

## Chapter 545 Bragged About

A rosy blush bloomed across Elliana's cheeks. When Milton finished speaking, all she could say was a soft, "Yeah."

It hit her—Milton could read her like a book. Somehow, he'd just voiced her exact thoughts. It left her feeling bare, as if her secrets were suddenly laid out in the open.

Milton grinned and said into his phone, "Dad, did you hear that? That was her. She agrees with me."

"She has such a lovely voice!" Arthur's voice rang from the speaker, warm and full of feeling. "Just like your mother's... So soft and pleasant. Oh, that reminds me—did you ask her where your mother is?"

The mood in the car shifted at once. A quiet heaviness settled. Milton and Elliana shared a glance. It said everything. Now wasn't the time to break Arthur's heart with the news of Rita's missing.

Milton said gently, "Dad, we'll explain everything when we get home."

Arthur didn't hesitate. "Alright, I'll be waiting. And I've been thinking that we don't need any pretense. We'll meet just as we are. No matter what, she's my daughter—and I'll love her with all my heart."

A real smile lit up Elliana's face. The feeling was mutual. It didn't matter what her father was like. Since he loved her like this, she would love him just as fiercely in return.

Milton ended the call and set his phone aside. He leaned over, clicked her seatbelt into place, and then gently ruffled her hair. "I'll take you home."

The words echoed in her chest, spreading warmth through every corner of her heart. After years of drifting alone, she was finally going home. Her brother was taking her there.

"Alright," she hummed, nodding vigorously. Her smile was wide and

She thought back to her childhood. All the other kids answered to their fathers' surnames. She alone had her mother's. Paige had once told her it was because she was a bad kid—that her father didn't even want her to carry his name. She knew, deep down, there was nothing wrong with having her mother's name. "Jones" wasn't anything special, anyway. But Paige's words had sunk in, sharp and cruel. That wound had never fully healed.

That belief—that her father despised her—had become a cornerstone of her childhood, a shadow that clung to her for years. Whenever someone mentioned dads, it hit like a punch to the gut. It always left her silent.

But now, everything was different. She could say it proudly—her father adored her. The choice was hers: keep her mother's last name or take her father's. Her father wasn't just anyone—he was the head of the Sun Group. A man of class and brilliance. Far beyond someone like Darin. The thought made her smirk. Paige didn't stand a chance now. Not even close.

Elliana's thoughts tumbled around, dizzy with happiness. Then, she caught herself and smiled. Competing over fathers? Really? She reeled herself in. Alright, calm down. An impressive father was definitely something to be happy about, but she didn't want to seem shallow or silly.

Still, no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't stop grinning. Afraid she'd burst out laughing and get teased, she quickly clapped a hand over her mouth.

But Milton had already noticed. "Laugh all you want. I won't tease you," he said with a sideways smile.

Embarrassment rushed through her. She playfully leaned into his shoulder, giggling softly. "What if you find out I'm actually that shallow, and that I want to brag about our dad and compete with people? You still won't tease me?"

He laughed, low and easy. His eyes sparkled as he looked at her. "What would I tease you about that? We've got bragging rights. Might as well use them. And if anyone has a problem, tell them to bring their dad along—we'll see how he stacks up."

That did it. Elliana burst into full-blown laughter, bright and carefree. She never imagined her cool, polished brother had such a playful side. She leaned against him again, her whole body shaking with laughter.

There was no distance between them, even though they'd just reconnected. With Milton, she could laugh without holding back and lean on him without a second thought. She then realized she was a total sucker for family love. One drop of it, and all her walls came crashing down. She barely knew Milton, but she already felt safe enough to be silly around him.

And Milton, it seemed, didn't mind one bit. When she leaned into him, she'd felt his joy vividly—he'd even angled his shoulder so she could rest against him comfortably.

When she pulled away, he'd shifted slightly, almost like he missed the weight of her. His shoulder tilted toward her, quietly asking her to return.

She beamed. So this was what a real family felt like. No effort, no awkwardness. Just comfort and closeness, as easy as breathing. She made a silent promise to herself—to hold onto every moment of it.

When her laughter finally subsided, she wiped a tear from her eye.

Milton said with a smile, "And don't forget you've got your brother to brag about, too. Best brother in the world, no contest. If anyone doubts it, send them my way. I've got a thousand ways to prove it."



