

Chapter 790 You Are My Pet

Though Elliana couldn't see what was happening on Miguel's end, her chip monitored the changes in his brainwaves, allowing her to anticipate his actions.

When Miguel pressed the gun to his temple, Elliana knew he planned to pull the trigger. She didn't blink. She pressed the small button hidden in her palm.

She beat him to it. Before his finger could squeeze the trigger, the chip's routine kicked in.

One heartbeat, he was the defiant man ready to die rather than obey. The next heartbeat, his mind fell silent. Free will snapped like a twig. He stood frozen and blank, like a machine just turned on and waiting for instructions.

Elliana typed a quick command and spoke in a flat, steady voice. "You are Miguel. You are my pet, and I am your master, Elliana. Do you understand?"

"I understand," he answered, voice drained of life.

"Good." She smiled, thin as steel. "Three orders. No mistakes. No excuses. Will you follow them?"

"Yes," Miguel said, obedient. The towering figure from moments ago had been reduced to a hollow echo.

Eva and Wanda gaped. Fear turned to disbelief. How had the man they trembled for become this?

Elliana ignored their faces and delivered her orders. "First: Destroy every chip and virus you created. No research may survive. Second: Shut down every lab linked to those projects. Wipe all traces. Third: Do not move from this spot. Someone will collect you." She paused for a beat. "Have you memorized these orders?"

"I have," he said.

"Good. Do it now. I want results in twenty-four hours."

"Understood." Without missing a beat, Miguel barked toward the door, "Someone—inside!"

His assistant hurried in. "What do you need, Mr. Griffiths?"

"Erase all chip and virus research. Nothing leaves this room," Miguel said, his face carved from stone.

The assistant froze. "Are you certain? That's decades of work. You've guarded it like treasure. Why destroy it now?"

Miguel snapped, "Do I need to explain myself?"

The assistant bowed quickly. "No. I wouldn't question you. I'll carry out the order at once."

Miguel's expression softened for a heartbeat, but his voice hardened. "I want everything destroyed completely—the finished chips, the viruses, and all research data. Leave nothing behind."

"Understood. I'll see to it right away," the assistant said, though unease showed at the edges of his words. "Mr. Griffiths, the scientists at the base see the research as their life's work. If they resist, what are our orders?"

A cold, murderous light flickered in Miguel's eyes. His voice was a razor. "Kill them all."

The assistant froze, stunned. Miguel had always prized talent and been lenient with those scientists—so long as they didn't cross certain lines, he would never harm them. But just now, he ordered their deaths. What on earth had happened to him?

Though a thousand questions swirled in his mind, the assistant knew better than to voice them. He immediately placed a call, right there in front of Miguel. When it connected, he relayed the grim command. "Destroy all finished chips, viruses, and related research. Anyone who interferes—no matter who—must be killed."

The person on the other end sounded shocked and asked why several times.

The assistant shot a nervous look at Miguel and then hissed into the phone, "You shall obey Mr. Griffiths' orders without question! Stop asking why and just do it!"

"Understood!" came the immediate reply.

After hanging up, the assistant glanced at Miguel. "I'll go supervise personally to make sure there are no mistakes."

Miguel gave a slight, expressionless nod. "Go ahead. After the chips and viruses are destroyed, shut down all the bases."

The assistant went rigid. Shutting down the bases? Was Miguel giving up his dream of control? Despite his shock, he did not ask. He turned and left the room at once.

Once the assistant left, Miguel summoned the leaders of every division under the Evernight Alliance. He delivered a final, staggering decree. "The Evernight Alliance is disbanded."

Chaos erupted as everyone scrambled to demand an explanation.