

Chapter 730 Decision Made

When Elliana turned toward him, Jason tried hard to keep his emotions in check. "Tell me what you need," he said, his voice cracking despite his effort to stay composed.

Though his face was hidden behind his mask, the tremor in his tone gave him away. Every word carried the weight of worry and heartbreak he couldn't disguise.

Elliana felt deeply moved. Even after discovering that she was Lexi—his sworn enemy—he had let go of their past without hesitation. She said with a faint, grateful smile, "Jason, thank you for protecting me. Cole trusts you more than anyone. Before he left, he put me and the babies in your care. I trust you too. But there's something I need to ask of you—something only you can do for me."

"Anything," Jason answered quickly, his voice low and trembling despite his effort to steady it.

Elliana smiled gently, trying to ease his heart. "If anything goes wrong during delivery—if it comes down to me or the babies—please save the babies. When Cole comes back, make sure they're safe in his arms. And tell him I'm sorry I couldn't walk the rest of this road with him."

"Don't say that!" Jason burst out, his voice raw and sharp with emotion.

The words came harsher than he meant, laced with fear and helplessness. Elliana discerned his concern. She offered a small smile. "I'm only preparing for the worst. As long as I have breath left, I'll fight to stay alive."

Since losing her mother's protection at five, she had stared death in the face more times than she could count. Even the Grim Reaper must have grown weary of chasing her. She wouldn't go down easily. But surviving wasn't the same as being invincible. She simply wanted to settle things while she still could—so she'd have no regrets if the end came.

Jason knew she was no quitter. Yet, hearing her speak that way tore at

him. He couldn't bear the thought of losing her—not even in words. She had asked him to save the babies if the worst happened, but he couldn't accept that. To him, her safety came first, no matter the cost. Even if it came to choosing between his life and hers, he wouldn't hesitate to give up his own. It was an unrequited love—a quiet devotion known only to him. But it burned fiercely all the same. He would give her everything, even if she never returned his feelings.

Jason was the kind of man who either didn't love at all, or loved with every ounce of his soul. Once he gave his heart, he would burn himself to ashes for that person, asking nothing in return. No one knew that he had already made his decision.

Elliana sensed his affection, but she had no idea how deep it ran—how consuming it truly was. When he didn't argue, she took it as agreement, and a calm peace washed over her. As a mother, this was all she could do now—bring her children safely into the world, let them meet their father, and give them the chance to live freely.

With that burden lifted, she added, "Jason, I'm sorry. For being your enemy all these years... And for hurting you. From now on, Star Society will never stand against Moonveil again."

Then, she glanced at Matthew. He caught her meaning immediately. "Don't worry. I'll keep Star Society in check. There'll be no more clashes with Moonveil. And when Donovan returns, I'll do everything I can to make him let go of the past."

Satisfied with his words, Elliana turned again to Jason.

"And Moonveil will never raise arms against Star Society," Jason promised. "I'll speak to Seth and try to help her let go of the grudges too."

Neither Jason nor Elliana truly knew how the feud between Donovan and Seth began. What kind of bitterness could run so deep that it bred years of war, passed down like a curse to their own protégés? But now, they had chosen differently. They had defied their mentors and broken the chain of hate. They both knew they would face their mentors' wrath when they returned—but that didn't matter. The thought of their anger even drew faint smiles to their faces.

The peace was shattered when a sharp contraction gripped Elliana. Her hands clenched, and she bit down hard, fighting through the pain. "It's

time," she gasped. "Take me to the operating room."

The medical team rushed into motion, wheeling her away in a blur of urgency.

The operating room sat on the third floor. The hospital was locked down tight, guarded by dozens of bodyguards on every level, with patrols circling the grounds outside.

Jason and Matthew stayed on alert, their attention unwavering.

Outside, the storm had turned wild again. Rain hammered against the glass, thunder roared overhead, and lightning split the sky. The noise was deafening, drowning the world in chaos. Each flash of lightning lit the dark hillside in a cold, ghostly glow, sending chills through everyone who saw it.