

Chapter 761 Plan Backfired

Elliana was bombarded by Adah's messages.

"Elliana, how are things on your end? Did you feel that quake? It was Miguel—he just blew open the mountain gate and stormed in with his squad. They're clashing head-on with Maxine's people right now."

"I overheard some of his men talking—Miguel has been hunting for the Griffiths' main base for ages, but never found it. Today, he tailed us here and even saw us use the two bracelets to unlock the stone door."

"He held back on purpose, waiting for us and Maxine to tear each other apart so he could sweep in afterward. What he didn't expect was that we didn't fight Maxine at all."

As Elliana finished reading, a cold, wicked smile curved her lips. Miguel—the eternal schemer—had finally misplayed his hand. She could almost picture his face when he burst in, expecting chaos, only to find calm. The fury must've been eating him alive.

The Evernight Alliance under Miguel's command was a powerhouse, yes, but a direct brawl with the Serpent Society would be a bloodbath on both sides. Still, Miguel had already made his move. There was no backing out now.

He had trespassed into Maxine's stronghold—she wouldn't forgive that kind of insult. It wasn't in her nature to show mercy. His grand plan to profit from the supposed feud had gone up in flames.

Maxine, for her part, hadn't seen the ambush coming either. Caught off guard, she was forced to strike back with everything she had.

Now, both factions were locked in a brutal, unplanned war of attrition.

A new message from Adah blinked on Elliana's screen. "Elliana, what are our orders? Who do we engage?"

Both Miguel and Maxine were enemies. By logic, Adah figured her team



should've joined the fight. But Miguel's men had already gone straight for Maxine's troops, leaving Adah's team momentarily stunned, unsure where to point their blades.

Elliana's smirk deepened as she typed. "Let them destroy each other. Pull everyone out. This isn't our fight."

Adah's reply came seconds later—a single word that said it all. "Understood."

After texting with Elliana, Adah turned to her team. "New orders from Elliana," she said crisply. "We're pulling out—this fight's not ours."

No one questioned her. In unspoken agreement, the members of Thorn Rose and Blaze Wildfire began to retreat from the underground base, their footsteps fading into the distance.

Miguel caught sight of their withdrawal but barely reacted—his focus was locked on Maxine's advancing forces. If anything, relief flickered briefly in his chest as he saw them leaving.

Until now, he had known only that Cole was Blaze Wraith. He'd had no clue that Elliana herself was Death Thorn. Realizing it after storming in made cold sweat bead at his temples.

His judgment of the situation aligned perfectly with Maxine's. Facing Blaze Wildfire alone? Manageable. Thorn Rose by itself? Still within his control. But the two together—united under Elliana's command—was another matter entirely. That prospect sent a chill through him.

He'd never imagined Elliana to be that formidable. That the legendary Death Thorn was none other than her—it shattered every assumption he'd made. He had miscalculated, and gravely so. Fear crept in, but it was laced with fascination.

The more he understood her power, the more he wanted her—not just as an ally, but as something to claim. With Elliana by his side, his grand ambitions would no longer be distant dreams but imminent realities.

Yet, that yearning came with unease, a tight, twisting sensation in his chest that reminded him too much of how Rita had once made him feel—restless, desperate, consumed. He knew Elliana wasn't someone he could easily manipulate. She was sharp, dangerous, unpredictable. Wanting her was like taming a wild animal—every interaction risked



severe injuries, but the taste of the ultimate loyalty was too irresistible to give up. And Miguel, reckless as ever, was already hooked.

Miguel had seen Elliana with his own eyes as she entered the underground base—so why was she gone now? Nothing made sense anymore. But it was far too late to hesitate. He had already charged in, and there was no turning back. The only path left was forward—defeat Maxine, whatever the cost.

Yet, even as he fought, a grim thought took root. If he and Maxine both ended up gravely injured, wouldn't that make them perfect prey for Elliana and Cole? The irony cut deep. He had planned to profit from their downfall, but now he was the one who'd fallen into their trap. The spoils he'd sought were slipping neatly into Elliana and Cole's waiting hands.

Still, retreat was no longer an option. Victory or death—fate would decide which awaited him.

Years back, Miguel had built the Evernight Alliance from the ground up, controlling every thread of power with ruthless precision. Yet, in one reckless moment, everything had spiraled completely out of his grasp.

As realization struck, frustration curdled into regret. His jaw clenched. Every passing second gnawed at him like an open wound.

Meanwhile, outside the base, calm had already returned. The moment Adah emerged from the underground base, she made a beeline for Elliana—more specifically, for the baby in her arms. Scooping the infant up with reverent care, she gasped, "Oh, she's perfect! I adore her already—Elliana, that's it, I'm her godmother. No arguments!"

Her delight was infectious. The Four Guardians quickly gathered around, curiosity and wonder softening their battle-hardened faces.

Clifton, Kieran, and Damian—three men known for their intimidating presence—suddenly looked like awkward schoolboys, each hovering close but hesitant to touch the baby, grinning sheepishly all the while.

Heather, however, gazed at the child with open tenderness, her expression wistful. "I wish I could have a daughter this beautiful," she murmured.

Hugh turned to her, eyes bright with mischief and sudden resolve. "Then let's have one," he said simply.

