

## Chapter 855 Rita And Sophie Met Adah

Over the past few months, Arthur had dragged Rita to every house they'd ever called home. She'd clawed back plenty of memories along the way, but they all centered on one thing: her life with him. Those recovered pieces had welded their marriage back together, sure—but everything that came before Arthur? Still a black hole.

That was why Rita had felt so untethered when Sophie came rushing over and seized her hand. Rita had stood there completely adrift, scrambling for some emotional anchor to the woman in front of her, and coming up empty.

But the second Sophie started spinning stories about their shared childhood, something cracked wide open. That vault Rita had kept locked for God knows how long just exploded.

Sophie and Rita had only been five years old when they'd sworn themselves to each other for life—two little girls slipping away from Maxine's sharp gaze, sneaking off to some grassy clearing in the woods to seal their pact.

Their faces had worn this dead-serious expression, way too grave for kindergarteners, their squeaky voices rising as they'd chanted their promises into the air.

The dam shattered. Rita abruptly reclaimed all her lost memories. Tears flooded her eyes, and her voice splintered as she choked out, "Sophie!"

Sophie went perfectly still for one heartbeat, and then her whole face lit up like sunrise. "You finally remember everything?"

"Yes!" Rita nodded so hard that tears flew. "I remember! Every single thing!"

The two women crashed into each other, sobbing without shame.



Arthur felt the shift in the air and rushed over. "Rita—did something else come back?"

Rita nodded frantically, words tumbling out between gasps. "It did! All of it—every damn thing, right back to the day I was born!"

Jarrett joined them, smiling but already steering them gently toward the exit. "This is incredible news, and I know these are happy tears—but maybe we take this celebration somewhere private? People might get the wrong impression."

Only then did Rita and Sophie remember where they were standing—in the middle of the ballroom at their kids' wedding. Breaking down like this out in the open would just feed the gossip mill. Hand in hand, they slipped away to the lounge to talk where no one could eavesdrop.

Arthur and Jarrett traded a quick look and then split off to hunt down Elliana and Cole.

When Arthur and Jarrett finally spotted the newlywed couple, Arthur didn't waste time on pleasantries. "Elliana—your mother just got all her memories back."

"Really?" Elliana's face blazed with shock and joy all at once. She'd spent months praying for this exact moment—begging the universe to restore her mother's past so they could finally piece together what happened to Adah's mom. Now that it was actually happening, her brain short-circuited with excitement.

Elliana didn't think twice. She grabbed fistfuls of her wedding dress, hiked it up, and took off sprinting toward the lounge.

Cole bolted right behind her.

Just as they hit the lounge doors, Elliana slammed to a stop. She yanked out her phone and hammered out a text to Adah. "Adah, my mom just got all her memories back! Get to the lounge. Now!"

The second Adah read those words, her playful smile faded. She didn't pause, didn't hesitate—just launched herself toward the lounge.

Lance tore after her, shouting, "Adah! Where the hell are you going?"

"Stop following me!" Adah hurled the words over her shoulder without breaking stride.

Lance jerked to a stop, too uncertain to keep chasing.

Meanwhile, Allan had been lurking nearby, watching Adah like she might vanish any second. Seeing her run off abruptly, his instincts screamed that something was wrong. He shot after her without thinking.

Back at the lounge, Elliana burst through the door with Cole practically glued to her side.

Elliana flew over to Rita and dropped down beside her, voice shaking with raw excitement. "Mom! Is it real? Do you honestly remember everything?"

"Everything," Rita murmured, reaching up to stroke Elliana's cheek. Her voice carried equal parts self-reproach and relief. "I'm so sorry I lost all that time—sorry I even forgot my own daughter's face. But thank God all my memories are back now. It's not too late. I can finally wish my beautiful girl a happy married life ahead with my whole heart intact."

"Thank you, Mom!" Elliana threw herself into Rita's arms, practically vibrating with joy. But she pulled back just as fast, eyes suddenly blazing with urgency. "Mom—do you remember Sally now?"

The moment Sally's name hit the air, Rita's expression locked up tight.

The memories Sophie had unlocked had come roaring back in a chaotic flood. Rita hadn't had time to sift through them yet, hadn't zeroed in on Sally specifically. But now, jolted by Elliana's question, those scattered pieces snapped together, and everything connected to Sally surged to the front of her mind.

"I remember," Rita said slowly, her brow creasing. "Sally, she..."

At that moment, the lounge door exploded open and Adah flew inside, gasping for air.

Elliana immediately yanked Adah toward Sophie. "Mom, this is Sally's daughter—Adah!"

Rita and Sophie had both heard plenty about Adah, of course. But the past few weeks, Rita had been overseas with Arthur chasing down her

lost past, and Sophie had been holed up recovering from surgery. Neither of them had ever actually laid eyes on the girl.

As Elliana spoke, Rita and Sophie rose in perfect sync, each reaching out to take one of Adah's trembling hands.

"So you're Adah?" Sophie studied Adah's face, her eyes going soft with something like sympathy. "Oh, sweetheart—look how much you've grown."

Rita gently tucked a loose strand of hair behind Adah's ear, her voice cracking with emotion. "Adah, if Sally could see how stunning you've become, she'd be so damn proud."

To Adah, Sophie was a stranger—she'd never seen this woman before in her life. But Rita... Rita had always wrapped her up in motherly warmth, treated her like she mattered.

"Hello," Adah greeted Sophie politely. Then, she turned to Rita, and her voice dropped to barely a whisper. "Where is my mom?"