

Wife Mask 221

Chapter: 221

A coin, flicked with the speed and force of a bullet—he'd only heard of such things in pulp fiction. Now, Cole had brought that impossible story to life.

Merritt, a man who thought he'd seen it all, had finally witnessed something that defied every rule of the streets— and it was the last sight he'd ever see.

Shock rippled through the room. The masked man standing at Merritt's side stood rooted to the spot, frozen by the sudden, surreal violence.

The scanning indicated Cole and his men hadn't brought any weapons. However, Cole had needed nothing more than a coin to send Merritt to his grave.

With Merritt dead, the men in black descended into complete disarray, their hierarchical structure crumbling around them.

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Their leader had previously received Paige's orders to eliminate Elliana but hesitated, fearing repercussions if he acted without Merritt's explicit approval. He had been deliberately delaying. While he hesitated, the masked man's order reached him—kill everyone aboard the yacht, leave no witnesses. Only then did he finally lead his team to breach Elliana's room.

Elliana had anticipated this threat. As the door splintered open, she pulled Hailee behind a protective barrier of debris. When the men in black opened fire, she responded with calculated precision, her finger steady on the trigger.

While her attackers sprayed bullets wildly, Elliana's shots found their marks with devastating efficiency. Within seconds, six black-clad figures lay motionless on the floor, their weapons silent.

With the immediate danger neutralized, Elliana turned to check on Hailee.

Hailee trembled uncontrollably, her face ashen in the harsh Light.

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Elliana's mind was set on wrecking the yacht and tracking down Paige to make sure Paige learned her lesson. With her black trench coat flowing behind her and her pistols loaded, she swept through the corridors. One room at a time. One floor after another. All five levels would be cleared.

Elsewhere, the fighting on the first floor had come to a temporary standstill.

The black-clad men who had made it that far were all down. The aftermath left the place in ruin. Blood pooled beneath shattered furniture. The walls were shredded by bullets. Smoke lingered in the air.

Amid the wreckage, Cole moved like a storm made flesh. He seized a wounded man who was crawling across the blood-slick floor. Fury burned behind his eyes. "Talk," he said, yanking the man up. "Where did you kill Elliana?"

Terror washed over the injured man. His pain was nothing compared to the fear clawing at him. One look at Cole's face told him this wasn't someone he could lie to. "I-I didn't do it!" the man gasped, eyes wide with panic. "She was taken to the fifth floor, that's all I know. If she's dead, it must've happened there!"

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Gunfire ripped through the third floor, sending sparks ricocheting off steel beams as utter mayhem erupted.

At the heart of the storm, a lone figure in a black trench coat blazed a trail of destruction-wild, spiked wig catching the flicker of muzzle flashes, both hands unleashing a relentless hail of bullets from twin pistols.

The figure moved like a phantom, slipping through chaos with predatory grace, her shots landing with precision. Goons crumpled in her wake, bodies scattering across the deck as she advanced.

The group realized this was the elite fighter Merlin had warned them about. This figure wasn't just skilled—the onslaught crashed over enemies like a tidal surge. And this figure's rapid-fire agility made it clear that wiping out every threat on this yacht was just a walk in the park.

At first, Elliana's men's trench coat and new wig-plus the chaos and distance—kept her identity under wraps.

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When he finally convinced himself she was unharmed, he let out a shaky breath and drew her into an even tighter hug, his arms encircling her as if he could keep her from ever slipping away again.

"I'm alright," Elliana whispered, her voice gentle, hoping to steady him.

Seeing the torment etched across Cole's face, unease twisted in Elliana's chest. She reached for a comforting word, but her thoughts scattered as he abruptly leaned in, and in that instant, he crushed his lips to hers.

The kiss burned with an urgency that left no room for doubt or restraint. He poured everything into it—fear, love, longing—as if he could stitch their souls back together with sheer will.

Elliana melted against him, swept up in the rapid thunder of his heartbeat and the frantic rhythm of his breath, the rest of the world fading until nothing remained but this desperate, electric connection.

