

Chapter 587 The Fight Began

Elliana found herself drawn to the unfolding drama between the man and woman in black trench coats, but time was a luxury she couldn't afford. She needed to subdue these people and force them to reveal information about her mother. At the same time, she needed to rush to the tracking location to capture Carlos, and every second of delay gave him another chance to escape. Swift, decisive action was her only option.

Elliana's intention to redirect the pair's attention back to their mission received unexpected support from the man in the black trench coat. He nodded with casual agreement and said, "You make a fair point, sweetheart. I should silence her first before turning my attention to you. So darling, step aside for a moment, would you?"

Elliana's lips twitched in sheer disbelief.

The woman in the black trench coat raised her eyebrows, fury blazing in her eyes as she lashed out at the man. "Have you completely lost your mind?"

"My mind works perfectly fine! I simply cannot tolerate you any longer!" he shot back. "I've reached my limit with you, you controlling nightmare! Why don't you just adopt me and be done with it?"

The woman's sneer cut through the air like a blade. "In your wildest dreams! You're nothing more than a pitiful orphan who will never discover where you came from. You'll never be worthy of being my son!"

Her venomous words struck deep, hitting a raw nerve. He raised his hand, ready to strike her down.

The woman had no intention of accepting his attack passively. The moment he moved, she prepared her own retaliation.

The black-clad figures behind them surged forward as the two prepared to clash, their voices thick with desperation. "Please, this isn't the time for fighting. The mission at hand demands our immediate attention. Any delays will provoke your father's wrath."

The warning made both the man and the woman freeze, glaring at each other before slowly lowering their raised hands.

Elliana absorbed every word, her brow creasing as she processed the implications. The woman had branded the man an orphan, which meant the "father" they mentioned could not share his blood. This pointed to an adoptive relationship. The woman must also be adopted, since no adoptive son would dare show such blatant disrespect to a true biological heir.

The dynamics here twisted into something far more complex than she had initially assumed. However, unraveling their tangled relationships would have to wait. Direct interrogation after subduing them would prove far more efficient than endless speculation.

With this strategy crystallizing in her mind, Elliana strode toward the pair in black trench coats, her voice cutting through the tension. "If you won't fight each other, then face me instead. Stop wasting time with this darn chatter!"

Her crude challenge reached Cole's ears, and he raised an eyebrow with genuine intrigue. He had never witnessed this rougher side of Lilah before, and the discovery delighted him. This new facet revealed her remarkable adaptability—she could shift seamlessly from sweetness to ferocity as the situation demanded. Every encounter with her unveiled fresh layers of her personality, drawing him deeper into her magnetic pull.

Despite his growing fascination, he held back from rushing to her aid. Curiosity consumed him as he wondered about her true combat capabilities, since her confidence suggested considerable skill.

Meanwhile, Elliana launched herself at the pair in black trench coats without hesitation.

The pair refused to stand idle as targets for her assault, dodging with practiced ease before launching their own fierce counterattacks. The black-clad figures behind them immediately joined the fray, transforming the confrontation into a brutal, chaotic battle.

Cole observed the scene with intense focus, prepared to intervene the moment Lilah showed any signs of being overwhelmed.

Her combat prowess exceeded every expectation he had harbored. She

flowed between seventeen opponents with fluid grace, evading their punches and kicks like water slipping through desperate fingers.

Given the sheer number of enemies—all elite assassins, particularly the dangerous pair in black trench coats—Elliana could not hope to defeat them all quickly. This would demand time and endurance.

Elliana's unexpected skill level stunned not only Cole but also the pair in black trench coats. They had approached this as a simple elimination, confident that overwhelming numbers would guarantee swift victory. Yet even with their substantial backup, they found themselves unable to gain any meaningful advantage.

One by one, the black-clad figures crumpled under Elliana's relentless assault, and the woman in the black trench coat felt panic creeping into her chest. After a calculated pivot, she yanked a razor-sharp dagger from her waist and drove forward, aiming directly for Elliana's heart.

Danger screamed through Elliana's instincts, and her eyes flashed with cold steel as she threw herself backward, the woman's blade whistling past her skin by mere inches.

The man in the black trench coat glanced at his female counterpart, unable to suppress his observation. "Don't you think this crosses the line into shameless territory?" So many skilled fighters had failed to bring down one young woman, and now they were resorting to weapons?

The woman's response crackled with impatience, "Would you rather preserve your precious pride, or would you prefer to complete this mission successfully?"

The man's protests died in his throat. He drew his own dagger from his waist with swift efficiency, moving to join the woman in her coordinated attack against Elliana.