

The Return of the Cannon Fodder Trillion Heiress

Chapter 9 - Chapter 9 What a Douchebag Deserves

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The man fought to regain his footing as onlookers watched in shock. Among them were kind-hearted gentlemen who were ready to assist the damsel in distress. However, to their surprise, it was a seemingly frail-looking woman who took decisive action. Despite her appearance, she effortlessly threw the man, who towered over her by a head and a half that also outweighed her significantly.

2

The bystanders' eyes and mouths hung wide open in astonishment, and for a fleeting moment, the entire area fell into silence, stunned by the unexpected turn of events. It was only when the man released a loud, frustrated grunt that they were jolted back to reality.

Hera, standing before the disheveled, crying girl, acts on instinct, swiftly pushing her behind herself to shield her from any further harm.

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As he regained his footing, he unleashed a tirade of insults at Hera before swiftly advancing to deliver a punch aimed at her face. "You fucking bitch!"

In a panic, the girl standing behind Hera could only cry out, desperately hoping Hera would evade the attack. "Ah!"

The man who had been attentively watching Hera from the nearby couch sprang into action, swiftly moving toward her to offer assistance. Despite his efforts, it would still take him a few seconds to reach her, and by then, the punch would likely have already landed. Nevertheless, he pressed on, hoping fervently that Hera would somehow manage to evade or defend herself in time.

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Contrary to her appearance, Hera was far from frail. She had no intention of passively awaiting the incoming punch. Recognizing the vast difference in strength between herself and the full-grown man, she instead took advantage of her small stature and agility.

With swift precision, she delivered a powerful kick straight to his crotch with all her might.

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The man's breath caught in his throat, drenched in a cold sweat as an overwhelming surge of pain engulfed his lower half. His voice failed him as he struggled to make a sound amidst the intense agony. Collapsing to his knees, he clutched his crotch tightly before writhing on the ground briefly, until finally succumbing to unconsciousness from the sheer torment.

Every man present winced in sympathetic pain as if they could feel the agony radiating from the man's crotch themselves. Even the front desk receptionist, who had been crying, momentarily ceased her tears, struck by the visceral impact of the scene unfolding before her.

'Did she just end his bloodline right there and then? No descendants anymore?' She glanced incredulously at her colleague who made the call to the security, both of them staring at Hera with wide eyes. In a moment of shock, her colleague dropped the phone she was holding. *'That was a bit too much,'* her face was tinged with disbelief.

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The man who had been poised to assist Hera abruptly halted in his tracks. His expression flickered with uncertainty, his emotions difficult to discern. He couldn't help his lips twitching.

Hera nervously touched her nose, pondering, "Perhaps I went too far?"

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Before she could utter a word, an older man in his late fifties who had just entered burst into laughter, his jovial chuckle filling the quiet lobby. "I was anticipating the young lady to demonstrate some self-defense technique, but I must say, this was quite the unexpected turn of events!" he exclaimed between laughs.

He didn't spare a glance at the man sprawled on the floor; there was no trace of sympathy in his eyes. Instead, he regarded him with a look that seemed to say, *'You got what you deserved.'* Once his laughter subsided, he continued, his tone now tinged with contempt. "I suppose that's the most efficient way to deal with scumbags who resort to violence against women." As he finished speaking, a sneer crept across his face.

Some men in the room had been on the brink of chastising Hera for her actions, but after the older man spoke, a palpable silence fell over the gathering. Not a single sound escaped, not even a whisper or a fart.

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Only then did the security arrive, bewildered by the scene before them. They, too, were at a loss, unsure of what had transpired. The man they were meant to escort out lay unconscious on the floor, leaving them perplexed.

Shortly after, the general manager, Cindy, emerged hurriedly from the elevator. Taking in the scene before her, she wasted no time in rushing forward to check on the person lying on the floor. Instructing the guards to arrange for his transport to the hospital, she then turned her attention to the front desk receptionist, who was in a bloody mess.

Frowning, Cindy approached the front desk receptionist and inquired about what had transpired. Before the girl could utter a word, Cindy halted her and motioned for the other guards to come closer. She then instructed them to take the receptionist with them.

