

Chapter 555 Her Fury

Elliana's unexpected suggestion of undergoing a DNA test struck Arthur and Milton like lightning, leaving them utterly bewildered.

After their marathon conversation, after she had acknowledged them as her father and brother with such warmth, was she truly still questioning their blood connection? If doubt lingered in her mind, why had she unveiled so many intimate secrets to them? With her sharp intellect, she wouldn't commit the folly of simultaneously doubting and laying bare her secrets.

Arthur's and Milton's confused expressions drew a gentle smile from Elliana. She understood their bewilderment perfectly. "Though my heart tells me with unwavering certainty that I am related to you two by blood, I still crave a DNA test. Official confirmation through scientific proof would serve as our final seal, transforming this moment into something sacred and ceremonial."

Television reunions had taught her this truth—families separated by cruel years often sought DNA validation to achieve complete closure, allowing every wounded heart to finally rest in peace.

Milton's face brightened as understanding dawned. His sister's wisdom impressed him deeply, and he threw his complete support behind her decision. "Elliana is right. We absolutely should pursue this test. I'll summon our medical team immediately."

The Campbell family maintained their own elite medical team. A simple DNA test required nothing more than their private physicians drawing blood and analyzing it within their secured walls, eliminating any need for hospital visits.

Arthur shook himself from his stunned silence, his features melting into a radiant smile. "Elliana, your thoughtfulness astounds me. We'll proceed exactly as you've suggested!"

Milton reached for his phone and contacted their medical team without delay.

Within the hour, one of the Campbell family's trusted doctors arrived, ascending via private elevator straight to the fourth floor to collect blood samples from the reunited family.

Meanwhile, Eva remained trapped on the first-floor living room couch, drowning in darkness and consumed by ravenous curiosity.

Arthur had vanished upstairs for the entire day, denying her any glimpse of him or knowledge of his mysterious activities. She burned to question someone, anyone, but every bodyguard and servant populating Harmony Estate responded to Arthur's orders, their lips sealed against her desperate inquiries.

Arthur's words that day haunted her mind. Indeed, she had manipulated Paul to secure her position beside Arthur, yet her existence had become a suffocating void of daily anguish. Arthur's magnificent mansion had transformed into nothing more than an elegant prison cell. Locked within this gilded cage, she possessed no sense of belonging, yet escape remained impossible.

His revenge transcended physical punishment, cutting straight to her emotional core. She had banished the woman he treasured above all others, and he had retaliated by drowning her in soul-crushing isolation.

Despite being surrounded by countless people within the mansion's walls, not a single soul would acknowledge her presence, leaving her drowning in devastating loneliness. This crushing solitude had driven her to adopt Wanda all those years ago. Without nurturing a child, she would have withered away completely in this barren home.

Arthur's treatment burned her with ice-cold cruelty, yet she couldn't sever her desperate attachment to him. Even after all these torturous years, she still ached for him, clinging to the foolish hope that he might someday recognize her devotion and surrender his heart to her.

Today, she'd been perched on the couch, her mind spinning wild theories about his upstairs activities until Milton's return interrupted her spiraling thoughts.

The approaching car's rumble had sent her leaping to her feet with pathetic excitement, her face pressed against the living room's towering floor-to-ceiling windows.

Though Milton harbored the same frigid contempt for her, she'd desperately hoped to extract even the tiniest morsel of information about Arthur from him.

But fate had crushed her hopes once again—Milton refused to acknowledge her existence.

To avoid contaminating their sight with her presence, both Arthur and Milton had mastered the art of bypassing the first-floor living room entirely. Their private elevator swallowed them directly from the garage, whisking them upstairs and denying her any opportunity for contact or conversation.

Such arctic treatment had delivered profound humiliation to her wounded pride. Yet, there wasn't much she could do about it. Years ago, she had defied her parents and brother to force her way into the Campbell family, severing all ties with her own bloodline. If she abandoned the Campbell household now, homelessness would swallow her whole, making her the laughingstock of society. So despite the relentless torment, she'd endured each agonizing day for Arthur and her shattered pride.

Earlier, Milton's car had vanished into the elevator's hungry mouth, and her heart plummeted into an abyss of crushing disappointment while her curiosity exploded into overdrive. A girl had occupied Milton's passenger seat.

The tinted windows concealed her features like a protective veil, yet Eva could distinguish her delicate silhouette with startling clarity. Based on her graceful outline, the mysterious girl radiated breathtaking beauty and youthful vitality.

Eva's mind raced. Arthur remained a man of legendary devotion, his heart sealed in faithful dedication to Milton's mother throughout all these lonely years. Milton had similarly rejected romantic entanglements with women, channeling his youthful energy into solitary pursuits. His secretaries were all male.

Yet today, these two men—typically so immune to feminine charms—had welcomed a young, stunning girl into their sacred domain. Milton's boldness in bringing this girl home meant Arthur had granted his explicit approval.

Who was this enigmatic girl? What purpose drove Milton to bring her into

their fortress? Would she encounter Arthur after ascending to their private floors, and what earth-shattering events would unfold later on?

These burning questions invaded Eva's mind like wildfire, leaving her writhing in restless agony and suffocating unease.



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