

## Chapter 666 A Bit At A Loss

Elliana had mastered the global AI research field under the codename River, encountering countless artificial beings throughout her career.

Current AI technology had achieved extraordinary breakthroughs, yet the public remained ignorant. Most people still relegated artificial intelligence to the realm of science fiction fantasies.

Most residents knew only two types of AI entities: digital consciousnesses trapped within computer systems, or mechanical robots powered by basic AI processors. Beings like Taylor—humans enhanced with AI implants—existed solely in Hollywood blockbusters, dismissed as pure fantasy.

Humans carrying AI implants appeared identical to ordinary flesh-and-blood people, but neural chips embedded in their brains gradually seized control of their behavior, transforming them into unwilling servants of their controller's will.

These sophisticated AI chips resembled intricate neural networks, engineered so microscopically that even cutting-edge medical equipment failed to detect them. Without Elliana's extensive experience as River, Taylor's condition would have escaped her notice entirely.

The revelation that Taylor had become an AI-controlled being sent shockwaves through Elliana's system. Taylor belonged to the legendary Evans dynasty. The mere thought of someone targeting an Evans family member seemed impossible—their security apparatus remained impenetrable to common criminals. Jason personally oversaw the Evans family's protection protocols, providing military-grade security for every member.

Despite Taylor's ventures into entertainment abroad these past few years, Jason had assembled an elite security detail around Taylor, making covert AI implantation virtually impossible. How had Taylor fallen into this nightmarish predicament?

Elliana had conducted only a preliminary assessment thus far.

Determining the implant's duration or technological sophistication required a comprehensive investigation.

While Elliana wrestled with these troubling thoughts, Louisa's worried voice pierced the silence. "Miss Briggs, what's Taylor's condition?"

Since Ruben hadn't prevented her examination, everyone assumed she possessed medical expertise. All eyes turned toward her, seeking answers.

To avoid alerting potential conspirators, Elliana adopted a casual smile. "Nothing life-threatening. Fever weakened his system, and the sleeping medication hasn't worn off completely. Rest will restore him."

Louisa exhaled with visible relief and then addressed Ruben, "Ruben, please forgive Taylor. Taylor's youth makes him reckless—he unwittingly upset you. Given his current fragile state, perhaps postpone any punishment and allow him a proper rest first."

Elliana's homecoming had brightened Ruben's disposition considerably, so he dismissed the issue and had Taylor carried back to his own room.

After resolving Taylor's situation, Ruben beamed at Elliana with warmth. "Elli... I mean, Lilah, hunger must be gnawing at you. The kitchen has prepared an elaborate feast. We'll dine together and then enjoy some moonlight stargazing. Does that appeal to you?"

"Sounds wonderful," Elliana responded with genuine enthusiasm.

But her words had barely escaped when dizziness abruptly overwhelmed her senses, sending her body tilting sideways.

Cole, positioned beside Elliana, caught her falling form with lightning reflexes. "Lilah? Lilah, respond to me!"

Elliana remained unconscious, having completely fainted.

"What's happened to her?" Ruben exclaimed in surprise. "Someone carry her upstairs immediately and summon our physician!"

Cole, equally alarmed, swept Elliana into his arms and sprinted toward the staircase, gently placing her on his personal bed.

The physician arrived within minutes. Following his thorough examination,

he delivered unexpected news, "Miss Briggs shows no signs of illness. She's carrying a three-month pregnancy, and exhaustion has strained her delicate condition. Extended bed rest is essential."

Pregnant? The announcement stunned everyone present into silence. Fortunately, Ruben had previously dismissed the household staff, leaving only himself, Cole, Lance, and Jeff as witnesses.

After the initial shock subsided, pure joy transformed Ruben's weathered features into a radiant smile. Elliana had conceived Cole's child during their stay on the island! This unborn baby represented a miraculous bridge between the Evans and Campbell dynasties, potentially ending generations of bitter conflict. This child embodied divine blessing for the Evans legacy!

Lance delivered his teasing observation with obvious delight. "Grandfather, you've yearned for a great-grandchild for decades, and now fate finally grants your deepest wish."

Jeff's grin stretched impossibly wide. "This makes me an uncle, doesn't it?"

Witnessing the pure happiness radiating from Ruben's, Lance's, and Jeff's faces, Cole finally grasped that they all possessed intimate knowledge of his romantic history with Lilah—while he, the primary participant, had forgotten everything.

He was a bit at a loss. His beloved now carried his child, yet he possessed no memory of their intimate moments together. This gap in his recollection drained the joy from impending fatherhood, replacing it with unsettling emptiness. He had believed their relationship had just begun, marriage still a distant consideration, yet fatherhood now loomed immediately ahead.

Usually commanding and sharp-witted, Cole appeared dazed in this moment.

Ruben suddenly recalled something crucial and turned toward Cole. "Cole, regarding the child Lilah carries..."

"The babies are mine—I understand that much," Cole interrupted with quiet certainty.

Lance and Jeff exchanged startled glances.

Ruben asked with surprise, "Have your memories returned?"



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Cole met Ruben's expectant gaze, frustration flickering across his features. "My memories remain lost, but Lilah assured me the children growing inside her belong to me. I trust her completely."

