

Chapter 655 Slaps

Wanda had never experienced such complete humiliation before. With just one cutting sentence, Lilah had destroyed her confidence and left her dignity in ruins. She stood there speechless, her usual boldness completely shattered, scrambling for any way to respond to such a devastating blow.

But as the shock began to wear off, something else started nagging at Wanda. There was something about the way Lilah looked at her, something unnervingly familiar that she couldn't quite place.

Lilah's sharp, intelligent eyes paired with that clear, unwavering voice—it stirred a memory that made Wanda's stomach clench with unease. The combination reminded her instantly of Elliana, the woman she had confronted at Regal Grove.

Elliana might have been ugly and unremarkable, but her eyes and voice had been impossible to forget. They were so distinctive, so memorable, that even a single meeting had burned them permanently into Wanda's mind.

Now, staring at Lilah, Wanda couldn't shake the eerie similarity. The eyes, the voice, even the way Lilah carried herself—it was as if they belonged to the same person.

The same person? The thought hit Wanda like ice water in her veins, and a terrible fear began creeping through her entire body.

Watching the horror dawn on Wanda's face, Elliana allowed herself a small, satisfied smile. She had deliberately let pieces of her true identity show through, wanting Wanda to recognize the ghost of Elliana beneath Lilah's surface.

In Wanda's mind, Elliana was supposed to be dead—eliminated by her own murderous scheme. To see traces of that supposedly dead woman standing alive before her would create the kind of psychological terror that most people couldn't handle.

Elliana smirked. Right now, Wanda was probably wondering if she was losing her sanity, seeing phantoms where none should exist.

This was exactly what Elliana wanted—to keep Wanda in a constant state of dread and confusion. True revenge wasn't a quick, clean death. It was the slow, methodical breaking of someone's spirit until they destroyed themselves.

Eva, completely unaware of the psychological warfare happening right in front of her, was simply upset that Lilah had openly humiliated Wanda. Yet, not daring to show her displeasure, she tried a different approach—appeasing Lilah, who clearly held all the power now.

"Lilah, you're absolutely right, of course," Eva said with forced brightness. "You are the Campbell family's true daughter, while Wanda is only here through adoption. She has no right to presume equality with you. I'll make sure she understands her place and never speaks so presumptuously again."

Only then did Elliana's piercing gaze shift away from Wanda and focus on Eva instead.

The moment Elliana's attention turned to her, Eva immediately arranged her features into the most ingratiating smile she could manage. "Lilah, I'm not one to stand on ceremony. If you're comfortable calling me 'Mom,' I would be absolutely delighted to have such a beautiful and accomplished daughter as you. But if you're not ready for that yet, 'Eva' is perfectly fine—whatever makes you feel most at ease."

Elliana's laugh was sharp and humorless. "You must be delusional if you think I'd ever call you 'Mom,'" she said, her voice cutting through Eva's pretense like a blade. "I wouldn't even waste my breath saying your name. The only thing I'd call you is exactly what you are—a pathetic woman who destroyed a family and now clings to this house like a parasite."

She paused, letting the words sink in before delivering the final blow. "A shameless parasite who refuses to accept that she doesn't belong here."

Eva's carefully constructed smile crumbled instantly. Her dignity, like Wanda's moments before, was torn apart and left bleeding on the floor. A pathetic parasite? Someone who destroyed a family? Each accusation felt like a physical blow, striking at the deepest insecurities she'd spent twenty years trying to bury. Lilah had ripped open old wounds and

exposed them to the light, forcing her to confront truths she'd worked so hard to forget.

Now, Eva understood with crystal clarity—Lilah hadn't come to accept her as family. Lilah had come to tear down everything she had built and throw her out like garbage.

But Eva wasn't ready to surrender without a fight. She had loved Arthur for decades and had given him the best years of her life. She had earned her place in this family through years of devotion and sacrifice. She would not be discarded so easily, not when she'd worked so hard to become the mistress of the household. That title meant everything to her—it was her identity, her security, and her entire world. She would fight to keep it, no matter what Lilah thought she could do.

Drawing on every ounce of dignity she still possessed, Eva straightened her shoulders and faced Lilah. "Lilah, you're still very young, and it's obvious you haven't had the proper upbringing you deserved. I'm willing to overlook your rudeness because I understand you're probably overwhelmed by everything." She paused, her chin lifting with practiced authority. "But you need to understand something very clearly—regardless of your personal feelings toward me, I am the lady of this household. I've earned that position, and you have absolutely no right to speak to me with such disrespect."

Seeing Eva stand her ground, Wanda felt a spark of her old confidence returning. The paralyzing fear that had consumed her moments before began to ebb away, her usual arrogance back in place. She stepped out from behind Eva's protective shadow and met Lilah's cold gaze with defiant eyes. "My mother is absolutely right," she declared, her voice gaining strength with each word. "She is the mistress of this house, and I am her daughter. We've lived here for years, and we deserve your respect, not your insults!"

The sharp crack of Elliana's palm connecting with Wanda's cheek echoed through the silent room like a gunshot.

For Elliana, it was an invitation, really. When someone thrust their arrogant face that close to hers, practically begging to be put in their place, she couldn't help but oblige them.

Elliana was Death Thorn, after all. If she had wanted to, she could have easily crushed every bone in Wanda's skull with that single strike.

But since Wanda was nothing more than a pampered woman, Elliana had held back her true strength. Even so, the controlled blow was still far more than Wanda's delicate constitution could handle.

Wanda's shriek of pain and shock filled the air as she collapsed to the marble floor. Her carefully applied makeup was smeared, and an angry red handprint was blooming across her pale cheek, the skin beginning to puff and swell. Her head spun violently, bright spots dancing across her vision. She lay there trembling, unable to even attempt to get up as a thin trickle of blood appeared at the corner of her mouth.

Eva stumbled backward in complete shock and horror. She had never imagined that this seemingly refined young woman could be capable of such swift, brutal violence. The casual way Lilah had struck Wanda, without even a moment's hesitation, was terrifying.

Milton, however, watched the scene with barely concealed satisfaction. Elliana had always been decisive and direct in dealing with problems, and he found her approach deeply gratifying.

Despite her terror, Eva forced herself to speak. "How dare you lay a hand on Wanda!" she cried, her voice shaking with outrage and panic. "Wanda is my daughter; you have no authority to touch her!"

Another sharp crack split the air as Elliana's palm connected with Eva's face. The same controlled force, the same precise technique.

Just like Wanda before her, Eva was completely unable to withstand the impact. She screamed and crashed to the floor as blood immediately began pouring from her nose and mouth, her vision going dark around the edges.

Elliana stepped forward calmly and placed her designer shoe firmly on Eva's face, pressing down just enough to make her position of absolute dominance unmistakably clear.