

Chapter 738 Her Daughter

"The Griffiths family fell from a royal house of glory to prisoners awaiting execution—all because a man of our own turned against us..." Maxine's voice was cold as she began recounting the ancient tragedy that destroyed the Griffiths Dynasty a thousand years ago.

In the final days of the Griffithses' reign, the kingdom had been riddled with corruption and unrest, but it was not yet beyond saving. With the right leadership, it might have endured.

But then, the traitor had stirred the pot. A prince of their own blood who sold his people to their enemies, shattering the dynasty from within and dooming it to ruin.

If not for a single exiled princess who had managed to escape before the fall, the Griffiths' bloodline would have vanished entirely.

It was that same princess who had later rebuilt the family from the ashes. Scarred by betrayal, she'd sworn that no man of Griffith blood would ever hold true power again.

As matriarch, she'd forged two laws that would never be broken. The first—traitors must die, no matter how far they fled. The second—men of the Griffiths line would forever serve beneath the women who ruled them. Cruel and unyielding, these decrees had become the backbone of every generation that followed.

Now, Maxine held those ancient laws like a sword—and tonight, that sword was meant for Miguel.

When her tale ended, Maxine exhaled softly. "Miguel, your last words," she said, her tone flat and final.

The meaning was clear. She intended to finish this—right here, right now.

Miguel's brow furrowed. "You want to fight me here?" He had long expected this day to come, but not like this—not in this place, not tonight.

Maxine knew the venue was far from perfect. Still, after years of hunting him, she couldn't let this opportunity slip through her fingers now that their paths had finally crossed. If she let him slip back into Delta's shadows, finding him again would be nearly impossible.

"Our paths have crossed. Why wait for tomorrow?" she asked calmly.

Miguel's laugh was low and bitter. "You've gone mad. This is Ublento, not Delta. If we fight here, this could drag on through the night. And when the rain stops and the sun comes up, neither of us will get what we want. We'll be lucky to walk away from the potential involvement of the law enforcement."

Maxine's gaze fell, a silent acknowledgment of his point. In Delta or Podgend, she could unleash her fury freely. But Ublento had order, and bloodshed here would come at a cost. Only the pouring rain tonight gave Miguel and her the cover they needed. Once the rain stopped and daylight returned, neither could afford to linger.

Sensing her hesitation, Miguel pressed on. "We can settle our feud back in Delta. If you don't find me, I'll find you. There's no point dying here for pride's sake."

Maxine considered it for a beat and then nodded faintly. "You're right." Her mission tonight was not vengeance—it was retrieval. She had come for Elliana's baby girl.

At that very moment, the sharp cry of a newborn pierced the storm outside.

Everyone froze. Heads turned toward the operating room door.

Jason, pale and trembling, forced himself upright with the help of his men. His body was failing, but his heart leapt at the sound. A baby's cry. But there was much he could do to stop Maxine and Miguel.

Maxine's eyes gleamed with sudden certainty. That sound could only belong to the firstborn—the heiress she had come to claim. Without hesitation, she strode to the operating room door, pushed it open, and disappeared inside.

Jason tried to follow, but pain seized his chest. Blood filled his mouth as he collapsed against his men, whispering inwardly, "I'm sorry, Cole... I fail

to guard Elliana and her babies."

Inside, the tension eased for just a moment. Paulina and the medical team breathed a collective sigh of relief—the first baby was safe.

Elliana lay spent, drenched in sweat, her body trembling from exhaustion. One child was safe, but another was still waiting to come into the world. She had to conserve her strength.

Paulina checked the infant and turned to Elliana with a bright, trembling smile. "It's a girl! She's perfectly healthy!"

Elliana's lips curved into a weak, tearful smile. A girl. Her daughter. Her little miracle. She tried to speak, to ask for her baby—but the words froze in her throat as the door swung open. A woman in a long, veiled black dress stepped in, her very presence chilling the air.

Elliana's heart stopped. She didn't need to see the face to know. It was Maxine. And Maxine was here to take her child. No way! No one was taking her daughter away!

Terror crashed over Elliana like ice water. Her arms shook as she forced herself upright, voice breaking but fierce. "Maxine, you will not take my daughter!"

But Maxine didn't even spare Elliana a glance. Her gaze was fixed on the newborn—the tiny bundle just cleaned and about to be placed in Elliana's waiting arms.