

Chapter 654 Sisters

"That's enough." Elliana nodded. Her voice dropped to a whisper as she gave instructions to the butler.

The butler listened with complete attention, absorbing every detail of Elliana's plan. When she finished, he straightened and gave her a sharp, respectful nod. "Perfectly understood, Miss Campbell. You have my word that I will handle this matter personally."

A small, satisfied smile crossed Elliana's face. "Then I'm placing my complete trust in you."

With that, Elliana turned on her heel and walked toward the impressive front door, Milton falling into step right behind her.

The butler raised his voice to address the crowd of assembled construction crew, bodyguards, and household staff. "Everyone, follow me immediately!"

At his signal, the entire group—construction team, bodyguards, and household staff—fell into line behind him as he led them toward the estate's side entrance.

Meanwhile, inside the magnificent house, Eva and Wanda stood pressed against the floor-to-ceiling windows of the first-floor living room, watching the strange scene unfold before them with growing anxiety.

Ever since Eva had asked the butler to deliver her message to Arthur, she had been a complete nervous wreck. She was caught between wild hope that Arthur might finally show her some mercy and her unease that her plea would only make him more furious with her.

Wanda, equally on edge, hadn't left Eva's side.

But instead of receiving any kind of response from Arthur, Eva and Wanda had been shocked to see a massive construction crew arrive at the gates—a team Milton himself had summoned. Nobody had mentioned any planned renovations or improvements, so what could

possibly be happening?

As Eva and Wanda stood there trying to make sense of this bewildering development, they watched the butler efficiently organize twenty of the estate's most intimidating bodyguards and ten of the most senior household servants. The two groups formed neat, military-style lines on the perfectly manicured lawn, creating an imposing display of organized power that sent chills down both women's spines.

"Mom, what do you think they're planning to do?" Wanda asked, her voice shaking with barely controlled anxiety.

Eva was struggling with her own growing sense of dread and panic, and she snapped at her daughter with unusual sharpness, "How on earth would I know?" She whirled around to face her personal maid, who had been hovering nervously nearby. "Go out there right now and find out exactly what's happening! I want to know every detail!"

"Yes, I'll go immediately," the maid replied with a quick curtsy.

But before the maid could take even a single step toward the door, Lilah appeared at the top of the grand marble staircase.

Eva and Wanda couldn't make out the exact words Lilah spoke to the butler from their position at the windows, but moments later, the entire assembled group marched away with the butler in perfect formation toward the side of the estate. Meanwhile, Lilah and Milton were walking directly toward the main entrance.

It was crystal clear that Lilah and Milton were coming specifically for Eva and Wanda.

Eva's heart began pounding so hard against her chest that she could barely breathe. A chaotic mixture of desperate excitement and nerves flooded through her veins.

Ever since Eva's last frantic attempt to reach Arthur on the third floor, the main staircase had been completely blocked off from access. Milton had even gone to the extreme measure of installing a private external elevator to ensure their complete separation. Although they all technically lived under the same roof at Harmony Estate, it felt more like two entirely separate families who just happened to share the same address. Not once since then had either Arthur or Milton bothered to

acknowledge Eva's existence, much less come to see her. But today was different. Today, Milton was actually coming to her—and he had brought along the sister they had just discovered and welcomed into the family.

Eva wondered whether this meant what she desperately hoped it meant. Had Milton finally come to his senses and decided to acknowledge all the years she had devoted to caring for him? Was he bringing his newly found sister to formally accept her as their mother at long last?

Caught up in her desperate fantasy of reconciliation, Eva hurried toward the entrance with her heart hammering against her chest in wild anticipation.

But Elliana and Milton moved with cold efficiency and purpose. Before Eva could even make it halfway across the foyer, they had already crossed the threshold and walked into the living room.

The instant the four of them came face-to-face, the atmosphere in the elegant living room shifted dramatically. The air seemed to thicken and then freeze completely.

Elliana and Milton radiated an overwhelming presence that filled every corner of the room. They stood like twin rulers surveying conquered territory, and the sheer weight of their combined authority pressed down on Eva and Wanda like a physical force.

Wanda immediately shrank back, instinctively hiding herself behind Eva's trembling form. She didn't dare make even the smallest sound, terrified that one wrong word or gesture would unleash whatever storm was brewing in the siblings' cold eyes.

Eva fought desperately to steady her wildly beating heart, her gaze jumping frantically between Lilah's face and Milton's, searching for any clue about their intentions or mood. It took only one careful look at their faces for her soaring hopes to come crashing down to earth. Her beautiful dream of a joyful family reunion crumbled into dust—it had been nothing but foolish wishful thinking. Their expressions were carved from ice, so coldly hostile that they seemed to drain all warmth from the room. There wasn't even a flicker of kindness, not the smallest hint that they had come here for any sort of reconciliation or peace offering.

Overwhelmed by the sheer force of their intimidating presence, Eva found herself taking an involuntary step backward.

Hidden behind Eva, Wanda automatically mirrored the retreat, feeling a sick wave of dread settle like lead in the pit of her stomach.

As Wanda retreated, she couldn't help stealing a nervous glance at Lilah. Something about Lilah's penetrating stare felt disturbingly familiar, like an echo of a memory she couldn't quite place. But her mind was too scrambled by fear and confusion to grasp whatever was lurking just beyond her reach.

At the same time, Elliana was studying Wanda with cold fascination, finding the entire scene absolutely ridiculous. Here was Wanda, putting on this pathetic act of being a frightened little mouse.

But Elliana's memory was crystal clear and unforgiving. She would never forget the arrogance and cruel superiority that Wanda had displayed like a weapon at Regal Grove, where Wanda had strutted around flaunting her false status as the "Campbell family heiress."

Even more importantly, Elliana remembered the murderous gleam in Wanda's eyes during that confrontation—the calculated attempt to have her killed, backed by all the power and influence the Campbell name could provide.

Wanda could never have imagined in her wildest nightmares that the girl she had once bullied so mercilessly, the one she had tried to eliminate permanently, was now standing before her as the true and rightful Campbell heiress—her superior in every possible way.

Wanda couldn't understand why Lilah was studying her with such unnerving focus. With each passing second, that steady, unblinking gaze sent fresh waves of anxiety crawling up her spine.

Forcing down her terror, Wanda managed to paste on a sickeningly sweet smile and decided to break the suffocating silence. "Hello there, Lilah," she began, her voice artificially bright and cheerful. "I still can't believe you're the person Dad and Milton have been looking for all these years! Now that you're here, we'll all be living together like one big happy family. We'll be like real sisters. Since I'm the older one, I promise I'll take such good care of you and be the best big sister you could ever want."

Sisters? The very idea was so absurd that a cold, mocking smile curved across Elliana's lips. When she finally spoke, her voice could have frozen fire itself. "And what exactly makes you think you're worthy of being my

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