

Chapter 740 Stop A Battle

When Maxine stepped out of the operating room with the baby girl in her arms, every eye in the hallway turned to her.

Miguel arched an eyebrow but said nothing. All he wanted was Elliana. Whether Elliana's babies lived or died—or whose hands they ended up in—didn't matter to him in the slightest.

Jason's reaction, however, was different. His glare was sharp, his body coiled as if ready to spring and snatch the baby back. But before he could move, a harsh cough tore through him, and blood spilled from his lips.

Miguel's kicks had done more than shatter ribs—they'd wrecked Jason's insides. Jason could barely stand, let alone fight someone like Maxine. In his condition, even a street thug could have brought him down.

The sight made his men's hearts twist in pain. "Mr. Evans, please rest," one pleaded, voice thick with worry. "We'll get the baby back, even if it costs us our lives!"

They gently eased Jason onto a nearby bench and then turned to face Maxine, ready to fight.

Maxine's guards moved instantly, forming a human barrier. The tension grew thick enough to cut. Both sides stood ready, one wrong move away from a bloodbath.

Maxine's voice broke the silence—calm, almost cold. "You're talented, Jason. I respect that. But if you keep this up, I won't show mercy. Are you sure you want your men to die here tonight?"

Leaning weakly against the bench, Jason met her gaze, eyes burning with defiance. "As long as I'm breathing, you're not taking that child."

"I won't hurt the baby," Maxine said, her tone laced with puzzlement. "Even Elliana didn't fight me on this. Why waste your dying breath? Do you want your men to die for nothing?"

Jason knew she was right. He couldn't win this fight. Refusing to back down would only lead to his death—and his men's. But how could he just sit and watch Maxine take Elliana's baby away? If he let Maxine walk away, how could he ever face Cole—or Elliana—again?

A bitter laugh escaped Jason. Then, he dropped his gaze to the floor. His men, loyal to the core, understood instantly. No words were needed. This was a battle to the death. They had trained under him, followed him for years. Fear had no place among them.

The moment Jason's head lowered, his men charged.

Maxine hadn't expected such blind resolve. She already had what she came for—Elliana's daughter—and she wanted no more blood spilled tonight. But Jason seemed determined to throw his life away, and there was nothing left to say.

As Jason's men surged forward, Maxine gave her guards a subtle signal—a silent order to end it swiftly. At once, their demeanor hardened. They moved like shadows, ready to strike.

Just then, the operating room door burst open. Paulina rushed out, her cry cutting through the rising chaos. "Stop!"

Everything froze.

Jason turned sharply toward her, eyes wide.

Paulina's lashes were wet with tears, but her voice held steady. She looked every bit like a rose standing tall against the storm. Her gaze swept over the room before landing on Jason. "Elliana said your life matters more than anything else."

The meaning was clear—let it go. No more blood.

Jason's chest tightened. His eyes burned redder, guilt clawing at him. Elliana was trying to save him—to save them all—and he couldn't even protect her when she needed him most.

Paulina then turned to Maxine. Her tone was calm, neither fearful nor rude. "Ms. Griffiths, Elliana asks that you treat her daughter kindly and do not harm her."

Maxine's lips curved into a faint smile. "Elliana is wise. She knows when to bend, unlike some reckless fool who'd rather die making a scene." Her gaze flicked briefly to Jason before returning to Paulina. "Tell Elliana not to worry. I will make her daughter the Griffiths heiress. I'll treasure her daughter—why would I ever let harm come to her?"

With that, Maxine turned toward the stairwell, the baby safe in her arms. Her men fell into formation, shielding her as they left.

In moments, the hall was empty.

Miguel, who had watched the entire standoff without a word, merely rolled his neck and sighed. Whether they fought or not didn't matter to him. Either way, it was all the same show.

As silence settled again, Miguel tilted his head, listening for sounds from the operating room. Elliana was still in labor with the second child.

Paulina threw a cautious glance at Miguel before walking to Jason's side. She held out a small pill. "Elliana wanted you to take this. It'll stop the bleeding and help you heal."

Anything from Elliana could be trusted.

Jason took the pill and swallowed it dry. "How is she?" he asked, his voice strained.

"She's still in labor. I have to go back to her." With one last worried look, Paulina hurried back inside.

The corridor fell quiet once more. Minutes dragged like hours until, at last, a sharp, clear cry filled the air—the sound of new life.