

Chapter 657 Thrown Out

When fear took over, the first instinct was survival.

In that instant, whatever bond Wanda shared with Eva snapped in two. All Wanda wanted was to run from this dreadful place. She tried to stand, but her legs gave way. Her courage had drained out of her, leaving her weak and useless. So, she began to crawl.

It was pitiful. After what felt like forever, she only made it to the edge of the sofa. She slumped against it, panting, trying to steady her breath.

Eva, meanwhile, kept writhing on the floor, her screams tearing through the room.

Wanda couldn't take it anymore. She didn't dare look at Eva. She couldn't bear the sound of Eva's cries.

Like an ostrich burying its head in the sand, Wanda shoved her face deep between the sofa cushions, clamped her hands over her ears, and whispered over and over, "It's not real... Just an illusion. It's all a nightmare. It will be over soon. It has to end soon."

Milton stood silently, watching Eva and Wanda with cold indifference. There was no pity in his eyes—only a chilling satisfaction. He had always despised these two women who clung to the Campbell family for so many years. He had never struck them—he prided himself on never laying a hand on women.

But being a gentleman didn't mean he couldn't enjoy watching justice land. Elliana had done what he'd long wished to do. For the first time in years, the weight on his chest had felt lighter.

He thought of his mother's words before she fled years back, and the fire in him to tear Eva apart burned hotter than ever.

At last, Eva's movements ceased. She collapsed near Wanda, her body trembling, her breath shallow and ragged. The pain hadn't vanished. She simply no longer had the strength to even struggle.

Elliana strode over, pulled the needle free, and looked down at Eva. "Now, who are you?" she asked, her voice calm as ice.

A gasp burst from Eva's lips as the pain receded. Relief washed over her in a wave, but with it came a terror far deeper. She would do anything—say anything—to never feel that agony again. This wasn't just cruelty. Lilah was a demon. A thousand times more frightening than her mother.

Years ago, Eva had used Paul's influence to tear Arthur from the woman he loved, even ordering an assassination attempt on his beloved. And for all her heinous acts, Eva had never faced any consequences.

Arthur's beloved had never retaliated, never so much as raised her voice. Eva had called her weak. Harmless.

Eva had never imagined that "weak woman" would give birth to such a merciless daughter. And now that daughter had come for vengeance, needle in hand, dragging her into hell itself. One moment was enough to burn the fear into her very soul. Her pride was ashes.

"I... I'm a shameless parasite," Eva whispered, her voice trembling, broken. She would have confessed to anything. Anything to keep the torture away.

"Good. At last, you accept the undeniable reality," Elliana said, a cold smile tugging her lips. "Eva, years ago you knew my father and mother were in love. You forced yourself between them and tore them apart. Is that true?"

"Yes," Eva muttered meekly.

Elliana's gaze sharpened. "And then you tried to have my mother killed. You drove her into running and hiding, pregnant and alone. Is that also true?"

"Yes," Eva whispered, weak as a shadow.

"Good." Elliana's laugh was soft, cruel.

She leaned closer, her eyes like knives. To her, Eva was nothing more than a cockroach scurrying across the floor. "You stole what was never yours. My father never loved or acknowledged you. He never even registered marriage with you. Yet, you clung to the Campbell family for

two decades, shameless beyond belief. The Evans family disowned you. Your own father and brother cast you out. And still, you dreamed you would stay here forever?" Her voice cut like glass. "That dream is over. As the true daughter of this household, I'm throwing you out like the stray dog you are."

Thrown out like a stray dog? The words struck harder than any slap. Eva's eyes widened. She stared at Elliana, horrified. "No—you can't! Even without a marriage certificate, your grandfather accepted me into this family!"

Elliana let out a cold, hollow laugh. "Then go find him in the afterlife. Maybe he'll defend you there."

Suddenly, a loud crash thundered from upstairs, shaking the air. Everyone froze.

Eva recognized the source of that sound. Her heart stopped. It was her bedroom. Her head snapped toward Elliana, her voice trembling. "What... What have you done to my room?"

Before she could finish, something massive hurtled past the tall windows and smashed onto the lawn below.

Eva almost couldn't breathe. It was her safe. The very safe that held everything she had ever clung to. Why were they throwing her safe?

Chapter 658 Thorough Humiliation

Eva hardly had a moment to react before a rain of her belongings came crashing down from the second floor.

First went her clothes and shoes. Next came her makeup and jewelry. One after another, every treasured item she owned landed on the grass, tossed out like yesterday's garbage.

A shattering bang split the air as her wardrobe and bed followed, tumbling out the window and smashing to pieces below.

"Don't you dare touch my stuff!" Eva shouted, her voice cracking with disbelief.

Her bedroom was supposed to be off-limits, a private haven she guarded fiercely. No one had ever set foot in there without her permission. But today, strangers had ripped through her sanctuary, tossing her personal items out for everyone to see.

