

Chapter 818 Joy

Even as the world's most powerful clan, the Thompsons understood where their influence ended. Two empires commanded their respect—the Sun Group, ruled by Arthur Campbell, and the Evans Group, commanded by Cole Evans. These weren't organizations the family could afford to cross.

Among the rising generation of elite heirs, Cole and Milton stood alone at the summit. Their names echoed through Thompson family discussions like mantras, always accompanied by equal measures of admiration and wariness.

Just weeks earlier, the Thompsons had strategized on how to build bridges with these rival titans. The possibility that the Evans Group president's wife might walk through their doors claiming Thompson blood had never crossed their minds, not even in their most feverish imaginings.

Any lingering doubts about whether Elliana's identity as Dr. Atkinson was some elaborate performance dissolved instantly. A woman of her staggering reputation had no earthly reason to deceive the Thompsons. Her account carried the weight of undeniable truth.

Fire sparked behind the eyes of Kaleb, Edgar, and Elsie as understanding took hold. Earlier, they had privately marveled at Dr. Atkinson's genius, daydreaming about what fortune it would be to claim such brilliance as their own. That wistful fantasy had just crystallized into reality.

Smiles bloomed across Edgar's and Elsie's faces. Everything suddenly aligned with perfect clarity. For Bexley to have captured Arthur's heart—the sovereign of the Sun Group—and built a family beside him, she must have been remarkable beyond measure. Anything less would have never stirred Arthur's interest. This was what a Thompson daughter should embody—worlds apart from Amelia and her repulsive conduct.

The Thompsons had heard whispers about the many faces Cole's wife wore. Rosa, the international design luminary. River, the artificial intelligence pioneer. Stellara, the celebrated musician. And now, the globally renowned Dr. Atkinson. What other breathtaking identities might



she conceal? Yes, this was their real granddaughter—nothing remotely like the despicable Karlee.

After decades drowning in turmoil, Edgar and Elsie finally surfaced into calm waters. They no longer needed to fret over Amilia and Karlee, nor shoulder guilt for inadequate guidance. The fault had never been theirs. Amilia and Karlee had simply arrived in this world with corrupted characters and diluted blood running through their veins.

They harbored no desire to set eyes on Amilia and Karlee ever again. All they craved now was to escort their true granddaughter home and fold her into the family embrace.

Kaleb mirrored their feelings, a sudden grin breaking across his features. "I'll fetch my niece myself and bring her home!"

He pivoted toward the door, but Rita's hand caught his arm. "Kaleb, there's no need to rush headlong into this. Elliana spent over ten hours in surgery today, operating on former King Howell. She's completely drained and probably sleeping soundly as we speak. Don't wake her. Let exhaustion release its grip first."

Kaleb froze, recognizing his thoughtless haste. "You're absolutely right—we shouldn't intrude on her rest." Still, waiting idly at home felt impossible. He patted Rita's hand with gentle reassurance. "Don't fret. I'll station myself at the hotel and keep watch outside her door. The instant she wakes, I'll escort her back."

Rita's smile softened. "Then I'm coming with you. We were in such a rush earlier, and there was so much left unsaid. I desperately want to speak with her properly."

"Of course," Kaleb agreed without hesitation.

Edgar and Elsie spoke as one voice. "We're joining you as well!" They refused to slight such an extraordinary granddaughter. They wanted her to feel the family's warmth wrapping around her immediately, without delay.

Rita wavered and then offered gently, "Dad, your health has been fragile. Let Mom stay here with you and get some proper rest."

"Nonsense, I feel wonderful!" Edgar seemed to have shed an entire decade in mere moments. "Discovering my granddaughter is such a



magnificent woman has chased away every ache and pain!"

Elsie's smile radiated warmth. "Let him come. If we force him to remain behind, he'll lie awake tossing all night anyway."

Witnessing her parents' determination, Rita couldn't summon the resolve to refuse them.

With everyone departing to collect Elliana, Jenifer certainly had no intention of being excluded. "I'm tagging along too!" she announced brightly.

The entire family mobilized as one force.

Meanwhile, Elliana slept deeply, oblivious to the commotion brewing beyond her awareness.

The Thompsons had reserved the entire hotel exclusively for Elliana's comfort. Every other guest had been quietly relocated elsewhere, leaving the staff devoted entirely to her needs.

Elliana rested peacefully in her room while the Thompson clan maintained their silent sentinel outside her door.

Dawn broke, morning stretched into mid-morning, and it wasn't until ten o'clock that Elliana finally emerged from sleep's embrace.

Unable to stomach the thought of leaving Elliana alone in Yruzias, Cole, Arthur, and Milton had tagged along, securing rooms at a neighboring hotel.

Before surrendering to exhaustion the previous night, Elliana had fired off a quick text confirming her safety, though she'd deliberately omitted any mention of finding Rita at the Thompson estate. She'd been far too depleted to elaborate. After tapping send, she'd silenced her phone and collapsed into bed's welcoming arms.

The moment consciousness returned, her first instinct was to grab her phone and share the news about Rita with Arthur and Milton.