

Chapter 703 Alive

The terrible truth had finally come to light—Jason had likely somehow discovered that the chip controlling Taylor's mind and the deadly attack on Cole during the concert had something to do with Irene.

Consumed by overwhelming guilt about Taylor being commanded to leap from the cliff under the chip's influence, Jason had believed the only way to make amends for his mother's terrible crimes was to sacrifice his own life.

The fact that Jason's phone was now traced to the bottom of that same cliff seemed to confirm the worst: he had jumped.

However, as the reality of the situation sank in for Elliana and Cole, instead of being overwhelmed by sorrow, they found themselves filled with an unexpected surge of hope.

The discovery of Jason's phone at the base of the cliff revealed something remarkable that changed everything. The device was still functioning, its signal was broadcasting clearly, its exact position could be determined, and it was even capable of receiving incoming calls. This wasn't merely encouraging news—it was absolutely miraculous.

By all logical reasoning, any phone that had fallen from such an enormous height should have been completely destroyed on impact. If the phone had somehow managed to survive the fall relatively undamaged, then there was a very real possibility that Jason had also lived through the terrible plunge.

Whatever mysterious force had cushioned their deadly descent remained a complete puzzle—something they would have to witness with their own eyes to truly understand.

But if something had indeed broken their fall and saved them from certain death, then it meant that both Jason and Taylor might actually still be alive.

This thought sent a surge of renewed energy through both Elliana and

Cole as they shared a look of cautious optimism and began making immediate preparations to join the rescue operation.

Right at that moment, Bertram's name appeared on Cole's phone screen.

Cole quickly accepted the call.

Bertram's voice came through sounding completely distraught and panicked. He described Irene's total mental collapse and mentioned a disturbing message that Ruben had received from Jason, his words breaking with emotion as he pleaded, "Could you tell me what has happened to my son?"

Since Bertram was Jason's father, he had every right to hear the complete truth about the situation. Cole held nothing back as he explained the entire chain of devastating events from beginning to end.

When Cole finished, Bertram let out a string of vicious curses through gritted teeth. "That evil Irene! I should have gotten rid of her years ago when I had the chance. I'm going to strangle her with my bare hands and put an end to this nightmare once and for all!"

"Please calm down," Cole said firmly. "Jason made this choice specifically to shield her from the consequences, to pay for her sins without letting the world know what she had done. Out of respect for his sacrifice, you have to leave her alone. Besides, she's already lost her mind. Right now, the only thing that matters is tracking down Jason and Taylor."

Bertram thought Jason was such a fool, but he couldn't help being moved by the depth of Jason's selfless sacrifice. He released a long, shuddering breath. "Please, you have to take charge of this rescue operation. There's nobody else I trust with this. I'll remain here at home and pray for good news."

"I give you my word that I'll do absolutely everything within my power to bring them home," Cole vowed.

The moment he ended the call, Cole immediately gave orders for the rescue team to begin their mission.

Elliana insisted on coming with them. Cole tried his best to talk her out of it. "You're four months into your pregnancy, Elliana. You need rest,

especially after staying awake all night. Please just wait at the hotel."

But Elliana's resolve was unshakeable. "I can't explain it, but I can feel something calling to me from the bottom of that cliff. It's like some invisible force is drawing me there. You have to trust what I'm telling you, Cole. I absolutely have to be part of this search."

Cole knew he couldn't stop her. She had never been the type of woman who needed to be protected and coddled like some fragile ornament. She was a strong, determined person with unbreakable willpower. Once she had set her mind on something, no force could change her course.

And so, the two of them climbed aboard the rescue helicopter together and took off into the sky, heading toward the endless expanse of wilderness that stretched out below them.

At that very moment, Jason was slowly emerging from a hazy fog of unconsciousness. His final clear memory was the brutal impact when his spine collided with a thick tree branch during his terrifying descent. The explosion of agony had been so intense that darkness had swallowed him whole, stealing away all awareness in an instant.

He had been absolutely convinced that when his body finally struck the forest floor, it would be smashed beyond recognition, leaving him to become just another forgotten casualty buried deep in this remote wilderness.

But when his eyes finally fluttered open to reveal the vibrant green canopy stretching endlessly above him, confusion overwhelmed every other sensation. He remained perfectly still for what seemed like hours, his mind struggling desperately to piece together how he could possibly still be breathing.

He stayed motionless in that spot for a considerable amount of time.

Gradually, as golden rays of sunlight began penetrating the thick forest ceiling and warming his bruised face, the fog clouding his thoughts started to lift. Was it actually possible that he was still among the living? Had he somehow cheated death itself?

To confirm this incredible possibility, he attempted to shift his position slightly. A lightning bolt of pure torment shot through his spine, but the very intensity of that pain served as proof of his survival. He was indeed

still alive.

Underneath his aching body lay an enormous mountain of decomposing leaves that had accumulated over countless seasons, creating a natural cushion soft enough to save his life through some miraculous stroke of luck.

His physical form remained surprisingly whole. During his plummeting journey toward the ground, he had crashed through several small branches, but they had been fragile enough to inflict only shallow cuts and scrapes across his skin. No bones appeared to be broken, no organs seemed to be damaged. Against every possible odd, he had emerged from this nightmare relatively intact.

This realization crashed over him like a tidal wave of pure relief, igniting a small flame of hope deep within his chest. Both he and Taylor had leaped from that same deadly precipice. If somehow he had managed to survive this impossible fall, then maybe Taylor had also escaped the jaws of death.

This thought made him twist his head around frantically, his eyes searching every inch of the surrounding forest floor.

And there, just a short distance away, Jason spotted exactly what he had been praying to find. Taylor's motionless form was resting peacefully on the same cushioning pile of ancient leaves. His arms and legs appeared to be positioned normally, his head was still attached to his shoulders, and most importantly, there were no pools of crimson spreading across the ground beneath his body.

Jason was positioned too far away to feel for a heartbeat or check Taylor's vital signs, but he could clearly observe the gentle, rhythmic movement of Taylor's chest rising and falling. His breathing looked calm and regular, as though he were simply enjoying a peaceful afternoon nap.

The sight of Taylor appearing uninjured and whole sent waves of pure joy coursing through Jason's entire being. He tried to force his battered body into an upright position, but even the smallest attempt at movement sent flames of agony racing up and down his damaged spine. After making several painful attempts to sit up, he finally surrendered to his physical limitations.

"Taylor!" Jason managed to call out, though his voice came out rough

and scratchy.

He repeated Taylor's name over and over again, each call growing more desperate than the last, but no matter how loudly he yelled, there was no response.

A cold knot of fear began forming in Jason's stomach. Had Taylor suffered injuries too severe to hear or respond to his name?