

Chapter 753 Ridiculous Drama

The moment the police officers moved closer, Paige crumbled completely. She collapsed onto the ground in a pathetic heap, her entire body shaking with raw terror. "Please, no! Elliana, you can't let them take me away!" Her voice came out as a desperate wail. "Elliana, I'm begging you—just give me one more opportunity! I promise on everything I hold dear that I'll never cause you trouble again!"

Elliana's lips curved into a smile, though there wasn't an ounce of warmth or mercy in her expression. She'd already extended far too many chances to Paige over the years. Each time, Paige had shown absolutely no genuine remorse for her actions. Every single time she had been foolish enough to show mercy, Paige had immediately begun scheming against her. This time would be different. She was permanently closing that door.

Within minutes, the officers had escorted a hysterically sobbing Paige away from the scene.

Given that she'd orchestrated such a calculated and vicious kidnapping, she was staring down the barrel of significant prison time.

A celebrity whose star had risen meteorically only to crash spectacularly—the internet gossip sites would absolutely feast on her dramatic downfall.

Of course, Elliana couldn't have cared less about the media circus that would inevitably follow. Her only concern right now was seeing Rosemarie with her own eyes.

She was about to ask the Hudson family's butler to formally announce her arrival, but Raylan was staring at her with an expression of dazed hope. "Elliana... did you actually come here to see me?"

"No," Elliana responded flatly, crushing whatever fantasy he'd been building in his head. Why would she ever choose to come all the way here



to see him after everything that had happened between them?

Raylan's head dropped in obvious disappointment. Somewhere deep inside, he'd already known she wasn't here for him, but he'd been clinging desperately to even the tiniest possibility.

That was when Vivien spoke up, shifting her weight uncomfortably from foot to foot. "Elliana, Paige said you were the one who actually saved me from that cruise ship. So I guess... Thank you."

"I only saved you because Lenard showed me tremendous kindness over the years," Elliana replied, her face remaining completely neutral. "If you weren't his granddaughter, I honestly wouldn't have given a damn whether you survived or not. You don't need to thank me—I don't want your gratitude. If you feel compelled to express appreciation to someone, direct it toward Myles. He's the one who physically carried you down five entire floors of that sinking ship and got you onto the evacuation plane."

Standing silently beside Elliana, Myles raised one eyebrow slightly. He had zero interest in receiving thanks from this spoiled woman either.

"Wait, what?" Vivien's eyes went wide as saucers. She thrust an accusatory finger at Myles. "You were the one who carried me?"

Her gaze was filled with a volatile mixture of pure shock and building rage, with not even a trace of gratitude visible anywhere in her expression.

Myles frowned deeply, completely confused by her reaction.

"Why aren't you answering me? Say something!" Vivien's voice climbed several octaves, dripping with fury.

Myles had no choice but to respond. "That's right. Is there a problem?"

Nobody could have possibly predicted what happened in the next moment. Vivien lunged forward with surprising speed and kicked him hard right in the shin. "You absolute bastard! Who gave you permission to put your hands on me? I made a sacred vow to myself that Merlin would be the only man who would ever be allowed to touch me! Nobody else is supposed to lay even a single finger on my body!"

Watching this absurd scene unfold before her eyes, a smirk of genuine amusement touched Elliana's lips. She never could have imagined that



one casual comment would land Myles in such ridiculous hot water.

Myles calmly brushed the dusty footprint from his pant leg, clearly having zero intention of engaging any further with this unreasonable woman. He turned toward Elliana. "I'm getting out of here."

Elliana gave him a slight nod, and Myles began walking toward where his car was parked.

But Vivien had no plans to let him escape that easily. She launched herself forward, grabbing desperately at his collar and beginning to pound her fists against his chest. Fresh tears streamed down her face as she screamed at the top of her lungs, "You bastard! You honestly think you can just walk away from this? You've completely destroyed my innocence! You made me break the most important promise I have ever made to Merlin—and now you have to make this right somehow!"

Never in his entire existence had Myles been subjected to this kind of treatment from a woman. The sheer unexpectedness of her assault caught him completely unprepared, and in that moment of hesitation, her fingernails carved two shallow scratches across his exposed neck, leaving behind thin trails of blood.

That was the instant his patience reached its absolute limit. His hand moved with lightning speed, his fingers wrapping firmly around her wrist to stop her frenzied attack mid-swing. "Let me make something perfectly clear to you, Miss Hudson," he growled, his voice low and dangerous. "If Elliana hadn't specifically ordered me to get you off that ship, I wouldn't have touched you even if it meant watching you go down with it."

With those final words, he released her wrist with enough force to send her stumbling backward.

He yanked at his now-wrinkled shirt in frustration, trying to restore some semblance of order to his appearance. The entire situation was completely absurd. He'd simply been following instructions, carrying out a rescue mission. How in the world had that somehow transformed into "destroying a girl's innocence?" The logic made absolutely no sense.

Vivien staggered back several steps, her eyes burning with barely contained fury. She looked as though she might launch herself at him again, but something in his lethal expression made her reconsider.

While she didn't dare physically attack him a second time, her sense of being wronged only intensified. She broke down into even more dramatic sobs that echoed across the courtyard. "You absolute monster! You destroy everything I held sacred, and then you have the audacity to treat me with such cruelty! If Merlin ends up disliking me because of what you did, I swear I'll make you pay for it!"

"Oh, you can put your mind at ease about that particular concern," Myles shot back, his voice absolutely dripping with scathing sarcasm. "This incident won't change his opinion of you even slightly. The man already despised you long before this happened. Here's some completely free advice that might save you years of wasted effort—you don't have even the faintest chance with him, not in this lifetime or any other. You'd be doing yourself a massive favor by letting that fantasy go right now."

The moment those words left his mouth, Vivien released a sound that could only be described as a wounded animal's cry. His words had been absolutely ruthless, each syllable landing like a physical blow aimed directly at her most vulnerable spot.

What made them truly unbearable was that they were completely, undeniably true. Everyone in their entire social circle knew about her obsessive infatuation with Merlin. Just as universally known was the fact that he couldn't stand being anywhere near her. She remembered with burning humiliation the time she'd accidentally brushed against his sleeve at a party, and he'd physically shoved her to the floor in front of dozens of people. Myles was absolutely right. She never had stood a chance with Merlin, and she never would.

Having zero interest in wasting another precious second dealing with this hysterical woman's breakdown, Myles left her standing there, drowning in her tears. He climbed into his car and peeled out of the driveway, the engine roaring as he accelerated down the road.

Elliana, who had observed this entire ridiculous drama playing out before her eyes, gave an amused little shrug. She turned to go search for Rosemarie, ready to finally accomplish what she'd actually come here to do.

But Raylan, who had been standing in uncomfortable silence throughout the entire spectacle, suddenly moved to block her path. His voice emerged quiet and uncertain, the question seemingly coming from

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nowhere. "Elliana... is there any possibility left for us? Could we somehow find a way to start over?"



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