

Chapter 741 Surrender

Miguel's eyes lit up at the sound of the baby's cry. He rushed toward the operating room but stopped with his hand frozen on the doorknob. A trace of restraint held him back. Elliana had just given birth—storming in would be inappropriate for him.

After a brief pause, Miguel turned to a female subordinate. "Go in and see how they're doing."

"Yes." The female subordinate nodded quickly, pushed the door open, and slipped inside.

Elliana had expected this. The moment she heard her baby's second cry, she forced herself upright and asked Paulina for her clothes. She wasn't about to let Miguel barge in and drag her away. She would face him her own way.

By the time the female subordinate entered, Elliana was already on her feet, fully dressed.

Before the female subordinate could say a word, Elliana's voice sliced through the room. "Get out. Tell him I'll be there soon."

Startled by her commanding tone, the female subordinate lowered her head and hurried out.

Elliana turned to the nurse and took her baby in her arms. She stared at the tiny face, her heart twisting painfully. She pressed a tender kiss to the baby's forehead and then handed him to Paulina, her voice steady but urgent. "Paulina, please take care of my son. When Cole returns, make sure he finds my son safe."

Paulina understood Elliana's intentions at once. Elliana was going to surrender and leave with Miguel—to protect everyone else. But she couldn't allow that. How could she face Cole if Elliana left with Miguel?

"I'll distract Miguel. You take the baby and leave through the back!" Paulina said firmly.

Elliana shook her head with a faint smile. "Miguel is sharp. He risked everything to come to Ublento tonight. Do you really think he'd leave me an escape route?"

Paulina bit her lip, her eyes glistening.

Everyone knew Miguel was cruel, but few realized just how cunning he truly was.

"For everyone's sake, the best choice is for me to go with him. Wait for Cole to return. He'll know what to do," Elliana said quietly.

"But..." Paulina's voice trembled.

Elliana placed a gentle hand on her shoulder. "What Miguel wants is Dr. Atkinson—the one with the knowledge of the Medical Codex. He needs me alive. He won't dare harm me. This is only to buy us time. I'll return, you'll see."

Even weak from childbirth, Elliana still carried the fierce presence of Death Thorn—the woman who ruled Delta. Her calm strength made others believe she could survive anything.

Paulina took a deep breath and nodded. "You have my word. I'll protect the baby."

Elliana gave her a final nod before walking toward the door.

Miguel stood waiting outside. The moment Elliana appeared, his gaze locked onto her.

Elliana wore a simple white dress, with a long coat draped over her shoulders. Despite her pale face and fragile frame, she was radiant—beautiful in a way that quieted the entire corridor.

Miguel's heart skipped a beat. This was Rita's daughter. He had seen countless photos and videos of Elliana since she discarded her disguise, but none compared to seeing her in person. No image could capture the depth of her beauty. She didn't look much like Rita. Her features were Arthur's, but her aura was pure Rita. She had Rita's eyes, where wisdom and fire danced together.

Miguel had loved Rita for that very spirit—for the strength in her soul.



Now, looking at Elliana, old memories crashed over him. Childhood laughter with Rita. Shared days. Lost chances. If only Elliana had been his daughter with Rita. If Rita had given him a daughter, he would have given her the world—made her life nothing but joy. Longing, regret, and pain tangled inside him, emotions too heavy for words.

Elliana couldn't read the storm in his eyes. Seeing his dazed stare, she gave a cold smile. "Miguel, I thought you came to capture me, not to admire me. What's wrong? Changed your mind?"

He didn't answer at once. His voice, when it came, was oddly soft. "Your eyes... Your temper... You're just like your mother."

Elliana raised an eyebrow. So, he was lost in memories of her mother again. How pitiful. A man consumed by a love he could never have, twisted by his own obsession. But her face stayed unreadable. "I'm not here to relive your past. Say what you came to say—and make it quick."