

## Chapter 675 Learned of His Mother's Origins

"Elliana, who were those men who came after you that night?" Cole asked, his voice heavy with concern.

The memory was burned into his mind—the sound of gunshots echoing through the darkness, the deadly precision of trained killers hunting their prey. He'd witnessed the assassination attempt with his own eyes and knew with bone-deep certainty that those men hadn't been trying to capture Elliana. They'd been trying to end her life.

Back then, Cole had only known Elliana as "Lilah"—a pampered heiress who'd clearly made enemies of the wrong people. But now, with his memories fully restored, cold anxiety twisted in his gut like a living thing. Every enemy Elliana had made was lethal. Not a single one could be underestimated.

Elliana had been waiting for the right moment to explain everything anyway. "While you were struggling with your amnesia, I uncovered a lot of dark secrets," she said, settling beside him. "Let me tell you everything."

And she did. Patiently, she laid out the tangled story—the Serpent Society, the centuries-old feud between the Griffithses and Campbells, and finally, the shocking truth about Cole's mother's origins.

Cole listened calmly as she described the secret organization and the long-standing rivalries. But when she spoke of his mother's past, he was completely stunned. His mother was a Griffiths, which meant Griffiths blood flowed through his own veins. For a thousand years, the Griffithses and Campbells had been sworn enemies, each family dedicated to wiping the other from existence. And Elliana—the woman he loved more than life itself—was a Campbell.

As Cole thought about how complicated and twisted their family histories were, he rubbed his nose nervously. "Elliana, you don't despise me because of this, do you?"

She couldn't help but laugh at his worried expression. "Even if you have Griffiths blood, you're not one of them. You'd never hurt my family—I know that in my bones. Why would I hate you?"

Cole's mother had turned her back on the Griffithses nearly thirty years ago and had spent decades running from the life she'd been born into. She'd ceased to be a Griffiths in any way that mattered, which meant Cole had no real connection to that world of violence and revenge.

"I'm so relieved you feel that way," Cole said, letting out a long breath he didn't realize he'd been holding. Then, his face lit up with genuine excitement. "Wait a minute... Did you just tell me that my mother and your mother were actually close friends?"

Elliana nodded with a warm smile. "That's right. They grew up side by side—they were practically inseparable as children. One of the main reasons my mother decided to leave the Griffiths family, and why she took the Medical Codex with her when she left, was because she wanted to find your mother and help cure her Psychoprenia."

Cole's smile grew even brighter and more joyful. Up until this moment, he had only been able to gather tiny pieces of information about his mother's mysterious past. He had even been secretly terrified that his mother and Elliana's might have been bitter enemies. If that had turned out to be true, he had no idea how they could have possibly worked through that kind of painful family history. But this news changed everything. Their mothers had been as close as real sisters. His marrying Elliana would bring joy to their own mothers. It felt absolutely perfect.

He didn't need to say any of this out loud because Elliana could see exactly why he was so happy about this revelation. A warm feeling of contentment was growing in her own heart.

"Taylor's concert is tomorrow," Elliana said, her expression becoming more serious and focused. "It's going to be extremely dangerous for both of us. We should go to sleep early tonight so we can be at full strength for whatever's coming."

Without saying a single word, Cole scooped her up in his arms and carried her toward the bathroom. "That's a smart idea. But let's take a bath together first."

During the single month they had been living under the same roof, Cole

had been helping Elliana with her daily baths. Sharing the warm water had become a natural, comfortable routine between them, but tonight had a completely different feeling to it.

Tonight, Cole's memories had fully returned to him. He could remember every stolen glance, every gentle touch, every precious moment they had ever experienced together. As they held each other close in the warm embrace of the water, they were overwhelmed by a happiness so deep and complete that it felt like it had been building across multiple lifetimes.

Tomorrow would surely bring unknown threats and dangers, but for now, they allowed themselves to stay wrapped in the soothing warmth, holding each other tenderly before drifting off to sleep in each other's arms. The entire room seemed filled with a peaceful, loving energy.

The following morning, they made their way downstairs together to join the rest of the household.

Taylor, who had been away for an entire month, had finally returned home. He was lounging comfortably on the main sofa, talking enthusiastically with the other young men in the family.

Ruben and several of the other family members were seated across from Taylor, engaged in their own serious discussion.

In a quiet corner by himself, Jason sat in his usual solitary silence, as distant and unreadable as always, his expression completely hidden behind his ever-present mask.

Not too far from where Jason sat, Irene had positioned herself with a perfect view, her eyes completely focused on Taylor.

At the moment, Taylor was making a big show of organizing enormous stacks of signed photographs. "Look at all of these!" he announced proudly, gesturing dramatically at the piles. "Ten thousand autographed photos, every single one dedicated personally to Lilah! You all know she's my most devoted fan, right?"

Of course, everyone in the room was well aware of this.

Taylor's peers eyed him with barely concealed envy. Lilah had spent the past month recovering and staying at the Evans family estate, and



judging by the way Cole treated her like precious treasure, it was obvious that a wedding announcement would be coming soon. Lilah was clearly destined to become the new lady of the Evans household, and everyone was jealous of Taylor's special status as her personal celebrity crush. What an incredible position to be in.

Taylor was absolutely loving every minute of the attention and was milking the situation for everything it was worth. "You guys had better start treating me with a lot more respect from now on," he said with obvious smugness, "or I'll march straight to Lilah and tell her exactly how you've been behaving. Trust me, you'll definitely regret crossing me."

Everyone around him grimaced internally, silently cursing his shameless behavior while forcing bright, fake smiles onto their faces.

Only Irene reacted differently, her eyes narrowing into a cold, calculating expression with a hint of cruel satisfaction. Lilah would be dead before the night was over. How could a corpse possibly marry into the Evans family and become their new matriarch?

This was the absurd theatrical scene that greeted Elliana and Cole as they entered the room.

The instant Taylor spotted Elliana entering the room, he practically launched himself off the sofa and rushed over to her, bouncing with excitement. "Those ten thousand autographed pictures you requested—they're all ready for you!"

Playing her role as his biggest fan perfectly, Elliana broke into a huge, delighted grin and asked someone to help carry all the stacks of photographs up to her bedroom.

Taylor was absolutely glowing under all the attention and praise, but then his expression suddenly changed. His smile completely disappeared as he asked a question that instantly destroyed the cheerful, lighthearted atmosphere in the room.