Trying to get up, Eva willed her body to move and save what she could. Nothing worked. Paralyzed, she lay there, forced to watch every moment as her life unraveled in front of her. A raw, frustrated scream escaped her lips.

But no one paid her any heed. The sound was drowned out by the relentless chaos.

As Eva's last possessions touched the ground, a bulldozer rumbled into view. The engine growled. The machine lowered its blade and swept up her things. Jewelry, clothes, keepsakes. It treated all of it like worthless scraps before dropping everything into the back of a waiting truck.

Eva could only watch in silence as the truck drove away, carrying the last pieces of her past with it.

Wanda could barely believe what she was seeing.

With all of Eva's possessions gone, a cold dread settled in Wanda's stomach. If Eva was being cast out, she knew her own fate was sealed.

Wanda felt a spike of dread just before her bedroom erupted in chaos. The crash of wood splitting and glass breaking made her stomach twist. Not long after, her belongings followed the same fate as Eva's, tossed out of the window piece by piece.

Nothing was spared. Strangers rifled through her possessions and threw out everything that mattered, stripping away her privacy with ruthless indifference.

Unlike Eva, Wanda kept her agony bottled up. She refused to give anyone the satisfaction of seeing her cry, so she stood rigid, her jaw clenched until it hurt.

When the last of Eva's and Wanda's possessions had been hauled away, Elliana gazed down at them, her expression smug, as if she'd just won a war. Her voice sliced through the air, cold and sharp. "You've leached off my family for far too long. It's time for you to get out."

Eva broke down, her voice trembling as she begged, "Please, don't do this to me. I won't leave. I'll do anything you want—just let me stay."

Desperation overwhelmed Eva. Pride no longer mattered; if crawling would let her remain, then that was what she would do. Living in disgrace was better than being thrown out like a stray. Remaining in this house meant she could still claim to be Arthur's wife, at least to the world outside. Getting forced out like this would turn her into a punchline, a stain on the Evans family for the world to see.

But Elliana looked right through Eva. No emotion flickered in her eyes. Without even responding, she flicked her wrist, and the bodyguards moved in.

With brutal efficiency, the bodyguards grabbed both Eva and Wanda and dragged them outside, dumping them on the lawn as if they weighed nothing at all. Shattered pieces of their lives now littered the lawn.

From above, the sounds changed. No longer was it just clothes and furniture—now it was the splintering of drywall, the thud of wooden beams, the crash of windows being ripped from their frames.

Every corner of the house that had once belonged to Eva and Wanda was torn apart. The staircase vanished. Windows disappeared. The living room was reduced to bare bones, every memory erased and thrown onto the heap outside.

The garden, once peaceful, was destroyed without mercy. Stones were pried up, flowers yanked from the earth, every trace of their presence wiped away.

Every detail of the demolition had been orchestrated by Elliana, who ordered that nothing linked to Eva or Wanda should survive.

Standing there amid the wreckage, Eva and Wanda could hardly breathe. Neither of them ever imagined that humiliation could cut so deep or be so complete. Not a single trace of their lives was allowed to remain within Harmony Estate. It was as though every memory and footprint had been scrubbed out, leaving nothing behind but emptiness.

A short while ago, they had belonged here. Now, they were nothing more than unwanted shadows, stripped of every shred of dignity.

Wanda stared straight ahead, eyes empty. Her mind refused to process what was happening. Numbness swallowed everything.

Eva could hardly breathe. Memories cut deeper than any insult. She remembered the lavish wedding Paul had arranged, the pride of marrying into the Campbell family, all the applause and envy. Now, humiliation was her only companion. The grandeur of her past had been twisted into something cruel.

Eva and Wanda barely managed to pull themselves together on a stone slab before Elliana approached, looming over them. "This stone slab you're sitting on?" Her tone was flat, almost bored. "In a moment, it will be removed. But before we get rid of that, I want you off my mountain."

One cold gesture from Elliana, and the bodyguards sprang into action. Without hesitation, they grabbed Eva and Wanda and dragged them across the ruined lawn. Tossing them into the back of a battered garbage truck, they made sure there was no confusion about what they'd become—waste to be removed.

The estate, the mountain, all of it belonged to the Campbell family.

Only at the gate did the truck come to a halt. The bodyguards hauled both Eva and Wanda out, dumping them onto the roadside with no more care than the bags of trash they'd tossed before.

The stench hit Eva and Wanda instantly, sticking to their skin, making their eyes water and their stomachs churn. The taste of garbage filled their mouths with every breath.

They had to dig themselves free from the reeking pile. What little strength they had left was spent just getting to solid ground, where they collapsed, coughing and retching under the punishing sun.

Heat shimmered off the road, blurring the world around them. Even the sunlight felt hostile, burning into their skin, mixing with the stink that clung to them like another layer of shame.

Eva stared up at the sky, her face streaked with grime and sweat, her heart hollow. Everything had been lost because of a man she'd fallen for when she was young. Even now, as misery threatened to swallow her, a desperate hunger remained. She would do anything and endure any pain just to reclaim the title of the Campbell matriarch.

