

Chapter 673 Hatred Deepened

Miguel's words had barely faded when Irene quickly assured him, "Rest easy, Mr. Griffiths. I have never once forgotten the terms of our deal."

Their arrangement was straightforward. Miguel would help Irene get rid of Cole and ensure Jason became the new head of the Evans family. In return, Irene would secure a single item for him—a serpentine bracelet that once belonged to Cole's mother.

Irene knew nothing of the Serpent Society or the Griffiths family. She didn't understand the bracelet's true value. To her, it was worthless. To Miguel, it was priceless. So when he'd suggested a partnership, she had accepted without hesitation.

According to Miguel, the bracelet had been passed to Jarrett by Sophie. But where Jarrett had hidden it remained a mystery.

Irene believed that once Cole was gone, her son placed as the Evans family head, taking the bracelet from Jarrett would be child's play.

"Very well," Miguel said with quiet satisfaction. "Follow the plan. And keep a close watch on Taylor. When you injected the liquid chip into him a while back, the spot wasn't precise. Therefore, there could be unexpected consequences."

Miguel had chosen Taylor as his puppet after careful thought. He had wanted his own men to perform the procedure, but Jason's ironclad security left no opening.

With no other option, Miguel had handed the liquid chip to Irene and told her to find a chance to inject it into Taylor.

One night, while Taylor was drunk, Irene had seized the moment and injected the chip into his brain. But her lack of skill spoiled the effect. Otherwise, Taylor would already have been Miguel's mindless puppet.

"Yes, Mr. Griffiths. I'll watch him closely," Irene replied.

Miguel gave only a dismissive acknowledgment before ending the call.

Irene gripped her phone tightly, her cheeks flushed with both nerves and excitement. If Cole truly was finished off this time, the balance of power in the Evans family would shift forever.

Far away, in a vast and ancient castle, Miguel stood by the window, staring out at the rolling green lawn. His face was calm, but inside burned a storm of hatred. "Rita, you fled from our arranged marriage. Don't blame me for being ruthless now. Your son, your daughter, even your precious Arthur—I'll send them all to the grave."

Half a lifetime had passed, yet Miguel's hatred had only deepened. In the past, Elliana was never his real target. His vengeance was always aimed at Arthur and Milton. He thought letting Rita's "useless and ugly" daughter live a humiliating life was punishment enough. To him, killing Arthur and Milton would be the finishing blow.

But he'd never expected Elliana's supposed uselessness and ugliness to be nothing more than a disguise. As Rita's daughter, Elliana was brilliant, beautiful, and sharp as a blade. He had been fooled once again.

Miguel could not stomach the thought that Rita bore such extraordinary children with another man. He swore neither Milton nor Elliana would be spared. Eva had assumed he admired Wanda. What nonsense. After having loved someone as breathtaking as Rita, how could he settle for a moron like Wanda? His dealings with Eva and his demands of Wanda were nothing more than tools in his schemes against the Campbells.

Just then, one of his subordinates entered. "Mr. Griffiths, Eva and Wanda have been brought in."

Miguel pulled his gaze from the window. "Take them straight to the lab for the injection. I don't want to see them."

"Yes." The man bowed and left to carry out his order.

Meanwhile, Eva and Wanda stood wide-eyed in the castle's grand hall, marveling at its splendor. They had been flown in by private jet, drugged for the journey, and woke up in the midst of opulence.

One glance told them only the richest of men could live here. They felt overjoyed to have found such a powerful ally, convinced their days of being overlooked were finally over.

Wanda blushed like a schoolgirl, her head filled with daydreams of romance and passion with the mysterious Mr. Griffiths. She could hardly wait to meet him.

As Wanda lingered in her fantasy, the black-clad subordinate returned.

Wanda hurried forward. "Is Mr. Griffiths ready to see me now?"

The subordinate gave a meaningful smile and gestured. "This way, please."

Clueless of their true fate as test subjects, Eva and Wanda followed him cheerfully through a side door.

The castle grounds stretched wide, its endless halls twisting like a maze.

They walked and turned, not knowing how much time had passed, until at last, they entered a massive laboratory.

The lab's sleek and modern design clashed starkly with the castle's ancient grandeur.