

## Chapter 685 To Kill Her Idol

Miguel's fury consumed him like wildfire, leaving devastation across every surface of the room. Shattered glass caught the light while overturned furniture bore witness to his explosive rage.

The thought of Elliana's brilliance gnawed at his soul, each moment of her joy twisting the knife deeper. Her sweet love life felt like salt poured into wounds that refused to heal.

Had Elliana been his flesh and blood—born from Rita's body with him as the father—he would have moved mountains to grant her every desire. The moon itself would have seemed a reasonable request, one he'd pursue without hesitation. But reality carved a different path. Elliana was Rita's daughter with another man.

The woman who had claimed his heart completely had birthed this luminous creature for someone else entirely. Miguel's mind rejected this truth with every fiber of his being.

Rita had left him hollow, condemned to walk through life with an empty chest where his heart once lived. Her daughter with another deserved no better fate than the loneliness that plagued him. Elliana's happiness became his torment. Since she drew breath as another man's legacy, he would ensure that breath ceased.

The phone's sharp ring sliced through his brooding thoughts. Irene's name appeared on the screen.

Miguel glanced at the device, drawing air deep into his lungs until his volcanic emotions settled beneath a mask of composure. When he spoke, his voice emerged smooth as silk, betraying none of the beast that had raged moments before. His self-control was a terrifying thing to witness.

Irene launched into speech the moment the connection was established, oblivious to the storm she had interrupted. "Mr. Griffiths, what path do we take now? Lilah revealed herself as Elliana, and she's also Stellara. She and the Evanses seized complete control of the situation, making

our original plan impossible to execute."

Miguel said nothing, letting her anxiety fill the space between them. Frustration leaked into her voice as she added, "Are we truly going to just watch this carefully constructed trap crumble into failure?"

She anticipated his suggestion to retreat and regroup, to wait for fortune to present another opening. Instead, his words emerged through clenched teeth like shards of broken glass. "Tonight, Elliana and Cole will definitely meet their own ends."

The line went dead with surgical precision.

Irene stared at her phone, questions multiplying in the sudden silence that stretched between her and the ended call. Confusion painted her features as she processed his abrupt dismissal. But then, reality settled over her like morning mist clearing from a mountainside, and a smile bloomed across her lips. Miguel's methods mattered little to her grand design. Whether he chose poison or blade, stealth or violence, the outcome remained unchanged. Cole and Elliana would be killed, and she needed only to wait for confirmation of their deaths.

Relief flowed through Irene's chest as she turned her attention toward Jason's distant figure.

At that precise moment, Jason's head swiveled in her direction, and panic shot through Irene's nervous system. She melted backward into the shadows, pressing herself against the darkness like a second skin. Discovery meant ruin. Jason could harbor no suspicions about her presence or her intentions. This way, by the time Cole's life ended and circumstances forced Jason to take the throne, Jason would not resist.

Jason's gaze lingered briefly on her hiding place before dismissing it entirely, his attention returning to matters that held greater significance.

Irene released the breath she had been holding prisoner in her lungs. Safety wrapped around her once more.

Twenty thousand souls gathered beneath the sky, each one ignorant of the deadly web that had been spun around this evening's entertainment. Death had brushed against every life present, but Elliana, Cole, Jason, and their allies had managed to redirect fate's cruel intentions.

The concert flowed forward like a river finding its course, carrying the audience deeper into Stellara's musical spell and the romantic tale she shared with Cole.

In the dark stone forest on the east side of the concert, dozens of menacing figures lurked, led by Katrina. She was there to kill Elliana.

Maxine had granted Katrina thirty days to eliminate Elliana, along with unlimited access to the Serpent Society's resources. Confidence had once filled Katrina's heart—surely one month would prove more than sufficient to claim a single life. But Elliana had chosen the Evans estate as her sanctuary during those crucial weeks.

Ublento's security systems functioned like a living fortress, every entrance monitored, every approach anticipated. The Evans family compound stood as an impenetrable bastion that even Katrina's considerable skills could not breach without triggering catastrophic consequences.

Therefore, thirty days had dissolved into memory without a single meaningful attempt on Elliana's life.

Desperation had driven Katrina to Maxine's feet, begging for additional time while expecting only harsh rejection. Yet, fortune had smiled upon her—Maxine's mood had been generous that day, extending her deadline beyond all reasonable hope.

Tonight marked the final hour of that extension. Failure was no longer an option. Elliana's heart would stop beating before dawn touched the horizon.

The elite assassins Katrina had gathered represented the Serpent Society's finest instruments of death. They crouched among the stone sentinels like shadows given human form, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

The revelation of Elliana's true identity as Stellara had shattered Katrina's world into unrecognizable fragments. How could such a cruel twist of fate exist?

Stellara's music had been Katrina's sanctuary during her darkest hours. When Maxine's criticism cut too deeply or loneliness threatened to consume her entirely, those haunting melodies offered salvation. Each



song contained mysterious properties that dissolved despair and ignited courage within her chest.

Among all the artists and composers who had ever lived, only Stellara's creations spoke to Katrina's wounded soul. Those beautiful compositions had served as lighthouse beacons during storms that threatened to drown her spirit completely.

Yet, tonight's mission demanded Katrina extinguish that very light with her own hands, destroying the source of hope that had sustained her through countless trials.

Rage exploded from Katrina's throat as she lashed out at an innocent sapling, her fist connecting with bark and leaves in a futile attempt to silence the war raging within her heart.

Just then, a shadow materialized before her as if conjured from the darkness itself.