

Chapter 693 Terrifying Figure

After knocking Jules unconscious, Elliana and Cole headed straight for their private jet without giving Katrina or her army of black-clad assassins a second thought.

Elliana had already tested Katrina's abilities during their previous encounter. She knew that Jason's presence alone was more than enough to handle whatever threat Katrina might pose.

As for the group of killers Katrina had brought, they were obviously skilled professionals, but Jason had brought an impressive force of the Evans family's most elite security personnel. Even if neither side could claim total victory, they could definitely hold their ground. At worst, the fight would end in a draw.

Elliana and Cole had already worked out these calculations in their heads and weren't worried about the outcome. Right now, their only concern was saving Taylor. The mysterious man on the phone had given them just thirty minutes to reach him, and every second they wasted here could mean the difference between life and death for Taylor.

Watching Elliana walk away without even bothering to look back at her, Katrina felt rage explode in her chest like a bomb.

How dare this woman act so dismissively! Did she think she was untouchable just because she'd won their last fight?

"Elliana, stop right there!" Katrina screamed at her retreating figure.

Elliana stopped and turned around slowly. "What do you want?"

"I came here tonight to kill you!" Katrina snarled, her voice shaking with fury. "You think you can just walk away from me?"

"So because you've announced that you want to kill me, I'm supposed to just stand here and make it easy for you?" Elliana replied, a hint of amusement creeping into her voice. "If you think you can actually stop me, then try it. Otherwise, get out of my way."

Without waiting for a response, Elliana turned back toward the jet and continued walking. Cole stayed right beside her, matching her confident stride.

The casual dismissal was more than Katrina could bear. Humiliated and furious beyond reason, she shouted orders to her team of assassins, "Take her down!"

The moment Katrina gave the command, the assassins sprang into action—but they'd barely taken three steps when a solid wall of Evans family guards emerged from the surrounding shadows. With Jason at their center, they formed an unbreakable human shield between the attackers and their targets.

The visual contrast between the two groups was striking and almost cinematic.

The Evans bodyguards wore sharp, perfectly tailored black business suits that made them look like a disciplined corporate army. The Serpent Society assassins, on the other hand, were dressed in traditional black martial arts uniforms with masks covering their faces, giving them the appearance of ancient warriors.

One group represented order and modern power, while the other embodied chaos and old-world violence.

But this wasn't some movie where good and evil were clearly defined. Everyone here was fighting for their own reasons, and none of them cared about concepts like justice or morality.

Jason held his position, his piercing gaze fixed directly on Katrina.

But Katrina barely noticed him. Her attention was focused on the wall of bodyguards blocking her path and on the distant figures of Elliana and Cole, who were getting smaller and smaller as they approached their jet. A wave of pure panic started rising in her chest.

"Who the hell do you think you are?" Katrina spat at Jason. "Move aside if you want to keep breathing!"

Behind his mask, Jason's expression was hidden, but the slight smile on his lips was full of contempt. "You traveled all this way to assassinate someone without doing proper research first? You don't even know who

I am, yet you're bold enough to make threats?"

He put special emphasis on the final words, and a dangerous energy seemed to radiate from his entire body.

Everyone present felt an unnatural chill, as if the temperature had suddenly dropped by several degrees.

Katrina had initially written Jason off as just another bodyguard, but the commanding tone of his voice made her spine tingle with involuntary fear. Suddenly, he seemed less like a man and more like an angel of death. Had she gravely underestimated him?

"Tell me who you are," Katrina demanded, though her voice had lost some of its earlier arrogance.

This time, Jason decided to answer her question. "Jason Evans."

Jason Evans? The name hit Katrina and her team of assassins like a physical blow to the stomach. Jason rarely appeared in public, so very few people had ever actually seen his face. But his reputation was legendary throughout the criminal underworld. Everyone had heard stories about the "Guardian of the Evans Family."

Katrina couldn't believe that the man standing in front of her was actually that same terrifying figure from the stories. She craned her neck and tried to peer through a gap in the line of bodyguards. In the distance, she could see Elliana and Cole already climbing the steps to board their private jet. If she wanted any chance of reaching Elliana tonight, she would have to break through the defensive wall that Jason commanded. But Jason wouldn't be defeated easily, and she knew it.

Katrina had never actually fought against Jason before, but his reputation was enough to make her cautious. Even if she could somehow manage to beat him, it would be a brutal, drawn-out battle. Killing Elliana tonight was now impossible. Damn it! She had spent weeks preparing for this moment, bringing the Serpent Society's most elite and deadly assassins with her. But she had failed to account for Jason's presence, and that oversight was going to cost her everything.

Today was the deadline that Maxine had given Katrina. If she failed to eliminate Elliana tonight, by tomorrow morning, she would be stripped of her position as the Griffiths family heiress. Once that title was taken

away from her, she would become completely vulnerable to all the enemies she had made over the years. Despite the hopeless odds, she had to take the risk. There was no other choice left.

Clenching her jaw, Katrina gave the final order. "Attack them!"

The assassins hesitated for a moment, clearly stunned by the command. Charging head-on against someone like Jason, who was backed up by dozens of Evans family elite guards, wasn't Katrina basically ordering them to commit suicide? But when they looked at Katrina's face, they could see that she was completely serious about this desperate gamble.

As top-level assassins of the Serpent Society, absolute obedience was the most important rule they lived by. No matter how reckless or suicidal an order might seem, even if it meant charging straight into their own graves, they had to follow their leader's commands. After a brief moment of tense silence, the black-clad assassins suddenly launched themselves forward in a coordinated assault that would determine all of their fates.