

Chapter 503 Bantering

As soon as Elliana slid into Cole's car, she didn't bother looking around. She pulled off her mask, flipped her long hair back, and dropped into the seat with ease, resting her head right on Cole's lap.

Cole had been sitting with his legs crossed, leaning calmly against the seat, absorbed in a document. The sudden intrusion caught him off guard. One moment he was reading, the next, a girl had placed herself squarely on his lap before he could even react. For a brief second, the entire car fell into stunned silence.

Myles sat in the front passenger seat, while Aron, Hugh, and the driver were all present.

Aron and Hugh, as Cole's personal bodyguards, immediately prepared to act. A stranger entering the car without warning was more than enough reason to move. They stood quickly, ready to intervene.

Myles and the driver both turned to see what was happening behind them.

But the moment all four of them saw the girl's face, they froze. Recognition passed between them silently. Without saying a word, they exchanged glances and calmly settled back to their seats. Elliana had returned. And she had done so with remarkable boldness, placing her head on Cole's lap without hesitation.

They were all silently intrigued, eager to see how this unexpected scene would unfold.

Hugh, especially, felt a surge of excitement. Elliana's return meant Mabel was back too. He hadn't seen or heard from Mabel in days, and the longing had grown unbearable.

Cole, however, paid no attention to the reactions around him. The moment he felt the soft weight settle against him, his entire body stiffened. His face darkened, shadows tightening across his features like a storm ready to break.

In his memory, he had never been this physically close to a girl before. Who was this girl who dared to climb into his car and lie in his lap so casually?

He set the document aside, his expression sharp as he glanced down. What he saw made his breath catch. She had a face that seemed untouched by the world. Something in his chest shifted, his heart beating faster without permission.

Cole had encountered his fair share of pretty women before. As the head of the Evans family, dozens of women had thrown themselves at him, hoping to gain his favor. But none had left this kind of impression. This girl looked like she had stepped out of a portrait, timeless and effortlessly graceful.

Though he was known for being cold and distant, he was still a man with an eye for beauty. And in that moment, he couldn't look away. He should have pushed her off, demanded answers, and reestablished control. Instead, he stared down at her, one eyebrow slowly rising.

Elliana gazed up at him, her eyes wide with feigned confusion, lips curling into a soft pout. "Excuse me, but... Who are you, and why are you in my car?"

Cole's brow arched again, his puzzlement deepening. Her car?

Before he could respond, she huffed dramatically, "I've dealt with my fair share of admirers, but this is a new low. Lurking in my car like a lovesick stalker? That's bold. Borderline pathetic, but bold."

Cole let out a short, chilling laugh. "I've seen all kinds of women throw themselves at me, trying to catch my eye, but you? You take the prize. Wriggle your way into my car, plant yourself in my lap like it's a throne, and then have the gall to call me the intruder?"

Up front, Myles smirked knowingly while the driver stifled a chuckle. Aron and Hugh perked up their ears in their seats, eyes gleaming with amusement. A couple playfully bantering in their new roles was more entertaining than anything they'd seen in weeks.

Even with his memory loss, Cole's taste for women clearly remained intact. Elliana still drew him in. Otherwise, with his temperament, he wouldn't have bothered to exchange banter. Any girl daring to tease him

like this would have been tossed out, face first.

Elliana's fists clenched at her sides as she silently cursed Cole. He said she was trying to catch his eye? This arrogant jerk! She had no intention of catching his eye. This was strictly professional. Just a routine follow-up on her patient. Did he actually believe she was starting to pursue him as per her old promise? Absolutely not.

She was here as a doctor, checking on a patient who'd once suffered from Psychephenia. She wanted to see how those three full doses of her specialized medication worked on him. That was her only reason for coming. And yet, this ungrateful man had conveniently forgotten her. So be it. There was no need to explain anything.

Elliana shot Cole a cold glare and then placed her hand on his wrist to push herself up. The movement looked casual, as though she needed support. In truth, she was using it to assess his condition.

She was slightly relieved. His skin was warm, his complexion healthy. There was a spark in his eyes. Physically, he was clearly on the mend. Everything seemed to be in perfect order, except for one glaring detail. He remembered everyone in the world—except for her.

She clenched her teeth. How frustrating the situation was. This was the same man who had once told her he loved her to the moon and back. Yet, upon waking up after receiving those three injections, he had neatly forgotten everything about her, as if she had never existed.

She began to wonder if every sweet thing he had ever said was just a lie. Perhaps those were words spun with precision to win her over, get her into his bed, and then vanish. This despicable behavior was no better than what Boris had done to Hailee. Yuk! Men like them had a gift for pretending to care, only to walk away when they were done putting on an act.

