

Chapter 747 Break Up With Her

Now that Elliana and Cole finally knew where the Griffiths family's main headquarters was hidden, they were desperate to take action immediately. They wanted nothing more than to storm in and rescue Cole's mother while bringing their baby daughter home safely. But the harsh reality was that neither of them was in any shape to launch a rescue mission.

Elliana's body was still recovering from giving birth, weak and exhausted. Cole was covered in cuts and bruises from head to toe, his body needing serious time to heal properly.

As the two of them sat there wrestling with conflicting emotions of hope and frustration, Paulina suddenly burst into the room with urgent news. "Elliana," she called out breathlessly, "your father and brother just got back!"

Elliana's expression lit up with relief. She quickly turned toward the doorway, her heart racing, just as Arthur and Milton stepped inside.

Both men looked absolutely exhausted, their clothes covered in dried mud and dirt, with fresh wounds visible all over their bodies. They had clearly been through something terrible, yet they'd rushed straight here to see her without even stopping to rest or clean up first.

"Dad, Milton—are you both all right?" Elliana asked, her voice tight with worry.

Cole quickly stood up to make room for them, offering a respectful nod. "Arthur," he greeted quietly.

Arthur gave Cole a brief nod of acknowledgment and then sat down on the edge of the bed, his eyes carefully studying Elliana's face. "Never mind us. How are you feeling?" he asked with deep concern.

Milton stood near the bed, his worried gaze sweeping over his sister's



face and looking for any signs that she might be falling apart.

Both Milton and Arthur had heard the basic details of what had happened the previous night, and they'd been terrified that losing her daughter would destroy her emotionally. To their immense relief, she seemed far stronger than they'd expected. She hadn't collapsed into despair.

"I'm doing okay, really," Elliana insisted, her worried eyes scrutinizing Arthur and Milton. "Both of you are injured. How bad is it? Why not have your injuries tend to now?"

At that exact moment, the door swung open again to reveal Clifton, Kieran, Heather, and Damian—the specialized team that Elliana had sent to Skythread Gorge to rescue Arthur and Milton.

Though none of the four appeared to have serious injuries, their clothes were absolutely filthy, plastered with thick mud and covered in bits of dried grass and leaves. They looked like they'd been dragged through the wilderness.

"They're just minor cuts and scrapes, nothing serious at all," Milton said reassuringly, trying to ease her worry. "We're incredibly lucky you sent Clifton and his team when you did. Without their help, Dad and I probably wouldn't have made it back home."

A heavy wave of self-chastening crashed over both Arthur and Milton as they thought about what their rescue had cost. Elliana had sent her own trusted people to save them, which had left her dangerously vulnerable and exposed. That decision had given Maxine and Miguel the perfect opportunity to strike at her when she was most defenseless.

But Elliana didn't feel even a hint of regret about her choice. She was just overwhelmingly grateful that her father and brother were standing here alive and relatively safe. "Milton, please tell me exactly what happened out there."

"It was Miguel who set the whole trap," Milton began, his voice dark and angry. "He used Carlos as his messenger to lure us to Skythread Gorge. Miguel had prepared this incredibly elaborate ambush with one single goal—to kill both Dad and me. We were so terrified about what might happen to my mom if we didn't cooperate that we didn't dare bring backup or reinforcements. We followed the instructions to the letter and

walked straight into Miguel's trap. We almost died there, but at the very last moment, something unexpected happened. Carlos went against Miguel's orders and deliberately gave us a chance to escape."

"Carlos actually let you escape?" Elliana asked, her eyebrows pulling together in complete confusion. Nothing about that made any sense at all. Why would Carlos suddenly turn against Miguel at such a crucial moment when everything was on the line?

Her mind immediately jumped back to the security footage she'd watched of Carlos leaving the hotel. There had been something about the way he moved, something that had struck her as strangely familiar, but she couldn't quite place it at the time.

"It was absolutely intentional on his part," Milton explained, his voice still carrying traces of disbelief. "But we have absolutely no idea why he would choose to betray Miguel like that. After we managed to get out of Skythread Gorge, we were both in terrible shape. Then, this massive thunderstorm came out of nowhere, and everything got even worse. We almost got swept away and drowned in a sudden flash flood before Clifton and his team finally tracked us down and rescued us."

The entire experience had been an absolute nightmare from start to finish, but at least they'd all survived.

Thinking about that, Elliana could only let out a quiet breath of relief and gratitude. Suddenly, a specific person flashed into her mind—someone whose build and silhouette matched Carlos's figure perfectly. They looked far too similar to be a coincidence. Their body shapes were absolutely identical. Quentin. Carlos had to be Quentin.

Everything suddenly clicked into place like puzzle pieces finally fitting together. The conflicted expression in Quentin's eyes whenever he looked at her, the strangely familiar timbre of his voice. He was the mysterious Carlos who'd been secretly communicating with her all this time through encrypted messages. And he was working for Miguel. But why would he do that? What was his real purpose in all of this?

A thick fog of unanswered questions surrounded everything about Quentin, and Elliana realized the only way to get real answers was to pay a visit to the Hudson estate.

At that moment, Donovan and Seth walked into the room together, with



their young son Sunny trailing happily behind them.

"Donovan," Elliana greeted him with genuine respect and then turned to offer Seth a friendly smile.

Seth, however, looked completely flustered and uncomfortable, managing only a stiff, awkward smile. Once upon a time, she and Donovan had been fierce enemies—she had said terrible things and done all kinds of extreme, dramatic things right in front of Elliana. Now that she was married with a child of her own, she couldn't shake the feeling of embarrassment. Would Elliana think less of her for how much she'd changed from that wild, aggressive person she used to be?

Noticing Seth's obvious discomfort, Elliana wisely chose not to bring up any of the complicated history.

Sunny, completely oblivious to all the awkward tension hanging in the air between the adults, broke into the biggest smile when he spotted Elliana lying in the bed. He skipped over cheerfully and grabbed her hand with his small fingers. "Elliana, you're finally awake! I've been waiting forever for you to wake up so we can play together!" he announced with pure excitement.

Then, he spun around to face Cole, his little eyes flashing with fierce provocation. "I heard you're Elliana's boyfriend. Well, I fell in love with her at first sight! I'm going to marry her when I'm all grown up, so you should just break up with her right now!"

Sunny's bold and completely serious announcement immediately shattered the heavy, somber mood that had been weighing down the room.

Cole, who was notoriously jealous and possessive of Elliana, shot Sunny an ice-cold glare. He vividly remembered when Jeff—who was only eight years old at the time—had made a very similar claim about Elliana, and he'd felt a strong urge to find a shovel and a very remote piece of land. Now, being challenged by a four-year-old rival for Elliana's affections, that same dark impulse came rushing back with even more intensity.