions of victory, the **loser** must surrender.”

“Alright, Brandon agreed, smiling indulgently. I’ll follow Noelle’s lead

He then turned to **Nicolas**. “**Can** we remove the heavy artillery **around** us now?”

Nicolas sneered, “Are you scared?”

“Scared? Of course,” Brandon replied casually. “If one of those heavy machine **guns** hits me, I’ll be dead instantly.”

As the two men stood in a standoff, Noelle gently tugged at Nicolas’s sleeve. “Nicolas, let them go

“Noelle Nicolas looked at **her**, worry evident in his eyes.

Noelle understood Nicolas’s concern. She **wasn’t sure** if she could defeat Brandon, but she also **knew that** if she hadn’t proposed this duel, Nicolas might have died. She couldn’t let that happen.

Nicolas finally relented, agreeing to her request. He ordered that the heavy machine **guns** be moved outside the research lab, ensuring they would still **have** a chance to fight **back** if anything **went** wrong

Once everyone had cleared out, Brandon's gaze fell on Nicolas, a playful smile on his face. "You're still here?"

and watch! What if you have some trick up your sleeve?"

Nicolas laughed. "Can't I stay an

Brandon's smile grew more mocking. "You're the one who's always scheming, aren't you?"

Noelle then tugged at Nicolas's sleeve again. "**Nicolas**, please go outside."

Nicolas **frowned**, unwilling to leave. "Noelle, I should **stay**."

He didn't trust leaving her alone with Brandon, but Noelle shook her head, her expression determined. "You need to go. **If you** stay, I'll be distracted"

Nicolas paused, a bitter laugh escaping him. "You think I'll be a hindrance?"

Noelle blinked up at him, her **tone** serious. "Not a hindrance, but **Nicolas**, you're my weakness. I can't expose my weakness to the enemy. **That's** just **basic** strategy

Nicolas chuckled softly. He stepped closer, bending down to hug her, his large hand gently stroking her **hair**. "My little treasure's all grown up, saying such thoughtful things. I'll do as you say, but promise me—you'll come out of **this** safely."

Noelle held him tightly, her heart aching at the thought of being apart from him. Though they had only been separated for a few days, it felt like **years**. She buried her head in his chest, inhaling deeply, then pulled back slightly to smile at him. "Don't worry, Nicolas. I'll be

victorious

Nicolas's heart **cased** at her smile. "**You have** to win."

Noelle nodded firmly. "I will win

After their goodbyes, **Nicolas** left the research lab, and the place was left with only Noelle and Brandon.

Brandon **had** been calm during their farewell, not interfering with their moment. Noelle found it strange—she **as** the patient type. She glanced at him, confused, and **asked**, "Brandon, why are you being so calm?"

think **of** Brandon

Brandon leaned against the workbench, a playful smile still on his handsome face. “This is Noelle’s final farewell to that man. IF I interfered, I’d seem insensitive, and then Noelle might start disliking me.”

His words **stung**, and Noelle retorted, “I won’t lose to you?”

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Chapter 300

“Really?” Brandon grinned, then stood up, but didn’t immediately attack. Instead, he offered, “Noelle, why don’t you **make** the first move? To make it fair. I’ll let you have a few free shots.”

Noelle studied him, wary and cautious. “Brandon, don’t underestimate me”

Brandon tilted his head **slightly**, **smiling** warmly. “Noelle, my little **fool**. **I’m** not underestimating you. I’m doing this because I love you.”

“You don’t **love me**. Noelle shot back. “You only see me as your possession.”

Brandon raised an eyebrow, puzzled. “I do possess you, but **what’s** the problem with that? Doesn’t it mean I **love you**?”

“No.” Noelle said, shaking her head. “Real love is what Nicolas has—respect and equality”

Brandon didn’t respond immediately. He merely smiled, soft and low, as he said, “Noelle, there are many ways **to** show love. And I certain that I love you”

“But I don’t need it,” Noelle replied firmly.

At that moment. Noelle charged at him.

Brandon, however, easily caught her fist mid-air, closing in with a grin. “Is this really your best effort? It doesn’t feel like **much**.”

“It’s not over yet Noelle quickly pulled a small **knife** from **her** side and aimed for his neck, targeting the carotid artery, but she was just

a hair off.

Brandon **easily** avoided her strike, using his two fingers to trap the knife.

“You’re trying to kill me?” His eyes darkened as he stared at her.

Noelle didn’t deny it. “As long as you’re alive, you won’t let me go, will **you**!”

She had learned from the **lab**—cut down the threat completely. **She** couldn't **leave Brandon** alive; he was too dangerous.

Brandon seemed to grow angry. With a swift motion, he applied pressure, snapping Noelle's wrist. She granted in pain, but quickly used his grip as leverage to swing her leg towards his head.

The sharp edge of her heel glinted—if it connected, it could seriously injure him.

Brandon was forced to release her hand to avoid the strike, giving Noelle the opening she needed to break free.

With lightning speed, Noelle pulled herself back and began to reset her broken wrist, her movements smooth and without hesitation showing just how skilled she was

Brandon clapped in appreciation. “Well done, Noelle. Excellent technique.”

Noelle, however, knew that skill alone wouldn't win the fight. She had to outsmart him.

Brandon was stronger, and strength alone couldn't defeat him.

She needed to surprise him.

With a plan in mind, Noelle darted towards the deeper part of the research lab.

Brandon chuckled, “Noelle, are you trying to play hide and seek?”

Noelle didn't answer, just kept running

Brandon's smile faded, and **his** tone grew **serious** as

as he followed her.

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