

## Chapter 1046 Shayla's Past

Adamson muttered under his breath, and Rohan's sight suddenly cleared.

As he observed Liam being escorted away, a sense of unease washed over him. However, he maintained his composure and approached Adamson, his voice reflecting deference. "Master, how should I deal with the two women brought in by Liam?"

Adamson's focus shifted to Shayla.

A sly grin played on his lips as he forcefully drew her closer, his grip firm around her neck.

In a chilling tone, Adamson remarked, "Well, well, who do we have here? I never anticipated your alliance with Liam. Didn't my previous lesson not leave a lasting impression on you, Shayla?"

As his words echoed, a burst of power exploded, disintegrating Shayla's garments into a delicate haze that dispersed, leaving her completely naked.

Shayla's shriek pierced the air as she frantically attempted to shield herself.

Yet, Adamson's gaze showed no hint of lust or compassion for her. To him, Shayla was reduced to a mere naked, emotionless doll devoid of any significance.

With a dismissive snort, Adamson sneered, "Let this serve as a reminder that you are merely a plaything in my presence. A plaything shouldn't entertain the thought of rebellion. It's futile. I may allow you a modicum of freedom, but remember, I can extinguish your life at any moment!"

With that, Adamson unceremoniously discarded Shayla to the ground, with his attention already diverted elsewhere.

Shayla was consumed by humiliation and fury as unwelcome memories flooded back.

Having been held captive by Adamson before, Shayla had been nothing more than a sexual plaything for his personal pleasure. She had been frequently passed around to others, subjected to their whims for amusement.

During those dark days, Shayla had endured shame and degradation, clinging to the hope of gaining some leverage for herself by appeasing the men she had been forced to be with.

Those actions had allowed her to amass the strength she now possessed.

Shayla's every move had been calculated, with her ultimate goal being the annihilation of Adamson.

However, she was now suddenly struck by the distance to her goal and overwhelmed by despair.

Acknowledging the possibility of never escaping



Adamson's clutches while alive, a profound sorrow enveloped her.

From the depths of her despair, a steely determination flickered in her eyes.

She would stand her ground and no longer flee if escape was impossible.

Seizing a dagger from the ground, she was determined to free herself by committing suicide.

As she raised the blade to her throat, barely grazing her skin, a sudden surge of energy struck her hand, sending the dagger flying from her grip.

Adamson's gaze bore into her with contempt. "Consider your poor brother. Should you choose to end your life, who will be left to rescue him?" he taunted, stopping her impulsive action.

The impact of Adamson's words penetrated Shayla's core, extinguishing her determination to end her life.


Indeed, Shayla had a younger brother whose plight was even more dire than hers.

The thought of her brother's future if something were to happen to her left her heartbroken.

Adamson's expression morphed into a wicked grin after seeing her anguish.

"The Glyn family, who have your brother under their control, would relish the presence of the once

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 +120 Points at most

esteemed Lady Shayla from the Alvarado family," he gloated, savoring her distress. "I'll send you there tomorrow. I advise you to serve Mr. Glyn well. Perhaps if he is pleased, you may have the chance to see your poor brother again."

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