

Chapter 792 Teased Him

The monster the Four Guardians had once dreaded now stood before them, bowing with surprising humility. The sheer absurdity of it all made it all the more hilarious. Heather, Kieran, and Damian couldn't hold it in. They doubled over, clutching their stomachs as laughter spilled out uncontrollably.

Clifton, on the other hand, bit down on his urge to laugh out loud. Every muscle in his face fought to stay firm. Somehow, he managed to keep a straight face and scolded the three, "What's so funny? Get yourselves together! Now, everyone—say hello to Miguel."

The three tried to compose themselves, but their grins betrayed them. Mischief danced in their eyes.

Kieran stepped up first, giving Miguel a casual wave. "Hey, Miguel. I'm Kieran. If anyone gives you trouble, just tell me—I'll handle it."

The other three of the Four Guardians rolled their eyes. Trouble? With Miguel's power, no one in their right mind would dare cross him. If anything, they'd be lucky to survive his temper. Kieran was clearly talking nonsense.

But Miguel didn't see it that way. His eyes softened, and he bowed slightly. "Thank you."

"Damn," Damian muttered, struggling not to laugh. Fearing another scolding from Clifton, he pushed Heather aside and stepped forward. "Ahem, I'm Damian. Nice to meet you."

Damian paused, rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly. Despite his teasing nature, he still showed due respect for Miguel. Miguel might have become a shadow of their former enemy, but the man still deserved some respect.

"From now on, we're friends," Damian added.

Miguel nodded politely. "Hello, Damian."

Damian's heart nearly burst. Never in his life had he imagined Miguel—the dreaded leader of the Evernight Alliance—would treat him this politely. The whole scene felt unreal.

Heather rolled her eyes and shoved Damian aside. "Such a fool," she muttered.

Damian scratched his nose, embarrassed.

Then, with a flick of her hair, Heather flashed a radiant smile and strutted toward Miguel, swaying her hips for extra effect.

Clifton, Kieran, and Damian groaned in unison. She was at it again.

And indeed, Heather was hamming it up. Slinging an arm over Miguel's shoulder, she cooed, "Miguel, I'm Heather. You look like someone who has never even held a girl's hand. How about I introduce you to a few pretty ladies later, hmm?"

Miguel's face flared red from his forehead to his neck. He looked utterly flustered.

"Ha-ha!" An uproar of laughter erupted from Clifton, Kieran, and Damian. This time, no one bothered to hold back. Seeing the once-feared monster blush like a bashful schoolboy was too much to handle.

Miguel just stood there, lost and confused, as their laughter echoed through the room.

Heather tried not to laugh. She gave Miguel a gentle pat on the shoulder. "Ignore them. They're just a bunch of rude idiots. Stick with me, okay? I'll keep you safe."

Miguel stammered, "Th-thank you."

Heather's grin widened. "Good boy!"

The sight was quite funny—she draped over a man twice her age, but it was the man flushing, not her.

Clifton snapped, "Enough fooling around! We've got work to do." He motioned for Miguel. "I'm the one calling the shots here. Forget whatever nonsense they're saying. You follow me, understand?"

Miguel nodded at once. "Yes."

"Let's go," Clifton gave a satisfied nod and turned to leave.

Miguel gently pulled away from Heather and hurried after Clifton, his every movement precise and obedient.

Kieran, Heather, and Damian exchanged glances—and then burst into fresh laughter.

Meanwhile, through the open comms, Elliana heard every second of it. So did everyone else in the living room.

Elliana's face burned red. She pressed a hand to her forehead, mortified that her father and brother had witnessed such childish behavior. Had she gone too soft on the Four Guardians? This level of unprofessionalism could ruin the Thorn Rose's image.

Arthur and Milton were taken aback at first, but when they saw Elliana's embarrassed scowl, they couldn't help but chuckle to themselves.