

Chapter 771 Accepted Elliana As Their New Head

Elliana's words instantly caught Sophie's ear. She looked up, eyes fixed on Elliana, waiting for what came next.

Elliana said softly, "Regardless of any illness, the patient's mental state matters just as much as the medicine. With a disease as stubborn as Psychephrenia, willpower is everything. Sophie, you must stay strong and keep hope alive. Before we begin your treatment—and all through it—can you promise me that? No matter the obstacles, will you hold on and never give in to despair?"

Sophie replied without hesitation, "Yes, I can. Don't worry. I'm tougher than I look. I've fought this battle alone for years and faced more pain than I can describe. I made peace with the prospect of death long ago. But now that you're here, I feel nothing but hope. Whatever happens, I won't give up on myself."

"Good." Elliana smiled, visibly relieved. "Before we start the full treatment, I'll need to strengthen your body. Once you're ready, we'll move on to the medication for the Psychephrenia. During this time, staying positive is just as important as any drug. Hearing your words eases my heart."

With that, the heaviness between them lifted. The room felt lighter and warmer. Sophie's spirits lifted a lot.

Everyone had full confidence in Elliana's medical skills. As for Sophie, her renewed hope seemed to breathe life back into her.

Their talk afterward was calm and pleasant. Time slipped by easily until the plane finally touched down at Gearveil Hall.

Months ago, Maxine had emptied Gearveil Hall to hide from Elliana and Cole, leaving only deserted halls behind. But today, the estate was alive again.

News had spread fast—Maxine was gone, and Elliana, now the keeper of the Sovereign's Orb, had taken Maxine's place as head of the Griffiths family. Members from every corner of the clan, even those long in hiding, had returned to witness the change.

No one dared question their late leader's final decision. They gathered in order, ready to welcome both the departed matriarch and the new one.

At the front stood Maxine's mother, Anita Griffiths. Though she was one hundred and two, she looked no older than fifty—still graceful, still strong.

For generations, the Griffiths heiresses had mastered the ancient Medical Codex, crafting secret remedies to preserve youth and lengthen life. Barring any accidents, they all lived long lives. For someone like Maxine to pass away at nearly eighty was, in fact, a rarity.

Anita was preparing to bury her own child. When she'd first heard of Maxine's death, grief had crushed her. She had blamed Miguel for taking her daughter's life, yet she couldn't help but sigh over Maxine's stubbornness. If only Maxine hadn't been so headstrong, maybe her story would've ended differently. But regrets changed nothing. Her daughter was gone, and the only thing left to do was accept it and carry out her final wishes.

Elliana might not have been born a Griffiths, but her daughter was. Before her death, Maxine had entrusted Elliana with the Sovereign's Orb, naming her temporary leader until Elliana's daughter was old enough to inherit the Griffiths family. The clan had no choice but to honor that will.

Anita had once been a formidable leader herself, the kind who worked wonders for her family. Though long retired, her influence remained unshaken. Every Griffiths respected her deeply. If she accepted Elliana, so would they.

Long before the plane arrived, Anita and the gathered clan stood waiting on the runway.

Beside Anita was Davin, a man whose loyalty toward the Griffiths family ran deep. Though not of Griffiths' blood, his Haynes family had served the Griffiths family for generations.

On top of that, Davin had counseled two successive leaders of the

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Griffiths family. He was a figure both trusted and revered among the Griffiths clan.

The plane rolled to a stop, and the door opened. Elliana stepped out first with her daughter in her arms. Cole followed, then Sophie and Aubrie.

At the sight of Elliana, Anita bowed low, her clear voice echoing across the tarmac. "Greetings to the new leader!"

Behind her, the clan echoed as one, their voices carrying with pride. "Greetings to the new leader!"

They performed a solemn rite passed down through centuries—a gesture once reserved for their royal ancestors. It was the highest show of loyalty. The meaning was plain. Every Griffiths had accepted Elliana as their new head and offered her their full respect.

Elliana stood frozen for a moment, taken aback. Everything she'd known of the Griffiths family—their strange customs—coupled with her previous clashes with Maxine, had made her wary, even resentful. If not for the desperate events in the mountains, she'd never have agreed to lead them.

But now, seeing their unity and reverence, she felt something shift. The Griffithses were rigid and bound by tradition, yes—but they were also steadfast, disciplined, and loyal. In an age that had long abandoned such old-world customs, their devotion to legacy felt almost sacred—a rare spark of something the modern world had long forgotten.

