

Chapter 848 Wedding

In less than an hour, Elliana's entire world had transformed—single to married, just like that.

When Elliana and Cole stepped out of the city hall, marriage certificate clutched in his hands, matching grins broke across their faces like sunrise.

Cole stared at the document as if it held some kind of magic. His chest filled with something he'd never quite felt before—a completeness, like every scattered piece of himself had suddenly locked into place.

He slipped the certificate into his suit jacket's inner pocket and then swung toward Elliana with a smile that could've lit up the street. "Starting today, I'm handling everything for you. Whatever crosses your mind, just tell me. You want the stars? I'll snatch them down. The moon? Consider it yours."

Elliana pushed up on her toes and kissed him, her eyes dancing with pure joy.

That brief, feather-light touch sent warmth flooding through Cole's veins. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her close, deepening the kiss until it became something longer, something that tasted like forever.

Meanwhile, back in the sterile quiet of the hospital room, Jarrett and Sophie were finding their way back to each other. The years apart hadn't dulled what they shared. No awkwardness crept between them, no strange distance—just the easy warmth of coming home.

After they'd finally said everything that needed saying, Sophie made a promise that rang with conviction. "Jarrett, for the rest of my life, I'm not leaving your side—not for a second. I'll be right here with you until you're completely healed."

Jarrett wove his fingers through hers, his voice dropping to something tender. "And I'll be right here with you, helping you shine again."

A week later, Jarrett walked out of the hospital, and the Evans family

threw open their doors for a celebration that shook the chandeliers. The banquet served two purposes—welcoming Sophie back where she belonged and discussing the details of Elliana and Cole's wedding that would be nothing short of spectacular.

Sure, Elliana and Cole had already had a wedding once. But Cole had always carried that memory like a bruise. Back then, his heart hadn't been in it—not really. His half-hearted commitment had poisoned the whole thing. That ceremony had happened without Elliana's real parents there to bless it, and the public had torn them apart for it.

This time, Cole decided to make it flawless. He wanted a wedding that would announce to everyone exactly what Elliana meant to him, a ceremony that would welcome her into his family with all the honor she deserved.

Ruben approached the planning with the intensity of a general preparing for battle, obsessing over every tiny detail alongside the rest of the family. His mission was crystal clear—show the world just how fiercely the Evans family treasured Elliana.

When Arthur and Rita caught wind of the news, they practically levitated with happiness and booked flights to Ubento before the phone call even ended. The Thompsons matched their enthusiasm beat for beat, declaring they'd prepare a gift so extravagant that it would make royalty jealous.

After months of preparation that bordered on obsessive, the day finally arrived.

The Harmony Estate became the stage. Arthur and Rita hosted a bridal luncheon so lavish that it belonged in magazines, while Cole waited at the ceremony site, his nerves humming like live wires.

The motorcade carrying Elliana and Arthur snaked down the estate's long private drive, every vehicle gleaming like liquid gold. Photos of the procession exploded across media platforms within seconds, while helicopters packed with journalists and VIP guests circled overhead like hawks.

The marriage between the Evans and the Campbell families had already set the city buzzing. But when word spread that the Thompsons—the family that made empires look small—would be attending, the buzz

became a roar. Every single guest was a titan, someone whose name alone commanded rooms.

Edgar and Elsie emerged from their years of careful privacy to attend. Beside them stood Kaleb, the Thompson family's current patriarch, with his wife Jenifer on his arm.

Edgar and Elsie were legends—power players whose reputations stretched across continents. Kaleb and Jenifer were different but equally formidable, constants in international headlines, their influence woven into the fabric of global affairs.

With figures like these in attendance, the wedding stopped being just a celebration. It became a phenomenon, captivating audiences across every border and time zone.

At first, everyone figured the Thompsons had shown up out of business courtesy—a nod to their ties with the Campbells and the Evanses.

But when Edgar and Elsie stepped forward to present Elliana with wedding gifts as her maternal grandparents, the world seemed to tilt on its axis. Elliana wasn't just some rising star—she was the Thompson dynasty's only granddaughter, a position that carried weight most people couldn't even fathom.

Who could've predicted it? The girl the Jones family had tossed aside like garbage, the so-called "ugly duckling" they'd deemed worthless, had transformed into someone the entire world wanted to celebrate. Public opinion flipped so fast that it gave people whiplash.

Cole and Elliana's first wedding had drowned in a sea of online hate, every comment section a battlefield of cruelty. This time? The internet had done a complete one-eighty.

Suddenly, everyone envied Elliana with an almost religious fervor. She became the blueprint—women everywhere copied her hairstyles, studied her outfits, mimicked the way she moved. Social media overflowed with nothing but blessings and admiration.

On this day, Elliana stood on an altar scattered with rose petals, wearing a wedding dress Cole had commissioned specifically for her—a masterpiece of silk and lace. The diamond ring on her finger sparkled with a design he'd sketched out himself. She looked otherworldly, like

something out of a dream that had wandered into reality.

Cole stood beside her in a suit that probably cost more than most cars, looking so devastatingly handsome that it bordered on unfair.

In front of them, their two children sat in a stroller decked out like tiny royalty, their cherubic faces melting every heart in the crowd.

The picture of perfection—a family of four that looked like it had stepped out of a fairy tale.

The priest, draped in ceremonial robes, turned toward the groom with practiced solemnity. "Cole Evans, do you take this woman, Elliana Campbell, to be your lawfully wedded wife? To have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, until death do you part?"

Cole didn't even blink. His voice rang out clear and unwavering, like he'd been waiting his whole life to say these two words. "I do!"

The priest shifted his attention to the bride, his tone carrying the weight of the moment. "And Elliana Campbell, do you take this man, Cole Evans, to be your lawfully wedded husband? To have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, until death do you part?"

Elliana's gaze dropped to their children, those two perfect little beings they'd created together. Then, she looked up at Cole, whose eyes shimmered with hope and something deeper—something that looked like his entire future hanging in the balance. Her voice rose strong and certain, reaching every corner of the estate. "I do!"

Applause exploded like thunder across the grounds.

Cole drew Elliana into his arms and kissed her deeply, letting the happiness of the moment spill out and wrap itself around everyone present.