

Chapter 705 Reunion

Thanks to the precise location of Jason's phone, the rescue operation didn't have to waste time searching blindly across the wilderness. The helicopters positioned themselves directly above the signal source, their pilots scanning desperately for any suitable landing zone, but the impenetrable jungle below offered no viable options.

This was an ancient, untouched forest—filled with massive trees that had been growing for a thousand years, some reaching heights of 150 meters and creating such a dense network of branches overhead that sunlight barely penetrated to the ground below. Looking down from the helicopters, the rescue team couldn't see even a glimpse of the ground through that thick green barrier.

The only way to reach Jason and Taylor would be for the rescuers to descend on ropes, fighting their way down through the thick layers of branches and leaves that stood in their path.

When Taylor caught sight of the rescue markings painted on the sides of the helicopters circling overhead, he grabbed Jason's sleeve and shook it with barely contained excitement. "Jason, look! Do you think they're coming for us?"

"Without a doubt," Jason responded with complete confidence radiating from his voice. "Cole must have sent them. Nobody else would bother mounting a rescue operation—they'd all just assume we were killed on impact. But Cole? He'd tear this entire forest apart looking for us, even if all that remained was a single thread from our clothing."

Taylor's head bobbed up and down in agreement, his heart filled with absolute certainty.

That was exactly the kind of person Cole had always been to everyone in the Evans family—their rock, their protector, the person they could always count on, no matter how desperate the situation seemed.

Suddenly, the distinct sound of a phone ringing cut through the forest silence.

Jason turned his head toward the noise and spotted his phone resting on the leaves nearby, its screen lighting up to show an incoming call from Cole.

Taylor noticed it at exactly the same moment. "It's Cole calling!" he shouted with joy.

A massive surge of relief flooded through Jason's entire body as he reached out to grab the phone and accepted the call. "Cole!"

The sound of Jason's voice seemed to lift an enormous weight off Cole's shoulders. "Jason—thank God. Are you hurt? How bad is it?"

"Nothing I can't handle," Jason assured him quickly. "Just some cuts and bruises, but I'm in one piece. Taylor's right here beside me. He also made it through the fall."

Cole released a long, trembling breath. "I can't tell you how happy I am to hear that. Listen, I'm directly above your position right now with the rescue team. We're working on getting down to you, so just stay where you are and stay safe."

"Understood," Jason replied firmly.

The moment Jason ended the call, he moved to help Taylor stand up, but his movements came to an abrupt halt. His blood turned to ice in his veins as he realized they were no longer alone. Multiple pairs of glowing eyes had materialized from the shadows all around them—wild, predatory, and full of hunger.

As those eyes emerged from the darkness, the air itself seemed to grow colder, sending shivers of primal fear racing down their spines.

Every trace of relief vanished from Jason's expression. Fighting through the screaming pain radiating from his injured back, he lunged forward and grabbed a sturdy fallen branch from the ground, gripping it like a weapon as his body instinctively prepared for combat.

Taylor stood frozen in place, paralyzed by pure terror. "There are so many wolves surrounding us! What are we supposed to do? Are they going to tear us apart and eat us?"

Jason kept his gaze locked on the pack of predators slowly closing in

from all sides. Without taking his eyes off them, he spoke urgently to Taylor. "Get the phone. Call Cole back right now. Tell him exactly what's happening down here and make sure his people know they're dropping into a wolf pack."

"Right—okay!" Taylor's hands shook violently as he fumbled with the phone, struggling to hit the right buttons while his fear threatened to overwhelm him.

Cole's voice came through the speaker almost immediately, sharp with concern but controlled. "Taylor, listen to me carefully. I need you to stay calm. We can see your position from up here. My men are already on the ropes—they're coming down to you right now!"

After disconnecting the call, Cole immediately addressed the entire rescue squad. "Everyone needs to arm themselves right now! There's a wolf pack surrounding Taylor and Jason on the ground!"

Every team member had understood from the beginning that this ancient forest would present serious dangers, but Cole's urgent warning sent electricity surging through their veins as they double-checked their safety equipment. They had all mentally prepared themselves for potential wildlife encounters, but nobody had anticipated they'd need to fight off predators before their feet even made contact with solid earth.

While Elliana fastened the final clip on her rappelling harness into its locked position, Cole made one more desperate attempt to stop her. "I'm begging you to reconsider this. The situation down there is extremely dangerous. Please, for our babies' sake, stay here."

Her hands moved with practiced efficiency, and her voice carried an edge that left no room for debate. "You're wasting precious seconds arguing with me. I already explained that I'm experiencing a strong instinct pulling me toward something down there that I need to witness with my own eyes. I'm making this descent whether you approve or not."

Recognizing that continuing to argue would be completely pointless, Cole attached his own descent line and launched himself out of the helicopter's open door. Elliana followed immediately on his heels.

As they dropped through the scattered openings in the leafy canopy above, the crisis unfolding on the forest floor came into crystal-clear view. The pack of wolves was steadily closing the distance toward

Jason and Taylor, who had positioned themselves with their backs pressed together, each one clutching a heavy tree branch as their only means of defense.

While still dangling in the air above the scene, the rescue team members raised their tranquilizer dart rifles to their shoulders and opened fire on the advancing wolves.

The wolves that took direct hits from the sedative-filled darts dropped instantly to the ground without making a sound, and the remaining pack members, thoroughly unnerved by watching their companions fall mysteriously from an unseen threat above, turned and bolted back into the dense vegetation.

The immediate crisis had been neutralized.

The rescue team touched down on the ground within seconds, and Jason and Taylor came sprinting toward them with obvious relief written across their faces.

The instant Cole's and Jason's eyes locked onto each other, they closed the distance and crashed together in a tight embrace.

These two men represented the twin foundations upon which the entire Evans family's future would be built—one carrying the weight of the family's financial empire on his shoulders, the other standing as their shield against all external threats—and the connection between them transcended ordinary friendship or even blood relation. This moment of reunion felt like being granted an impossible second chance at existence itself.

No words passed between them because none were necessary. The fierce, desperate way they clung to each other communicated everything that language could never adequately express.

Having both stared into the horrifying possibility of permanent loss of each other, their relationship had evolved beyond a simple family bond into something forged in the fires of survival. The unspoken vow that passed between them was beautifully simple and completely unbreakable. They would remain united for the rest of their lives, defending their family side by side, no matter what challenges the future might bring.

However, their moment of relief and celebration proved tragically brief. From the pitch-black shadows lurking between the massive ancient tree trunks, the wolves began materializing once again from the darkness. This time, when they emerged, there were significantly more of them. Far, far more than before.



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