Chapter 772 Deceived Her

When Elliana had accepted the mantle of leadership from Maxine atop the snow-covered mountains, Sophie and Aubrie had immediately carried out the ancient rite that sealed her authority.

Right now, in front of Elliana, every member of the Griffiths family, led by Anita, bowed deeply and chanted as one, "Greetings to the new leader."

The sight left Elliana humbled and slightly dazed. She had expected resistance. As an outsider claiming the Sovereign's Orb, she had braced herself for protest and conflict. Yet, none came. Her caution had been needless.

Anita, now 102 years old and once the Griffiths family's matriarch, stood at the front. Elliana couldn't bear to see the elder bow so low. She quickly moved forward to help Anita rise. "There's no need for such ceremony," she said softly.

"Thank you," Anita murmured, straightening with a faint smile. Her eyes were still swollen from tears shed for Maxine, but she held herself with dignity before the new leader.

"Everyone, please rise," Elliana said gently.

A chorus of "Thank you!" echoed through the cold air as they all stood.

Elliana's eyes swept over the faces before her—she recognized almost no one.

The Griffiths family's famed longevity elixirs made it impossible to tell one's age. Youthful appearances, in this family, could be quite deceptive. It would take time to learn their names and their stories.

Elliana was not agitated. That could wait. For now, there was a more pressing duty—Maxine's funeral. Turning to Anita, she said quietly, "I brought Maxine's remains back."

Her eyes shifted toward the helicopter.

At her signal, the Four Guardians approached, wheeling the stretcher draped in white.

Anita's trembling hands lifted the cloth from her daughter's face. The moment she saw Maxine, her body shook with grief. "My daughter..." she cried, her voice breaking.

The Griffiths family's sorrow spread like wildfire. Soon, the air was filled with sobs. Whatever Maxine's faults as a leader, she had once ruled them all. That alone demanded their respect.

To the Griffithses, Maxine remained their fallen matriarch—one who deserved to be sent off with honor, as their royal ancestors had done for their rulers. This was not the time to revisit her mistakes. What mattered was her final farewell.

The family elders stood silently, their eyes dim with age and pain, while the younger ones lowered their heads in mourning.

For a long while, grief was the only sound that filled the air.

Elliana and Cole stood apart, heads bowed. Their crew followed their lead, honoring the ceremony with quiet reverence.

When the rites ended, Maxine's body was carried to the chapel for the vigil.

Elliana, as the new leader, was escorted to the council hall and seated upon the great throne at the head of the room.

The rest of the clan arranged themselves according to rank. Anita sat closest to Elliana, with Davin standing by her side.

Elliana had only glimpsed Davin earlier, during the commotion of her arrival and the transfer of Maxine's body. Now, as calm returned to the hall, her gaze lingered on him.

Before, Davin had contacted Elliana and claimed to be her mother's protégé. Once they met up, he had handed her the Medical Codex and earned her trust. Amid their meeting, he had gleaned a few secrets from her.

Now, Elliana finally realized that it had all been a ruse. Davin was

Maxine's man, and every move he'd made had been under her orders.

If fate hadn't taken Maxine so suddenly, if a twist of fate hadn't made Elliana the new leader of the Griffiths family, how long would Davin have kept the charade alive?

The thought still burned. Elliana had always been proud of her cautiousness—ever since childhood, no one had managed to deceive her so thoroughly. Yet, Davin had. Was it his skill or her own lapse in judgment? She couldn't tell.

Sensing Elliana's gaze, Davin quickly bowed his head. But her eyes were sharp, and the weight of them made his stomach twist. He had a faint idea about what was on her mind, and fear crept in like ice. He had never imagined that his secret would unravel so soon—or that the woman he deceived would one day sit on the Griffiths throne. Life, it seemed, had its cruel turns. Would she punish him now?

As panic began to rise within him, Elliana's voice broke the silence. "You're quite the actor, Devin."

His heart lurched. He couldn't tell if she was furious or merely mocking him. He forced a nervous smile, unsure how to answer.

Elliana wasn't one to dwell on grudges. Davin had only obeyed Maxine's commands, after all. Her remark was more a sigh than a strike—just a way to release the sting that lingered. With that, she let it go. She had bigger matters to attend to—and a new task waiting for him.