

## Chapter 11

He was covering for her. Even now, after everything, he was choosing her over me, over the truth.

My heart didn't just break; it turned to dust.

"You're still protecting her?" I asked, my voice barely a whisper. "If it was you, why didn't you just admit it from the start? Why pretend to trace the signal, only to confess the second you found the 'culprit'?"

He flinched, his jaw tight. "I... I was trying to cover my tracks. But your hackers were better than I thought. I knew I couldn't keep up the lie." It was a weak excuse, and we both knew it.

The guests were starting to whisper again, their eyes darting between Damien, me, and a terrified-looking Eve. They were putting the pieces together.

"I know it was her," I said, my voice gaining strength. "She's the only one you would fall on your sword for." I looked him dead in the eye. "And you're a fool if you think I'm going to let her get away with this. I will make her pay."

His eyes filled with pain. "Elena, please," he begged. "Don't. I'll do anything. Anything you want."

He took a desperate step closer. "I'll marry you. Right now. We can go to the courthouse tonight."

I burst out laughing, a wild, hysterical sound that filled the ballroom. "Marry you?" I gasped, clutching my stomach. "You really think I still want you?"

He froze, his eyes wide with shock.

"It's over, Damien," I said, my voice suddenly calm and clear. "I stopped loving you a long time ago. The man I loved would never have hurt me like this. You and her... you both make me sick."