The girl burst into tears, fearing the loss of her job. Her position at the Green Dragon Manor offered a high salary along with valuable benefits, including health insurance coverage. "Miss Cindy, please don't fire me," she pleaded desperately.

She couldn't afford to lose her well-paying job.

Cindy sighed and reassured her, saying, "I'm not firing you. However, you need to go to the hospital to tend to your wounds; otherwise, they may leave a scar. I'll ask your colleague to cover for you in the meantime."

The girl's cries immediately ceased upon hearing Cindy's explanation, finding solace in her words. Cindy gently tapped her back and said, "Take today off and rest at home afterward." The girl nodded and obediently followed the guards out.

Cindy turned to address everyone in the lobby. "Gentlemen, we apologize for the disturbance today. Please feel free to continue with your activities," she said, offering a reassuring smile imbued with professionalism.

She then turned her attention to the remaining front desk receptionist and swiftly received a briefing on the situation. After understanding the details, Cindy approached Hera with gratitude. "Miss, I want to sincerely thank you for standing up for my employees," she said earnestly. "However, I must warn you that the man and his family may hold a grudge against you for this."

Hera smiled. In the past, she might have been troubled by such threats, but now she felt confident that she could navigate this situation unscathed, as long as it remained within the bounds of the law. Even without the support of the Avery family, she would still stand by her actions and harbor no regrets.

"It's alright," Hera replied, pausing briefly to recall that the front desk receptionists had referred to her as the General Manager. "But it seems he's looking for you. Do you think you'll be in trouble because of me, given that this incident occurred in your workplace?"

Cindy smiled sincerely at Hera's genuine concern, shaking her head gently before responding. "First of all, he's not in any way related to me, and certainly not my boyfriend," she clarified. "Secondly, it's likely he wanted to use me to network with the upper echelons of society for personal gain."

Seeing Hera's puzzled expression, Cindy continued to explain. "You see, the Dragon Ruby Building is situated in the outer region, which is the least prestigious area within the Green Dragon Manor. However, even residents there hold significant influence, capable of shaping national affairs with a single decision. That guy happens to have an uncle residing in the Dragon Ruby Building, and he's essentially just a second-generation rich kid who's opportunistic." Sensing Hera's lingering confusion regarding why someone unknown would claim to be her boyfriend, Cindy clarified further. "It was my mother's fault for arranging such a bizarre blind date once."

Cindy coughed, uncertain why she felt the need to explain it to Hera. However, Hera's expression made it clear that ignoring the matter would be difficult.

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Hera displayed a teasing expression that seemed to say, "*I knew it*," effortlessly.

Then, the old man from earlier approached Hera and Cindy after exchanging greetings with the other people in the lounge.

"Hello there, little missy. You've got guts, I like that," the old man remarked, observing the surprise mixed with amusement on Hera's face. With a smile, he added, "I detest douchebags the most."

The old man appeared carefree yet exuded authority. Hera sensed a familiarity but couldn't quite recall his name, though it lingered on the tip of her tongue. The old man noticed Hera's wincing expression, which looked slightly constipated in a humorous way. "You must be new here. Are you from overseas?" he inquired.

Hera initially shook her head, then hesitated before nodding in affirmation.

"Hmmm?"

"I mean, I am indeed new to this particular place, but I've lived in the same city, just under different circumstances in recent years," Hera explained, opting not to delve into specifics. She assumed that the people around might be tenants of the building, that might be the reason why they are around.

"And what about your name?" The old man appeared intrigued by Hera but in a friendly manner. He seemed to see a shadow of his own granddaughter in her—a granddaughter with an explosive temper, unafraid to take action like Hera, without concern for others' opinions or the consequences.

"Hera Ainsley," she replied, opting not to disclose her full identity just yet. Her grandfather had yet to introduce her as the heiress, and she was still testing the waters in the upper circles, so she decided to play it safe for the time being. She figured they would find out eventually anyway.

The old man was momentarily surprised, a figure flashed in his mind, overlapping with Hera, and he chuckled heartily. His eyes softened as he looked at her. "What a coincidence, Hera. My name is Victor Ainsley."