

Chapter 528 Wanted To Erase The Tattoo

Cole walked back into the study after his shower, his mood darker than before. He hadn't bothered getting dressed. A bathrobe clung to his damp skin, and water still dripped from his hair.

Paulina and Hugh, already ready for bed, were hastily summoned back.

The study was wrapped in heavy silence, thick enough to choke on.

Paulina and Hugh exchanged uneasy glances, carefully avoiding Cole's stormy face.

"Did you need something, Mr. Evans?" Paulina asked softly, her voice tiptoeing into the silence.

Cole slowly lifted his head. His eyes locked onto hers. Each word left his mouth like ice. "Paulina, tell me the truth. Are you hiding something from me?"

Paulina's breath hitched. Had he figured it out? Had he begun to notice the mismatch between his memory and reality? She didn't know how to answer.

Paulina recalled Elliana's warning. The medication for Cole's Psycephrenia did more than heal his genes—it erased his memory of ever suffering from Psycephrenia, shielding him from the immense psychological toll. Cole was still in a delicate recovery phase. It was far too soon to talk about Psycephrenia. The past was off-limits, at least for now, and only Elliana could decide when—or if—he was ready to face it.

Her hesitation was all Cole needed to confirm his suspicion. His face hardened like stone. "Speak!" he snapped.

The sudden command made Paulina flinch. Still, she feigned confusion. "I... I don't understand what you mean, Mr. Evans."



Cole's gaze pierced through her, scanning every flicker of emotion, searching for a crack in her mask. And he found it. A flash of panic, quick but telling. He didn't look away. "Paulina, we grew up together. You've always been like a sister to me. Are you really going to lie to my face?"

Paulina managed a faint smile, but it felt brittle on her lips. "I would never lie to you, Mr. Evans. I honestly don't know what you're talking about," she said, her voice tight.

Cole leaned forward slightly. His voice dropped to a whisper. "Is something wrong with my memory?"

Paulina froze. Of course. As sharp and perceptive as always, Cole had finally caught on—something was amiss with his memories. Unable to reveal the truth just yet, she grasped that denying it outright would only fuel his suspicion. And with him staring so intently, she knew she couldn't keep the lie airtight.

Paulina said carefully, "You do. The car accident caused some trauma to your head. The doctors warned us you might experience memory loss and confusion. Nothing serious. They said it should improve with time."

Cole studied her, doubt clouding his expression. Was that the full truth?

"It's true, Mr. Evans." Hugh jumped in, his voice firm and steady.

Cole fell quiet, turning the words over in his mind. After a moment, he accepted the explanation. He remembered most things. His world didn't feel fundamentally changed. A few missing pieces didn't mean the whole puzzle was broken. Nothing to make a fuss about.

The tension in his face eased a little, though the shadows in his eyes lingered. His thoughts drifted back to the tattoo—the hummingbird inked on his shoulder.

He hated tattoos. Always had. People with inked skin unsettled him. He kept his distance from them. So why would he get one? And why a hummingbird? He despised the birds.

Their frantic flapping and high-pitched chirps grated on his nerves. No man who hated them would choose to have one permanently etched into his skin—especially a female hummingbird.

Paulina and Hugh had been with him for years. If anyone knew when it happened, it was them. He looked up again. "And the tattoo on my shoulder? Where did that come from?"

Hugh's eyes flicked toward Paulina.

Paulina pressed her lips into a line, mind racing. The hummingbird symbolized Cole's love for Elliana. It was Elliana's promise—if Cole ever forgot her, the tattoo would be the key to reawakening his memories, his love.

Paulina wondered if she made up a story now, would she ruin everything Elliana had planned?

Cole's voice sliced through her silence. "What? You don't know about it either?"

Paulina said quickly, "No, it's not that. The hummingbird... You got it one night after drinking. You called in a professional artist to the house."

It was the safest version of the truth she could give. She didn't mention why he got it or who he was with. It wasn't a lie—he had been drinking with Elliana that night—but it was a dangerous omission.

Cole, unaware of the thoughts tumbling in her head, took her words at face value. He figured he'd done something foolish while drunk—had a bird he couldn't stand tattooed on his skin. Was he really that reckless when he drank?

A deep frown settled over his face. "Find that tattoo artist. I want this thing gone. Now," he said, his voice cold.

Chapter 529 His Mind Shifted To Her Again

Cole wanted the tattoo gone? Both Paulina and Hugh stared at Cole in disbelief. How could he want to erase the mark he once got for Elliana? If he ever regained his memories, he might spend his life regretting it.

