

Chapter 731 Miguel Came

The storm hammered down through the dead of night, turning the guards' task into something near impossible. Rain blurred every surveillance camera scattered across the hospital grounds. Even the courtyard feeds showed nothing but ghostly, distorted shapes moving through the deluge.

If danger approached, they would have no warning. Their only option was to fortend the building where Elliana rested, waiting for a threat they couldn't see until it reached their doorstep.

After a sharp, urgent discussion, Jason and Matthew chose to fortify from within. Matthew claimed the first floor as his domain. Jason stationed himself on the third.

Both understood what the night would bring. Their enemies were coming, and they would arrive in numbers. Whether Maxine's forces or Miguel's, the assault would test them brutally.

Outside, the guards sharpened their vigilance. Inside the delivery room, Elliana channeled every ounce of her strength toward preparing for a safe birth. Paulina stayed close, a steady and reassuring presence at her side.

Elliana's water had broken, but labor hadn't begun. Now came the waiting.

Elliana refused a cesarean section unless absolutely unavoidable. Anesthesia meant surrendering consciousness. If something went wrong while she lay unconscious, she would be defenseless. She couldn't protect herself. She couldn't protect her babies.

She committed herself to natural delivery instead. That way, she would stay awake. Even if her body couldn't move freely, if danger breached the room, she could still guide those around her and fight with her mind.

Once they settled Elliana in the operating room, she worked to steady her racing pulse and swallowed a specialized pill she had formulated herself. She hoped the medication would ease any signs of difficult labor and smooth the path for delivery.

Her pharmaceutical knowledge was unmatched. After she took the pill, her condition began to stabilize. The medical staff exhaled in collective relief as they watched her vital signs level out across the monitors.

The delivery room had been soundproofed, transformed into a quiet refuge. Aside from the occasional distant growl of thunder, no other noise penetrated the space. As they waited in that hushed stillness, the medical team began to shed their earlier tension.

But though Elliana and Paulina wore masks of calm, they both knew the reality. Danger crept closer with each passing moment.

Then it struck. A thunderclap erupted, so violent that it seemed to rattle the hospital's foundation. The main gate was smashed open. Men draped in black raincoats surged through the opening, colliding instantly with the bodyguards stationed in the courtyard.

Whether they served Maxine or Miguel remained unclear, but their intent was unmistakable. They had come prepared. Every man carried a weapon. They wasted no breath on words. Their sole objective was breaching the building.

The instant the assault began, reports cascaded to Jason and Matthew.

Jason couldn't abandon the third floor. The possibility haunted him that someone might scale the walls, slip through a window, and reach Elliana or the babies. He had to remain posted outside the operating room, the final barrier between them and harm.

Matthew would have to face the onslaught at the main entrance alone. He seized command without hesitation. His orders cut through the chaos of battle, directing the Star Society members to hold their position at any cost. Eliminating the enemy would be ideal, but their primary objective was absolute. The intruders could not breach the upper floors. They could not get anywhere near Elliana.

More men draped in black raincoats flooded in from the storm, a relentless tide of trained fighters.

But Star Society harbored its own elite warriors, men not to be dismissed lightly. Matthew himself was a formidable opponent. Though the attackers pressed forward with savage intensity, shattering Matthew's defensive line proved impossible.

The two forces locked in a brutal stalemate. The intruders couldn't advance a single inch.

"Useless fools!" A furious roar tore through the chaos from somewhere beyond the entrance.

The effect was immediate. The men in black halted mid-strike and then swiftly withdrew, falling back to form two disciplined lines flanking either side of the doorway.

From his position at the hallway junction, Matthew's eyes narrowed to slits.

This was unmistakable—the leader of the men in black had arrived. He steadied himself, curious to witness what manner of man inspired such instant obedience.

The main doors swept open. A tall figure stepped through the threshold. He wore a long black trench coat that fell past his knees, paired with leather shoes polished to a mirror shine. A black mask concealed the lower half of his face. His hair was cropped short and meticulously styled, lending him an air of polish and refinement. But that veneer of elegance dissolved beneath an overwhelming aura of threat.

His eyes were the most striking feature—twin blades that seemed to slice through the air. A single glance felt like a wound opening across skin. Though he had crossed through the storm, he carried with him a cold, damp chill that permeated the space. A subordinate hovered at his shoulder, angling an umbrella with such precision that not a single raindrop had marred his immaculate clothing.

This was Miguel, though no one present recognized him. Tonight, he had come in person. His objective had always been capturing Elliana, but on any ordinary day, she remained untouchable. Cole's constant vigilance, Arthur's and Milton's presence—they formed an impenetrable wall. His operatives could never breach that defense. So tonight, he had chosen to handle matters himself.

Miguel had been searching for a way to draw her protectors away when, with delicious irony, his rival moved first.

Others might not have understood who secretly controlled SerpentFang, but Miguel knew. It was a force operating under the Serpent Society. By

abducting Sophie, Maxine had successfully pulled Cole away from Elliana's side.

But Maxine's reach extended only so far. She had failed to dislodge Arthur and Milton.

When it became apparent Maxine could offer nothing more, Miguel had recognized his opening and seized it. Though he and Maxine were sworn enemies, in this particular game, their objectives aligned perfectly. With a video showing Rita plunging into the sea and a vial containing her blood, he had dispatched Arthur and Milton on a futile chase to Skythread Gorge.