

Chapter 817 Demand Answers

After knowing Rita was a real Thompson, Kaleb, Edgar, and Elsie were overwhelmed by the sheer impossibility of it all—fate's twisted design finally revealed. All three wept openly, unable to contain the torrent of emotions. Their hearts shattered for Rita, who had wandered alone through so many lost years, yet gratitude flooded through them just as fiercely. Heaven had returned her to them in the most astonishing way imaginable.

Jenifer was beside herself with joy. She seized Rita's hand, her entire face radiant. "This is unbelievable! We were best friends before, and now we're actually family! You're my children's aunt!"

Rita had been crying just moments earlier, but Jenifer's contagious excitement coaxed a laugh from her through the tears still clinging to her cheeks.

"Oh, wait—" Jenifer's expression transformed, growing grave. "Do you still remember nothing about what happened ten years ago?"

The question hung in the air like a blade. Kaleb, Edgar, and Elsie fell silent, their hungry gazes boring into Rita with barely restrained desperation. Whatever answer she gave, they were determined to unearth the truth about the switch at birth and every agonizing detail of the life she'd been forced to endure since.

Rita sifted through her fragmented memories carefully and then released a defeated sigh. "I still can't remember a single thing."

Disappointment crashed over them. Then, Rita spoke again, her voice dropping to something quieter, more hesitant. "But there's something I can't hide from you anymore."

"What is it?" Jenifer leaned forward.

Rita caught her lower lip between her teeth, wrestling with the decision for only a heartbeat before choosing honesty. "Even though my memories haven't returned, I discovered something extraordinary today. I have a





husband, a son, and a daughter—and I actually met my daughter earlier."

The revelation detonated like a bomb. Kaleb, Jenifer, Edgar, and Elsie gaped at her, eyes widening in perfect synchronization. Rita had lived under their roof for ten years, and yet none of them had ever suspected she had a family out there somewhere.

"You—you have a family?" Jenifer burst out, nearly tripping over her words. "Who's your husband? Who are your kids? And your daughter—where is she now? We need to meet her!"

Edgar and Elsie nodded with almost violent urgency, desperate to see their biological granddaughter with their own eyes. After the nightmare with Karlee—that poisonous imposter who'd wormed her way into their lives—they ached for nothing more than to hold their true flesh and blood.

Thinking of Elliana's clever disguise, Rita smiled. "You've all already met my daughter today. She's Dr. Atkinson."

Once again, Kaleb, Jenifer, Edgar, and Elsie exchanged looks of complete bewilderment. Rita's daughter was Dr. Atkinson? But Dr. Atkinson was a man!

Seeing their confusion rising, Rita clarified quickly, "She's actually a girl. She disguised herself as a man. She came all the way to Yruzias just to find me, and she recognized me the moment we met. She said my real name is Rita."

Only then did Kaleb and the others start connecting the dots. Rita's faith in this "family" rested entirely on Dr. Atkinson's word. There had been no tests, no proof—nothing but trust. True or not, they needed the truth directly from Milena's mouth.

Despite the Thompson family's genuine admiration for Milena's exceptional medical skills, doubt began poisoning their thoughts. Had the doctor's timely arrival in Yruzias to treat former King Howell merely been convenient cover to infiltrate their inner circle?

Once embedded inside the Thompson residence, Milena had seized the perfect moment to expose Amilia as a fraud. Now the entire sequence of events seemed far too convenient, too perfectly timed—like moves on a chessboard executed by a master strategist. In short, they had been played like instruments.



The realization darkened Kaleb's expression instantly. Beside him, Edgar's and Elsie's faces turned granite-hard.

The Thompson family had already suffered the ultimate deception—their true daughter swapped at birth and left to wander the world alone for years, her struggles and suffering invisible to them. That profound trauma left them with a searing intolerance for lies and manipulation. Regardless of whatever noble intentions might be claimed, they absolutely despised being deceived. If Dr. Atkinson truly was their granddaughter, they would embrace her wholeheartedly. But if this was just another scheme, she would suffer the consequences. Verifying Dr. Atkinson's claims became their immediate, non-negotiable priority.

Resolve hardening his features into something sharp and dangerous, Kaleb turned to the butler and issued a command that cut through the room. "Send someone to fetch Dr. Atkinson immediately."

His tone carried an unspoken warning. If Dr. Atkinson refused to come willingly, they wouldn't hesitate to drag her in by force.

Feeling the sudden shift in the room—the sharp distrust aimed at Elliana—Rita stepped forward, trying to shield her daughter. "Please, don't be upset with Elliana. I know her disguise must've been unsettling, but she must have had her reasons."

Elliana? The name caught everyone by surprise—along with the tenderness in Rita's voice. It was clear she had already claimed the young woman as her own.

"Is Dr. Atkinson's real name Elliana?" Jenifer asked, curiosity sharpening her words.

Rita's entire face lit up at the mention of that precious name. "Yes! She told me I was the one who named her. She also said my husband is Arthur Campbell, the head of the Sun Group, and my son is Milton Campbell, the heir apparent."

"What?" Jenifer gasped, completely stunned.

Kaleb, Edgar, and Elsie stood frozen, equally thunderstruck. If Dr. Atkinson was Elliana Campbell, daughter of Arthur Campbell—the same Arthur who led Sun Group—then Elliana was also the wife of Cole Evans, the heir of the Evans family.

