

## Chapter 592 Cupid's Arrow

Though Cole and Elliana gazed at each other with weighted affection, neither dared to admit to their feelings toward each other.

Yet, even without a single word, in this wordless exchange of glances, Cole's heart felt as if it had taken flight. He smiled, his voice carrying a quiet challenge. "So you measure a man's devotion by the amount he spent on you?"

"Not entirely," Elliana's reply held velvet steel. "Devotion reveals itself in countless ways—money merely scratches the surface. If you possess a superior method of proof, demonstrate it."

Cole's smile deepened, predatory and pleased. Her face glowed with ethereal beauty, each feature carved with devastating precision. Every stolen glance struck him like lightning. His gaze traced the curve of her rose-petal lips, and primitive hunger left his throat parched.

The sensation tortured him—ecstasy wrapped in exquisite agony. Abandoning restraint, he ended their careful dance. Words had served their purpose. His pen flew across another billion-dollar check, pressing the paper into her palm atop its twin.

Elliana's pulse stuttered and then raced. She studied the two checks in her hands, her voice dropping to silk. "What message lies here?"

Her eyes found his again, mischief dancing in their depths and threading through her tone. "When men shower women with such extravagance, two motives drive them. Either he loathes her completely and buys her permanent absence... or she has ensnared him so thoroughly that only grand gestures can convey his sincerity. Tell me—which truth applies?"

Her honeyed words enveloped him like enchantment, claiming his very essence. Fire blazed through his bloodstream while electricity danced across his skin—maddening, irresistible torment spreading through every nerve ending.

Beyond her mesmerizing gaze and hypnotic voice lay something deeper.

Her fragrance—delicate yet intoxicating—wound around his senses, dissolving rational thought. Logic abandoned him. Only a desperate need remained, pulling him toward her magnetic presence.

Instinct conquered hesitation. He moved closer, his striking face descending until his lips nearly grazed her ear. His heated breath caressed her cheek as raw emotion roughened his whisper. "It means my feelings for you transcend what you could possibly imagine."

A tremor ran through Elliana. His closeness shattered her composure, her thoughts flooding back to their paradise month on the island.

They had existed as one entity then, lost in their private universe. Every intimacy had been explored, every boundary crossed, every possible connection forged between two souls. No mysteries remained hidden between their intertwined bodies and hearts.

At that time, she had promised him their future children—one son, one daughter. He had chosen their names with careful love: Felix and Beatrice. Those names had become precious treasures in her heart.

Later on, the third injection had erased her from his memory. Yet, through fate's twisted labyrinth, destiny had guided them back to this fragile, electric moment.

His memory lived in every cell of her being. As his warm breath whispered across her skin, instinct awakened, her body responding before conscious thought could interfere. Heat consumed her from within, flames licking through her veins while crimson bloomed across her cheeks.

Mercifully, reason crashed back like cold water against her body's eager betrayal. The tangled wreckage of their past demanded resolution. How could she surrender to intimacy when chaos still reigned between them? She jerked backward, evading his approaching lips.

Cole felt sharp disappointment pierce him as distance opened between them. Yet, understanding tempered his frustration. Her retreat made perfect sense. His advance had been too bold, too sudden. He straightened, forcing respectful space to return between them.

"Such a liar," Elliana teased, making no attempt to pocket the checks yet. Playful fire sparked in her eyes. "Falling for me at first sight, yet pretending to despise me, even mocking me... You have a future in acting,

you know."

Her barb didn't faze him. Instead, amusement curved his lips. "And you? Are you going to tell me that getting into my car that day was an accident? Wasn't it a calculated strategy to capture my attention?"

"Ha!" Elliana's laughter rang low and triumphant. "Coincidence never factored into it. Every detail was orchestrated from the moment I first saw you. Even driving the same model car was part of the plan."

Her confession blazed with shameless honesty. She hadn't simply admired him from afar—she had actively hunted him.

Cupid's arrow found its mark, piercing Cole's chest with devastating accuracy.

In one fluid motion, he caged her against the leather seat, his hands braced on either side of her head. He lowered his face until their breaths merged in the charged atmosphere surrounding them.

Electric tension crackled through the car's interior, heat rising to dangerous levels.

Elliana's heart thundered against her ribs, yet this time, retreat never crossed her mind. Instead, she met his stare with unwavering courage, studying every angle of the magnificent face hovering inches away.

Cole's attention dropped from her eyes to her lips, desire roughening his voice to velvet gravel. "So we've established the truth—we're drawn to each other like magnets, aren't we?"