

Chapter 750 Compensation

"The vial of blood we received was drawn from Mom by Miguel ten years ago..." Milton said, repeating everything Quentin had revealed.

A decade earlier, Miguel had finally captured Rita. He had kept her locked away, hoping time would soften her heart—that she'd forget Arthur, agree to marry him, have his children, and stay by his side forever.

But Rita's will had been stronger than his obsession. She had refused him again and again, and when the chance came, she had escaped.

The video of Rita leaping into the sea had been no stunt. It was her last resort—her only escape when Miguel's men had her cornered with nowhere left to run.

After Rita vanished beneath the waves, Miguel had launched a desperate search that dragged on for days. Yet, no trace of her had ever been found. No one knew if Rita had drowned or somehow survived. Her fate was swallowed by mystery.

As Milton finished, Elliana's hands curled into fists. A sharp ache pressed against her chest. For years, she had searched for her mother, chasing every clue like a whisper in the wind. Just when she had thought she was close—after uncovering Miguel's and Maxine's secrets—the trail had disappeared again. Where else could she even look? Did her mother really die that night in the sea?

If her mother had truly died back then, Elliana knew the pain would linger forever. Happiness would always feel incomplete, haunted by the image of her mother's fall into the waves.

Arthur's eyes grew red. He, too, had spent years searching for Rita, refusing to give up hope that their family could be whole again. Accepting her death was something he could never do.

Milton, swallowing his own sadness, reached for Elliana's hand. "Elliana, you need to rest. Don't let this break you. I believe Mom is still alive—and we'll find her."



Elliana straightened, her resolve firm. "You're right. I also believe she's alive. She must be waiting for us to bring her home."

Arthur's heart swelled at their determination. He placed his hand over theirs, his gaze unwavering. "I believe it too. We'll find her—and our family will be together again."

Cole stayed silent, though his eyes glistened with emotion. He was just as resolved—to bring both his mother and daughter home, to make their family whole once more.

For the next two weeks, under Cole's insistence, Elliana had stayed in bed to recover.

But patience had never been her strong suit. One morning, when Cole wasn't watching, she quietly slipped out of the Evans residence and headed to the Hudson estate alone.

She wasn't yet strong enough to face Maxine and retrieve her daughter, but she was determined to meet Rosemarie—and find out more about Quentin.

When Elliana reached the Hudson estate, she was greeted by raised voices. Raylan and Paige stood near the gate, locked in a fierce argument.

Before, while Cole had lost his memory, Paige had taken advantage, twisting his confusion to her gain. She'd demanded he fulfill the promise by signing her with Twinkle Entertainment—the Evans family's talent agency—and with access to its best resources.

Cole, unaware of her deceit, had agreed.

With Twinkle's vast influence, turning Paige into a star had been effortless. A single blockbuster later, Paige had become famous—bathing in the spotlight, adored by millions.

To Paige, Raylan was now just an old chapter she was ready to close. She'd come today to end their engagement once and for all.

But Raylan wasn't having it. He had stood by her when the world mocked her name. He'd even given up his position as the family heir for her. And now that she'd made it, she thought she could just toss him aside? He

refused to let her.

That was why the two were arguing right at the gate.

Paige looked flawless in her designer outfit, every inch the celebrity. Her voice dripped with disdain. "Raylan, let's face reality. We don't suit each other. Let's end this peacefully. Stop clinging to me."

Raylan seized her wrist, his voice shaking with fury. "When no one else wanted you, I did! I stood by you when you were nothing. Now that you've made it, you think you can just kick me to the curb? I won't let you."

Paige tried to wrench her hand free, her patience thinning. "You really don't know your place. Back then, you were barely enough. But now, powerful men want me. What makes you think a man like you still belongs by my side?"

"You!" Raylan's words caught in his throat, his face pale with rage.

Paige added, "It's called moving up in life, Raylan. I'm done settling for less. Do yourself a favor—accept it and stop holding me back."

She reached into her handbag, pulled out a check, and thrust it at him. "Here. One million dollars. Think of it as compensation."

Raylan stared at the check and then let out a hollow laugh. A million? Did she really think she could buy him off like that? Not in this lifetime.



 Limited-time offer: 30 minutes of free reading>>

Claim Now