

Chapter 539 I Am Your Brother

Digging into someone's background posed no challenge for the Campbell family. Milton had only just arrived at the dormitory entrance when his phone chimed with a message from Arthur. "Lilah Briggs, a mysterious heiress linked to an overseas conglomerate, is attending Ublento Medical University on her own. She's currently living at Rosewood Villa, with just a butler, a maid, and a few bodyguards for company."

The message made Milton stop in his tracks, and he took a moment before replying to Arthur. "Dad, is that really all the information you could find on Lilah?"

Arthur responded, "That's it. We weren't able to trace where Lilah comes from, which family she belongs to, or any history about her upbringing. Clearly, someone has gone out of their way to keep these facts hidden. All we know is what she allows people to know."

"So you think it's possible that Lilah's identity might not be real?" Milton retorted with another question.

Both men, quick-witted and sharp, managed to identify the heart of the matter with just a few messages back and forth.

Arthur responded, "That's what my gut tells me. The car Lilah drives matches Cole's exactly. You understand what that means."

Owning that kind of car could only mean Lilah's background was far from ordinary.

A thoughtful frown creased Milton's brow. He wondered if his mother might be the force behind Lilah's hidden life. He had always seen his mother as an extraordinary person, perfectly capable of using her talents to build something great if she chose. But all through his childhood, she had poured herself into family life, supporting Arthur and raising their children with love. Could she have left that world and built a vast business empire in secret after leaving Arthur?

Milton turned over the idea, and he knew Arthur would be considering it too.

A quick message from Arthur appeared. "Milton, it's possible that the powerful conglomerate supporting Lilah is your mother. I can't wait to meet Lilah in person!"

Milton responded, "Dad, please try to stay calm. I'll bring her home as soon as I can."

After ending the conversation with Arthur, Milton stepped into the dormitory. Just at that moment, Elliana finished her shower, slipped into fresh clothes, and walked out into the hallway.

Their paths crossed right at the entrance, and for a few moments, they stood silent, quietly examining each other with focused eyes.

Elliana searched Milton's face for anything that might remind her of her mother, while Milton looked for hints of his father in her face. Both found more similarities than they expected.

An idea settled in Elliana's mind—Milton and her mother must be related in some way, though she would need a DNA test to be sure just how close.

Milton grew certain that Lilah was his sister. He sensed the undeniable bond of family between them.

Words failed Elliana as she tried to speak, uncertainty clouding her mind. She couldn't exactly say, "You remind me so much of my mom that I need to find out how you're related to her, which is why I'm asking for a DNA test."

Milton burst out with excitement. "Lilah, I'm your brother!"

Elliana's eyes widened in disbelief. She could hardly process what she'd just heard. Did Milton really just claim to be her brother?

Right then, Cole arrived, pausing a short distance behind Milton.

Hearing Milton's announcement, Cole froze, surprise washing over him, but joy followed close behind, lighting up his face. Could it really be true that Lilah was the missing daughter the Campbell family had been

searching for all these years? If the answer was yes, he would not waste another second—he would marry Lilah and bring her home right away. The idea felt just right to him.

No one around had the slightest clue what Cole was thinking at that moment.

Elliana barely had time to process everything before Milton, buzzing with excitement, grabbed her hand. "Lilah, I'm your brother! My name is Milton Campbell. Have you heard of me?"

Milton's energy was contagious, but Elliana couldn't ignore the warning bells ringing in her chest. She found it hard to trust that she really was Milton's sister, especially with no solid evidence to prove it yet.

Another worry gnawed at her—if Milton was her brother, that meant Arthur was her father, which could spell danger. Arthur had relentlessly hunted her mother in the past. Could he now be plotting against her? Even if Arthur had no plans to harm her, she could never accept him as her father. The pain her mother had endured was not something she could forgive or forget.

A rush of thoughts whirled through her mind, and she pulled her hand away from Milton. Her tone turned cold as she asked, "What makes you say I'm your sister? What proof do you have?"

Milton answered with a warm smile, "Your face is all the proof I need."

He did not seem bothered by her distant attitude. Swiftly, he pulled up a photo on his phone. "Lilah, this is Arthur Campbell—he's our father, the leader of the Sun Group and the head of the Campbell family. Look at him and tell me you don't see the resemblance."

Elliana lowered her gaze to the screen in Milton's hand. Arthur was a man surrounded by mystery, his image rarely captured, and almost no one had seen him in person. To the world, he was more legend than reality. She never imagined that she would see his face up close like this.

Chapter 540 Refusal To Accept It

Milton showed Elliana a recent photo of Arthur.

Despite being well past fifty, Arthur's charm hadn't faded. Time hadn't etched lines of weariness onto his face; instead, it had elevated it, lending him a stately elegance and an unshakable air of quiet confidence.

