

Chapter 745 Miguel Retreated

Owing their lives to a single act of kindness, Donovan and Seth hadn't hesitated when their savior, Rita, finally asked for a favor in return.

Donovan had always been a man of blunt instincts. One moonless night, he had slipped into the Jones family estate, taken Elliana away, and made her his protégé. The tutorship had been strict and unpolished, but his heart was in the right place—he wanted her strong enough to defend herself someday.

Seth, too, had been straightforward, though her methods lacked finesse. The Evans family had been a fortress of power and wealth, and she couldn't just storm their gates and snatch Cole away. As the family's successor, Cole had been guarded like a treasure, and she had no chance of getting close.

After much thought, she had shifted her focus to Jason. He had been trained to serve as the Evans family's guardian. By teaching him, she was, in a way, placing an extra shield around Cole.

Neither Elliana nor Jason knew the web of secrets that had tied them to their mentors together.

Five years ago, Donovan and Seth had left Ublento for one reason—to find Rita. Now that Elliana and Cole had grown into capable adults, the two had finally been free of duty and wanted to seek out Rita and learn whether she was still alive.

But Donovan and Seth's journey had taken an unexpected turn. Somewhere along the way, love had bloomed between them, and soon, they had a child.

The family of three had built a quiet, happy life far from the chaos. They had grown so comfortable in their peace that Ublento and all its troubles had faded into a distant memory.

They had only returned to Ublento because they heard Elliana was about to give birth—and that Maxine and Miguel were after her. Sadly, they had

been a step too late to stop Maxine from taking Elliana's baby girl. But they had arrived in time to block Miguel's next move.

Miguel had only just learned of the link between Rita, Donovan, and Seth. Back when Donovan and Seth escaped from Delta, he hadn't paid them any heed. Had he known they would later get involved with Rita, he would never have allowed the Star Society and Moonveil to rise to power.

Now, standing face to face with old foes—Donovan and Seth, Miguel's eyes darkened with rage, his blood burning for vengeance.

Donovan caught that murderous glint and let out a dry laugh. "You're itching for a fight, but let's be honest—you don't have the strength for one. Order your men to attack, and Seth and I will drag this out till dawn. Once the rain stops, you'll find escape much harder than you think."

Miguel clenched his jaw, knowing Donovan was right. The truth stung worse than the defeat itself. He had spent weeks planning Elliana's abduction, even coming in person to see it done. Yet, in the end, he'd been outwitted—by a child, no less. The failure burned, but he couldn't deny it. The mission had fallen apart. If he didn't retreat now, he might never get the chance again.

"We'll meet again, Donovan. Seth," Miguel's voice dripped with venom as a cold laugh followed his words. Then, he turned sharply and headed for the stairs, his men scrambling after him.

Within moments, the hallway was empty—those black-clad figures vanished like shadows swallowed by the night.

As soon as the danger passed, Elliana's strength gave out. She had been running purely on willpower, forcing herself to stand until help arrived. Now that Donovan and Seth had taken over, her adrenaline ebbed away. Her knees buckled, her vision blurred, and the world went dark.

Elliana slept for what felt like an eternity. When she finally opened her eyes, the storm had long since cleared. Sunlight streamed through the window, carrying the soft scent of flowers that mingled with the sharp hint of disinfectant.

Her lashes fluttered, and the first thing she saw was Cole's face—tired, pale, and filled with worry. He leaned closer the instant she stirred. "Elliana, you're awake. How do you feel?"

Her throat was dry and raspy. "Is it really you? You're back?"

"I am," he said, gripping her hand tightly. His voice was low, laced with self-reproach. "I'm sorry. I returned too late."

It was truly Cole. Relief washed over Elliana like a tide, drowning out her pain. She ignored the ache in her body and studied him from head to toe.

He looked terrible. Cuts and bruises covered his neck and arms. Blood stained his chest, his clothes were filthy, and his hair was still damp. His face was pale and drawn, like someone who hadn't slept in days. He must have come straight to her side without a moment's rest.

"You're hurt. How bad is it?" she asked, her voice trembling.

Cole forced a faint smile. "Just scratches. Nothing serious."

She didn't buy it. He had always downplayed his injuries. Pushing herself upright, she checked him over until she was sure—no broken bones, no internal bleeding, only deep gashes that looked painful but not fatal.

"Even small wounds can fester if you ignore them," she scolded gently. "Go get cleaned up and let the doctor treat them before they turn ugly."

But Cole stayed still, eyes locked on her. His voice hardened as he spoke the one truth that weighed heavily on his heart. "I couldn't bring my mom back."

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