

Chapter 769 Cole Was Pissed Off

Cole could already tell that nothing good would come out of Adah's mouth. His gut said it all, yet he couldn't stop her. All he could do was frown.

Adah said with a sly grin, "It's a bit late to start claiming territory over Elliana. I've known her since we were babies. How long have you even been around? We bathed together and slept under the same quilt. Hell, I even know every little spot on her skin."

Her grin turned mischievous as she met Cole's eyes. "So, to put it plainly—I slept with your wife first."

Cole's mind echoed her words. His blood boiled so hot that he thought he might actually cough some up. If Adah weren't Elliana's best friend—if he could hurt Adah without losing Elliana forever—he'd have knocked her flat.

Under the night sky, fury rolled off Cole in waves. His usual composure was gone, shattered to pieces by Adah's words.

The air itself seemed to hum with tension.

Elliana sighed. Adah's words cut like a blade, straight through Cole's heart. Still, she couldn't entirely blame Adah. Cole was far too possessive. A little less jealousy, and he wouldn't be this worked up.

Moments earlier, everyone had watched Maxine and Miguel cough up blood. Now, everyone shared the same thought—if Adah kept pushing, Cole might be next.

Adah smirked, savoring Cole's rage. This was her revenge for the way he'd handled her earlier.

Honestly, Adah was never one to stop at the edge. She'd already provoked Cole, and now, she wanted to push him clean over. She cleared



her throat, ready to piss Cole further off.

Elliana's voice cut in sharply. "Adah, that's enough! One more word and I'll ground you in Delta for a whole year. You won't take a single step outside it!"

That shut Adah up. The last thing she wanted was to be trapped in Delta. Her current goal was to go back to the Norris family—she had unfinished business with them.

Elliana turned to Cole, hoping to calm him down. But his face was stone, his eyes dark with fury. He wouldn't even look at her, as if Adah's words had stained her somehow.

Elliana exhaled softly.

Just then, the baby in Cole's arms started fussing.

Elliana quickly took their daughter and rocked her gently until the baby quieted down. Since her husband was still sulking, she'd pour her care into their baby instead.

When the baby finally fell asleep again, Elliana looked up to suggest they head home—only for Hugh and Heather to stumble down the mountain path.

A wave of awkward silence swept through the group.

Even in the faint moonlight, the hickeys on Hugh's neck and face were impossible to miss. His clothes were rumpled, his expression a mix of shyness and embarrassment.

Heather, on the other hand, looked flawless. Her dress was smooth, her skin glowing with the look of a woman well pleased—like a flower after the rain.

No one needed an explanation. Everyone knew how their relationship worked. Heather dominated; Hugh endured. It was always the same story—the fiery woman and the bashful man she loved to tease.

Myles and Aron exchanged looks, turning their heads away. How were they supposed to hold their heads high with a brother like this? But experience had taught them not to comment. If they did, Hugh would throw out his usual line about them being jealous of him in a sweet





relationship. It was infuriatingly hard to argue with that. Since they couldn't scold him, they simply pretended not to notice.

Hugh didn't need a mirror to know how bad he looked. The stifled laughs and awkward glances said enough. His cheeks burned. Heather always left him looking like he'd been through a battlefield, and there wasn't a thing he could do about it. Still, he'd grown numb to the teasing. At this point, it barely fazed him.

Trying to change the subject, Hugh blurted, "Mr. Evans, is the fight over?"

Cole's jaw tightened. His glare could've set Hugh on fire. Was this fool so lost in his little love game that he'd missed everything? How did Hugh still have the nerve to draw a paycheck? He'd be dead before Hugh realized a fight had even started.

Myles couldn't take it anymore. He kicked Hugh square in the shin. "Shut up and get out of the way." This idiot had no sense of timing whatsoever.

The sharp pain jolted Hugh back to his senses. His eyes darted around, taking in the uneasy silence. The fight was long finished. Cold dread sank in. He'd deserted his duty. Cole was furious—anyone could see that.

Heart pounding, Hugh swallowed hard and stammered, "Mr. Evans, I... I'm so sorry..."

