

## Chapter 854 She Has To Marry Into Our Family!

Elliana and Cole had seen everything. With hearing far keener than ordinary people, not a single word of Allan and Adah's exchange escaped them, nor did Raymond's scorching reprimand of Allan.

Cole, already familiar with the long-standing animosity between Ruben and Raymond, didn't need any special ability to guess what Ruben was thinking. Watching the old man practically glow with delight, he let out a quiet laugh.

Elliana, on the other hand, had no such context. She simply answered honestly, "Adah is my best friend."

"Your best friend?" Ruben's eyes lit up as if fate itself had just handed him a prize. "Great! You need to speak nicely of Lance to her. Make her see how wonderful he is. She has to marry into our family!"

Elliana was stunned. Ruben had only just met Adah and knew nothing about her. Why was he so intent on matchmaking her with Lance?

Before Elliana could ask, Ruben's face turned serious. "Elliana, you must make this happen. If that brat Allan snatches your friend away, I'll starve myself in protest!"

With that dramatic declaration, Ruben turned sharply and marched off.

Elliana was left torn between laughter and disbelief. She immediately looked to Cole. "What was that all about?"

Cole smiled faintly and explained the decades-old rivalry between Ruben and Raymond.

After hearing it, Elliana couldn't help but laugh, shaking her head. Who would have thought two men could spend a lifetime competing, only to carry their feud over to their grandchildren? It was beyond petty.



Elliana's gaze drifted toward Adah and Lance not far away. The two were chatting animatedly, already comfortable with each other, as though they'd known each other for years.

Adah spoke with bright enthusiasm, her expressions lively and unguarded, while Lance watched her openly, admiration written all over his face. This was exactly the dynamic Adah had always craved.

As Adah's closest friend, Elliana remembered countless conversations about Adah's ideal partner—an energetic man who adored her without reservation and treated her like royalty. By every measure, Lance fit the image perfectly.

Watching Lance and Adah together, an idea quietly began to form in Elliana's mind.

At first, Elliana had been firmly against Adah flirting with Lance for one clear reason—she was afraid Adah was only chasing excitement, while Lance would end up genuinely invested. If that happened, in the end, Adah might leave without hesitation, and Lance would be the one left nursing a shattered heart.

But now, Elliana's stance was beginning to soften. If Adah truly cared for Lance, Elliana had no objection to nudging things along. After all, if Adah married into the Evans family, Elliana would get to see Adah every day. The thought alone felt almost too perfect.

With that in mind, Elliana turned to Cole. "What do you think?"

Cole could only shrug, unsure how to respond. He understood exactly what answer Elliana was hoping for, yet he also knew how deeply Allan's feelings for Adah ran. Stuck between two impossible sides, he had no easy answer.

Sensing his dilemma, Elliana chose not to push further. Instead, she murmured, "I'll talk to Adah later and see what she wants."

Elsewhere in the ballroom, Sophie gripped Rita's hands, emotion spilling from her as she spoke fervently about the connection they once shared.

Two months earlier, Elliana had personally performed reconstructive surgery on Sophie. Since then, Sophie had been recuperating at home, fully healed just in time to attend Cole and Elliana's wedding.



With her former beauty restored, Sophie was glowing. She arrived at her son's wedding looking radiant, her spirits high.

Seeing Rita again after so many years overwhelmed Sophie. Words tumbled from her mouth without pause, her emotions impossible to contain.

"Rita, after everything we have survived, we are still here. And to meet again at a time like this, alive and free, it feels like a miracle!"

"I've missed you so much—so much that I constantly dream about the days we spent together!"

"From now on, we can finally live in the light. No more hiding. No more fear. No more running for our lives!"

Sophie's voice shook as she spoke, tears streaming down her face.

Rita, however, could not return that same emotion. Her memories were still gone. She understood, on a rational level, that Sophie had once been her closest friend, someone she had grown up with. But with her past erased, her heart felt disconnected, leaving her unsure how she was supposed to feel.

"I'm sorry, I don't remember who you are," Rita said softly with polite restraint.

Sophie stiffened for a brief moment and then smiled gently. "I know. Elliana told me everything you went through. It's all right. As long as I remember you, that's enough. I'll tell you about our shared childhood slowly, one story at a time."

Sophie reached out, took Rita's hand, and guided her toward a nearby sofa. Sitting together, Sophie began recounting memories from their youth.

Arthur and Jarrett stayed where they were, watching their wives quietly with fond, knowing smiles. This was something the women needed to reclaim on their own, and the men understood well enough to give them space.

"Rita, when we were little, we promised we would be best friends for life," Sophie said, her voice heavy with nostalgia. "And we meant it. I would





have died for you back then, and you would have done the same for me. We weren't sisters by blood, not even a drop, but we were closer than real sisters ever could be. A thousand times closer. A million times."

Rita listened in silence. Then, all at once, the scenes Sophie described burst vividly into her mind. The memories she had lost surged back like a tidal wave, crashing through every barrier she had left.

