

Chapter 581 Time Will Eventually Witness Our...

"Elliana!" The names exploded from Lance's and Jeff's lips in perfect unison, their voices carrying waves of disbelief.

While shock painted their faces, Elliana stood unmoved, her fingers dancing casually around her ear in a gesture that bordered on theatrical. "Must you raise your voice like that? Do you wish to shatter my eardrums completely?"

Lance and Jeff widened their eyes. Every nuance of her expression, each subtle movement, every inflection in her voice—this was undeniably Elliana in flesh and spirit.

Jeff's mind struggled to process the impossible scene before him, yet his body moved with lightning instinct. He launched himself forward like a creature possessed, crashing into Elliana's embrace with desperate force.

The impact sent Elliana stumbling backward, her feet scrambling to find purchase against his overwhelming momentum.

Wrapped within Elliana's arms, Jeff unleashed torrents of tears that had been imprisoned within his heart. His sobs echoed through the space as he cried, "Elliana, it turns out you're not dead. You still breathe!"

Elliana absorbed the raw intensity of his emotions, feeling each wave crash against her soul. Though distance had separated them during these dark months, she could envision his devastation upon receiving news of her supposed demise and imagine how grief had carved itself into his young heart.

This had driven her decision to abandon her carefully constructed facade today, to step from the shadows and reunite Lance and Jeff. She refused to let those who cherished her continue drowning in sorrow because of her deception. The sooner they saw her breathing before them, the swifter their healing could begin.

"Yes, I'm still alive." Elliana's hand moved in gentle circles across Jeff's trembling back, her voice flowing like honey mixed with warmth. "Cease these tears, sweet child. I stand before you whole and unharmed. Forgive me, Jeff, for painting your world with worry and grief."

Jeff's smile bloomed through his cascading tears like sunshine breaking through storm clouds. "Elliana, no apologies need pass your lips. Your being alive is the best gift for me. Joy floods my entire being today!"

From his nearby position, Damian observed the scene and reflected on Jeff's nature—though wildness often colored his daily actions, beneath that spirited exterior beat a heart both warm and genuine, qualities that had grown increasingly rare in the world.

Despite moments when Jeff's energy tested his patience, Damian's love for the boy ran deeper than ocean currents.

Elliana maintained her gentle ministrations, her smile never wavering as she continued stroking Jeff's back, allowing him this moment of desperate clinging since her heart couldn't bear pushing him away.


Lance approached with measured steps, his eyes burning crimson as they locked onto Elliana's face, words forming and dissolving on his tongue before he could voice them. The question finally escaped his lips after an eternity of silence. "What on earth is going on?"

Emotion strangled Lance's voice, tears threatening to spill from eyes that had seen too much sorrow. The memory would never fade—he remained Elliana's devoted mentee, bound by invisible threads of respect and admiration.

Elliana lifted her gaze to meet Lance's, and though his expression carried less raw intensity than Jeff's desperate relief, she sensed the profound depths of feeling he harbored for her. This mentee deserved her guidance for all the years that stretched ahead. Should River ever require a successor, she would gladly offer this precious opportunity to Lance without hesitation.

"This tale weaves itself through countless threads; we must settle ourselves and unravel it properly." Elliana's words carried the promise of revelation.

"Of course," Lance responded swiftly, his hands working to arrange the

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sofa cushions, creating a comfortable space for Elliana's rest.

Jeff's grip remained ironclad around Elliana, his fingers refusing to release their precious hold.

Elliana lacked the heart to pry Jeff away, so she captured his hand within her own gentle grasp, guiding him to settle beside her on the welcoming sofa.

Time worked its healing magic, and Jeff's emotional storm gradually subsided into calmer waters. He positioned himself close to Elliana's side, his posture straightening with attention as he waited for her words to paint the truth.

Elliana began weaving the tale of her staged death and her phoenix-like return to Ublento wearing the carefully crafted identity as Lilah.

Certain secrets, however, remained locked within her heart—Cole's battle with Psycephrenia would never cross her lips, nor would she reveal her birthright as the Campbell family's rightful heiress. Cole's psychological struggles deserved burial in time's deepest vaults, never to surface again. Her true heritage required continued concealment, at least for now, wrapped in layers of protective silence.

"Elliana, so Wanda and Eva orchestrated this cruelty against you?" Jeff's question blazed with righteous anger.

"Precisely," Elliana confirmed, her voice steady as stone. "I embraced this deception to escape what I assumed was the Campbell family's relentless pursuit. But those fears have dissolved completely, because my investigation revealed that Eva and Wanda's actions sprouted from their own twisted motives, bearing no connection to the Campbell family, who harbor no desire to bring me harm."

Lance and Jeff had been completely unaware that Eva existed as an unloved shadow within the Campbell hierarchy, that Wanda merely occupied the role of an adopted daughter who would never gain their recognition. Today, understanding finally illuminated their confusion.

Lance's curiosity sparked suddenly, "Elliana, what purpose drove Jason to seek you out moments ago?"

This particular truth required careful reconstruction. Elliana lied

smoothly, "Jason possesses the keen sight of a hunting falcon; he pierced through my disguise and approached to confirm his suspicions."

Lance and Jeff nodded in perfect synchronization, their trust absolute and unquestioning.

"And what of your situation with Cole?" Lance pressed further.

Elliana removed the wig from her head with fluid grace and then began the careful process of removing layers of makeup with damp cloths, her hands moving with practiced ease as she addressed Lance's inquiry. "Dismiss your concerns regarding our relationship. Time will eventually witness our remarriage."

Lance and Jeff demonstrated their respect through silence, asking no further questions when boundaries had been clearly established.

Jeff's thoughts turned toward more immediate matters. He lifted his eyes hopefully. "Elliana, might I relocate to Rosewood Villa and live with you?"

Lance also looked at Elliana with hopeful eyes as the same desire clearly burned within his heart.

Elliana delivered her refusal without a moment's hesitation. "That path remains impossible. I embody Lilah Briggs now, a woman whose existence bears no connection to the Evans family. Therefore, sharing my dwelling cannot happen."

Lance's and Jeff's heads drooped like flowers touched by frost, disappointment weighing down their spirits.

At that precise moment, Adah swept into the room, her eyes immediately brightening like stars when they discovered Lance's presence. Without missing a beat, she launched into her well-practiced charm offensive. "Well, hello there, gorgeous stranger, what fortunate winds have blown you into our midst?"