

## Chapter 656 Wake You Up

Never in Eva's wildest dreams had she thought she would find herself in such a degrading position.

As the only daughter of Ruben and Diane, Eva had been spoiled rotten, and no one had ever dared to lay a finger on her. Even after marrying into the Campbell family—where Arthur denied her love and recognition—her pain had always been emotional, never physical. No hand had ever struck her.

Yet, here she was, her face pinned beneath Lilah's heel. Moments earlier, she had tried to assert her power. Now, in the blink of an eye, she was drowning in shame.

Shock, rage, and disbelief clashed within Eva, but the reality of her situation was undeniable. Her cheek still burned from Lilah's slap. Trapped under the weight of a designer shoe, she was powerless. In that crushing moment, the pride she had carried her whole life slipped away like smoke in the wind.

Elliana stared down at Eva, her expression an icy mask, stripped of sympathy. This was the woman who had made her mother's life miserable. The same one who had ripped apart her family and made them separated for twenty long years.

Elliana had never seen Eva's cruelty with her own eyes. But she hated Eva with every breath in her body.

Memories rose like ghosts. Her mother sitting alone, staring blankly into space. Her mother, shoulders trembling as she wiped away secret tears.

As a child, Elliana had thought her mother wept over Darin's affair with Kiara. Now, the truth was clear—her mother's sorrow was for the husband and son who were not at her side. And all of it traced back to Eva.

Today, Elliana's cruelty was not for herself—it was for her mother.

Eva sputtered weakly. The earlier slap had already left her dizzy, her head spinning. Pulling herself together, she glared at Lilah, whose foot was still pressed to her face. "H-how dare you treat me like this? I am the mistress of this house... Agh!"

Even pinned in disgrace, Eva still clung to her so-called status, hoping it might intimidate Lilah.

But Elliana was unmoved. Her heel pressed harder, grinding into Eva's cheek. A scream tore out as pain shot through Eva's body. Her flawless face—once her greatest pride—was now scraped, bloodied, and ruined. To have her face crushed into the floor was to lose the last shred of her dignity.

Powerless, Eva whimpered like a child. This was the most humiliating day of her life. Even her wedding day—when her groom never appeared—was nothing compared to this.

Nearby, Wanda trembled. Whatever courage she had carried drained away, leaving only terror. She dared not move, barely dared breathe. She was finally seeing just how fearsome Lilah could be. Since Eva was treated with such contempt, what was her own fate?

Fear coiled in Wanda's chest as she imagined herself next under that heel.

But Elliana ignored Wanda completely. Her focus stayed on Eva. Bending slightly, her voice low and deadly calm, she asked, "One last time—who are you?"

"I—I'm the matriarch of this household!" Eva gasped, her words soaked in pain and stubborn pride. She had fought her entire life for that title. Without it, twenty years would mean nothing. She would rather die than let go of it. Even if Lilah beat her to death, she would die as Mrs. Campbell.

Elliana gave a short, cold laugh. "Still clinging to an illusion. Fine. I'll help you wake up."

From her pocket, Elliana drew a silver needle. Its gleam caught the light, cold and sharp.

Eva's blood ran cold. She tried to recoil, but Elliana's foot held her still.

"What... What are you going to do?" Eva stammered, panic cracking her voice.

Elliana's eyes glimmered with chilling amusement. "Didn't I say? I'll wake you up."

The words had barely left her lips before the needle flashed. Quick and precise, Elliana plunged it into Eva's body.

Elliana was Milena, after all. The Medical Codex had taught her to save lives—but also to inflict suffering beyond imagination.

The instant the needle struck, Elliana lifted her foot.

A shriek from Eva ripped through the silence, sharp enough to pierce the air.

Eva writhed on the floor, her mask of elegance shattered. The proud lady was gone. In her place, a prisoner twisting in pain, blood smearing the floor as she thrashed.

Her screams echoed, wild and unending. But no one came to her rescue. The whole estate stayed silent. Her agony belonged to her alone, swallowed by the vast, empty house.

Wanda watched, frozen in horror. Fear wrapped around her like chains, heavy and suffocating. In her gut, dread settled, cold and unshakable.