

Chapter 793 A New Master

After the comical back-and-forth between the Four Guardians and Miguel, the fog clouding Eva's and Wanda's minds finally cleared. With Miguel's research centers destroyed and his equipment wiped out, the chips in Eva's and Wanda's brains lost all power.

To Eva and Wanda, returning to themselves felt like surviving a disaster. The shock of freedom hit them hard, and both women collapsed, utterly drained. Just moments earlier, bodyguards had struggled to keep them restrained as they thrashed frantically. Now they crumpled like empty shells, no longer needing to be held down.

After a long, desperate struggle to catch their breath, the full weight of their situation settled upon Eva. The truth hit her like a storm, and she broke down in uncontrollable sobs. "That bastard Miguel! He lied to me! He said he liked Wanda and would work with me, but it was all a trick. He used me and Wanda and turned us into his puppets!"

The elegant lady Eva had always prided herself on being was gone. Her voice was raw, her tears fierce, and her mask of grace shattered completely.

Wanda didn't wail with the same theatricality, but her silent tears spoke volumes. They slid down her cheeks, burning hot against her skin. Her mind drifted to the day she had first stepped into Miguel's castle, full of foolish dreams of becoming his woman. She had wanted to use his power to reclaim her place in Ublento and destroy Elliana. Instead, she had walked into his snare and lost her will for months.

Now, clear-headed at last, Wanda realized how close she had come to losing everything—including her life.

Eva and Wanda wept until their voices faded, their grief giving way to emptiness. Miguel was subdued by Elliana. The Evernight Alliance was gone. They had nowhere left to turn.

Wanda stared at the floor, lost. There wasn't a single place she could call home anymore. The Campbell family was no longer an option. After

Trinity's expulsion from the Evans family, the Craigs' empire had collapsed into ruin. Her days as a pampered daughter of the Craig family were long gone.

Eva searched her mind but found no path forward either. She couldn't return to the Evans family, and Arthur would never take her back into the Campbells. Miguel had drained her wealth dry, leaving her with nothing but shame and fear.

Everyone around the two women stood silent. No one offered comfort or broke the quietness. Their cries faded into the heavy stillness.

At last, Elliana looked up from her computer. "You have nowhere to go, do you?" she asked, her tone calm but cutting.

Wanda lifted her head at the sound, meeting Elliana's gaze. There was still defiance in her eyes—but it was swallowed by a profound fear. In that moment, Wanda finally understood the truth. Elliana's power was something she could never hope to reach. Her old desire for revenge now seemed childish, a tantrum against a storm she could never stop. Just being alive felt like a miracle.

Wanda didn't know what Elliana planned for her, but one thing was clear—her fate was no longer her own. The realization broke her completely. She lowered her head, surrendering in silence.

Eva looked up. She stared blankly at Elliana for a long moment before her composure shattered, and she broke into desperate, heaving sobs. "Elliana, I'm Cole's aunt. Please, for his sake, and for the sake of our blood ties to the Evans family, spare my life!" Her frantic eyes darted to Cole, who was sitting right beside Elliana. "Cole, please," she pleaded, "say something for me!"

But Cole didn't even glance at Eva. He stayed focused on the twins, keeping his promise to Elliana not to interfere.

Eva's panic deepened. Her gaze turned to Arthur and Milton. "Arthur, Milton! We were family for twenty years! Even if you despise me, you wouldn't really let me die, would you?"

Arthur ignored her completely, his face unreadable.

Milton, however, let out a cold laugh. "Guess what? I do want you dead. Since the day you drove my mother away, I've dreamed of this moment."

His words silenced her. A tremor ran through her body, fear freezing her in place.

Elliana said coolly, "Don't worry. We won't kill you. That would stain our hands."

Eva's eyes flickered with hope. Perhaps mercy wasn't out of reach after all.

But then, Elliana's lips curved into a cold smile. "Still, I can't let you off the hook. You've caused enough chaos. Since you loved being a puppet so much, you'll stay one—you're just getting a new master."

"W-what are you saying?" Eva stammered, her voice cracking.

Elliana didn't bother explaining. She stood, walked to Eva, and injected a clear liquid into her arm with calm precision.


It was only as Elliana withdrew the syringe that Eva's mind caught up, the shock hitting her a second too late. "W-what did you inject into me?"

"The same thing Miguel did," Elliana said softly, almost kindly. "But mine's better. It's clean, harmless, and ensures your obedience."

Eva's eyes widened in horror. "No! I don't want this! Get it out of me!"

Elliana didn't respond. She simply smiled faintly, lifted her phone, and tapped the screen once.



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