



Chapter 618 Player

Trinity had been humiliating herself so much lately that she could hardly bring herself to set foot in the Evans estate, let alone say anything in their family chat. Still, her determination to paint Lilah as someone promiscuous gave her the nerve she needed today.

Trinity slipped a string of photos into the group chat. The images showed Lilah and Quentin leaning in close, caught up in conversation. After that, she added a message. "Take a look at this. Lilah sure doesn't lack admirers. Ever since the opening ceremony, guys have been lining up for her attention. And today, she's even getting cozy with Quentin, the Hudson family's heir."

Trinity let the message sit for a moment before tossing in a shocked emoji. "Oh my god, I didn't mean to send this here! I was gossiping about Lilah with my friends, and it slipped into the wrong chat. I'm so sorry to bother you all. I'll recall the pictures right now!"

A couple of seconds passed before she followed up with a defeated emoji. "Ugh, it's too late. The recall button's gone. Please just pretend you never saw it. Really, I'm sorry. My mistake."

Whether Trinity had been putting on an act made no difference to the Evans family. None of them cared about her antics. Their attention stayed fixed on Lilah. Every small detail about her stirred conversation.

Yet, each person had their own reason for keeping tabs.

Lance and Jeff didn't need convincing. They already knew that Lilah was Elliana. As loyal fans, they watched her every move closely.

Jason's heart was a mess. Learning that Death Thorn and Elliana were one and the same had crushed the fantasy he built around her. Yet, it had not killed the crush. Since he could not confess his feelings, he chose silence. He kept his distance but never looked away.

Ruben had shared the truth with his sons that Lilah was actually Elliana. Jarrett, Bertram, and Emmanuel quietly followed Lilah's trail.



The rest of the Evans family, still obsessed with the idea that Lilah might be a terrorist, treated every whisper about her like intelligence from a secret mission.

Irene and Louisa had not cared much about Ublento Medical University at first. Constant family chatter about Lilah eventually drew them in until they were just as invested.

Among all of them, Taylor stood out the most. After being warned again and again to stop pursuing Lilah and then being rejected outright just yesterday, he was furious. Any time her name came up, he was the first to sneer.

The shift in his attitude was almost comical. He used to think she was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen. He had even gone so far as to announce that he would chase her. Now, he never missed a chance to drag her name through the mud. His admiration had soured into spite.

Taylor had found a new outlet for his bitterness. He started haunting Ublento Medical University's forum under a fake name, tossing grenades into every thread that mentioned Lilah.

"A girl like Lilah isn't anything special. You all just live in a bubble. Go travel, see the world, and you'll stop tripping over yourselves for her."

"Sure, she looks good at first glance, but the shine fades quickly. The longer you stare, the more ordinary she becomes."

"I'm sharp in reading people. Lilah's eyes might be big, but they're empty. She's not smart at all. The only reason she's at Ublento Medical University is that her dad paid her way in. No chance she got accepted with her grades."

Comment after comment had poured out of his alias, each one cutting at her image.

The forum had been flooded with praise for Lilah, so his words stood out like poison in clean water. Every time he typed something, furious students had ganged up on him.

Taylor wasn't used to this. For years, he'd been adored by countless fans, yet now he was mocked and cursed by strangers. His pride couldn't take it, and his anger drove him to fight back.

Chaos had soon swallowed the forum as insults flew from every direction, the threads twisting into a storm of hostility.

Hours had slipped by with Taylor still glued to his screen, locked in a reckless showdown against Ublento Medical University's students. Sleep had never once touched him.

His fingers had flown across the keyboard, his comebacks fast and sharp, yet no amount of quick wit could balance the numbers stacked against him. By morning, his thoughts were scattered, his skull aching from the endless barrage of replies.

At last, frustration had snapped his patience. He'd shut the laptop with a loud smack, buried himself under the blanket, and squeezed his eyes shut in a desperate attempt to drift off.

But rest had refused to come. His body felt charged, restless, and his stomach groaned until the hunger pains became unbearable. He flung the blanket away, dragged himself out of bed, and shuffled downstairs in search of food.

Quiet greeted him at every corner of the house. The younger Evans had gone off to school or work, while the older relatives were caught up in their daily routines. The living room sat empty, and the silence only reminded him of how out of place he was, a celebrity on break with nothing but boredom for company.

The kitchen offered little comfort. He tore off a slice of bread, crammed it into his mouth, and scrolled through the family chat. Trinity's messages lit up the screen.

Even after being dragged through the mud online all night, he had learned nothing. His bitterness boiled over, and his fingers raced to be the first to reply. "See? What did I tell you? Lilah can't stop throwing herself at every guy who pays her attention. I was blind to think she was different. Just watching her now makes me sick. The next time she crosses my path, I'll put her in her place and make her understand what decency means."