

Unwanted Girl Spoiled by Billionaire - Unchosen 301[571 words]

you quickly **analyze** and optimize. You're far better **than** that Flic

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Noelle replied, "If your emotional testing experiment **had** succeeded, there's no doubt you would have been the perfect new human' the lab was looking for. But since the test failed, you'll die here today"

Brandon laughed darkly, "Who's to say who will die?"

He pulled his hand away from the shoulder wound, and Noelle could see the injury healing rapidly, the blood stopping. He smiled. "The damage you've **caused** is useless."

Noelle stood **up**, her eyes hard with determination. "Same here."

Her healing ability was extraordinary. Each time she recovered from an injury, her healing powers grew stronger

Brandon's smile deepened. "Noelle, you're truly impressive."

Noelle shot back. "And you're the worst"

With that, Noelle darted away again.

Brandon chuckled lightly. "You're going to **play** hide-and-seek with me, Noelle?"

Noelle didn't answer him, disappearing into the corridors.

Brandon's smile faded slightly as he grew serious. He followed after her.

Noelle hid in a brightly lit laboratory. The lights were all on, blindingly bright. But Noelle closed her eyes and adapted to the darkness:

When someone walks from the bright into a **dark** area, their eyes briefly experience a moment of blindness. Noelle planned to use that to her advantage.

As Brandon entered the room, Noelle swiftly turned off the **main** lights, plunging the

She opened her eyes, ready to strike.

into darkness.

But this time.

Noelle miscalculated.

As she charged. Brandon's keen senses and sharp reflexes allowed him to see her coming. In an instant, he disarmed her, knocking her to the ground with a heavy blow that hit her chest

Noelle gasped in pain as she was sent crashing to the ground, her vision swimming

Brandon pinned her to the floor with an eerie calmness, his voice low and mocking. "Noelle, the game

Noelle coughed up blood, struggling to breathe, unable to move **under his** weight\

Defeated, she lay there, glaring at Brandon. "If **you** want to kill **me**, then do it"

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Brandon produced a knife, aimed at her heart. "I'll give you one last chance. If you agree to come with me now, I won't kill you."

Noelle answered coldly. "In your dreams.

"Do you really want to provoke me?" Brandon's **voice** dropped, darkening with menace.

Noelle retorted fiercely, "I'm just telling the truth. If I agree now, I'd be lying, because I truly despise you?"

With that. Noelle gathered her strength, leaning forward and biting down on the spot where Brandon had been injured.

Brandon grunted in pain, shoving Noelle away. But Noelle, grinning **triumphantly**, revealed her bloodstained teeth, "I coated my teeth. with poison. The bite **has already sent** the **poison** into your bloodstream."

Brandon's face shifted between rage and disbelief. He looked at her, then suddenly **smiled**. "Noelle, you really will stop at nothing to kill

Noelle's eyes burned with resolve. If killing you means I die too, it will still be worth it.

Brandon's gaze turned lethal

Noelle knew, without a doubt, that he **was** now truly intent on killing her.

Chapter **301**

Brandon had been poisoned. It wouldn't kill him, but it would slow him down. **Nicolas** would come with reinforcements soon, and **once** that happened, Brandon wouldn't be able to escape.

Just as Brandon swung the knife down, his movements suddenly hesitated. A complex emotion flickered in his eyes—one Noelle couldn't decipher.

But Noelle didn't care.

Brandon paused, and that was her opening.

She lunged at **him**, headbutting him with all her strength, Brandon staggered back, and she swiftly took advantage of his weakened state. pinning him down.

She grabbed the knife lying nearby and drove it straight **into** his heart.

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