

Chapter 789 His Fate

As Eva's words faded into silence, Wanda's voice broke through the heavy air. "Eva and I have trained for months and planned every step—how did everything fall apart? Who leaked our plans? Is there a traitor among us?"

Before Arthur could respond, Elliana let out a quiet, knowing laugh. "You're right. There is a traitor, and he sold you out to me."

"Elliana?" Wanda spun around, her face tightening with fury. "You actually knew who was behind us all along? Who is the traitor?"

Elliana sank into the sofa and flipped open her laptop, her movements calm and deliberate. "The traitor," she said coolly, "is Miguel—the very man pulling your strings."

At his name, Eva's and Wanda's eyes widened, shock freezing them in place. They couldn't grasp how Elliana knew Miguel was behind everything—or why she'd call him a traitor at all. Miguel was the leader of the Evernight Alliance. Their secret alliance with him was supposed to be buried deep. How could Elliana possibly have found out?

A bitter smirk crossed Wanda's lips. "Do you even hear yourself, Elliana?"

Wanda tried to console herself. How could Miguel be the traitor? If he'd been working with Elliana, why send them after Arthur and Milton in the first place?

Elliana logged into a secure program, her gaze sharp and disdainful. "Oh, I'm making perfect sense," she said, her tone dripping with amusement. "But a puppet like you wouldn't understand. You're too busy dancing to someone else's tune."

She dismissed Wanda with a flicker of contempt and turned her focus fully to the laptop.

Miles away in Delta, Miguel, who had been watching everything through the chips implanted in Eva's and Wanda's minds, felt the color drain from

his face. A chill gripped him. His pulse thundered in his ears. A terrible thought crept into his mind—one he didn't dare believe.

Then, out of nowhere, Elliana's voice rang in his head, clear as day. "How are you doing these days, Miguel?"

Panic jolted through Miguel. He glanced wildly around the room. It was empty. Elliana wasn't here. Elliana was at the Harmony Estate in Ublento—far too distant for any live connection. She hadn't called. No device had been used. So where was her voice coming from? Deep down, he knew the answer, but his mind refused to accept it.

Elliana's voice came again, colder this time. "What's wrong, Miguel? Lost your nerve?"

Miguel collapsed onto the sofa, his body wracked with uncontrollable tremors. For years, he had used his chip technology to control others, turning people into mindless tools. Never once had he imagined the same fate could befall him. He had tried to manipulate Elliana, to harness her genius for his grand ambitions—never realizing he was the one being played.

Right now, he could still think, still feel—but that was only because Elliana hadn't triggered the chip's core function yet. Once she did, his will would vanish. He'd obey her every command without question. And with him under her thumb, the Evernight Alliance would crumble. Everything he built—his power, his legacy—would burn to dust.

The weight of it crushed him. He stared blankly at the wall, his thoughts spiraling, searching desperately for a way out. But there was none. The chip was already inside him. Unless removed, he was hers to command. One keystroke—and he'd be gone.

The technology developed by River, the legend of the AI community, was far beyond anything Miguel's team had ever created. He had no defense. It was over. Completely, hopelessly over. Rage flickered, then died. What use was anger now? Only one question haunted him—when? When had she implanted the chip inside him?

He dug through his memories until one surfaced, sharp and cold—the snow-capped mountains. Realization struck like a blade. He closed his eyes, a bitter laugh escaping him.

He had betrayed the Griffiths family for a woman who never loved him. He had built the Evernight Alliance, plotted to destroy his own bloodline, and dreamed of ruling the world—all to make Rita his and his alone. But in the end, it was Rita's daughter who brought him down. Rita's daughter now led the family he'd sworn to destroy. What cruel irony. To be crushed not just by a Griffiths, but by the daughter of the woman he could never have and another man.

Maybe this was the curse of every Griffiths man—to be denied everything they wanted to claim.

A hollow laugh slipped past Miguel's lips.

Back at the Harmony Estate, Elliana's fingers hovered over the keyboard. Hearing his laugh through her link, she knew exactly what he was thinking. "Feeling desperate?" Her voice was calm, cutting deep. "You did this to others, Miguel—turned them into slaves for your ambition. You dreamed of ruling the world with your virus. Now that the tables have turned, tell me—do you feel regret?"

Miguel's eyes darkened. "I won't let you win, Elliana."

The words came out rough, trembling. He raised the gun in his hand and pressed the cold barrel against his temple.