The more Elliana thought about it, the more her blood boiled. Insults lined up in her mind, ready to fire. Jerk. Scoundrel. Liar. Heartless bastard.

She was just about to speak when Cole's voice interrupted her. "Miss, how long do you plan to hold my wrist?"

Startled, she looked down and realized her hand was still wrapped around his wrist.

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He looked at her with a trace of amusement. "Are you satisfied yet?" he asked.

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Chapter 504 Type

Cornered by Cole's questioning, Elliana released his hand, her eyes sharp with defiance. Was he seriously asking if she was satisfied? The idea was so ridiculous that it almost made her laugh. If anything, she'd rather spit in his face than waste time staring at him.

Cole, oblivious to her true thoughts, read her expression as mere embarrassment at being caught. Sure, she'd been bold—going that far just to get his attention. But in his eyes, she was still a woman. Easy to fluster. Easy to read.

After a beat, Cole gave a cold command. "Get out. Before I lose my temper."

Myles and the driver exchanged glances up front. In the back, Aron and Hugh frowned. That was it? Cole was just tossing Elliana out? No questions? No follow-up? He'd been captivated by her at first sight. Shouldn't he at least ask her name or get her number? Letting her go now—what if they never saw her again?

Then again, they remembered—Cole, with his memory loss, was committed to marrying the Campbell heiress. Of course, he'd put distance from any other woman, no matter how interested he seemed.

That thought settled over them like a heavy cloud. If Cole never regained his memory and went through with the wedding with the Campbell heiress, what would that mean for Elliana?

But Elliana didn't care what they were thinking. She was in the mood to tease Cole a bit. "Let's get one thing straight, sir. This is my car. If anyone's getting out, it's you."

Cole's brow tightened. He opened his mouth to retort, but she cut him off. "You're not bad-looking, pretty boy, I'll give you that. But you're not my type. Even if you strip down and throw yourself on my bed, I'd still show you the door."

Cole's face darkened. Pretty boy? Did she just call him that? And the

part about him on her bed... The nerve. Who did this woman think she was?

"That's my type," Elliana said, pointing squarely at Myles in the front seat. "Refined. Elegant. Humble. Polite. Now that's a man I'd go for. You?" She gave Cole a dismissive once-over. "You're just eye candy. Not the main course."

The car went silent. The driver, Aron, and Hugh all turned to stare at Myles, faces frozen with shock.

Even Cole shot Myles a cold, questioning look—as if to ask if Myles really had all those traits she listed.

Myles, who'd been quietly enjoying the drama, suddenly felt the blood drain from his face. He adjusted his glasses with trembling fingers and gave Elliana a pleading look that practically said, "Ms. Marsh... If you want to chase Mr. Evans, just do it! Why drag me into this mess?"

Noticing the silent plea in his eyes, Elliana realized she might've put him on the spot. Deciding to spread the heat around, she shifted her gaze to the driver. "He's not bad either. Not a heartthrob, but he gives off a calm, steady vibe. Feels mature. Honest. I like that," she said thoughtfully.

The driver, who had been grinning through the show, suddenly felt ice in his veins. He shot a nervous glance at Cole's stiff expression before forcing a shaky smile. "Ma'am, please. I'm just a driver. Compared to Mr. Evans, I'm nobody!"

Myles jumped in, eager to agree. "He's right! I'm just an assistant! Mr. Evans is a powerhouse. We're nothing like him!"

Elliana watched them squirm and had to bite back a laugh. She figured if she dragged everyone into it, Cole couldn't target just one person. Her finger moved toward the back seat.

Aron and Hugh, who had been chuckling, instantly lost their smiles when she turned to them.

Hugh, usually the slow one, moved fast for once. "I—I have a girlfriend! Her name's Mabel!" he blurted out.

Elliana's smile deepened. So Hugh was that devoted to Heather, huh? Even after days without Heather, he was still holding on to her. Fine. For

Heather's sake, she let him off the hook.

Her finger slid past Hugh and landed on Aron, who jumped as if touched by fire. "I... I'm taken too! I..."

He stumbled, failing to conjure a name.

Elliana raised a brow and gave a sly smile. "You're single. And a virgin. I can tell."

Aron blinked at her, unsure if she was joking—or dead serious.

Cole, who had been scowling all along, let out a dry sneer. "You can tell just by looking?"

Elliana ignored Cole completely, still watching Aron. "Sometimes, I go for your type. A little shy, a little quiet. But you seem like a genuinely good guy. That's rare these days."

Aron managed a resigned smile, quickly ducking his head and trying to shrink into his seat.

Of the four other men aside from Cole in the car, Elliana had complimented three, leaving only Hugh untouched.

Finally, her eyes landed back on Cole. Her expression turned cool. "Every single person in this car is more my type than you. So don't flatter yourself."