

Chapter 754 Quentin Was Whisked Away

Elliana smirked. Raylan wanted to start over? The ludicrous suggestion struck her as so preposterous that she felt certain she must have misunderstood. She fixed Raylan with a look dripping with mockery. When exactly had they ever shared anything resembling a relationship?

Certainly, they'd been playmates during early childhood, but that ended when they reached five years old. Following that period, he hadn't merely disliked her—he'd actively collaborated with Paige to torment her relentlessly. So, where was this delusional "start over" fantasy originating from?

Raylan squirmed uncomfortably beneath her withering gaze, his cheeks flushing crimson with embarrassment. "Elliana, you had such strong feelings for me once, and I... I completely failed to value that. I recognize now that my behavior was completely wrong. I simply—I wanted to know if you might be able to... develop feelings for me once more?"

Elliana released a humorless laugh. She nonchalantly swept a loose strand of hair away from her face and countered sharply, "So, you're standing here asking me if I could like you again, which means you want to steal Cole's woman? Is that what you're actually suggesting right now?"

"I..." Raylan found himself completely unable to formulate a response. Steal Cole's woman? The mere thought sent terror coursing through his veins. A single penetrating look from Cole possessed enough power to make him feel utterly insignificant, completely crushed beneath that man's commanding aura.

Raylan found himself drowning in an ocean of profound loss, bitter regret, and simmering resentment. Elliana had once cherished him so deeply—so intensely that she'd actually thrown herself into freezing river water at midnight on his behalf—yet he'd failed to value her feelings beneath the disguise she'd constructed. The blame rested entirely on his shoulders for being so catastrophically blind, for allowing someone so



gorgeous, so extraordinarily talented, and so devotedly in love with him to vanish from his grasp.

Elliana could decipher his miserable internal thoughts as easily as reading large print, and she felt no inclination whatsoever to cushion the harsh reality. "Just so we're absolutely clear," she stated with icy composure, "when I previously claimed to have feelings for you, I was simply joking. Don't delude yourself into thinking otherwise. The only men who've ever genuinely captured my attention operate on Cole's exceptional level."

Her brutal honesty landed with devastating precision, causing Raylan's posture to slump even further. Ever since Elliana had stopped concealing her authentic self—revealing her breathtaking appearance and her impressive array of achievements—he'd understood with perfect clarity that he existed far beneath her standards. It became remarkably easy to accept that she'd merely been playing games with him.

How could anyone as extraordinary and captivating as her possibly harbor genuine romantic feelings toward someone like him?

Having exhausted every last shred of tolerance for Raylan, Elliana turned decisively and proceeded directly into the Hudson family's main residence, determined to locate Rosemarie.

Lenard held the position of the current patriarch of the Hudson family. As his legal spouse, Rosemarie theoretically should have been responsible for overseeing the family's domestic operations, yet she harbored absolutely no enthusiasm for such responsibilities. She thoroughly disliked navigating complex family politics and actively avoided confrontational situations whenever possible, much preferring an existence characterized by peaceful isolation.

Lenard cherished Rosemarie completely and never pressured her into activities that caused her distress. Understanding her profound appreciation for tranquility, he'd arranged for her to have an exclusive courtyard containing a separate building designed specifically for her personal use.

Rosemarie seldom welcomed guests into her sanctuary, meaning the only consistent visitors to her private residence were Lenard himself and their son Quentin.

The household butler escorted Elliana directly toward Rosemarie's secluded courtyard, enabling her to bypass interactions with other Hudson family members completely.

Once she entered the peaceful space, the butler withdrew respectfully, pulling the entrance door closed with barely a whisper of sound.

Rosemarie, wearing an understated, comfortable dress, sat positioned beside an elegant coffee service. Her features transformed into an expression of genuine warmth upon spotting Elliana, and she indicated the vacant chair positioned opposite her. "Elliana, please, join me here."

Elliana settled into the offered chair, and only at that moment did she notice the subtle redness surrounding Rosemarie's eyes and the exhausted, worn appearance marking her features.

Rosemarie pushed a porcelain cup of coffee across the table in her direction. "You've come to discuss Quentin, haven't you?"

Since Rosemarie had opened the conversation so directly, Elliana decided there was no point in dancing around the topic. She lifted the cup to her lips for a brief taste before meeting Rosemarie's troubled gaze. "I'm aware of your history with my mother," she stated gently, "and I understand what role Quentin played in Miguel's organization."

Rosemarie acknowledged this with a small, anguished nod, her words emerging strained and broken. "My son... He won't be coming back."

"Did Miguel capture him?" Elliana asked with mounting concern. "Was this punishment because he allowed my father and brother to flee?"

Rosemarie confirmed with another weighted nod. "The moment Miguel discovered what had happened, his fury became explosive, and he immediately whisked Quentin to Delta. I have no information about where Quentin was being held. The location remains completely classified. Miguel possesses an absolutely merciless nature. He'll never grant Quentin his freedom."

"I'm deeply sorry about this," Elliana responded, feeling profound remorse flooding through her. "He became entangled in this nightmare because of my family's situation."

"You shouldn't blame yourself." Rosemarie refused the apology with a



gentle shake of her head, fresh moisture gathering in her eyes. "This represents our predetermined destiny—both my son's and my own. Quentin only served Miguel to shield me from harm, but his loyalty was never genuine. Even if your father and brother hadn't been involved, he would have eventually discovered some other opportunity to rebel against Miguel. This confrontation was inevitable."

"Share everything you understand about Miguel with me," Elliana insisted with determination. "Regardless of the obstacles I face, I will track him down and eliminate this threat. And I give you my word—I will exhaust every resource available to return Quentin safely to you."

Observing Elliana's unwavering, resolute expression, Rosemarie experienced a spark of optimism. She released a quiet, contemplative breath. "You possess remarkable similarities to your mother."

Following that observation, she retrieved a thick folder from the adjacent table surface and extended it toward Elliana. "I anticipated the reason behind your visit today. Quentin covertly captured these photographs inside Miguel's laboratory facility. They document irrefutable evidence of his criminal activities."

Elliana accepted the folder and began examining its contents carefully. The materials confirmed precisely what Donovan and Seth had previously explained. Miguel was actively engineering a catastrophic super-virus, intending to use it as an instrument for achieving his demented goal of subjugating all humanity. The classified intelligence Quentin had jeopardized his life to acquire would prove absolutely crucial.

After conducting a thorough assessment, Elliana secured the folder closed and directed her attention back to Rosemarie, her tone remaining composed. "If Quentin remains alive, I will ensure his safe return to you. If he... is killed, I will recover his remains for you. Please, you must prioritize your own well-being."

Having delivered those words, Elliana rose from her seat and departed.

Throughout the following several weeks, Elliana and Cole concentrated entirely on their physical rehabilitation while simultaneously analyzing every fragment of intelligence they possessed regarding Miguel.

Four weeks later, having completely restored their capabilities, they

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+120 Points at most

concluded the moment had arrived to shift into offensive action. Miguel's current location remained frustratingly elusive, so they refused to squander precious time searching—they proceeded directly toward the Griffiths family's primary stronghold. Their singular objective at that facility was straightforward: retrieve their stolen daughter.



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