

Chapter 742 Enemies In Love

Elliana pulled a poker face, her tone flat and her manner rude, while Miguel was in unusually high spirits. A low chuckle rumbled from his chest and rolled down the hallway.

From a man like him, that sound was nothing short of eerie. His men, used to his ruthless silence, exchanged uneasy looks. None of them had ever heard him laugh—not with such genuine delight.

Unbothered by their discomfort, Miguel's eyes softened as he looked at Elliana. "Even your temper," he said with a wistful smile. "You really are your mother's daughter."

Elliana's brows knitted, disgust flashing across her face. His voice carried a warmth that made her skin crawl. A man her mother despised had no right to speak of her with such familiarity. Her parents had shared a love that ran deep, yet this madman had always found a way to wedge himself into their lives. It was revolting to even think about it.

"You're clever," Miguel said, his tone calm despite the fire in her eyes. "You already know why I'm here. You're coming with me. Everything else doesn't matter. If you cooperate, no one gets hurt. But if you resist..." His voice dropped, soft as silk but sharp as a knife. "Your son will pay the price first."

The words sliced through her like a blade. He was using her son to threaten her. Her head jerked up, eyes blazing. If she hadn't been so weak from giving birth, she would have thrown herself at him without hesitation. No mother could bear seeing her child used as a pawn.

But she steadied her breathing, forcing her fury behind a mask of calm. Her expression was unreadable, though her heart raged like a storm. After a long silence, she said quietly, "I'll go with you."

A satisfied smile tugged at Miguel's lips. "Maxine was right about you. Smart, composed. I like that."

Elliana ignored him completely. She only wanted to get him out of the

hospital before things spiraled further out of control. She went to Jason and knelt beside him. The pill she'd given him had taken effect. The bleeding had stopped, and a faint color had returned to his face, but his strength was hanging by a thread.

"I..." Jason rasped, self-blame choking his words. Blood threatened to rise again.

"Don't say anything," she said softly, cutting him off. "You did everything you could. I don't blame you."

Her voice gentled. "Your injuries are serious. You need proper care and complete rest." She reached for a pen and paper, scribbled a quick prescription, and pressed it into his trembling hand. "Take this as directed and rest. I have to leave now. Please—protect my son."

Rising to her feet, Elliana turned and walked toward Miguel.

Jason's instinct was to follow, but pain ripped through his body the moment he tried to stand. His legs buckled, and his men barely caught him before he hit the floor. Helpless, he watched as Elliana and Miguel moved toward the staircase, the sight carving deep into his chest like a knife of self-chastening.

But just when despair threatened to swallow Jason, two figures appeared at the top of the stairs—a man and a woman.

The entire hallway froze. Even Miguel paused mid-step. When he saw who it was, a faint frown crossed his face.

For Elliana and Jason, shock turned into disbelief, then overwhelming joy.

"Donovan!"

"Seth!"

They called out together.

The newcomers were none other than Donovan and Seth—missing for five long years.

Donovan, Elliana's mentor and founder of the Star Society. Seth, Jason's mentor and head of Moonveil. The two had once been sworn enemies, their rivalry legendary. Every meeting between them had ended in a

brutal clash. No one ever understood the cause, but everyone knew it ran deep—like a blood feud.

Yet now, Donovan and Seth stood hand in hand, their faces glowing with affection. Their smiles mirrored each other's perfectly, so much so that they looked less like foes and more like lovers. When they heard their names, they turned together, their grins stretching wider. "Did you miss us?" they asked in unison.

Elliana and Jason stared, their jaws slack. What on earth was happening? Their mentors, who were mortal enemies for years, seemed to be together now?

It was absurd. The Star Society and Moonveil had fought countless battles for Donovan and Seth, never suspecting their hatred had turned into something else entirely. In a world buzzing with constant news, how had this stayed hidden for so long? Five years gone without a word—only to reappear, fingers entwined and smiling like newlyweds.

Elliana's and Jason's minds spun with disbelief. And before they could even make sense of that shock, something even more unbelievable was about to unfold.