

## Chapter 768 A Generous Serving Of His Own Poison

"Elliana!" Cole's voice sliced through the tension, sharp with disapproval. He refused to grant Miguel—a lethal threat to Elliana's safety—any opportunity for resurgence. The true extent of Miguel's cruelty remained unmeasured. If he recovered his strength and returned, Elliana would confront dangers beyond imagination.

As Elliana's man, Cole considered it his sacred duty to erase that threat, whatever the cost.

But Elliana held her ground. She met Cole's fiery gaze with a cool one of her own, a silent command for him to stand down before she pivoted back toward Miguel. "Deal," she said, her voice steady as stone. "I want to see the depth of your real strength. I hope you'll bring everything you've got when we cross paths again. Nothing excites me more than a worthy adversary."

"Ha-ha..." A deep laugh rolled from Miguel's chest. "Elliana, you burn with the same intensity as your mother. That fire must be the source of your magnetism. I find it intoxicating. Until our paths converge once more."

With one last, lingering glance, Miguel pivoted to leave.

Just then, the thunderous roar of an approaching helicopter shattered the stillness—his reinforcements had arrived.

Miguel lifted his eyes toward the descending aircraft, satisfaction curling his lips into a smirk.

Elliana wrenched her attention from the helicopter and locked it back onto Miguel, derision dancing across her features. "I may have honored our bargain, but I'm not allowing you to walk away unharmed. I can't have you mistaking my mercy for weakness."

Miguel stopped mid-stride, confusion clouding his expression as he turned back. "What are you suggesting?"



She offered no explanation. Instead, she struck with viper-quick precision, her leg whipping upward in a devastating kick that launched him through the air.

"Ugh!" Completely blindsided, Miguel released a guttural grunt as his body crashed into the snow, crimson blood spraying across the pristine white canvas.

The helicopter touched down, and a squadron of men clad in black tactical gear poured out, charging toward Miguel.

Elliana dismissed them entirely, striding to where Miguel sprawled in the snow. She crouched down and patted his head, the gesture dripping with condescension and humiliation. Her tone carried silk-wrapped venom. "Consider it a farewell present. Surely, you won't hold a grudge?"

"You!" Miguel's features twisted with rage, but when he attempted to speak, he managed only to cough up another stream of blood.

As his men swarmed his position, Elliana rose to her feet and withdrew with unhurried grace.

"Mr. Griffiths, how are you holding up?" one of the men in black asked, hauling Miguel upright.

Swallowing his agony, Miguel pierced Elliana with a glare saturated in hatred. "We're leaving!"

Within moments, Miguel was assisted aboard the helicopter. The helicopter ascended, its rotors churning snow into a violent whirlwind before the machine vanished into the darkness.

Silence reclaimed the world, moonlight stretching elongated shadows across the frozen landscape.

"Elliana, are we truly allowing that monster to escape?" Adah asked, her eyes tracking the empty sky. "Wasn't that dangerously reckless?"

An enigmatic smile ghosted across Elliana's lips. "He is wounded by me, reduced to a shadow of his previous self. What danger can a shattered man possibly present?"

Her words suspended themselves in the frigid air, heavy with unspoken



implications.

Cole's eyes widened as comprehension struck. "Elliana, what have you done to him?"

Elliana responded, a predatory gleam illuminating her eyes, "Miguel takes pleasure in transforming people into his obedient puppets with AI chips, doesn't he? I merely offered him a generous serving of his own poison."

Adah's jaw went slack. "Wait—you injected him with an AI chip?"

"Precisely," Elliana confirmed. "The kick served as misdirection. And that patronizing pat on the head... It provided perfect cover to inject him with something I engineered myself." Triumph curved her lips upward. "My chip surpasses anything the Evernight Alliance has ever conceived. Miguel answers to me now. With nothing more than an order, I can reduce him to an obedient dog at my feet."

"Ha-ha! Elliana, you're absolutely brilliant! Who could resist your magnetic charm?" Adah threw her arms around Elliana, planting an enthusiastic kiss on her cheek. "If I'd been born a man, I would've married you in a heartbeat!"

The rest of their group chuckled at the exuberant display, but Cole's expression transformed instantly into something thunderous, darker than the night pressing around them.

Moving before anyone could anticipate it, Cole roughly wrenched Adah away and dragged Elliana possessively into his embrace. He fixed Adah with a lethal glare. "Back off!" he growled. "If you're searching for a girlfriend, pursue someone else. Stop setting your sights on my wife."

Cole realized marrying a woman as extraordinary as Elliana demanded constant vigilance. He found himself fending off her admirers of all ages—teenagers and grown men—and now, evidently, women as well. He felt he existed in perpetual combat.

Adah stumbled backward several steps from the violence of his shove. Recovering her equilibrium, she responded with an exaggerated eye-roll of epic proportions. Seriously? How could this man's possessiveness be this annoying?

For one heated moment, Adah yearned to launch herself at Cole for a fight, but she restrained the impulse. She understood she couldn't



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 +120 Points at most

triumph against Cole in combat, and even if victory were possible, she wouldn't do it before Elliana. Still, she wasn't about to let him get away with it. This guy's jealousy streak and possessive nature required a memorable lesson.

After drawing several steadying breaths, her fury dissolved, replaced by a cunning, flirtatious smile. "Cole," she purred, her voice honeyed with mischief, "allow me to share a fascinating secret with you."



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