

Chapter 589 Hypnotized Him

While both assassins staggered from the attack, Elliana wasted no time. She hauled Cole onto her bike and tore off down the street.

By the time the haze from the powder settled and the two assassins' senses returned, Elliana and Cole had vanished into the distance.

The two assassins shot each other a venomous glance, but quickly averted their eyes, disgust flickering between them.

Failure weighed heavily in the air—their mission had failed, and punishment was certain.

"You absolute idiot, Jules!" Katrina Griffiths, the female assassin, hissed, voice laced with fury. "If you hadn't wasted precious minutes running your mouth, none of this would've fallen apart. You wrecked everything, damn you!"

"Don't even try to pin all this on me, Katrina!" Jules Griffiths, the male assassin, shot back, chin up in defiance. "Anyone paying attention could see Elliana was out of our league—especially with Cole there. This mission was doomed from the start!"

For a moment, Katrina faltered, chewing her lip in frustration. As much as she hated to admit it, Jules had a point. They'd both miscalculated—Elliana was far more formidable than any report had suggested.

"But wasn't she supposed to be nothing special? The intelligence brief said she was dumped by her mom at five and thrown to grow up in a warehouse by the Joneses," Katrina argued, eyes narrowed. "How does someone like that become such a fighter?"

Jules brushed grit from his jacket, letting out a slow exhale. "I never trusted that intel for a second. Rita and Arthur's daughter, a nobody? Please. What we saw tonight proved it—Elliana's not just capable. She's even more dangerous and stronger than her mother ever was. Taking her out won't be easy."

"Those morons in the intelligence department!" Katrina spat.

If the intel hadn't been so sloppy, maybe they wouldn't have walked into this blind. If not for Cole's sudden collapse, Elliana would've had them both at her mercy, prying out every secret they held. The thought sent a chill up Katrina's spine.

Despite growing up side by side, Katrina and Jules had always butted heads. Yet, on this point—the incompetence of the intelligence crew—they were united. Jules understood just how narrowly they'd avoided disaster.

"There's no use blaming those idiots now," Jules said at last. "We're in deep trouble, and it's not something we can handle alone. Let's report in and wait for further orders."

At last, Katrina dropped the argument, agreeing with a nod.

All around them, Elliana's handiwork was clear. Figures dressed in black struggled to their feet, their faces etched with pain.

Intent on ending the fight quickly, Elliana hadn't held back—every strike was ruthless, every blow left a mark. Not a single one of the black-clad figures had escaped without a break or bruise, and most were still cradling fractured bones from her relentless assault.

Taking in the sight of her bruised and battered team, Katrina released a weary sigh before disappearing down the dim alleyway.

Jules flickered his sleeves and fell in line behind her.

Those black-clad figures, still nursing their injuries, melted back into the darkness.

A heavy hush settled over the alley, swallowing any trace of the chaos.

Meanwhile, Elliana sped away from danger with Cole clinging to her back, barely pausing as she abandoned the motorcycle at the curb and helped him into his own car.

Every instinct screamed that the threat wasn't over; she couldn't risk running into another ambush. Without waiting, she slammed her foot on the gas and sped away.

Cole, slumped in the passenger seat, gritted his teeth as pain wracked his body, his muffled groans barely audible.

Once they'd put enough distance between themselves and the alley, Elliana pulled the car to the side. She quickly checked his condition, then retrieved a pill from her bag and slipped it between his lips. From a compact kit, she drew a collection of slender silver needles and began working them into precise points on his skin.

Gradually, Cole's body relaxed, his agony easing as he loosened his grip on his own head. Fatigue overtook him; the pain fading, he slumped into the seat, his breathing ragged.

After a moment's recovery, he managed to lift his heavy eyelids and focus on Elliana. "You know how to treat people?" His voice was barely above a whisper. "Tell me—what just happened? Why did my head feel like it was about to split open?"

There was no way Elliana could reveal the truth about Psycephrenia, not tonight. Anything that might stir up anxiety would only make things worse. Instead, she lifted her hand and gently closed his eyes with her fingers. "You're just exhausted," she said softly. "Try to rest."

Her touch, her voice—it was hypnotic. Cole's eyelids grew heavy, and within moments, he drifted into a deep, dreamless sleep.

With him finally at rest, Elliana exhaled, gathering her composure before she started the engine and aimed the car for Rosewood Villa.

Tonight had slipped away—any chance of apprehending Carlos was lost, and the assassins had melted into the night. Losing Carlos after all that effort hit harder than she expected. She'd found him at last—only to watch him vanish. And those two assassins in black? Gone, just as easily.

After all those years chasing answers with Adah, their one real lead had crumbled right in front of them tonight. Now, both Carlos and the black-clad assassins had disappeared, leaving nothing but questions in their wake. There was no guarantee the opportunity would ever come again.

Even as hope faded, Elliana pressed on. She reached for her phone and called Matthew.