

Chapter 822 Meeting His In-laws

The moment Rita's hand slipped from his, a sharp emptiness shot through Arthur, echoing the hollow ache tightening in his chest. He stared at his open palm and then at Rita retreating from him, the loss hitting like a sudden wave.

Arthur lowered his gaze. He and Rita had once burned with a love so intense that it felt impossible to extinguish. Rita used to sprint into his arms the instant she spotted him, covering his face with eager kisses as though she couldn't bear a moment apart. Now, even a gentle touch made her recoil. It was as if her affection had disappeared the moment her memories did. And if those memories never returned, would the bond they cherished simply fade into nothing?

"Dad, please, you're giving Mom a shock," Elliana whispered, giving Arthur's sleeve a small tug. "She doesn't remember her whole life. Right now, you're just a stranger to her. What woman would embrace affection from someone she has no memories with?"

Arthur let his hand fall, a flush of embarrassment dimming his confidence. "I was carried away. I couldn't... help myself. I can't stop worrying. What if her memories refuse to come back? What if she never feels anything for me again?"

For all his power as the head of the Sun Group, the man who commanded boardrooms with a single word suddenly sounded like a lovesick teenager.

"Dad, don't worry about it too much." Elliana let out a soft laugh at his distress. "Even if Mom never remembers the past, she's already starting to fall for you again. Haven't you noticed how shy she gets whenever she looks at you? Maybe it slipped by you, but I know that look when I see it. You're winning her heart again!"

"Shh. Lower your voice." Arthur tapped her forehead with a light flick. "Your mom's face is turning scarlet."

Warmth spread through him, easing the tightness in his chest. If Rita eventually reclaimed her memories and they slipped back into their old rhythm, it would be perfect. But if she fell for him anew, letting them relive the sweet rush of courtship would be just as beautiful.

Lifted by the thought, Arthur sent Rita a gentle, hopeful smile. Her cheeks flamed instantly, and she ducked her head, unable to look at him.

While Elliana and Arthur had kept their voices low, every person nearby, including Rita, had heard every word. That was precisely why her flustered blush had deepened. She couldn't help silently accusing Elliana of exposing her feelings in front of everyone.

As the tender little family exchange unfolded, the Thompsons remained off to the side, quietly scrolling through the photos on Milton's phone.

The warmth between the Campbells touched the Thompson family deeply, and the images made everything unmistakably clear. There was no need for DNA tests or verification. The photos told the truth plainly: the woman beside Arthur was Rita. And if Rita was Milton's mother, then she was the wife of Arthur, the head of the Sun Group.

Just a short while ago, the Thompsons had been racking their brains, searching for a way to forge ties with the Sun Group. Now, they realized there was no need to strategize because fate had already intertwined their families through marriage.

"Mr. Campbell," Kaleb stepped forward, extending his hand with a polite smile. "It's an honor to finally meet you."

Arthur reluctantly tore his gaze from Rita and shifted his attention to Kaleb.

Elliana had already filled Arthur in on Rita's reunion with the Thompson family before Arthur and Milton had arrived at the hotel.

Under normal circumstances, Arthur would have greeted Edgar and Elsie first, but the instant he'd seen Rita, everything else had simply fallen away. Now, with Kaleb easing the tension, Arthur gathered himself once more. "The honor is mine."

After shaking Kaleb's hand, Arthur immediately turned to Edgar and Elsie. "It's a privilege to meet you both."

Rita might be his wife, but Arthur wasn't yet sure how her parents perceived him.

To Arthur's immense relief, Edgar and Elsie met his greetings with genuine warmth. Their smiles broadened as they looked him over, their approving nods carrying far more weight than words ever could.

Only then did Arthur release the breath he'd been holding, a knot of tension quietly unraveling in his chest.

Edgar's laughter rang out, cutting through the air like a reassuring pat on the back.

Back when Edgar still believed Amilia was his daughter, he had long given up hope of ever gaining a respectable son-in-law. Amilia had been married and divorced five times, with a trail of lovers in between, and she had so many scandals that she'd practically become the punchline of every joke in high society.

But today, discovering that Rita was his real daughter and that she had married a man of such caliber filled Edgar with uncontainable joy.

Elsie was glowing just as brightly. "Arthur, we're truly happy to meet you!"

Rita's cheeks burned an even deeper shade of red. She hadn't even adjusted to the idea of Arthur being her husband, yet her parents had already welcomed him as if the matter were decided. It felt like the universe itself was pushing her toward accepting him.

Elliana leaned in, whispering with playful mischief, "Mom, look at Dad. He's so nervous meeting his in-laws that he's practically tripping over his own manners. He's really smitten with you!"

"Oh, you!" Rita pinched Elliana's arm in gentle reprimand.

Elliana clutched the spot dramatically, wincing in mock pain, though her grin stretched from ear to ear.

Milton observed them with a softened gaze, a quiet warmth settling across his features.

At that moment, Cole stepped forward. He offered Edgar and Elsie a respectful greeting and then shifted seamlessly to Kaleb and Jenifer, his

manner equally courteous and polished.

Cole lived by one simple rule: he could not risk a single misstep with Elliana's family. In fact, he had every intention of surpassing Arthur in sincerity, effort, and flawless manners.



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