

Chapter 563 She Will Marry Me

The Evans and Campbell families had once shared an unbreakable bond, their alliance forged through decades of mutual respect. Without Eva's actions years before, their peaceful relationship would have endured indefinitely.

Yet, Eva's reckless actions had poisoned everything. Arthur, who now commanded the Campbell family with iron authority, nursed a bitter hatred toward the Evans name that burned deeper with each passing year. The possibility of another marriage alliance between their houses seemed as distant as reconciling fire with ice.

When Cole had proposed to Wanda, Arthur and Milton had deliberately kept their silence. Their indifference stemmed from a cruel truth—they had never acknowledged Wanda as legitimate Campbell blood. Her romantic entanglements held no significance for them whatsoever.

However, if Cole dared propose to the biological heiress of the Campbell dynasty, both Arthur and Milton would unleash their fury without restraint.

Ruben's mind raced through countless scenarios in those tense seconds. He lifted his gaze to meet Cole's determined stare and spoke with careful hesitation. "Cole, I understand your desire to claim the real Campbell heiress as your bride, but have you considered whether she wants to marry you?"

The question struck Cole like a physical blow. He had grown accustomed to bending the world to his will, yet this single matter defied his absolute control. Confidence abandoned him entirely.

Arthur and Milton harbored such profound grievances against the Evans family that securing their blessing appeared almost impossible. Beyond that obstacle lay another challenge—Lilah's notoriously difficult temperament made winning her heart a formidable task. Still, he would never permit her to belong to another man.

That possessive thought transformed Cole's expression into something fierce and predatory. His voice carried deadly certainty when he spoke. "She will marry me, regardless of her feelings on the matter."

Ruben stared at his grandson in stunned silence, struggling to process such a declaration. "Cole, surely you're not contemplating forced marriage? Proceed with extreme caution. The tension between our families is already high enough. Don't escalate it further. Besides, relationships built on coercion never bring true satisfaction."

Cole's mind snapped back to the present moment, realizing his grandfather had completely misinterpreted his intentions. Embarrassment flooded through him, though he chose not to explain his actual meaning. Instead, he steered the conversation elsewhere.

"Grandpa, my methods for winning the Campbell heiress remain my private concern. I simply require your support. However, I do have a pressing question that demands your answer." Cole's tone grew measured and serious.

Ruben, already bewildered by his grandson's intense emotional display, found himself asking instinctively, "What question troubles you?"

Cole gathered his thoughts before speaking. "I distinctly recall my mother's death occurring when I reached twelve years old. Yet today, Eva insisted that my mother simply departed from our home, and no confirmation of her death ever reached us. How do you explain this contradiction?"

Ruben paused, unsure how to respond. Sophie's situation presented layers of complexity that would require mentioning Psychephrenia—a subject Elliana had explicitly forbidden until Cole successfully navigated the delicate post-recovery phase of his treatment.

"Grandpa, tell me honestly—are my memories corrupted, or is Eva lying?" Cole pressed forward relentlessly.

Ruben's face reflected his internal struggle. "Well, it's..."

"My instincts tell me Eva spoke honestly. It's my memory that's flawed!" Cole sharply sensed Ruben was about to lie and quickly added, "If my recollections prove accurate and my mother truly died when I turned twelve, then why can't I remember her funeral? Where lies her grave?"

Ruben swallowed the fabrication that had nearly escaped his lips.

Cole fixed Ruben with an unwavering stare, his voice growing more insistent. "Grandpa, please speak with complete honesty—is something fundamentally wrong with my health or my mind?"

The conversation had reached a critical juncture where Ruben understood that Cole, possessing razor-sharp intelligence, could not be easily deceived. He could only reveal partial truths while hoping to postpone the complete revelation.

"The truth is, your mother did not perish," Ruben began carefully. "She abandoned our home when you turned twelve and vanished without leaving any trace. Your distorted memories stem primarily from severe head trauma you sustained during a devastating car accident, and your mind requires additional time for complete healing."

Cole lowered his gaze. This account matched perfectly with Paulina's previous explanation. Two sources he trusted implicitly had both attributed his memory problems to the automobile accident.

He wanted desperately to accept their version of events, yet something about it struck him as absurd. How could any car accident produce such a specific and bizarre memory distortion, convincing him that his own mother had died? Eva had cursed him for believing his mother had died while she was likely still out there somewhere. How could he ever think of his mother's fate that way?

Overwhelming self-reproach crashed over Cole like a suffocating wave. Yet moments later, inconsistencies began emerging in his mind. "If that explanation holds true, why didn't you and Dad correct my misunderstanding immediately when I awakened on the island? Why did neither of you object to my proposal to Wanda?"

Ruben continued weaving his careful deception, "Our primary concern centered on protecting your fragile health. The attending physician warned us that during your post-recovery period, avoiding emotional shock was absolutely crucial. Therefore, we chose to accommodate your confused state, planning to address everything once your complete recovery was assured."

His reasoning sounded perfectly logical and convincing. Cole found himself half-persuaded, unable to formulate additional challenges to the



explanation. Soon, his thoughts circled back to Sophie's mysterious disappearance. "What drove my mother to abandon our family?"



Our ads aim to provide better support for authors.



 I want no ads >