

## Chapter 653 Intended To Confront Eva

Just minutes ago, Cole had asked Arthur the reason behind the Campbell family's sudden hostility toward Blaze Wildfire, only to be brushed off with a vague, "That's confidential."

Refusing to let it go, Cole circled back, pushing for a straight answer about what Blaze Wildfire had supposedly done to provoke the Campbells.

Arthur stared at Cole, genuinely puzzled. Was Cole losing his edge, pressing for an answer he clearly was unwilling to reveal? What did Cole take him for?

Cole caught the flicker of disapproval in Arthur's eyes and offered an awkward smile. He remarked, "I'll be honest with you. I am Blaze Wraith. If my organization has inadvertently offended you, kindly tell me how you would like me to fix it."

"You're Blaze Wraith?" Milton instinctively raised his voice.

Arthur widened his eyes.

Milton and Arthur whipped their heads in sync and turned to Elliana, searching for some explanation.

Knowing where their reactions came from, Elliana couldn't suppress a small smile. She held up a ring, letting it catch the light. "This is the command ring for Blaze Wildfire," she explained, voice calm and assured. "Cole put it in my hands. So when you declared war, you declared it on me."

Both Arthur and Milton twitched with surprise, each registering the tangled mess they'd landed in. What a ridiculous knot of family politics this was turning into.

Seeing Cole still waiting for an answer, Arthur let out a half-hearted

chuckle. "Nothing personal," he said. "Just business. I wanted to absorb Blaze Wildfire to expand the family's reach in Delta. But since it turns out you lead the Blaze Wildfire, let's leave it in the past."

A wry smile touched Cole's lips. Blaze Wildfire was a dominant force in Delta. No one had ever been audacious enough to even consider conquering it. His future father-in-law, it seemed, was in a league of his own.

The Campbell family had declared war and brokered peace in the span of a single conversation. If word of this got out, Delta's social circles would have a field day, spinning rumors for months.

Cole, Arthur, and Milton reached a silent understanding—this topic was finished, never to be brought up again.

Elliana tucked the ring away, the urge to laugh barely contained.

Just then, the butler appeared at the doorway. "Message from Ms. Evans," he announced after bowing politely to Arthur and Milton. "She's arranged a grand luncheon to mark today's occasion and invites everyone downstairs for a proper family gathering."

Arthur had never formally recognized Eva's status, which was why no one under his roof ever dared call her "Mrs. Campbell" in his presence.

The mere mention of Eva made both Arthur's and Milton's faces cloud over. Who did she think she was? Playing the part of the lady of the house at a time like this? The nerve.

Cole, well aware of Eva's unwelcome status in this household, remained impassive, his expression giving nothing away.

Elliana, however, set aside her snacks and delicately brushed the crumbs from her hands. "I'll go down and see her," she said.

"I'll join you," Milton stepped up right away.

"Great," Elliana replied with a sly curve to her lips. "And while you're at it, could you arrange for a construction team to come over? I need one immediately."

Though clueless about her intention, Milton didn't bother to ask why—he just nodded. "I'll take care of it right now."

"Thank you." She then pivoted to face the butler. "Could you please gather every bodyguard and servant for me? I want them to come with me."

The butler, now in his fifties, had served Arthur since he was young, undeniably a fixture in the Campbell household, and had become Arthur's most trusted servant.

The butler carried a quiet fondness for Elliana, regarding her almost as if she were his own. Just like Milton, he didn't question her unusual request. "Understood, Miss Campbell. I'll bring them together right away."

Milton took out his phone to call the construction team while the butler left to summon the household staff.

Elliana stood up from her seat. "Dad, I need to take care of something downstairs," she said. "I'll come back up for lunch after."

Arthur gave a gentle nod, his smile showing he supported whatever she had in mind. "Alright. I'll be here."

Arthur could tell she was going to confront Eva. He glanced at Cole with a meaningful look. "Want to head down and watch what happens?"

Cole caught the glint in his eye and offered a faint smile. "I wouldn't dare meddle in your family matters."

The response made Arthur even more satisfied with Cole. "In that case," he said, pointing toward the table nearby, "shall we play some chess while we wait?"

"I'd enjoy that," Cole replied.

Elliana stepped out of the fourth-floor living room and entered the elevator. When the elevator doors slid open on the first floor, the construction team Milton had called and the household staff the butler had gathered were all lined up in order, waiting for her command.

Milton lingered nearby with his hands resting in his pockets, his gaze steady as he followed Elliana's every move. His calm presence spoke louder than words—he was there for her, no matter what came next. Doubts never entered his mind. Whatever course she chose, he had already decided he would stand behind it.

The butler rushed forward and bowed slightly. "Miss Campbell," he asked with quiet urgency, "do you think this will suffice?"

Elliana let her eyes sweep over the assembled crowd. Two dozen bodyguards stood rigidly at attention, while ten maids waited behind them. Her gaze moved slowly across each face, and a deliberate smile curved her lips as her eyes sharpened with intent.