

Chapter 737 Traitor

The Evernight Alliance wasn't a single entity but a vast web of countless factions—big and small—bound together under one name.

Each of these factions, on its own, was a storm no one wished to face. Once, they had been bitter enemies, locked in endless feuds, each too proud to bow to another. Chaos had ruled their world.

Then, Miguel had entered the picture. He'd broken them, one by one, crushing every challenger until they all stood beneath his banner. By sheer will and power, he'd forged them into one unstoppable force—with himself as their absolute ruler.

After turning against the Griffiths family, Miguel had become a hunted man. Maxine's assassins had stalked him from the shadows, forcing him to live like a ghost. To survive, he had needed strength desperately—enough not only to defend himself but to one day destroy the Griffithses entirely.

But Delta had been a land brimming with talent and cruelty alike. Every corner had hidden a rival waiting to strike. Building an empire from scratch would take years—and patience had never been one of Miguel's virtues. With death nipping at his heels, time was a luxury he no longer had.

After long nights of desperate thought, he'd found his answer. Since he couldn't build a power of his own, he would seize the ones that already existed. Yet in Delta, survival alone had marked a group as formidable. None would kneel easily.

Miguel's plan had been ruthless in its simplicity—he would challenge every leader to single combat. Those who yielded lived under his rule. Those who resisted fell by his blade, their followers folded into his ranks. It was madness, a gamble with his life on the line. But it was also the quickest road to dominance.

Once Miguel chose his path, he had wasted no time. He'd begun small, targeting the weaker factions first. Each victory fed the next, and with

every conquest, his strength grew.

Piece by piece, he'd built a foundation of fear and loyalty. He then turned his eyes to the mightier factions. One after another, they fell before him until Delta's underworld echoed with his name.

The factions under his banner often squabbled like wolves, but the moment he spoke, silence fell. His word was law.

Miguel wasn't just a warrior with unmatched skill—he was a strategist who understood people and power as if born to command them. He was, in every sense, a rare genius.

Miguel hadn't expected Maxine to uncover his identity. But now that the mask was off, there was no point pretending. The time for hiding had passed. He admitted with a faint smile, "That's right. I am the head of the Evernight Alliance. And now that you know, Maxine, you must understand what war between us truly means."

At last, he had the strength to face the Griffiths family head-on. Whether he would triumph or fall, no one could tell.

The Griffithses were ancient—a dynasty steeped in a thousand years of power and gold. But the Evernight Alliance was a newborn monster, forged from chaos and united under a single, ruthless will. Would Miguel's empire crumble into infighting? Would the Griffithses be crushed beneath his shadow? Or would both destroy each other in a storm of blood? The road ahead shimmered with uncertainty, every turn painted red.

Maxine saw it clearly. Facing Miguel meant risking everything—the Serpent Society, her legacy, even her life. But she couldn't walk away. Her duty bound her like iron. She drew a steady breath and met his eyes. "You were born a Griffiths. You grew up under our roof. You know our laws better than anyone."

There was only one law for traitors—death.

Miguel's lips curved in a cold smile, but he said nothing.

"I don't care what you've become. You and Sophie are traitors. The Griffithses show no mercy to those who turn their backs. To let you live would shame our bloodline forever," Maxine continued, her tone sharp as

a blade.

Miguel's eyes hardened, and a wry laugh slipped out. How hypocritical. Rita had also betrayed the Griffiths family, yet Maxine had never called her a traitor. Rita had always been the one Maxine favored.

The thought struck a nerve. He had loved Rita for half his life—and despised her for the rest. She had a way of charming everyone she met, a light that drew people in.

Outside, Miguel was stone-cold, but inside, his thoughts wandered to the love he'd never had.

Maxine didn't attack right away. Instead, her voice softened into something almost curious. "Miguel, you've always hated how our family values women over men. But have you ever asked yourself why our ancestors made that rule?"

Miguel stayed silent, though her words piqued his curiosity. He had never fathomed why the Griffiths family valued women and despised men.