## Chapter 546 Favorite Song

Milton's presence carried an easy confidence that made Elliana burst into another lighthearted laugh. She was certain that when it came to having the best father, few could rival hers. Now, it seemed the same was true for her brother.

Hearing her laugh gave Milton a deep, satisfying sense of pride. It was as if he had just pulled off something remarkable, and the victory swelled in his chest. "Let's head home," he said, his tone bright and certain.

The engine roared to life, and the car eased forward in a steady glide.

Elliana leaned away from his shoulder and settled into her seat. When she turned to look out the window, the view seemed almost magical. Even the air felt sweeter against her lips.

The buildings stood just where they always had. The streets were still busy. The traffic flowed the same way it did every day. Yet through her eyes today, everything felt new and beautiful. It wasn't just another road. It was the way home.

Milton's thoughtfulness showed in small, quiet gestures. He adjusted the air conditioning until the temperature was just right. Then, he switched on the music.

A soft and familiar tune filled the car. Elliana's eyes drifted from the window to him, surprise written across her face. He had chosen her favorite song.

It was "Breeze Through My Hair," a timeless track with a melody that wrapped around her like a warm blanket.

The song had been popular more than twenty years ago. These days, it was rare to hear it at all. She never expected it to play here, in his car. Could this be it? The unspoken connection of family?

"Not really into the old stuff?" Milton asked, noticing her expression as he glanced her way. "Sorry, I'm still learning about you. We've got a lot to

talk about."

Milton tapped the console screen. "Go ahead. Pick whatever you want. If you like it, I'm sure I will too."

Elliana's lips curved into a slow, genuine smile. "Actually, my favorite song is 'Breeze Through My Hair.'"

He looked at her in mild surprise. "Seriously?"

"Yeah, seriously," she said with a small nod. "When I was little, Mom would play it every night to help me fall asleep. That song is pretty much the soundtrack of my childhood. It might sound old-fashioned now, but it's still the one I love most."

For her, the melody carried more than just notes. It carried the scent of her mother's perfume and the warmth of her embrace. Whenever she missed her mother, she would close herself off in her room and put it on repeat. She would lie back with her eyes shut, softly humming along, and the image of her mother would come to her so clearly that it felt like she was there again, singing her to sleep.

That song wasn't just music. It was comfort. It was light in the darker moments, and it was the strength that helped her keep moving forward.

As the first notes of "Breeze Through My Hair" floated through the car, the sound painted her mother in her mind—graceful, kind, wise, and endlessly patient.

"Same here," Milton said quietly.

The traffic light ahead flicked to red, and he slowed the car to a gentle stop.

With the engine idling, he turned toward her, his gaze warm and steady. "Mom sang it to me, too," he said. "When I was little, that was the song she used to help me fall asleep."

For him, every chord carried its own memory. He could almost smell her faint, comforting scent as the melody wrapped around him. The song felt like a portrait of her, drawn in sound instead of ink.

A small, knowing smile passed between the siblings. They didn't need to say anything else. The feeling that bound them was something no words

could capture. It was a connection that could only be understood, not explained.

The light shifted to green, and Milton pressed down on the accelerator. The car rolled forward, carrying them farther down the road.

The music kept playing. "A soft wind tangles my hair and the morning carries a fresh spring smell..."

Elliana's lips moved with the melody as she began to hum in a quiet, steady rhythm.

Before long, Milton's lower, richer voice joined hers.

Together, their voices blended in harmony, and the song painted the same picture in both their minds—a vision of a gentle, beautiful woman brought to life by the melody.

When the final note faded away, Elliana spoke in a low voice. "Where was Mom from?"

The question had been with her for as long as she could remember, an unanswered piece of her life. She had grown up never knowing her mother's birthplace.

Even when Milton had shared their parents' love story, he had left that detail untouched. All he had told her was that their father had fallen for their mother, whom the Campbell family dismissed as ordinary, a match they refused to accept.

But their mother had never been ordinary. She had been a woman with remarkable talents, yet she had chosen to keep them hidden. Their father had known the truth about her brilliance, but he had let the rest of the world believe otherwise.

Elliana couldn't fathom it. Why would their mother hide her talents? And why would their father allow it?

Milton stayed quiet at first. His brow drew together slightly as his focus stayed on the road, his thoughts far away. The silence lingered between them. Finally, he turned toward her, his eyes meeting the look of quiet expectation in hers.