"Ha-ha..." Lance and Jeff erupted into simultaneous laughter.

Lance delivered his teasing blow with practiced precision. "Amazing how you've forgotten everything about her yet still hang on her every word."

Jeff piled on mercilessly. "Regardless of circumstances, you invariably fell head over heels for her. Ha-ha..."

At that precise moment, Elliana's eyelids fluttered open as consciousness slowly returned.

Cole immediately leaned forward with raw concern. "How are you feeling?"

Elliana's medical knowledge kicked in automatically as she conducted a swift self-assessment, understanding her predicament with clinical clarity. Since departing the island, relentless domestic and international travel had taken its toll on her pregnancy. She'd neglected proper rest and nutrition. Her recent deadly encounter with the Serpent Society had traumatized the developing fetus. Extended bed rest had become medically essential. Fortunately, she'd already secured the precious Medical Codex, eliminating her desperate need to join the Enlightenment Institute. Rest represented perfect timing now.

"I'm fine," she confirmed softly. She shifted her attention to Ruben, genuine remorse coloring her voice. "Forgive me for frightening you."

Ruben's expression radiated warmth. "Elliana, pregnancy demands careful protection—no more reckless adventures. Rest well here. I will arrange professional medical supervision."

Realizing his verbal slip, panic crossed Ruben's weathered face as he



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glanced toward Cole, dreading potential consequences.

Cole's frustration deepened noticeably. "I already discovered her true name is Elliana."

Elliana offered Ruben a reassuring smile. "Don't torment yourself with worry. Cole won't conduct any investigations—he'll follow my carefully orchestrated memory restoration timeline."

Ruben tapped Cole's leg sharply with his walking stick. "Heed Elliana's guidance and behave appropriately. Don't lose such a precious wife again." He then turned his stern gaze toward Lance and Jeff. "You two have overstayed your welcome! Disappear immediately and grant Cole and Elliana private bonding time!"

Lance and Jeff departed alongside Ruben, leaving the couple alone.

Cole studied Elliana's face, frustration still clouding his expression. "When will you share our romantic history?"

Elliana considered carefully. "Your physical recovery progresses remarkably well. Within one month, complete healing should occur. By then, natural memory restoration might eliminate my storytelling entirely."

One month stretched uncomfortably long, yet remained bearable. Cole lifted Elliana's delicate hand, pressing tender kisses across her knuckles.

"Honey, could you summon Emmanuel, Jason, and Lance? Critical matters require immediate discussion," Elliana requested suddenly.

Cole froze, staring at her with stunned disbelief. "What endearment did you just use?"

Elliana's lower lip protruded in an adorable pout, feigning wounded feelings. "I'm carrying your children, yet I cannot call you 'honey'? Are you planning to abandon your responsibilities?"

"Heh!" Cole's laughter burst forth as he captured her lips in a passionate kiss. "Repeat that word. I want to hear it again."

Elliana complied without hesitation. "Honey!"

Cole's smile blossomed with pure radiance. "What task did you request?"

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Elliana felt like rolling her eyes. Heavens above—she'd spoken extensively, yet he'd absorbed only that single endearment?

"Honey, please summon Emmanuel, Jason, and Lance immediately. Urgent information requires their attention." Elliana patiently repeated her request.

Cole complied without questioning her motives, contacting all three men directly.

Within minutes, Emmanuel, Jason, and Lance assembled in the bedroom.

Elliana popped herself up against the headboard, meeting their concerned gazes. "Emmanuel, Jason, Lance—I apologize for conducting this meeting from bed, but critical intelligence cannot wait. Please excuse my informal circumstances."

"Elliana, family never requires apologies. Speak freely," Emmanuel responded with genuine affection.

Jason and Lance adopted grave expressions, sensing some serious revelation.

Elliana dropped her bombshell without preamble. "My examination revealed Taylor has been transformed into an AI-controlled being."

"Impossible!" Emmanuel and Lance gasped simultaneously.

Disbelief was written across Cole's and Jason's faces.

Elliana elaborated with clinical precision, "Professional experience confirmed my diagnosis. However, determining the specific chip type, implantation timeline, and perpetrator's identity requires your collective investigation."

Jason bore responsibility for the Evans family's security—uncovering this conspiracy fell squarely within his expertise.

Emmanuel and Lance, as Taylor's father and brother with extensive AI research backgrounds, possessed the specialized knowledge necessary to analyze the neural implant.

These considerations had motivated Elliana's urgent summons.

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Cole's eyes narrowed into lethal slits. "Who dares to mess with the Evans family?"

"Cole, your recovery remains incomplete—excessive stress could trigger dangerous complications. Additionally, Elliana's pregnancy demands your constant presence. I'll conduct this investigation personally and report my findings," Jason declared firmly.

"Finally, an explanation for Taylor's increasingly erratic behavior patterns. AI chip manipulation clarifies everything. Yet, the mastermind's ultimate objective puzzles me completely," Emmanuel mused, his brow furrowing with concentration. "If our family represents the target, Taylor wields no genuine power here. If not, what strategic value does controlling him provide?"