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Manley's eyes widened. "Never? But you're the heir! No wife, no kids—what about your family line? Your folks okay with that?"

Merlin gave him a flat look. "With today's tech? I don't need a woman to have a kid."

"Fair point." Manley nodded slowly. "But still, Merlin, what's Life without a woman to spice it up?"

Manley pointed at Cole, still wrapped around Elliana. "You telling me you don't feel even a little jealous, seeing that? No itch to find someone to hold onto like that?"

Merlin's history as an international special forces operative had left an indelible mark on his soul. Every fiber of his being remained entrenched in the relentless rush of high-stakes missions and life-or-death decisions. His face was a mask of ice—unyielding and emotionless—and his eyes never paused for a woman. He didn't merely reject the idea of marriage. He dismissed all desire. No one had ever cracked the frozen fortress guarding his heart.

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"Elliana," he whispered gently and then fell silent, releasing a soft sigh.

Elliana immediately grasped the weight of Cole's sigh. It conveyed everything left unspoken—relief, affection, the dread of loss, and the overwhelming happiness of reunion. She sensed the profound care radiating from him.

Gently, Elliana buried her face into Cole's chest, surrendering fully and relinquishing all resistance. In that quiet moment, a deep realization unfolded within her. The initial attraction was merely the first step toward true love. Without completely embracing one another's souls, escape from the ensuing whirlwind was impossible.

From their very first encounter, that subtle current of desire had determined her path—she had been bound to Cole from the start. Denial was pointless; if she pushed him away, she knew regret would haunt her for years to come, and the impression he'd left would linger forever. So, why hold back any longer? If there was real affection between them, why not let it flourish? Only time would reveal whether their story was meant to last, but for now, nothing mattered except the vibrant rush of the present.

With that thought, Elliana slipped her arms around his waist, finally returning his embrace.

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Bang! The masked man fired. Simultaneously, the blade struck his neck. He dropped from the window.

Paige let out a cry and collapsed. The bullet had hit her in the back. Blood pooled around her on the floor.

Elliana frowned deeply. She had noticed Paige earlier, hiding behind the door, but had been too busy fighting to deal with Paige. She never imagined Paige would leap out like that—to take a bullet for Cole.

Elliana was curious. What would Cole do, now that a woman had risked her life for him? With that thought, she turned to glance at the man beside her.

Paige crumpled to the floor, her eyes locked on Cole, pain etched across her face. Still, she mustered the strength to say, "Cole, your safety's everything to me—I'd trade my life for yours in a heartbeat. Don't let it weigh you down."

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Pretty much everyone in Ublento's high society knew Vivien was head-over-heels for Merlin, pulling every trick in the book to win him over. Too bad for her, Merlin was allergic to romance and

sick to death of her antics. He dodged her like the plague. Getting tangled up with her? Not on his watch.

With Vivien in the mix, going upstairs was a hard pass. Merlin knew if he hauled her down today, she'd latch onto him like a leech, a shadow he'd never shake.

After a beat, Merlin spun to Manley, his face colder than a winter night. "You go get her."

Manley's eyes lit up, clearly enjoying Merlin's squirming. "You can't stand Vivien, but I'm not exactly her fan either. Asking me to lug around a woman who's got it bad for my buddy? That's a good one, huh?"

Cole turned to Myles. "You go bring Vivien down."

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Without wasting time, Myles stepped over the threshold, bent down, and hoisted Vivien over his back before heading for the stairs.

Meanwhile, Merlin slipped into Room 1 and began surveying the space. Dim lighting and scattered clutter made it hard to see, but something caught his eye in the far corner. Elliana had mentioned a heavy metal box buried beneath all that clutter.

Despite the chaos Cole and his crew had already unleashed across the yacht, Merlin didn't let his guard down. He spotted a long blade on a shelf nearby and snatched it up before stepping toward the clutter.

Piece by piece, he began moving aside all those items on the box with care, eyes scanning for movement. Eventually, the edge of the box came into view, just like Elliana had described.

Once close enough, he crouched and pried open the lid.