

## Chapter 791 Docile Puppet

"No particular reason," Miguel said coolly, his voice calm but cutting. "The Evernight Alliance was born through me, and it will end by my hand. It's disbanded."

The room filled with uneasy murmurs. No one wanted to believe what they'd just heard. Faces turned toward one another, searching for answers that weren't there. Once, many of them had despised Miguel for forcing them into his ranks. But under his iron rule, their strength had grown, and their reach had spread across Delta like wildfire. Over time, resentment had given way to loyalty. They had come to trust him—to follow him anywhere. But now, without warning, he was throwing it all away.

"Mr. Griffiths..." one of them began, but Miguel's sharp wave cut him off.

Miguel barked, "I said it's disbanded! If you want to claim your own land, do it. If you wish to stay together, pick a new leader. But as of today, the Evernight Alliance is no more. I'm done with all of you."

He flicked his hand once more, a gesture of final dismissal. "Now, get out."

The group's loyalty had always been to the man, not the banner. Without Miguel, there was no unity—only ambition and greed waiting to tear them apart. Any attempt at rebuilding would crumble into infighting before it began. They were a force only when united by Miguel's will. Yet, realizing Miguel's mind was set, they fell silent. One by one, they stood and walked out, leaving the room hollow and still.

Just like that, the Evernight Alliance—once the shadow that ruled Delta—vanished into memory. Its members scattered like ashes in the wind, never to gather again.

When the last echo of footsteps faded, Miguel sat alone in the empty hall. A moment later, his assistant stepped in quietly. "Mr. Griffiths, the chips, viruses, and all research have been destroyed. Every base has been shut down. What are your next orders?"

Miguel didn't move at first. Then, he lifted his eyes, his face unreadable. "You have no more orders. The Evernight Alliance is gone. I no longer need an assistant."

The assistant froze, disbelief flickering in his eyes. He had spent years beside Miguel, chasing the promise of power and a new world. Now, with a few cold words, that dream had shattered. He was left with nothing—no master, no purpose.

Miguel's patience broke. He snatched the gun from the table and aimed it at the assistant's head. "I'll count to three. If you're still standing there, I'll put a bullet through your skull. One... Two..."

Miguel never reached three. The assistant stumbled backward and bolted from the room in sheer panic. In that moment, the reasons no longer mattered. Only survival did.

The heavy door slammed shut, sealing the silence inside. The once-feared ruler of the Evernight Alliance—who had commanded armies and shaped empires—was now utterly, hopelessly alone.

Miles away, Elliana knew every move Miguel had made. After giving the three commands, she had sent members of Thorn Rose to watch from the shadows. Their reports had confirmed everything—the nefarious research was gone, and the Evernight Alliance was dismantled. It was exactly as she had expected. Miguel had carried out the orders with chilling precision. She had given him a full day, but he had completed it in less than half that time.

For a man who had spent over twenty years building his empire, tearing it all down in a few hours was almost poetic. If he had been in his right mind, the weight of it would have crushed him.

Elliana sighed softly, something unreadable glinting in her eyes. Then, she spoke to Miguel through the chip, her voice gentle but commanding. "You've done well, Miguel. My people will arrive soon. Take only what you need and go with them. From now on, no more burdens, no more pain. You can finally be at peace."

"Yes, Master," Miguel replied in a dull, obedient tone. He didn't understand her words—only her authority. Her words were his law.

Moments later, Clifton entered the quiet room where Miguel stayed.

followed by Kieran, Heather, and Damian.

Elliana hadn't taken the Four Guardians back to Ublento. The four had stayed behind in Delta to manage Maxine's funeral. Now, to conclude the Evernight Alliance affair, Elliana had sent them to collect Miguel.

Though a monster in his own right, Miguel was still a legend—brilliant, feared, respected. Sending the Four Guardians was Elliana's silent salute to the man Miguel had once been.

When Miguel saw the four, he rose to his feet and asked calmly, "Are you the ones my master sent to collect me?"

Seeing Miguel so docile, the four could barely hold back their laughter. The man who had once sought to enslave the world now waited for orders like a child. The contrast was almost absurd.

Clifton smirked and cleared his throat. "That's right. I'm Clifton. While your master isn't here, my word is hers. You follow me now. Understand?"

Miguel simply stared at him, his expression unchanging, waiting for confirmation.


Elliana's voice echoed in Miguel's mind. "Clifton speaks for me. In my absence, his authority is absolute."

"Yes, Master," Miguel said softly and then turned to Clifton with a polite nod. "Hello, Clifton."

That did it.

Heather, Kieran, and Damian burst into laughter, unable to hold it in any longer.



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