

Chapter 574 Destined

Money had always come easily to Elliana—or so she thought. Yet, compared to what unfolded before her now, her past successes in making money seemed almost laughably small. Wealth, she realized, didn't always come fastest from shrewd deals or bold investments. Sometimes, it came from nothing more than being related to loaded men like Arthur and Milton.

The two share transfer agreements lay before her like golden tickets, and Elliana's throat tightened. "Dad... Milton... I..."

Arthur's face broke into a radiant smile. "Sweetheart, there's no need for hesitation. You're my daughter. Take them and don't overthink it."

Milton reached out, ruffling her hair the way he used to when she was little. "You're a Campbell. This was always yours. I just safeguarded it until you came home. Now I'm simply giving it back to where it belongs."

Tears pricked at the corners of Elliana's eyes, and her voice came out soft, trembling. "Thank you."

She had already built a fortune with her own hands. But now, with nothing more than a stroke of two pens, her father and brother had made her richer than she had ever dreamed.

"Tell me, is there anything else your heart wants? Whatever it is, say the word." Arthur leaned forward, his tone still warm.

Milton chimed in without missing a beat, "Anything at all. You know I'll back you up."

Elliana met their eager gazes, her expression firming. "There is indeed one thing."

It was so rare for her to ask for anything that both men tensed with anticipation, leaning in as though the moment carried enormous weight.

At last, Elliana drew in a steady breath. "It's about Cole. I want you to let

me handle things with him in my own way."

Arthur's brows knitted, his smile fading. "Cole? Elliana, you two are already divorced. Your marriage records were wiped clean. The man doesn't even remember your existence—and now he's set to marry Wanda. What could there possibly be left to deal with?"

Elliana lifted her gaze, her voice steady but full of emotion. "Dad, I love him. If he finds his way back to me, then I want to stand by his side."

Walking away from him simply wasn't an option her heart could accept. That day with Paige had left her seething, and in her rage, she had sworn she wanted nothing to do with him. Yet now, the memory of that fleeting, tender look in his eyes dissolved every wall she had built.

The man who couldn't remember her was, against all odds, falling in love with her once again. How could she let go of the profound love they once shared? How could she pretend the tattoo on her shoulder and the vows they had whispered to each other meant nothing?

Milton's jaw tightened, irritation flashing across his face. "Elliana, don't you see? You're lowering yourself for a man who doesn't even remember you."

A weary sigh slipped past her lips. "Maybe that's true. But none of this is his fault."

No blame belonged to Cole—his memory had been stolen, not surrendered. The truth gnawed at her: she had failed to create the cure that might have spared him the distorted memory and memory loss. That failure was hers alone. She refused to abandon him.

Arthur's and Milton's expressions darkened simultaneously. Neither wanted her to get tangled with Cole again, not after the pain he had already brought her. Still, she had just come home, and the last thing they wanted was to upset her.

Patience, Elliana spoke again, her tone calm but unwavering. "There are pieces I can't reveal because they involve the Evans family secrets. But what I can tell you is this: Cole and I were real. He once staked his life for me, and his memory loss wasn't some choice. I want to be by his side, help him remember, and find our way back to what we had."

Arthur and Milton exchanged a long, loaded glance. Both clearly wanted to object, yet their words stalled at the edge of their lips.

Sensing the crack in their resistance, Elliana pressed gently, saying, "I know the Evans family brings nothing but bitterness to you after what Eva did. And I know you don't want me tied to that family again. But Eva has been disowned—she has nothing to do with them anymore."

Milton's voice sharpened as he leaned forward. "Cole's already promised himself to Wanda, and sooner or later, the Evans family will drag Eva back into the fold. Elliana, I can't understand this. You're a decisive soul who cuts ties when something is wrong. Why would you degrade yourself for Cole? Even setting Eva aside, how can you stomach the fact that Cole was tied up with Wanda?"

Elliana didn't falter. "That engagement is built on a misunderstanding. He's only proposed to Wanda because he thought she was the Campbell family's daughter. Now that I'm home—the real daughter—his fiancée is supposed to be me, not her."

Her explanation only stirred more confusion from Arthur and Milton, which swiftly hardened into fury. What right did Cole have to treat the Campbell family's daughter like a contract to be claimed? How dare he assume he could simply reach out and take Elliana as though she were part of a bargain?

A faint, weary smile tugged at her lips as she caught their stormy looks. "I know you don't like hearing this, and I can't spell out all the reasons just yet. But I'm asking you to believe me. I know exactly what I'm doing and who I'm choosing. Cole and I are destined to be together—please give us your blessing."

She truly meant her words. She and Cole were meant for each other. What else could explain it? No matter the twists, no matter the years, they always found their way back together. Bound by his mother's supposed dying wish, Cole had been required to marry the Campbell daughter. And fate, cruel and kind all at once, had revealed that Elliana was the Campbell family's real and long-lost daughter. Even if his memories never returned, it wouldn't matter. They could start over and still create a life worth cherishing.

Her words faded into the heavy quiet that settled between the three of them.

At last, Milton broke the silence.

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