Handsome since boyhood, he seemed to have only grown more distinguished with time, as though destiny had favored him more with every passing year.

The instant Elliana's eyes fell on Arthur's image, a shiver of recognition rippled through her. She had to be his daughter. The resemblance was uncanny. Her own face stared back at her through Arthur's, reshaped by gender but unmistakably carved from the same origin. Where his features radiated a commanding, masculine magnetism, hers held a softer, ethereal beauty. But everything else was nearly identical. Only blood could have such an uncanny likeness.

Still, even as the truth surged through her like a tide, Elliana said nothing. She clung to her composure, refusing to concede the point aloud. She lifted her eyes to meet Milton's. "It's true, there's a resemblance," she said evenly. "But the world is full of lookalikes. Assuming I'm your sister just because we share a few features feels premature."

Her voice was calm, almost detached, but Milton's expression radiated warmth. "You're right," he said softly. "It'd be unfair to expect you to believe something this big just because you resemble our father."

Then, his tone deepened, sincerity threading through every word. "But it's more than him. You don't just look like our father. You have our mother's eyes. And the way you move when you dance? It's like watching her again. You carry both of them in you. That kind of symmetry, that's not just chance. It means something."

Elliana fell silent. He wasn't wrong. No coincidence could align so

perfectly.

She stared at Milton, her heart a whirlwind of emotions. All her life, she'd believed she was an only child. Her mother had never once mentioned a son.

Elliana swallowed hard and then asked, voice low but steady, "How old are you?"

Milton met her gaze without flinching. "I'm twenty-seven," he said simply, his voice steady. "I was six when Mom left. You were still inside her belly at that time. By the time you were born, I had just turned seven."

His face glowed with quiet joy, but Elliana didn't feel the same. Six. He had been old enough to see, old enough to remember. He must have known what their mother had fled from. He must have known Arthur had hunted her. Yet, he spoke of Arthur not with bitterness, but with reverence. Why? Why had their father pursued their mother? And why did Milton seem to carry no anger, no scars from it? What kind of monsters were the Campbells?

A sick, twisted part of her recoiled. If Milton could so easily forgive the one who had driven their mother into hiding, then what did that say about him? About the Campbells? About the life she was being asked to walk back into?

While Elliana's thoughts spun in a storm of suspicion and dread, Milton gently reached for her hand. "Lilah, let me take you home. Dad's waiting for you. He's so eager to see you after all this time."

Arthur was waiting to see her? Her stomach knotted. She yanked her hand back on instinct.

Milton stiffened, clearly taken aback. "You don't want to meet our father?"

Then, something shifted in his expression. The confusion melted into understanding, and he gave her a small, patient smile. "Of course, you're overwhelmed. Who wouldn't be? This is a lot. It's okay to be unsure. Look, we'll clear everything up the moment we get home. The Campbells have their own medical team. We can run a DNA test right away. Concrete proof. No more guesswork. How does that sound?"

But Elliana didn't need a test. Deep down, she already knew. Milton was



her brother and Arthur was her father. There was no question of belief, only of acceptance. And she wasn't ready to offer that. She didn't want to reconnect with them. What good was DNA proof if she had no intention of answering to it? Blood didn't automatically bind. Not in the ways that mattered.

The real question was what did they want from her? Families like the Campbells always carried whispers of secrets. Of sins buried beneath silk and gold. The darker the name, the deeper the rot beneath the surface. Why had Arthur hunted a woman who had already given him a son and carried his daughter? And why now, after decades of silence, were they looking for her? What was their endgame?

A cold, bitter laugh burst from Elliana's throat, sharp and jagged. "I've been alone for years," she said, each word laced with acid. "I've survived things you couldn't begin to imagine. And through it all, not once did any of you come for me. And now you show up out of nowhere, all smiles and 'Let me take you home' like it's some fairy tale reunion? What is it you really want? Planning to carve out my heart? Harvest a kidney? Sell me off to some sick billionaire freak show?"

Because that made more sense than sudden, sentimental family ties. Arthur must be dying. And now, they remembered her. They hadn't come to welcome her home. They'd come to harvest her.

Her words struck Milton like a physical blow, extinguishing the joy that had lit his face moments before. "Lilah, what are you talking about?" His voice cracked under the weight of her accusation. He stared at her, stunned, as if seeing a stranger in her place. "Why would we ever want your heart? Your kidneys? Why would you even think something so grotesque?"

Then, he paused. His expression softened, but what replaced the shock was worse: grief. "You said you've been alone. That you've suffered." His voice dropped, hushed now. "What do you mean, Lilah? Wasn't Mom with you all these years?"



Win a chance to read for free!

>>>

GO NOW