

Chapter 548 Real Headache

Milton traced the path of Elliana's outstretched finger until his gaze landed on Rosewood Villa sprawling in the distance.

Rosewood Villa paled beside premier properties like Harmony Estate, yet it remained worlds beyond any ordinary person's reach. Only those blessed with considerable wealth could dream of walking its manicured grounds.

Milton realized that his sister had clearly flourished into a woman of substantial means. To think she had wandered this world alone, weathered countless storms, and somehow transformed herself into this extraordinary person. Pride swelled in his chest, mingled with profound admiration.

"Do you want to know why I chose Rosewood Villa when I returned to Ublento as Lilah?" Elliana's smile carried mischievous undertones.

Milton's eyebrow arched upward. "Enlighten me."

Her eyes sparkled with barely contained amusement. "I discovered the Campbells were settling into Harmony Estate. I purchased Rosewood Villa specifically for its proximity. My master plan involved spying on you guys, finding ways to slip onto Harmony Estate under the cover of darkness, and when the moment ripened—extracting my revenge. Perhaps even obliterating you all."

At this, Milton released a dry laugh that rumbled from his chest. "You possess remarkable audacity." His grin stretched wide across his face. "Spying on the Campbells? Infiltrating Harmony Estate? Those schemes alone demonstrate impressive boldness. But achieving actual revenge, destroying us completely?"

He shook his head, amusement dancing in his eyes. "If one determined young woman could topple the Campbells so effortlessly, do you imagine we would remain the legendary dynasty we've been for centuries?"

Elliana's lower lip jutted forward in protest. "Are you underestimating me?"

That sounds remarkably sexist."

"Absolutely not," Milton laughed, raising his hands in mock surrender. "I'm simply acknowledging our Campbell family's strength. We aren't easily conquered through revenge plots. Please don't entertain such dangerous notions."

Our Campbell family. He had chosen the word "our." The phrase resonated through Elliana's mind like a cherished melody.

Suddenly, a memory seemed to illuminate Milton's thoughts, and he chuckled again. "Speaking of formidable young women, have you heard whispers about someone in Delta called Death Thorn? She's about your age."

Elliana responded with nothing more than a raised eyebrow and lips compressed into a razor-thin line.

Milton continued, "She's someone who gives the Campbells a real headache. Dad's been watching her for a while. He actually admires her —says she's the real deal. We go out of our way to avoid crossing her."

A slow, knowing smile bloomed across Elliana's features. She offered no words. She harbored no intention of revealing her identity as Death Thorn yet.

Milton, entirely oblivious that the very Death Thorn his father so respected sat in the passenger seat, treated the mention as part of the casual conversation before abandoning the topic entirely.

The vehicle decelerated as they approached a diverging road. The straight path led toward Harmony Estate, while the right turn wound toward Rosewood Villa.

"Elliana, Dad is absolutely desperate to see you," Milton's tone carried gentle warmth. "Let's visit Harmony Estate first. I can call on you at Rosewood Villa another day, agreed?"

Elliana didn't pause to consider. "Absolutely." She burned with equal eagerness to reunite with her father, and introducing Adah could certainly wait.

Milton steered the car straight through the junction. Soon, they were

approaching Harmony Estate's imposing boundaries.

The estate's magnificent gates swept open with silent precision, and Milton guided them through, following the serpentine drive toward the breathtaking villa nestled at its center.

Studying the legendary mansion, the knowledge that her father awaited her inside sent anticipation coursing through Elliana's veins. Her heart accelerated to a thunderous rhythm.

"So you and Dad relocated to Ublento suddenly," Elliana began, gesturing at their opulent surroundings, "and your big appearance at Ublento Medical University's opening ceremony... Was it all to find Mom and me?"

Milton confirmed with a decisive nod. "Precisely. We uncovered evidence suggesting Mom maintained secret ties to Ublento Medical University. That's precisely why the family forged a partnership with them, and why I made such a conspicuous appearance at their ceremony. Everything served as an elaborate cover for our investigation."

Just as he concluded his explanation, he drove the car into the villa itself.

Elliana spun around, her eyes widening with bewilderment, wondering why on earth they were driving inside the house. Then, understanding dawned—they had entered a sophisticated car elevator.

With the car nestled inside, Milton retrieved a remote and pressed a single button.

The elevator doors whispered shut, and the entire platform began its graceful ascent, carrying them toward the villa's uppermost reaches.

Elliana observed in reverent silence. This truly embodied a legendary mansion—so sophisticated that automobiles could glide directly into its heart.

What escaped her knowledge was that this elevator represented a brand-new installation, completed merely days earlier.

After Eva had bulldozed past the bodyguards to confront Arthur, only to be unceremoniously expelled, Milton had implemented drastic countermeasures. He had commissioned the elevator's construction and ordered the stairwells permanently sealed. Now, access demanded a

password known exclusively to him and Arthur. Arthur could travel directly to his private sanctuary without abandoning his vehicle's protection, rendering Eva's future ambush attempts utterly impossible.

When the car settled onto the fourth floor, Milton released his seatbelt and emerged from the driver's side. He circled to the passenger door, opened it with ceremonial precision, and leaned inward to unbuckle Elliana's seatbelt before extending his hand to help her out.

He attended to her with delicate, methodical devotion, as though she were crafted from the most fragile porcelain.

The elevator doors parted like theater curtains, and Milton escorted Elliana into the corridor beyond.

A towering, distinguished figure awaited their arrival. His refined, aristocratic features wore an expression of raw anticipation and barely contained longing.

It was Arthur. He had maintained this post since receiving Milton's call, burning with the need to become the very first sight that would greet his daughter's eyes upon her homecoming.