

## Chapter 507 Inexplicable Jealousy

Myles had hoped that his carefully chosen words would make Cole let the issue drop, but Cole's face stayed as hard as stone.

Just as Myles felt his heart thud in his chest, Cole finally spoke, his tone so even that it was chilling. "Refined, elegant, humble, and polite, huh?"

He quoted Elliana, repeating the praise she had showered on Myles only minutes ago.

But instead of feeling pleased, the words burned in Myles's ears like fire.

"Oh, not at all," Myles replied, forcing a weak smile. "I don't deserve anything close to those kinds of compliments."

Cole's mouth curled into a bitter sneer. "You've been working beside me for years, Myles. Funny, I never realized you had so many shining qualities. Have I been so clueless or just blind?"

"No, no! Not at all!" Myles yelped, scrambling for safety. "You've always been perceptive! Your observation is always flawless!"

Myles wouldn't dare suggest Elliana had said those words out of mischief. Speaking badly about her to please Cole now would just come back to bite him when they eventually made up. He was cornered. He couldn't afford to upset either of them, so all he could do was plead.

"It's my fault, really—I put on a front and misled that young lady," Myles lied, desperately trying to dig himself out. "I'm just an ordinary bird trying to pass for a phoenix. If I deserve punishment, I'll take it."

Myles looked up, eyes pleading for mercy, hoping Cole would let the matter rest.

His words left everyone else struggling not to burst out laughing, which only made things more awkward.

Cole turned away from Myles at last, making no attempt to hide his disdain.

The tension seemed to ease, and Myles finally let out a shaky breath. Then, Cole's gaze shifted to the driver beside Myles.

The driver went rigid. A moment before, he had been quietly enjoying Myles's misfortune, but now his own heart pounded as cold sweat began to bead on his brow.

Cole's eyes swept over the driver, who looked plain and unremarkable. His voice turned mocking. "Steady, reliable, honest, mature—and apparently you caught the attention of a tycoon's daughter. Seems I've seriously underestimated you."

"N-no, Mr. Evans," the driver stammered, suddenly desperate to save himself. "I'm nothing special, just a driver. I don't have any impressive qualities. That young lady must have been teasing."

All the while, the driver was fuming. Elliana hadn't just been teasing Cole—she had used him as a pawn. How had he, just a driver, ended up in this mess?

Cole's attention shifted to Aron.

Back when the driver took his turn under scrutiny, Aron had already braced himself, silently rehearsing the words to degrade himself just to quell Cole's bitter wrath.

Before Cole could utter a word, Aron rushed to beat him to the punch. "I'm nothing but a worthless loser!"

"Hah!" A loud burst of laughter came from Hugh, who slapped a hand over his mouth, shoulders shaking as he tried to keep quiet.

Hugh was used to being the butt of Cole's anger. Myles and Aron had always looked down on him, treating him like the simpleton of the bunch. But not today. Today, the tables had turned. Now it was their turn to squirm while Hugh got a front-row seat.

Nobody paid much attention to Hugh's snickering.

Even after Aron tried to get ahead of things with his own self-mockery,



Cole's sharp eyes remained on him anyway. "Why talk about yourself that way? You're supposed to be a decent man. That young lady said that's pretty hard to find."

Aron forced a grim smile and went even further, tearing down what little pride he had left. "There's nothing decent about me, Mr. Evans. I'm so useless that even the stray dogs wouldn't come near me."

"Ha-ha..." A few muffled giggles slipped out as Hugh tried to hold back another fit of laughter, hand clamped over his mouth.

Even Paulina, usually so composed, couldn't keep the corners of her mouth from twitching.

Myles had been the first to throw himself under the bus, feeling his dignity crumble with every word. But hearing Aron grovel, he actually felt a strange sort of comfort and found himself standing a little taller. Compared to that, maybe he hadn't looked so bad after all.

Cole's face remained cold and impassive. His icy stare drifted over Myles, Aron, and the driver.

The tension in the room only thickened. Everyone had the same uneasy thought—this was bad. How to fix this?

Cole had always been known for his apathy and unwavering calm, but after marrying Elliana, his temper had become unpredictable, and he'd grown quite childish sometimes. Now, with his memory of her gone, everyone had assumed he'd return to his cool, distant self, but it seemed whenever Elliana was involved, his demeanor instantly shifted back to that familiar version.

Cole's subconscious possessiveness of Elliana stayed unchanged despite his memory loss. One compliment from her toward another man was enough to send his jealousy into overdrive and turn him into a storm.

Myles, Aron, and the driver lowered their heads, waiting for the storm to pass.

But then, Cole's dry, sarcastic voice broke the silence. "Since you three have managed to win the attention of a tycoon's daughter, clearly you're all wasted here. Maybe you should become her kept men. Staying with me would be an absolute waste of your remarkable qualities."

Myles, Aron, and the driver exchanged desperate glances. They wondered just how long Cole's jealousy would keep burning.



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## Chapter 508 Trinity's Sufferings

Hugh let out a quiet laugh as he watched Myles, Aron, and the driver shift uncomfortably in their seats.

Paulina found the situation mildly amusing, and a tiny smile threatened to break through. She looked over at Cole. "Mr. Evans, weren't you planning to visit the Enlightenment Institute today? How about I accompany you with it? You shouldn't waste your time or energy on these idiots. I'll handle them myself later."