"Please don't do this, Mr. Evans," Paulina hastily said, her voice low. "The doctor said you're still recovering. What you need is rest, not this."

Hearing this, a scowl appeared on Cole's face, signaling his frustration. Just thinking about that hated hummingbird tattoo on his body for another minute made his blood boil. He shot a glare at Paulina. "Why didn't you stop me from making such a ridiculous decision?"

Before Paulina could get a word in, Hugh spoke up. "You're serious? Stop you? Who on earth could have done that?"

The tattoo was a symbol of Cole's love for Elliana, for God's sake. Cole had been so taken with Elliana that a simple tattoo was nothing—he might have gone even further if she'd asked. No one could have talked sense into him back then.

Hugh grumbled silently to himself.

Unaware, Cole assumed Hugh was blaming his reckless, drunken behavior. Irritation pulsed through him. He'd never felt so thoroughly exasperated.

After a heavy pause, Cole dismissed them. "That's it. You're both free to go."

Paulina and Hugh practically fled, anxious to escape before Cole could fire off more questions, especially about Regal Grove.

Regal Grove had once been Cole's pride—a lavish estate he built with no expense spared, a place he considered his own private retreat. But the deed had long since been handed over to Elliana, who'd sold it later on.



If Cole ever demanded to visit, they'd have no idea how to explain.

Luckily, the subject never came up. Since waking up, Cole had first proposed to the Campbell daughter and then buried himself in the endless work waiting for him in Ublento.

Once they were gone, Cole retreated to his bedroom in search of sleep. He switched into pajamas and stretched out on the bed, but his mind refused to settle. Every time he tried to rest, Lilah's face flashed before his eyes—stubbornly vivid, impossible to block out.

Thoughts churned endlessly, leaving him wide awake. Eventually, he threw off the covers and remarked, "That woman is driving me crazy."

Meanwhile, Elliana spent the night sleeping soundly at Rosewood Villa.

In Ublento, she oversaw the powerful Star Society. For an organization like hers, tracking down a license plate was almost too easy.

When she woke up the next day, a message from Matthew awaited her. The car was registered to Milton.

Seeing Milton's name staring back at her made Elliana's heart skip a beat. Could this really be the Campbell heir? The odds of such a twist seemed unreal.

Any doubts vanished as she read Matthew's follow-up. This was indeed the Milton who lived in the exclusive Harmony Estate.

Elliana shot upright, completely stunned. She found herself at a loss for words.

The man she had spotted the night before, the one who bore an eerie likeness to her mother, had climbed into Milton's car. What kind of link did he have to Milton? Her chest tightened with a sudden rush of nerves. Was it possible that the man she'd seen was Milton himself? If that was true, why did Milton bear such a striking resemblance to her mother? What could possibly link them?

Her mind raced with questions she couldn't answer.

The Campbell family ranked among the world's most powerful, yet remained a fortress of secrecy. Genuine details, let alone photos, never made it online, and only the privileged few ever learned more than rumors.

At the moment, Elliana still had no way of confirming whether the man she saw last night was actually Milton.

A sudden knock interrupted her thoughts. "Come in," she called out.

Adah entered the room with a bright smile. "Elliana, time to freshen up! Today's your first real day of classes."

With a distracted nod, Elliana handed over her phone so Adah could read Matthew's messages.

Surprise lit up Adah's face as she finished reading. "You're kidding. What are the odds?"

A wry smile tugged at Elliana's lips. "It's almost too much. They say enemies are bound to meet, and that seems to be true."

Elliana's escape from the Campbell family's hunting had been carefully planned—faking her death and taking on a new identity as Lilah. Her fresh return to Ublento was all to find the Medical Codex her mother had donated to the Ublento Medical University.

She'd once believed she wouldn't have anything to do with the Campbell family anymore, only for fate to bring her face-to-face with a man who could pass for her mother's son, somehow tied to the very family she'd tried so hard to avoid. If she wanted answers, she would have to risk running into the Campbell family all over again.

"What do we do now?" Adah whispered. "Should we keep investigating?"

Elliana didn't hesitate. "We keep digging in. I never hid from the Campbell family out of fear. I just needed to avoid drama while I looked for the Medical Codex. And now that we have a clue this big, we can't ignore it. We'll just have to make sure they don't catch on."

Adah gave a quick nod of understanding.

Right then, Elliana's phone lit up with another alert—a message from Matthew. "The Campbell family just announced a partnership with Ublento Medical University. Milton will be the guest of honor at the opening ceremony."

