

Chapter 766 A Deal

Seeing the hatred twist across Miguel's face, Elliana could read his thoughts as clearly as if he'd spoken them aloud. But she had no plans to indulge his desires. If anything, she intended to make the devil who had destroyed her mother suffer until he begged for mercy.

The moment Miguel's demand left his lips, Elliana's mouth curved into a cutting smile. Without hesitation, she flipped open the box, letting the Sovereign's Orb gleam brilliantly before him.

Miguel's eyes widened, burning with a hungry, almost feral light. Though he bore the Griffiths bloodline, he had never once seen the fabled Sovereign's Orb with his own eyes. His lowly status had denied him that privilege—he'd grown up hearing about it only through hushed tales and family lore. Now, faced with the real thing, greed surged in his veins. He could almost feel its power pulsing against his palms, calling to him.

"Give it to me!" he shouted, his voice hoarse with desperation.

Elliana didn't move. Her smirk only sharpened, her words slicing through him like a blade. "You want it that badly, Miguel? Then take it—if you can. Did you really think I'd just hand it to you? Keep dreaming."

With a snarl, Miguel lunged forward. But the motion tore through his chest like fire, and he stumbled, coughing up blood that splattered darkly at his feet.

Elliana didn't even blink. Her sneer deepened. "In your state, you should be more worried about surviving than snatching the Sovereign's Orb."

Miguel said nothing. He knew she was right. Ever since that near-fatal escape from the underground base, he'd been living on borrowed time, chasing Maxine with nothing but hatred keeping him upright.

All the subordinates he had brought along had lain entombed beneath the mountain, leaving him utterly alone. Facing the united force of Death Thorn and Blaze Wraith, the truth struck him like a blade to the gut—he should have run instead of announcing himself.



Yet, just now, his hunger for the Sovereign's Orb had devoured his reason, blinding him to everything else. Right now, as the weight of reality sank in, a chill sweat coated his back. In his condition, he knew that if Elliana and Cole decided he should die, ending him would be no harder than stepping on an insect. His only chance was to flee, survive, and return for the Sovereign's Orb when his strength was restored.

With that grim resolve, Miguel turned sharply to leave.

"Wait." Elliana's voice rang out, smooth and mocking. "Did you really think you could just walk away?"

Miguel spun back toward her, his expression hardening into ice. "What? You plan to kill me?"

"Why not?" she shot back without hesitation. "Give me one good reason to let a monster like you live. I let you go now, so you can recover and come back for the Sovereign's Orb? So you can try to enslave me in the future? Should I forgive you for what you did to my mother? Or how you tried to murder my father and brother?"

As Elliana spoke, she handed her daughter and the Sovereign's Orb to Cole. Then, she stepped forward, rolling up her sleeves and cracking her knuckles—each motion deliberate, final. The meaning was unmistakable. She was ready to finish Miguel.

Panic flared in Miguel's eyes as he stumbled back. "Elliana, I never harmed your mother! I loved her—more than anyone! I cherished her!"

"Love?" Elliana's voice dripped with venom. "You call it love when you drove my mother to throw herself into the sea?" Her sneer deepened as she advanced, closing in with every step he took backward.

The memory of Rita's desperate leap stabbed through Miguel's mind, forcing his eyes shut in torment. "I never thought she'd do that," he rasped. "I didn't mean to hurt her—I only wanted her to stay by my side. It was her choice to leave me in such a cruel way."

"Spare me your excuses!" Elliana's voice cracked like a whip, every word a strike of fury. Her patience snapped. Her eyes burned with lethal focus. "Miguel, for the harm you inflicted upon my family and the threat you posed to the Griffiths family, I will ensure you don't get to leave here alive."



Realizing she was dead serious, Miguel's retreat turned into a desperate scramble. He tried to run but every wound betrayed him, reducing his strides to a pathetic shuffle. After a dozen unsteady steps, his legs folded, and he crashed into the snow and mud.

Flat on his back, he stared up at Elliana towering above him, her face as cold and merciless as any reaper's. He could not die. Not yet. There were things he still had to do.

"Elliana, let's make a deal!" he blurted, words spilling out before he could shape them. He had nothing she wanted, no leverage, while she held everything he desired. What bargaining chip could he possibly offer?

Elliana hesitated for the barest moment. "A deal?" she said, an almost invisible flicker of interest passing through her. "Fine. Tell me, what do you have that I would want?"

His mind raced and a single name tore free. "Quentin."

At the name, Elliana felt her chest tighten. This was the heart of her every provocation and push, all for a single goal—to find out whether Quentin still remained alive and where he might be. She could not, however, reveal her true purpose or let Miguel sense her desperation to rescue Quentin. She smoothed her expression into a hard, unreadable mask.

"You do not care for Quentin much, do you?" Miguel prodded, searching her face for weakness. "But he is obsessed with you, Elliana. He defied my orders for you. Because of you, he is suffering. Does that mean nothing to you? Don't you want to save him?"