Chapter 659 Offer

Eva felt the weight of complete defeat pressing down on her chest, but something inside her refused to give up entirely. Beside her, Wanda was experiencing the same desperate determination not to surrender.

The two women lay sprawled on the ground beside each other, staring up at the cloudless sky in stunned silence for what felt like an eternity.

Finally, Wanda's quiet voice broke through the heavy silence. "Mom, I've made my decision. I'm willing to become that man's mistress."

Eva's entire body went rigid with shock. She turned her head sharply to stare at Wanda.

Wanda met Eva's startled gaze without flinching and spoke with unwavering conviction. "I'll do exactly what you suggested earlier. I'll become his mistress. It's the only real chance we have left to climb up from this disaster."

"Are you absolutely certain about this?" Eva asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

Wanda gave a firm, decisive nod. "I'm completely sure. We don't have any other options left. If this is what it takes to secure our future, then I'm prepared to sacrifice whatever I need to. And someday, when we're strong again, I'll come back here and make them all pay for what they did to us."

"Perfect!" A wave of relief washed over Eva's face, transforming her expression into one of genuine hope. Who said she was left with nothing? She still had her beautiful, intelligent daughter by her side.

Even though Wanda wasn't her biological child, Eva had poured her heart into raising Wanda with the finest care and attention. Now, they were bound together through thick and thin, united in their struggles and their dreams.

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Eva turned to look at Wanda, searching her daughter's face carefully for any trace of hesitation or second thoughts.

But Wanda nodded firmly, her eyes bright with determination and something that might have been excitement. Even without laying eyes on this mysterious man, she was already completely enchanted by the sound of his voice. Her imagination painted a picture of a sophisticated, powerful man of extraordinary status—and she was more than willing to belong to someone like that. If she became the companion of such a distinguished man, surely some of his prestige and influence would become hers as well.

Reassured by Wanda's unwavering determination, Eva allowed a satisfied smile to spread across her lips. "Mr. Griffiths," she said clearly into the phone, "I can assure you with complete confidence that my daughter is more than willing to be yours."

A low, knowing chuckle drifted through the connection. "Let me guess—this sudden offer is because the real Campbell heiress has thrown you out on the street? Now that you're homeless and desperate, you've finally decided you're willing to come crawling to me for help?"

Eva's entire body went rigid as her heart began racing with pure terror. She had never imagined his network of information could be so extensive—they had only just been thrown out of the Campbell estate, and somehow he already knew every detail. The scope of this man's power was truly staggering, beyond anything she had ever encountered before.

Eva knew better than to attempt any deception. Her voice trembled slightly as she answered with complete honesty, "Mr. Griffiths, you're right. We have nowhere to go now. Please, I'm begging you to take us in. I realize now what a complete fool I was to refuse your generous offer before."

"That's perfectly understandable," he replied with calm indifference. "I make it a policy never to force anyone into arrangements they don't want, and I do appreciate your honesty now. Stay exactly where you are. My people will arrive to collect you very shortly."

The line went dead with a soft click.

Eva released a long, shaky breath of relief. She had been absolutely terrified that one careless word would have sealed her and Wanda's fate

and left them with nowhere to turn. Mr. Griffiths clearly wielded incredible influence and resources. His men would undoubtedly arrive soon to take them away from this nightmare. But before that happened, there were some crucial things Wanda needed to understand about what she was walking into.

Eva turned around urgently. "Wanda, we need to talk about—"

Eva stopped mid-sentence, staring in disbelief. Wanda's cheeks were glowing bright pink, and her expression had completely transformed into that of a lovesick teenager lost in romantic daydreams.

Eva had to resist the urge to roll her eyes. Just a short time ago, Wanda had been completely obsessed with winning over Milton and Cole, stubbornly refusing to even consider the idea of becoming Mr. Griffiths' mistress. Now, after hearing nothing more than the sound of Mr. Griffiths' voice, she looked like she was ready to float away on a cloud of infatuation.

Sensing Eva's intense stare, Wanda snapped out of her dreamy trance and gave Eva a sheepish, embarrassed smile. "Mom, you mentioned before that Mr. Griffiths has been interested in me for quite a long time, right?"

"That's absolutely true," Eva confirmed with a serious nod. "When you were only twelve years old, Mr. Griffiths had first expressed interest in you. He approached me and asked if I would agree to let you become his. I couldn't bear the thought of it at the time, so I refused his offer. He approached me again when you turned eighteen, and even then, I still couldn't bring myself to say yes."

An even deeper blush spread across Wanda's face, and she felt a thrilling flutter of excitement in her chest. "He's been wanting me for that long?" she whispered, clearly enchanted by the idea. Then, she looked at Eva with curious eyes. "Mom, who exactly is Mr. Griffiths? What do you know about him?"

Eva's expression became deadly serious. "Mr. Griffiths is a man of unimaginable wealth and noble background. His influence and power extend far beyond anything we could ever hope to understand or match. As for his true identity..."