

Chapter 585 Chased Her

Cole hesitated only for a breath before twisting the wheel, spinning the car around, and racing after Elliana's motorcycle.

Elliana caught a glimpse of Cole in her rearview mirror, his car closing in fast. She paid him no mind, letting him chase.

The calculation was simple. His mother, Sophie, and her mother, Rita, were incredibly close. There was no point in hiding the fact that she was hunting down Carlos.

Time was slipping through her fingers. Elliana pushed the bike harder, the engine screaming at its limit. Cole stayed glued to her tail, the two of them flying through the streets like arrows loosed from the same string.

His eyes never left her back. Fear coiled tight in his gut at the thought of losing her. And yet, shock lingered—he never would have dreamed that Lilah, the pampered socialite, could ride like this. She moved with the grace of a shadow in a spy thriller.

It left him wondering. Before she returned to the Campbells, who had raised her? And why would a man of wealth and power forge his adopted daughter into someone like this?

Then, something else caught him—the motorcycle. It tugged at his memory like a half-remembered dream. Every curve, every detail, felt familiar. Too familiar. But the answer wouldn't come.

Everyone assumed Cole had woken up to remember the whole world but Elliana. But the truth was far from it. Plenty of details had blurred in his memory—people just weren't aware of it. This motorcycle was one of them.

Once, it had been his—a four-million-dollar prize from an auction, kept at Regal Grove. Then, Elliana had taken a liking to it, and soon it became hers exclusively.

When she'd eventually moved out of Regal Grove, she couldn't bear to

part with it and had it moved to Rosewood Villa. It became her companion, her favorite for solitary rides.

But the history of the motorcycle remained just beyond Cole's grasp. And now was no time to chase memories. Elliana was flying ahead, and if he blinked, she'd vanish. He poured everything into keeping her in sight.

He had no clue where she was heading. He simply followed through quiet suburbs and then into the city, until at last she cut sharply into a narrow alley.

Cole slammed the brakes, flung open the car door, and bolted after her without hesitation. The alley was too tight for a car. Old, dark, and suffocating. He had no choice but to run.

In her mirror, she saw his shadow chasing close. A small smile touched her lips. She hadn't expected him to abandon his car. Time was short. If Carlos shifted locations before she arrived, the chase would be wasted. The alley was her shortcut.

But Cole was no ordinary pursuer. Years of leading Blaze Wildfire showed in every stride. Even on foot, he clung to her tail like a relentless shadow.

The silence of the alley pressed down. The walls rose high, cutting out the night, and not a soul stirred. Each step deeper thickened the air, heavy with dread.

Then, it hit—an invisible wave of pure malice.

Elliana's head snapped up. She braked hard. Tires screamed, skidding against filthy pavement. The bike fishtailed, leaving a black scar on the ground.

Cole stopped just behind her, eyes narrowing.

Ahead, fifty feet away, a wall of figures stood. Dressed head to toe in black, shoulder to shoulder, blocking the way forward.

Their stillness was more chilling than motion. They weren't here to move. They were here for her.

Elliana pulled off her helmet and hooked it onto the handlebar. Her eyes sharpened as she counted. Seventeen in total. A man and a woman

leading fifteen hulking shadows.

The leaders wore black trench coats, their faces masked.

The man's hair was cut close, his gaze sharp as broken glass, burning with hostility.

The woman's hair was pulled into a high ponytail. Her eyes were ice, cold and merciless, yet carried a grace that was deadlier still.

The fifteen behind them radiated the same lethal intent.

Drawing on years of navigating the shadows of Delta, Elliana knew instantly that these were top-tier international assassins. The fifteen men were on par with her own Four Guardians. As for the leading man and woman, they stood in a league of their own. How high, she couldn't guess. She'd have to clash with them to know. Her mind sharpened. Could these be the ones Carlos had warned her about? The same organization that had hunted her mother? Had the elimination order finally come knocking?