

Chapter 596 Cole's Jealousy

Elliana cast a brief glance at Cole before speaking plainly. "Yes. It was a gift from my ex-boyfriend."

Before, Cole had adored her beyond reason, willing to hand her the world if she asked. Now, standing here, Cole burned with jealousy—not at another rival, but at his past self who had once loved her so unreservedly. The irony of it all drew a faint, amused curl to Elliana's lips.

Cole's expression darkened like a brewing storm. Without another word, he rolled up the car window, slammed his foot on the accelerator, and spun the car away with reckless speed.

This time, Elliana didn't rush to leave. She remained where she was, eyes fixed on the direction he drove off in, lingering long after his car vanished from view. A small, stubborn part of her wondered if he might turn around again. But he didn't.

Minutes bled into more, and still, the road stayed empty.

At last, Elliana drew in a steady breath, turned on her heel, and walked toward Rosewood Villa.

Meanwhile, Cole's grip tightened on the steering wheel as he drove under the shadowed canopy, his jaw set in grim fury.

That ring had told him everything he needed to know. Elliana's ex-boyfriend was none other than Harry Calderon—the man he had trusted as his second-in-command in Blaze Wildfire.

Paulina's previous report resurfaced in Cole's mind—Harry had been entrusted with sensitive operations, and for that reason alone, he'd been permitted temporary use of the ring that commanded the entire Blaze Wildfire.

Yet, instead of treating it as the sacred emblem of authority it was, Harry had let infatuation steer his judgment, daring to use the ring to win over a woman—and worse, he hadn't even bothered to reclaim it when their

relationship ended.

To Cole, that single act laid everything bare. In Harry's eyes, the weight of Blaze Wildfire mattered less than the fleeting affection of a woman. Harry was no longer worthy of being second-in-command.

Cole's expression hardened, his decision absolute. Harry would be stripped of his post and sent to Sundara, where the harshest, most punishing assignments awaited him.

The thought simmered, and Cole's eyes narrowed with a dangerous glint as he reached for his phone. When the line clicked open, his voice came low and tight with anger. "Tell Harry to pack up immediately. He's being reassigned to Sundara."

On the other end, Paulina froze, baffled by the sudden order. Harry had always been loyal, diligent, the perfect second-in-command. Why the sudden occupation mobility? And why was Cole's tone so venomous?

"Mr. Evans, did Harry make a mistake?" Paulina asked carefully.

Cole's grip tightened on the phone. There was no way he could admit the truth—that his fury came from discovering Harry was Lilah's ex-boyfriend. Instead, his tone went icy. "Don't ask questions. Just carry it out."

Without waiting for a reply, he cut the call.

Paulina blinked at the dead line, unsettled, but quickly steadied herself. Orders were orders. She quickly called Harry and told him to head to Sundara right away.

Harry, still buried in paperwork from overtime, nearly dropped his pen. "Sundara? Ms. Fletcher, did I do something wrong?"

Paulina's voice stayed even, though she was no less confused. "I don't know the specifics either. Mr. Evans issued the order suddenly."

"Then what exactly am I supposed to do in Sundara?" Harry asked, disbelief in his tone.

Paulina sighed quietly. "I wasn't told that either. You'll report to Myles once you arrive. He'll give you your assignments."

Myles too had been sent to Sundara? The revelation left Harry stunned.

As soon as his call with Paulina ended, he dialed Myles in haste, desperate for answers. Being abruptly dispatched to Sundara by Cole gnawed at his nerves.

When the line connected, Harry wasted no time. "Myles, I just received word I'm being sent to Sundara. Tell me honestly—did I do something to anger Mr. Evans? Is there a way to make it right?"

Myles didn't know the full story, but he could guess. Cole's jealousy often reshuffled the fates of those around Elliana. He, Aron, and even Cole's personal driver had been shipped off to Sundara for that very reason. So he chuckled, keeping his tone light. "Mr. Calderon, your loyalty to Blaze Wildfire has always been clear to Mr. Evans. Maybe this is nothing more than a change of scenery. Think of it as a break. No need to worry."

Harry hesitated and then asked carefully, "You're in Sundara too, then?"

Myles let out a dry laugh. "Yes. Aron is here as well, along with Mr. Evans' driver. We've been here for a while now. Once you arrive, at least you won't be alone."

Hearing that others had also been "relocated," Harry's shoulders eased slightly. The idea of being shipped off to Sundara seemed less severe if so many were sharing it. Ending the call, he packed quickly and booked the next flight to Sundara.

Elliana, meanwhile, had no inkling of how her presence had indirectly set Cole's men scattering to Sundara one by one.

After returning to the Rosewood Villa, Elliana received a report from Matthew. "Lexi, when we got to the hotel, room 1306 was already empty. The records were wiped clean, and the surveillance was deliberately erased. We couldn't recover anything."

Elliana's eyes narrowed over the message. Carlos had covered his tracks well. Even without realizing she was on his trail, he had still taken the precaution of erasing every trace. But if Carlos thought deletion would protect him, he underestimated her. Erased data could always be restored—and she had the skills to do it.

Elliana texted back. "No worries. You can leave with the team now."

Matthew promptly replied, "Understood."

Once the conversation wrapped up, Elliana turned her attention to her laptop. Fingers flying across the keys, she tapped into the hotel's surveillance system, her mastery of code slicing through firewalls with practiced ease.