

Chapter 692 Wanted To Kiss Him

Dozens of armed figures emerged from the shadows, their weapons catching the pale moonlight in threatening flashes. The night air grew heavy with tension as they formed a deadly circle.

From among the assassins, Katrina stood at the front with predatory grace. Her curved blade reflected the moon's glow, but it was her eyes that truly cut through the darkness—cold and calculating as they swept over Cole and Jason dismissively before settling on Elliana with laser intensity.

Elliana and Katrina had faced each other before in that narrow alleyway, where Katrina had been nothing more than a killer aiming for Elliana's life. No personal vendetta, no emotional investment—just another job.

But tonight was a completely different story. Tonight, Elliana had become something impossible to categorize in Katrina's eyes. Elliana was simultaneously the enemy Katrina had been ordered to destroy and the idol she had worshipped for over three years. Looking at Elliana's perfect face now felt like staring at a beautiful nightmare—part angel, part demon.

When their eyes met, Elliana stared back with genuine curiosity flickering in her expression. There was something fascinating about the storm of conflicting emotions she could read in Katrina's face—devotion and hatred twisted together. The contradiction interested her. What could have happened to transform a simple assassin into someone who seemed torn between wanting to kill her and wanting to worship her?

Before Elliana could begin to solve this intriguing mystery, another figure suddenly appeared from behind the wall of assassins. Elliana's eyes narrowed as she recognized him immediately. It was the man she suspected could be Cutler.

Jules's reaction to seeing Elliana was nothing like Katrina's cold intensity. During his previous encounter with Elliana, he had been smooth and



charming, flirting with practiced ease. But underneath that charm, his eyes had been absolutely ruthless. He had tried to kill Elliana without showing even a hint of mercy.

Tonight, however, something had clearly changed in Jules. The moment he laid eyes on Elliana, his cheeks turned bright red. He reached up and scratched the back of his head like a nervous schoolboy. His voice came out awkward and uncertain. "Oh, hey there, Stellara," he managed to say. "Fancy meeting you here again."

Elliana stared at him with complete confusion. His behavior was so bizarre that it was almost comical. What kind of strange game was he trying to play with her?

Katrina couldn't stand Jules's starstruck display. She ground her teeth and hissed, "Get a grip! We have a job to do!"

Jules knew that Katrina was absolutely right. Moments before, they had gotten into such a fierce argument in the stone forest that they had almost come to blows. But eventually, they had managed to agree on one vital fact—Elliana had to die before the night was over. If she managed to survive, it would mean their own deaths.

The problem was that Jules simply couldn't force himself to kill Elliana, the woman he worshipped. The instant he saw Elliana standing there, every rational thought flew out of his head. His inner fanboy took complete control of his mind, and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

After receiving Katrina's harsh scolding, Jules tried to compose himself. He cleared his throat several times and turned his attention back to Elliana. When he spoke, his voice still shook slightly. "Do you happen to have any final wishes? You know, before we... well, before this has to end? Just tell me what you want, and I promise I'll make it happen."

Elliana studied the man who had suddenly become so endearingly stupid. A smile of pure amusement spread across her lips as she folded her arms across her chest. "I want to know your name," she said.

"Jules Griffiths," he replied instantly without even thinking about it. The moment the word left his mouth, his eyes went wide with horror. He had just revealed his identity to his target like a complete amateur.



Katrina's glare could have melted steel. She spoke in a low, dangerous whisper that only he could hear. "You are such an idiot."

Jules felt his face burning with embarrassment. He coughed dryly and tried to recover from his mistake. "Do you have any other final wishes?"

Elliana didn't really have time to waste on silly games. But Jules's star-struck devotion had given her a wonderfully mischievous idea. She decided to see just how far his admiration would take him. "I want to kiss you," she announced in the most casual tone imaginable. "So come over here."

Cole and Jason both turned to look at her with surprise written all over their faces. But when they caught sight of the playful sparkle dancing in her eyes, they simply shook their heads and smiled. Elliana never failed to come up with some wild and completely unexpected plan.

"What did you just say?" Jules's voice came out as barely more than a whisper.

He stood there staring at Elliana as if she had just offered him all the treasures in the world. His mind had gone completely blank. Only one thought managed to break through the fog of his shock, and it repeated itself over and over again like a broken record. His idol wanted to kiss him! Why would she want such a thing? Had she somehow fallen in love with him at first sight during their encounter in the alley?

But then, Jules shook his head. That seemed impossible to believe. Cole was standing right there beside Elliana—more handsome, obviously richer, and clearly a much more skilled fighter. There was no logical reason she would choose him over a man like Cole, especially not right in front of Cole's face. But it didn't matter now. His beloved idol wanted to kiss him. Should he let her do it?

Jules remained frozen in place like a statue. His internal battle between excitement and hesitation played out clearly across his face.

All around him, the men in black rolled their eyes at exactly the same time. Jules was usually smart enough when his brain was actually working. But the moment his idol appeared, his intelligence seemed to drop to the level of a small child. Being stuck on such an important mission with a leader like this felt like the worst possible luck.

Katrina's face showed nothing but pure disgust as she watched Jules. She was practically vibrating with the urge to kick his legs out from under him and drag him back to reality.

When Elliana saw that Jules was still standing there like a fool, she decided to push him a little further. She made an exaggerated show of starting to turn away from him. "Well, if you're not interested in coming over here, then I guess I'll just have to leave."

"No, please wait! Don't go anywhere!" Jules shouted desperately. He immediately started running after her without giving it a second thought. He moved so quickly that Katrina didn't even have time to grab him and stop his stupidity.

The instant Jules stepped outside the protective circle formed by his men, Elliana spun around with lightning speed. She threw a small pouch at his face with perfect aim.

A thick cloud of fine, glittering powder exploded all around Jules. It was exactly the same dangerous substance Elliana had used during their last encounter. Soulsorch.

The sweet, familiar scent hit Jules's nose and instantly snapped him back to his senses. But his moment of clarity came far too late to save him.

Soulsorch was not the kind of drug that could be fought off through willpower alone. Before Jules could even begin to curse himself for being such a complete fool, his legs buckled beneath him. He collapsed to the cold ground at Elliana's feet like a puppet whose strings had been cut.

Every single one of his men winced at the same time. Their leader had been completely defeated before the real battle had even begun. The whole situation was so ridiculous that it was almost painful to watch. At least Katrina was still standing and ready to fight. They would simply have to pretend Jules wasn't lying unconscious on the ground and follow her orders instead.

Elliana calmly brushed the last traces of powder from her hands. She turned toward Jason with a satisfied smile on her face. "He's going to be unconscious for at least a couple of hours. Now you won't have to worry about accidentally hurting him when the real fighting starts. Make sure you take him with you when you're done here." Then, she looked over at

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Cole, her smile growing even brighter. "I'm ready to go now. Let's get out of here."



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