

Chapter 736 A Last Wish

"Maxine, don't bring up that damned heirship again!" Miguel bellowed, fury raw in his voice. "The Griffiths family's ancestors wrote that only daughters inherit. That rule has choked the men of this family for generations. We were raised like beasts behind bars, denied even the smallest freedoms. Who came up with such a twisted law?"

He gave a harsh, humorless laugh. "Maxine, you lucked out being born a woman. If you were a man like me, do you really think you'd be standing here, telling me what to do?"

Maxine nodded, a faint smile on her lips. She felt the truth of his words. Had she been born male, the Griffiths family would never have given her the right to lead. Her sharp mind and talents would have only earned her tighter chains.

Miguel proved that. Gifted and proud, he had been muzzled by the family since childhood. Maxine knew every wound he'd nursed through the years. He had never been one to bite his tongue and bear it. Only his love for Rita had kept him bound to the Griffiths family in the shadows. After Rita fled, his temper and ambition had broken loose. He had not just survived the betrayal—he capitalized on it. He had forged his own realm and become a force that threatened the Griffiths family's power.

She respected his skill—but she could not forgive it. The Griffithses showed no mercy to traitors, and they were especially ruthless with men who turned their backs. The sentence for such betrayal was death. So she would kill Miguel. It might happen today. The ancestors' law was clear. As head of the family, she had to carry it out.

"Miguel, I know every grievance you hold. I understand them. But what choice do you have? You were born a Griffiths. Obedience is the fate that comes with that name," Maxine said, voice steady.

"To hell with fate!" Miguel snapped, fury flaring. "Why should you write my fate just because I was born into this family? Bah!"

The man who once moved with noble grace spat on the floor—an ugly

sign of how agitated he'd become.

Maxine remained perfectly still, her gaze fixed on him with a hint of pity. "As your aunt, I admire your brilliance. But I am the Griffiths family's head. I must uphold our ancestors' laws without mercy. Miguel, you will die by my hand. Before that, you may name one last wish. I will try to grant it."

A last wish? The idea was so absurd that Miguel chuckled low and scornful. "Do you still see me as that helpless child? Look at who I am now."

His eyes hardened in an instant. "A cruel family like the Griffithses should've been torn down long ago—and I'll be the one to do it. You'll die by my hand, Maxine. Out of courtesy, I'll allow you a final wish. Whether I grant it depends on my mood."

As he spoke, the room's air turned icy and violent. The men behind him shifted into hostile postures, faces set like knives.

Tension thickened until even the nurse—who'd returned after fetching more supplies—quivered as she squeezed through the crowd. She yanked open the operating room door and hurried inside.

Once the door closed, the nurse stammered to the lead surgeon, "They're fighting out there... So many. I saw Jason—he's on the floor, covered in blood!"

The doctor's eyes flicked to Paulina; a cold sweat broke across his brow.

Paulina did not flinch. "I said before that the Evans family will handle whatever's outside. This is not your concern. Do your jobs," she said, steady as rock in rising panic.

The medical staff fell silent. They bowed their heads and returned to their tasks.

After calming the team, Paulina turned to Elliana, who gritted her teeth through another contraction.

Paulina looked composed, though panic churned beneath her calm. Jason was down. The enemies could burst in any second. What could she do?

Elliana had heard the nurse. The imaginary image of Jason sprawled in

blood stabbed her heart. Jason was the kind of man who would never abandon his post unless he could not stand. That thought cut deep. Concern tugged at her, but she could not indulge it. Her babies came first. She would not let the chaos outside spark a crisis inside.

She forced her breath slow, focused every sense on her belly. Another wave of pain hit. She pushed with everything she had.

Outside the operating room, Maxine's stare never left Miguel. "So you're the head of the Evernight Alliance, aren't you?" she asked.

In Delta, that name alone made people quake.



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