

Chapter 744 Neutralized By A Four-year-old

After leaving Jason stunned into silence, Sunny gave a smug snort and skipped toward Miguel.

To the four-year-old Sunny, Miguel looked like a towering giant—tall, broad-shouldered, and impossibly intimidating.

Unlike Elliana and Jason, who had crouched down to meet Sunny eye to eye, Miguel didn't bother. To him, Sunny was no more than an ant underfoot, hardly worth the effort.

Sunny craned his neck to look up at Miguel, while Miguel merely glanced down, cold and indifferent. On a normal day, Miguel wouldn't have cared whether it was an adult or a child standing in his way—he'd have kicked them aside without blinking.

But today, Miguel held back. It wasn't kindness. It was caution. Sunny mattered to Elliana, and the last thing Miguel wanted was to upset her. She'd just given birth to twins and was dangerously weak. One wrong move could push her body over the edge. He needed Elliana alive—nothing more, nothing less.

Sunny, unaware of Miguel's reasoning, tilted his head, studying the man curiously. Then, with all the confidence in the world, he frowned. "You look like a bad guy," he declared. "A super, super bad guy!"

Miguel's mouth twitched. Bold little brat. No doubt Donovan and Seth's child—sharp-eyed and fearless. Even at four, he could read people frighteningly well.

Miguel didn't deny it. If he weren't a "super bad guy," he never would've become the head of the Evernight Alliance. He was just about to chuckle at Sunny's nerve when a sharp pain shot through his calf. His eyes flicked down—and froze. Sunny was jabbing his leg with something that looked very much like a needle.

Within seconds, a numb, tingling sensation spread through Miguel's body. His brows furrowed. He'd been tricked. The little devil had injected him with an anesthetic.

Very few people had ever managed to get close enough to touch Miguel, let alone catch him off guard. Yet, here he was—poisoned by a preschooler. His men had dismissed Sunny as a harmless child, and by the time they noticed Miguel's face losing color, it was already too late.

Sunny had already pulled the needle back, dashed toward Donovan and Seth, and stuck out his tongue at Miguel. "That's what you get for being bad! Keep it up, and I'll stab you again!"

Miguel's eyes darkened. Rage flared inside him. Every muscle screamed to crush that little pest under his boot—if only he could move. But his strength was draining fast.

"Mr. Griffiths, are you alright?" one of his subordinates shouted, rushing over.

Miguel's voice came out tight and cold. "The antidote. Now."

The subordinate didn't waste a second, signaling the doctor to administer the drug.

Even with the antidote, though, Miguel knew recovery would be slow. It would keep him conscious, nothing more.

The once-fearsome Miguel had been completely neutralized—by a four-year-old.

Jason let out a quiet breath of relief. For now, Elliana was safe.

Elliana couldn't help a faint smile. Of all people, she never would've imagined Miguel's downfall coming from Sunny's tiny hands.

Seth beamed proudly and patted Sunny's head. "Good job, son."

Sunny puffed out his chest, practically glowing from the praise.

Donovan's gaze, however, stayed locked on Miguel. "Long time no see, Mr. Griffiths," he said smoothly, his voice carrying a sharp edge.

Miguel's jaw tightened. Fury burned in his eyes. He had come so close to capturing Elliana, only to be undone by a child. He gave a bitter snort. "If I'd known you'd turn into such a headache, I'd have finished you and Seth off back in Delta."

Seth chuckled darkly. "Too bad there's no medicine for regret, Mr. Griffiths. And let's get one thing straight—we didn't live because you went soft. We survived because we fought our way out."

Years back, in Delta, Donovan and Seth had each ruled their own organizations, enemies through and through. Then, Miguel had entered the picture—stronger, smarter, deadlier—and crushed them both, absorbing their forces into his empire.

Facing death, the two rivals had made a desperate truce. Together, Donovan and Seth had managed to slip through Miguel's grasp and flee to Ublento.

Ublento was a far cry from the chaos of Delta—a city of order and modern laws. There, Donovan and Seth had rebuilt their lives, running new, legitimate businesses, even though their old rivalry still lingered beneath the surface.

But what truly tied them together was the woman who had saved them both—Rita, Elliana's mother.

They had escaped Delta half-dead, and it was Rita's unmatched medical skill that had kept them alive. She was their savior, their bond.

So when Rita later had to leave Ublento, she had entrusted Donovan with Elliana and Seth with Cole. She wanted Donovan and Seth to protect the two children in secret—to ensure they grew up safe, no matter what the world threw their way.