Chapter 530 Signed Up For A Dance

The news that Milton was attending the opening ceremony of Ublento Medical University sent a wave of excitement and confusion through Elliana. If Milton really showed up, she was sure she'd find a way to finally get a look at his face.

But what puzzled her was why Milton was suddenly making himself so visible. Logically, even if the car belonged to the Campbells, it shouldn't have been registered in Milton's name. That would make him too easy to trace. Yet somehow, it was.

And not only had he not bothered to hide his ownership of the car, but now he was showing up at a public event like a university ceremony.

The Campbell family had always stayed out of the spotlight—so why was Milton stepping into it? It didn't add up.

Adah, who had also read Matthew's messages, shook her head. "Something about Milton feels off."

Elliana replied. "He is. For Milton himself to step into the limelight, there has to be a reason. All we can do now is wait and watch."

With that, she headed downstairs for breakfast. Not long after, just like the day before, she left for Ublento Medical University with Adah and the others by her side.

On the school forum, the buzz about Trinity being doused in feces hadn't died down. Trinity was still recovering in the hospital, and her clique of followers had all made themselves scarce.

So, when Elliana walked into the classroom, Trinity and her clique were nowhere in sight. And no one dared to give her trouble.

The professor wasn't there yet. The room buzzed with soft conversations and the shuffle of pages.

Frieda waved her over. "Lilah, come here!"

At the sound of Frieda's voice, a few heads turned to look at Elliana. She wore a simple floral dress. Her long hair flowed freely down her back. Even with a mask covering half her face, she seemed to glow. Her presence felt even more graceful and untouched than before.

Trinity's name had now become a joke tied to the "feces" scandal, and any talk of her being the Campus Beauty had completely vanished. In her place, a new name had taken root. Someone had posted Elliana's photo on the school forum the day before, and she was now being called 'the Masked Beauty.'

Completely unaware of her newfound fame, Elliana simply smiled at Frieda and took the seat beside her.

Frieda immediately pulled out her phone and leaned in with a grin. "Lilah, you have no idea. Everyone is dying to see your face behind the mask!"

Elliana peeked at the forum posts and let out a small laugh. "I'm really nothing special. If I took the mask off, the Campus Beauty title would vanish in seconds."

Frieda stared at her and then pouted. "Anyway, to me, you're the Campus Beauty. Even if you're not a supermodel under that mask, with that hair and figure? You're stunning, no doubt about it."

A soft smile lit up Elliana's eyes. She leaned in and whispered, "Want to know a secret? I have a scar on my face. A bad one. If I took this mask off, you'd call me a monster, not beautiful."

"What?" Frieda gasped, her eyes wide. She shook her head quickly. "No way. I don't believe you."

As the two whispered, they didn't notice the girl sitting behind them, listening intently to their every word.

Her name was Chloe McCoy. She had always wanted to join Trinity's inner circle. But Trinity, looking down on her background, never let her in. Now, overhearing Elliana's supposed secret, Chloe saw her chance.

Chloe pulled out her phone and quickly messaged Trinity.

Trinity texted back almost right away. "Are you sure you heard that right?"

Chloe's heart thumped with excitement as she typed back. "Absolutely. I heard it with my own ears! That Lilah girl said she has an ugly scar on her face. She's no Campus Beauty at all."

Trinity wrote. "Good. This is useful. Stick with me, and I'll make sure you get everything—good grades, a job after graduation."

Chloe was over the moon. Her fingers flew across the screen. "What's the plan? How do we expose her?"

"I have it covered. Just wait for my next messages," Trinity replied.

"Got it!" Chloe responded, thrilled.

Elliana had no idea her little joke had just become a weapon for Trinity's revenge.

After class, the school counselor arrived to talk about the upcoming opening ceremony. Each department was expected to perform, and volunteers were needed.

Elliana's hand shot up. If Milton really attended, he would definitely be seated up front. Performing on stage was the perfect way to get a clear look at him without drawing attention.

Later that day, she went to the rehearsal room.

Their department was doing a group dance. And with her graceful movements and flawless figure, Elliana stood out instantly. The dance instructor noticed her right away and picked her to lead the performance.

Days passed in a whirlwind. Her schedule was packed with classes and rehearsals. She barely had time to breathe, and she hadn't seen Cole at all.

Before she knew it, the day of the opening ceremony had arrived.

Elliana, dressed in a dazzling costume, led the other dancers onto the stage.