

Chapter 634 Possessiveness

Arthur reeled when he learned Elliana was Death Thorn. First came shock, then pride so fierce that it swelled in his chest. But almost instantly, his mind leapt to Blaze Wraith—Death Thorn's sworn enemy. Such was a father's heart. No matter how formidable his daughter was, his first thought was of her safety.

He vowed to shield her at any cost. Even if the world saw her as Delta's dreaded "she-devil," she was still his little girl, and no one would be allowed to touch her. Anyone who tried would taste the full weight of his fury.

Before Milton could speak, Arthur's voice cut through the air. "Start stirring up trouble for Blaze Wildfire at once. Keep Blaze Wraith so busy that he has no energy to fixate on Elliana. And if the opportunity presents itself, eliminate Blaze Wildfire for good."

For years, the Campbell family had infiltrated Delta and amassed considerable influence, yet they had always maintained a delicate "live and let live" policy with Blaze Wildfire. Even when their interests overlapped, they remained cordial, carefully avoiding conflict.

The rule of survival in Delta was clear. The weak clashed with the weak, the strong preyed on them, but strength respected strength. No one was foolish enough to invite destruction on both sides.

But now, Arthur was ready to shatter that balance. What once seemed reckless and costly was now worth it—for his daughter, he would ignite a war.

Milton, ever the protective older brother, was in complete agreement with Arthur's decision. Confronting Blaze Wildfire would cost their family dearly, but his sister's enemy was the Campbell family's enemy. He considered it his duty to eliminate any threat to her.

"Don't worry, Dad. Leave it to me," Milton said firmly.

Meanwhile, Cole knew nothing of Arthur's grand plans against him. His

world had narrowed to the woman in his arms. He clung to Lilah with pride, making his claim before everyone present. Normally reserved, he rarely showed his emotions in public. But today, he kissed her without restraint, throwing image and caution to the wind. For him, there was only her.

Elliana eventually nudged him away, her voice playful as she whispered, "Alright, that's enough. You've made your point. I think the whole world knows I'm your girlfriend now."

Cole froze, caught off guard by how easily she had seen through him. Embarrassment pricked at his skin, but his sunglasses masked the worst of it. So long as he kept his cool demeanor, no one would notice his awkwardness.

Recovering quickly, Cole spun Lilah around and turned to face Quentin, his voice cold as steel. "Did you get a good look?"

Quentin's smile faltered, awkward and stiff. First, Cole had ripped Elliana from his side. Then, Cole had kissed her with the whole world watching. Now, Cole posed this question in front of everyone, deepening his embarrassment.

But Quentin could do nothing. Cole's power was far beyond his own. All he could do was hold that strained smile.

Cole let out a sharp, humorless laugh. "Mr. Hudson, stay in your lane. Don't chase those you shouldn't covet. If you ever cross me, I'll erase the Hudson family from the map."

It was a blatant threat, a raw display of power that left Quentin stripped of all dignity. Yet, Quentin didn't dare utter a word of protest. He forced a smile and replied, "Mr. Evans, you've got the wrong idea. Lilah and I go way back. We're just old friends, nothing more."

Old friends? The phrase scraped against Cole like broken glass. He despised the thought of any man knowing Lilah before him. Even a stray glance from another man made him bristle. Quentin's words only deepened his anger.

Cole's voice hardened with a possessive edge. "As of today, keep a polite distance—at least ten meters—from my girlfriend when you cross her again. Got it?"

His demand stunned the crowd. His possessiveness was off the charts.

Before, Cole had been a shadowy figure, his name whispered more than seen. But today, the crowd had glimpsed his true nature. One word now defined him: domineering. They had never seen someone so overbearing—it was almost pathological.


If any ordinary man acted like this, he'd be called a creep, maybe even toxic. People would urge his girlfriend to run. But Cole wasn't ordinary—he was the wealthiest man in Ublento.

And so, instead of outrage, whispers of admiration spread.

"Look at how much Mr. Evans loves her! This is the kind of fierce love you only read about!"

"He's impossibly handsome—how could anyone resist?"



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