

Chapter 733 Standoff

Matthew's subordinates hesitated. Matthew hadn't even lasted ten rounds against Miguel. What hope did they have? If they stood in Miguel's way, he would tear through them one after another, like slicing through ripe fruit.

But the Star Society members had never known fear. They didn't run from battles—and tonight wouldn't be the first time they did.

The moment Matthew spoke, every member of Star Society braced themselves. With a defiant roar, they surged toward Miguel.

Naturally, Miguel's men didn't stand idle. The instant Star Society members charged, they surged forward to intercept, and chaos exploded through the lobby.

Without Matthew to lead and under Miguel's crushing presence, Star Society's ranks quickly fell apart. One by one, they went down, their resistance fading fast.

Miguel had no patience for the scuffle. He turned toward the staircase, flanked by his black-clad guards. He wouldn't risk the elevator—it wasn't under his control, and if the enemy shut it down, they'd be trapped like rats. The stairs were his only safe route.

Seeing Miguel move for the staircase, Matthew, still sprawled on the floor, clenched his teeth and shouted, "Stop him!"

A handful of Star Society members scrambled to block Miguel's way, but their efforts were in vain. He brushed past them like they were nothing more than paper.

Without a glance back, Miguel set his foot on the first step and began his steady climb to the second floor.

Up on the third floor, Jason stood before a row of monitors, watching the chaos unfold below. He didn't recognize the man on the screen, but the sheer power in the man's movements told him all he needed to know.

The name came to him instantly—Miguel Griffiths. And Miguel was here to take Elliana away.

Jason had watched the fight between Miguel and Matthew without blinking. He knew exactly how terrifying Miguel's strength was. He also knew one grim truth—he wouldn't be able to stop Miguel if Miguel reached the third floor. And with Maxine expected any moment, the situation was hanging by a thread.

His fists clenched until his knuckles turned white. His gaze fixed on the operating room door, unwavering and fierce. That door would not open for any enemy—not while he was still breathing. Anyone who wanted through would have to walk over his dead body.

With that thought burning in his chest, Jason turned to his subordinates. "All of you, get to the second floor. You can't stop that man, but you can stall him. Hold him off as long as you can."

They needed time. Time for Elliana. Time for something—anything—to change.

"Yes!"

Without hesitation, Jason's subordinates rushed down the stairs, leaving Jason standing guard alone outside the operating room.

The subordinates were among the Evans family's finest, but even they couldn't stand up to Miguel's power. They fought valiantly, managing to delay him for only thirty minutes.

About thirty minutes later, Miguel reached the third floor, his men following close behind. He stopped in front of the operating room.

Jason stood waiting, every muscle tense, his eyes locked on Miguel.

Behind Jason, the men transferred from Moonveil had arrived and formed a solid line, their faces calm, their fear buried deep.

Miguel stopped about fifteen feet away, glancing up at the glowing surgical light above the door.

Just then, a nurse stepped out of the operating room, completely unaware of the danger filling the corridor. Seeing the group of men, she assumed they were Cole's bodyguards assigned to protect Elliana.

Without a hint of fear, the nurse hurried off to fetch supplies, heading toward Miguel.

Jason didn't stop her. His eyes never left Miguel's face.

Miguel, in contrast, looked almost casual—too calm for someone in the middle of a standoff. As the nurse walked by, he offered her a faint, polite smile. "Excuse me. Has Mrs. Evans given birth yet?"

The nurse paused, taken by his refined air, mistaking him for a relative. "Not yet. But the signs of dystocia are improving. It looks like she'll be able to deliver naturally."

With a polite nod, she hurried on her way.

Jason's jaw tightened. He hadn't wanted Miguel to learn anything about Elliana's condition, but it had happened too quickly to stop.

Once the nurse disappeared down the hall, Miguel turned back to Jason, his lips curling into a mocking smile. "I've heard the name Jason Evans before—a young man with promise. Seeing you now, I'd say the rumors fall short. You've got quite the presence."

Now that Miguel knew Elliana hadn't given birth, his urgency had melted away. He seemed almost amused—ready to talk.

Jason, knowing he needed to buy more time, matched his tone with a cold smile of his own. "You flatter me, Miguel Griffiths."

For a brief second, Miguel's expression froze. He hadn't expected Jason to identify him so quickly. Then, he chuckled—a low, dangerous sound. "So you've already figured me out. Smart man. Since that's the case, there's no need for pretense."