

Chapter 556 Her Bitterness

Even though Arthur never truly belonged to her, Eva kept a close watch on him. Whenever a woman appeared near him, no matter her age or looks, Eva's eyes sharpened, probing every detail, leaving no room for an affair. Each day, anxiety gnawed at her as she tracked his every move, terrified another woman might steal him away.

That concern alone was torment enough, yet Arthur's constant distance made it impossible for her to keep tabs on him.

Unable to monitor him, her mind spiraled, weaving dark scenarios that turned every moment into misery. For over twenty years, she had lived trapped in this cycle. A relentless battle between anguish and an unwillingness to let go of Arthur.

A familiar knot of unease tightened in Eva's chest as she watched Milton escort a striking young woman up the stairs.

Sitting down felt impossible, her restlessness unbearable. Yet, standing only made each step feel like walking on thin ice, precarious and uncertain.

She questioned the butlers and servants nearby, but none could offer a clear answer. Her mind spun wildly, a chaotic storm of fears and doubts, pushing her to the edge of madness.

Just as she was about to be overwhelmed, she spotted the Campbell family's medical team approaching the elevator. She froze. Why summon the doctors now? Was Arthur ill? What had happened?

Without hesitation, Eva darted toward the elevator. Though Arthur tormented her emotionally every single day, worry for him gnawed at her heart.

Reaching the elevator, she grabbed the wrist of the lead doctor, voice sharp with urgency. "Dr. Nash, is Arthur alright? What happened? Is it serious?"

Marvin Nash was chief of the Campbell family's medical team. His grandfather and father had once served in the Campbell family, and their loyalty to the family head was unwavering.

Marvin knew all too well the delicate tension between Arthur and Eva. He couldn't reveal the truth to her. Still, out of respect for her role as the mistress of the household, he offered a polite, measured smile. "I'm sorry, madam. I'm here on orders and don't have details about the situation."

Eva had already suspected she wouldn't get answers from him, but her worry for Arthur had driven her to ask nonetheless. Frustration rising over Marvin's response, she shook off his wrist.

Marvin nodded courteously and stepped into the elevator.

As the doors began to close, Eva hurried forward, her voice desperate. "Hold the doors, please! I'm worried about Arthur! I have to see him!"

But the elevator was guarded around the clock by security personnel. Before she could reach the doors, she was stopped by the guards. "Madam, Mr. Campbell has ordered that you are not allowed upstairs. Please step back."

Rage flared inside Eva. "You—"

But she bit back the words. Losing face by clashing with the guards was a risk she couldn't afford. Frustrated, she watched the elevator doors slide shut.

The security guards, noticing the closed elevator doors, resumed their positions like statues, ignoring Eva as if she were invisible.

Staring at the closed doors, humiliation settled over Eva like a heavy cloak. She had been swept into the Campbell family through a grand wedding, yet now she couldn't even lay eyes on the man known as her husband. Damn it! Damn it all! She cursed the world for the misery that chained her.

Her vision blurred with a fiery, blood-red rage. Fists clenched tight at her sides, she ached to smash through the doors, but fear rooted her in place. She dreaded Arthur's wrath. She knew if she dared to break down those doors, he might erupt in fury and lock her away in the basement again.

He had done it before. Whenever she crossed him, he didn't banish her outright; he imprisoned her in the basement. It was pitch-black silence that gnawed at her soul. The memory of that suffocating confinement haunted her, and she vowed never to endure it again. So she stood trembling, paralyzed by the very anger she feared most: Arthur's.

At last, she slowly unclenched her fists and turned back toward the mansion. She sank onto the sofa in the first-floor living room, her thoughts swirling in restless silence.

Time slipped by until the sound of a car rolling into the estate pierced the stillness.

Eva sprang to her feet, eyes bright with a flicker of hope, desperate for any news of Arthur. But as the vehicle came into view, that hope drained away. It wasn't Arthur. It was Wanda.

Wanda was the only person Eva could confide in within this gilded prison. Wanda was the family she clung to, her sole source of comfort.

Yet today, Eva had no desire for conversation. She retreated back to the couch, her face clouded with gloom, determined to ignore Wanda altogether.

But Wanda burst from the car, her face twisted with anguish and desperation, her voice breaking through the air. "Mom!"

Eva, already frayed with anxiety, couldn't endure the wailing any longer. She shot Wanda a sharp glance, frowning. "What is it this time?"