

Chapter 588 Reencountering The Serpent Totem

At first, it was nothing more than a straightforward fistfight. The man and the woman were clearly outclassed by Lilah, even when they worked together as a team. Cole had been perfectly satisfied to stay back and watch Lilah handle the situation alone.

But everything changed in a heartbeat. Both attackers suddenly drew gleaming daggers from their coats and launched themselves at Lilah in a perfectly timed assault. The moment Cole saw the deadly flash of steel aimed at her, he couldn't stay on the sidelines any longer. Raw fear for her safety drove him forward, and he threw himself into the fight beside her.

Elliana and Cole, as Death Thorn and Blaze Wraith, were both elite operatives trained in Delta's most demanding programs. Beyond their individual skills, there was an invisible connection between them—a deep understanding born from shared battles and mutual trust. When they fought as a unit, their combined power was absolutely devastating. It was a force their enemies had clearly never expected to face.

No words were needed between Elliana and Cole. A single meaningful look conveyed everything. She would handle the woman; he would take down the man.

The man and the woman were certainly skilled fighters, but they lacked the perfect synchronization that Elliana and Cole shared. Against Elliana and Cole's seamlessly coordinated attack, their defenses collapsed within seconds.

Moving like liquid lightning, Elliana caught the woman's wrist and used her own forward momentum against the woman. She lifted the woman high into the air before bringing her crashing down onto the concrete with bone-jarring force. The violent impact tore the woman's dark coat at the shoulder and sent her mask flying into the shadows, leaving her face completely exposed.

The man suffered a similar fate at Cole's hands. Cole drove him into the ground with ruthless efficiency, ripping his coat and sending his mask spinning away into the darkness. The man's face, too, was now clearly visible in the pale moonlight.

Though the moon's glow was soft and dim, both Elliana and Cole possessed exceptionally sharp vision. At this close distance, they could make out every detail of their attackers' faces—and they also caught sight of the intricate tattoos decorating their exposed chests.

Just as Elliana had guessed, they were both remarkably attractive. The man had sharp, aristocratic features that would have looked at home in a fashion magazine. The woman possessed an ice-cold beauty that was both stunning and intimidating. Whatever their crimes, there was no denying they were physically striking.

Elliana didn't recognize the woman at all, but something about the man's face tugged at her memory. She studied his features more carefully, and suddenly, understanding crashed over her like a wave. She went completely still.

His face bore a subtle but unmistakable resemblance to Charles. The similarity triggered a memory—something a Henderson family member had mentioned to her previously. They had told her the tragic story of Cutler, who had disappeared without a trace when he was only two years old, never to be seen again. Could this man be Cutler, alive after all these years?

But resemblance alone meant nothing. Only a DNA test could prove the truth. With that thought driving her forward, Elliana stepped toward the fallen man, planning to pluck a single hair from his head for testing. But before she could reach him, Cole suddenly cried out in agony and collapsed to the ground. He clutched his head with both hands while his entire body convulsed in obvious pain.

The thought of the Hendersons disappeared from Elliana's mind. Panic seized her as she dropped to her knees beside him. "Cole!" Her voice trembled, her face pale. "What's happening? What's wrong?"

In the space of a single breath, Cole's complexion drained to chalk-white. Sweat beaded thickly across his forehead, trailing down his temples, while his lips quivered soundlessly.

"Is it your head that's hurting?" Elliana asked, her voice tight with worry.

Cole managed only a weak nod before lifting one shaking hand. His finger pointed at the man's bare chest. He didn't need to explain. The bond between them ran so deep that Elliana understood immediately what he was trying to tell her. The sight of that tattoo had somehow triggered his excruciating headache.

Elliana's eyes darted to the dark tattoo marking the man's skin. Her pupils contracted. Etched in black across his chest was the serpent totem. The exact same design as the one on her bracelets. The same symbol was carved into the tree at the entrance of Victor's tunnel.

Suddenly, to Elliana, Carlos's dire warnings weren't just words anymore—they had become a terrifying reality. The people who had hunted her down tonight belonged to the same dangerous organization that had relentlessly pursued her mother decades ago. They all served the same mysterious master—some shadowy figure who had been stalking her family for longer than she'd been alive.

Her mind flooded with desperate questions. Who was this faceless enemy? What did they ultimately want? And why were they so determined to destroy both her and her mother? She desperately wanted to interrogate these two attackers, to demand answers from them. But there was no time for questioning now. Cole was writhing on the cold ground, completely consumed by his agony.

She knew exactly what was happening to Cole. The serpent symbol had triggered some kind of violent reaction in his nervous system. While her carefully crafted medicine had successfully cured his Psycephrenia, his mental state was still delicate and vulnerable. Any stimulus connected to his past trauma—like this specific tattoo—could potentially cause a dangerous setback. His condition was becoming more critical by the second. She had to take action immediately.

But as she tried to figure out her next move, both attackers were already struggling back to their feet. Despite their injuries, they were clearly preparing to launch another assault.

There was no time left to hesitate or plan. Elliana's hand shot into her jacket pocket and pulled out a small, carefully sealed packet. With one swift motion, she tore it open and flung the contents—a powerful, fast-acting sedative powder she'd developed using formulas from the Poison

Volume of the Medical Codex—directly at both opponents.

A fine cloud of the drug filled the air between them. The man and the woman couldn't help but breathe it in. Their eyes went wide with sudden confusion as their vision began to blur and distort. Within seconds, both of them started swaying dangerously on their feet.