

Stealing Your Heart Chapter 1009

Terrified, Shen Xinyao started trembling. However, she kept silently telling herself that she had to stay calm.

“Speak.” The man’s eyes had a dark glint in them. She did not know when he had taken out the gun to point at her forehead. “You’re not alone here, are you?”

It was a silent threat.

Shen Xinyao abruptly recalled Zong Yanxi’s in the house. The man had a gun, and if she struggled with all her might, the man might pull the trigger. When that happened, the noise might shock Zong Yanxi, and the man might kill her as well.

“Who are you?” Shen Xinyao thought she was portraying calmness, but that was not the case for the man. He could clearly sense the terror she was feeling.

No matter how she tried to hide her emotions, her eyes betrayed everything she was feeling.

“So you’re admitting that you’re Shen Xinyao?” The man laughed. “Very well.”

Narrowing his eyes further, he murmured, “Do you think I should just kill you, or do you think I should keep you alive in some way...”

As he spoke, his gun remained still by her forehead. His gaze landed on the photograph by the headboard. “Your future husband?”

Shen Xinyao maintained her silence.

The man looked around the room. The merry bright colors were a dagger to the man’s nerve. His men were either dead or captured, and he barely evaded capture. Yet, the one who

turned his life upside down was enjoying the time of his life. The villa looked luxurious, and it seemed like the man had found an excellent son-in-law.

“Do you want money? I can give you that, as long as you let me go,” Shen Xinyao negotiated.

The man scoffed in disdain, “Money? When I was rich, I could buy an entire city. Money is useless to me now. I don’t have the luxury of spending it while I’m alive.”

The man knew what kind of situation he was in right now. Perhaps he could evade the law for now, but he could not do it for the rest of his life. He lost his opportunity to escape overseas, and that meant he had no place within the country either.

The man glided his gun down, passing her brows. The muzzle slowly trailed from her nose bridge to her lips, to her chin, to her neck, and finally stopped on the right side of her chest.

At the same time, his other hand slid into her shirt. Instantly, the colors drained from Shen Xinyao’s face as she curled into herself. The man grinned maliciously. “If you want to blame someone, blame fate for making you Shen Peichuan’s daughter.”

As he spoke, the man pulled her shirt apart as he leered at her body. “Killing you will only make them suffer temporarily. Pain fades over time. I want to make life a living hell for you, so your dad will live the rest of his life in hell too.”

At that moment, Shen Xinyao realized who he was— a man who wanted to take revenge on her father. However, she was not going to let him get his way.

“If you’re a man, kill me.” Shen Xinyao reached out to grab his gun, but the man muttered, “If you die, I’ll kill the woman in the other room. Your father speaks of justice all the time. Why, are you trying to involve the innocents now?”

Leaning to her ear, the man chuckled, “I’ll be honest with you. I’m a criminal. I wonder how many lives I’ve taken. If you infuriate me, I’ll attack like a cornered animal. I’ll get someone to go to hell with me.”

Shen Xinyao’s hands were clenched into fists as her eyes widened. Tears brimmed in them, but she refused to let them fall. Determinedly, she said, “I won’t let you get your way.”

With that said, she snapped her head to the side and bit down hard on the man’s arm. In pain, the man loosened his hold on her. Right then, Shen Xinyao broke free of him and ran

toward the window, hoping to jump out of it. However, the man quickly collected himself and dragged her back to the bed. "Okay. I'm going to kill that woman in the other room now."

The man turned to leave, and Shen Xinyao anxiously grabbed him. She could not involve Zong Yanxi in this. *What will I tell Zhuang Jiawen if she's hurt?*

How can I do this to him?

She had to ensure Zong Yanxi's safety.

By the side of the bed, the man pointed the gun at her. "Are you going to strip, or am I going to kill her now? Make a choice."

Shen Xinyao was half-kneeling on the bed when his words froze her blood. After a while, she shut her eyes and quickly took off her clothes before throwing them onto the ground. "You've threatened me today. I'll kill you myself another day."

Her eyes were bloodshot, but she refused to lower her head. "Next time, even if I die, I'm bringing you to hell with me!"

The man stared at her ravishing fair skin. He had seen many women. At the peak of his life, he had many sex partners, ranging from college students to celebrities.

Most only wanted to please him; none dared to go against him.

Shen Xinyao's stubborn streak piqued his interest. "If I met you two years earlier, I'd definitely take you as my woman. I like women who are hard to get. If you beg me now, I might let you go. How about that?"

Shen Xinyao stiffened. His words were like sparks.

"Why, you don't believe in me?" The man lifted her chin with the gun.

Shen Xinyao calmed herself and uttered, "You said it yourself. You're a criminal. How can I believe in you?"

"Ha," the man laughed. "How will you know whether I'm speaking the truth or not if you don't try me?"