

Unwanted Girl Spoiled by Billionaire - Unchosen 302[952 words]

Chapter 302

ning his once flawless, nearly perfect face. The

Brandon's heart **was** pierced, and he immediately spat out a mouthful of blood, staining blood, bright and vivid, painted his features like a heated, intense artwork.

Noelle breathed **heavily**, her eyes fixed on the wound she had inflicted. She **was** in shock, yet filled with an overwhelming sense of triumph. She had won—she had defeated Brandon.

Just as she basked in the relief of survival, a hand unexpectedly brushed against her face.

Noelle instantly tensed, her head snapping up. To her horror, she saw Brandon, his eyes now clouded, his eyes widened, signaling the impending approach of **death**.

“Noelle, you won, Brandon said, his voice faint as he managed a smile.

Noelle stared at him, her voice unwavering. “I won Brandon, this time, you’re really going to die.”

Brandon chuckled weakly, but as he did, the movement caused the wound in his chest to worsen, and he coughed up more blood. His hands fell limply to **his** sides, unable to support him. He gazed at Noelle, struggling to regulate his breathing. “Noelle, did you really think I would kill you?”

“You were always planning to kill me, Noelle replied firmly.

Back when she was with the Anderson family, if Bennett **hadn't** intervened, Brandon would have killed her then. And just now, knowing it was a life-or-death duel, Brandon had **come** at her with lethal force. If he hadn't hesitated for that brief moment, she never would have had the chance to turn the tables on him

Brandon didn't deny it. “Maybe,” he said quietly, his voice distant

He recalled the events leading up to this. He remembered Noelle refusing to stay with him, her strikes aimed directly at him. He had intended to kill her, but now, **as** he lay dying, memories of their past together surfaced,

He was the son of powerful figures in the laboratory, but when it came to matters of profit, he was discarded, left to survive **on** his own. The day before being sent to the laboratory, he overheard his parents talking about him with **lab** officials.

They **said there** was no need for compassion, that they would test him with the highest levels of pressure, and if it succeeded, it would be a win. But if it failed, it wouldn't matter—he would be treated as though he never existed.

his family. Cold, merciless. His flesh and blood, seen only as tools. They kept him as long as he was useful and discarded him

That **was**

when he **wasn't**

With such deep resentment, Brandon entered theory, where he loathed everything. He despised it all—yet the children in the

lab tried to get close to him **because** of his appearance. His looks were superior, and human beings were naturally drawn to beauty, trying to touch it.

Then, Noelle appeared. She was small, cute **like** a snowball, and irresistibly sweet. She was a complete visual addict, always gazing at him with eyes full of **stars**. Brandon hadn't been interested at first, but after a while, **he** found himself tolerating her constant presence.

As the days passed, **Brandon** started to get used to her presence. Noelle was naive, had an odd way of thinking, but she **was always** smiling, curious, and eager to **share** anything that happened. At first, it irritated him, but **as** time went on, he found himself compromising.

A year passed peacefully, and then Brandon was subjected to the brain experiment, which caused him unimaginable pain. He barely survived and stumbled **back** to the resting area, where Noelle stayed beside him, her tears threatening to fall as she watched him. struggle.

Brandon told her he didn't want to live **anymore**. Noelle cried and begged him not to die. She couldn't explain why, but she couldn't bear the thought of losing him.

That was when Brandon realized that, to Noelle, he had become her emotional anchor. Despite her tough exterior, Noelle was terrified. of loneliness. She had **grown** up in the laboratory, with no real friends, as the ones who had come close to being her friends had all died in experiments.

Brandon had become her only source of comfort. Over the years, she had grown fond of him, even **sharing** her food with him, something she never did before

Seeing Noelle cry **like that**, Brandon felt something shift within him: The determination to live returned, and he promised her that he would survive. He would **take** her out of this hellish place, and they would be together forever.

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Noelle smiled and said she would wait for him.

That promise had sustained him all these years. He had killed his own kin, erased any potential threats, and finally made his way back to Noelle's side. **But** now, she didn't remember their past, nor did she need him anymore.

Brandon was furious. He had survived for her, but now she no longer needed him. He tried every extreme method to make her stay, but the more he tried, the further she pushed him away. In the end, it led to this deadlock.

His entire life, Brandon had never careil **about** mything, not family, not blood—nothing was worth his attention, except Only she could make his emotions stir. Only she could make him lose control.

Noelle's resolve, her desire to see him dead, had stabbril into his heart. Yet when it came time to finish it, he couldn't,

for Noelle

Brandour had been a cold, detached man all his life, but in the end, Noelle was the one person who could disrupt his tranquility. And for that, he died.

“Noelle... he happy, Brandon murmured weakly with his remaining strength.

Noelle froze, looking at him. There was no regret or bitterness in his expression. His usual cold eyes were now filled with a gentle. affectionate warmth. He looked at her deeply, then slowly closed his eyes. And just like that, Brandon was gone,

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