

## Chapter 613 Vanish From My Sight

Dread crashed over Jules like a cold wave as he processed Maxine's words. He was a deserted child Maxine had plucked from the streets, his origins shrouded in mystery. His sole purpose within the Griffiths dynasty centered on one goal: to marry Katrina and father the next heiress.

Though Katrina repulsed him, Jules recognized she remained his lifeline in the treacherous waters of family politics. Should Katrina tumble from her pedestal as heir apparent, his usefulness would evaporate instantly. The mere thought of becoming expendable sent shivers down his spine. The revelation struck him with brutal clarity—his destiny was forever shackled to Katrina's fate.

"Ms. Griffiths, what course of action should I take?" Jules's voice trembled with barely concealed anxiety.

A knowing smile curved Maxine's lips. "You and Katrina share the same destiny now. When she rises, you ascend with her; when she falls, you crash alongside her. A formidable challenge awaits her, and you must become her unwavering ally. For the next month, follow Katrina's lead."

Following Katrina's lead? Every fiber of Jules's being rebelled against the notion. In his mind, Katrina embodied everything insufferable about entitled women. The prospect of groveling before her commands made his stomach churn. Yet, circumstances left him no alternative but to yield to Maxine's orders.

"Understood." The words tasted bitter on Jules' tongue.

Katrina's gaze swept over Jules with undisguised contempt before she addressed Maxine, "Grandmother, your logic escapes me. Why deploy the entire Serpent Society against a single challenge like this? Eliminating Elliana hardly requires such overwhelming force."

Katrina genuinely couldn't fathom it. Elliana might hold the Campbell family's future in her hands and share intimate ties with Cole, but neither



faction had erected impenetrable barriers around her. One skilled assassin could end her life—so why this elaborate theater?

Questions multiplied in Katrina's mind like breeding serpents.

Maxine offered no enlightenment, merely flicking her wrist in dismissal. "Proceed with your challenge. Return to me when the month concludes."

With that, Maxine settled deeper into her ornate throne, cradled her head against her palm, and closed her eyes to rest.

Katrina swallowed her curiosity and withdrew from the hall with measured steps.

Jules trailed in Katrina's wake like a reluctant shadow.

Beyond the hall's imposing doors, Jules ventured, "Maxine's wisdom runs deeper than mountain streams, and she never squanders resources carelessly. Granting you command of the entire Serpent Society for one elimination seems excessive, yet she must harbor compelling reasons."

Katrina's eyes snapped shut in exasperation for a second before fixing Jules with a withering stare. "Must you voice such painfully obvious observations? Do you imagine I lack the intelligence to grasp that much?"

Jules's distaste for Katrina's condescending tone burned hotter than forge flames. Conversing with her resembled wrestling with a rabid wildcat—all claws and venom. Meaningful dialogue remained perpetually beyond reach.

Yet, the specter of the approaching month, when her word would become his law, forced him to swallow his frustration whole. Channeling his rage into false calm, he persisted patiently, "I mean, Elliana possesses hidden depths we haven't fathomed yet. This mission demands our utmost vigilance."

Katrina's response dripped with scorn and sarcasm. "How astute of you to notice."

Having delivered her verbal lashing, Katrina stalked forward, treating even minimal conversation with Jules as cruel punishment.

Jules remained rooted in place, grinding his teeth as he watched her retreating silhouette, fantasizing about wrapping his fingers around her

slender throat. But constrained by his position, he ultimately had to digest every humiliation. As an adopted child of the Griffiths family, he floated through life like driftwood on turbulent seas, his true identity buried beneath layers of uncertainty. Tolerating Katrina's venomous temperament had become an essential survival skill.

Two measured breaths restored Jules' composure. He adjusted his mental armor, quickened his stride, and drew alongside Katrina with practiced deference. "So, what do you have planned for me next?"

Katrina halted mid-step and regarded Jules as though he were something unpleasant stuck to her shoe. "For the next thirty days, vanish from my sight. Your presence nauseates me."

The insult detonated Jules's carefully controlled temper, his knuckles popping like breaking timber. Were they anywhere else, he would have gladly introduced Katrina to his fists until she begged for mercy through bloodied lips.

But Katrina disregarded his barely leashed fury. She sneered and continued her departure.

This time, Jules didn't follow her. If she wanted him to stay away, he would gladly oblige. Let her stumble through this challenge without his support—in thirty days, her inevitable downfall would provide delicious vindication.

After Katrina disappeared around the corner, Jules expelled a contemptuous snort and pivoted toward the opposite corridor.

Following their dramatic exit, an elderly figure with silver hair entered the abandoned hall. Despite his advanced years, vitality radiated from his every movement, each footfall resonating with quiet authority.

Davin, the visionary architect of the Enlightenment Institute, had arrived.

Upon crossing the threshold, Davin offered Maxine a respectful bow. "Ms. Griffiths."

Maxine's eyelids fluttered open as she indicated a nearby chair with a graceful gesture. "Please, be seated."

Davin settled into the offered seat before inquiring, "Ms. Griffiths, you



called me here suddenly. Is there something urgent?"

"Indeed, a critical situation demands your attention—one concerning Rita's daughter, Elliana." Maxine's voice carried newfound gravity.

Her expression transformed into something mysteriously calculating as she continued, "A startling realization struck me today. All those years ago, Rita had played us for complete fools."