Standing opposite Ublento Medical University, the Enlightenment Institute loomed tall and intimidating. Guards patrolled the front, making the place feel both highly respectable and shrouded in secrecy.

A sharp look from Cole landed on the building, and his voice cut through the air. "Not today. Make it next time."

He wasn't in the mood for the visit anymore. Instead of the usual calm, irritation tangled his thoughts and left him on edge.

"Maybe it's best if you just head home and rest," Paulina suggested in a softer tone. "You've been working nonstop lately. You must be exhausted."

Cole pressed his fingers to his temples and let the silence stand as his answer.

Paulina wasted no time and turned her attention to Hugh. "You drive."

Hugh hurried over and slid behind the wheel.

A cold glare from Paulina fell on Myles, Aron, and the driver. "The three of you stay put and reflect on the mess you've made. Don't come back until you've thought it through."

With that, she climbed into the front seat beside Hugh and said, "Start the car."

A second later, the vehicle pulled away, leaving Myles, Aron, and the driver in the wake of swirling dust.

Left behind, the three men stared at the car fading from sight and released a long, collective sigh.

"I just don't get it," Aron remarked. "Back when Mr. Evans was with Ms. Marsh, every fight between them meant trouble for us. Now he's forgotten her, but we're still catching hell. What did we do to deserve this?"

Myles pushed his glasses higher up his nose. "Cut it out, Aron. Mr. Evans loses his cool every time Ms. Marsh is around. It's not the first time he's lashed out because of jealousy, and it definitely won't be the last. We should be used to it by now."

No one could argue with Myles. They were long past being surprised.

While they vented, the driver stayed silent, stewing in a frustration deeper than either of the Fletcher men harbored. He was just supposed to drive! Trouble usually landed on the Fletcher men. In his mind, he ought to be off-limits—after all, someone had to take care of Cole behind the wheel. Yet, here he was, caught in the crossfire with them. All he'd done was his job. How did he end up in the middle of this mess?

As the car drove off, leaving those three behind, the rigid look on Cole's face started to fade. He looked over at Paulina. "Find out everything you can about her."

"Understood." Paulina did not have to ask twice who he meant. Elliana always had a way of drawing Cole in, unlike anyone else. Even after Cole lost his memory of her, that first meeting was all it took to set everything in motion again, like something deep inside him had recognized her before his mind could. He would never escape Elliana's influence, not in this lifetime.

Sitting up front, Hugh could barely hold back his grin. The thought of Cole taking an interest in Elliana again filled him with hope. This could bring Heather closer, giving him more chances to see her. If luck stayed on his side, he might even find Cole supporting his plan to propose.

Meanwhile, while Wanda was driving home, her phone buzzed with an urgent call. She found out Trinity had been humiliated at school, splattered with feces. Furious, Wanda spun her car around and sped off

toward the hospital without another thought.

Disgust for the Craig family burned inside Wanda, and Trinity had always grated on her nerves. Yet at that moment, she had no choice but to put those feelings aside and step in. The future she dreamed of, a life married into the Evans family, was hanging in the balance.

After all, her last name might be Campbell, but everyone knew her real ties belonged to the Craig family. Whatever happened to them would stain her as well. No one could ignore a scandal this vulgar or public. She would have to act before her reputation took the fall.

Arriving at the hospital, Wanda saw Trinity sprawled out on the bed, looking pale and utterly defeated.

The incident itself hadn't left Trinity in danger. Though she had swallowed a mouthful of filth, her body was not at risk. It was disgust and shame that had knocked her out cold.

Treatment had soon brought Trinity back to consciousness, but nothing could undo the damage to her mind. Haunted by the horrible incident, she'd begged the medical staff to pump her stomach, desperate to purge the memory of what she'd swallowed.

The doctors had tried reasoning with her, explaining that pumping her stomach again was unnecessary and would even do her more harm than good. But Trinity had been stubborn, insisting they perform the agonizing procedure again and again.

After each procedure, Trinity had looked more drained, her only nourishment coming from an IV drip. She refused all food and water. The mere sight of a meal triggered the memory, the taste, and sent waves of nausea through her, making her retch until her stomach was empty.

Trinity had already scrubbed herself raw and changed her clothes more than once, but no amount of washing helped. The dirt wasn't just on her skin. It was inside her head, stuck like a stain she could never wash away. Facing other people now felt impossible.

Once, Trinity had thought nothing could stop her from marrying a man with wealth and power. Now, she doubted anyone would want her. How could any successful man look at her without feeling sick? Even a simple kiss would be unbearable.

Since waking, Trinity had been drowning in a sea of despair, convinced her life was over.

Wanda only went as far as the doorway of Trinity's ward. She watched Trinity from across the room, refusing to come any closer.

Wanda had always looked down on Trinity, and now, seeing Trinity lying there, her disdain was laced with visceral disgust, as if she feared even breathing the same air.

For Trinity, seeing Wanda had been her last hope, a fragile lifeline. But when she caught that cold, disdainful look, whatever hope she had melted away. Tears came harder, and the last bit of her strength gave out.

"That's enough," Wanda snapped, her tone sharp and cold. "Stop crying and tell me what happened here."