

## Chapter 621 Complete Idiots

With nothing left to say, Jason pivoted and walked away. Irene remained motionless, her body locked in stunned silence.

Every hope Irene had nurtured crumbled to dust. Resentment and fury crashed through her like a violent wave. Why did it have to end like this? The perfect daughter-in-law she had envisioned for months had become nothing but a cruel joke. She refused to accept this reality.

"I will make you the Evans family heir, Jason," Irene whispered through clenched teeth, "whatever the cost."

The venomous promise slipped from her lips as something dark flickered in her gaze. The delicate rose in her grip disintegrated beneath her crushing fingers.

Meanwhile, Elliana remained unaware that her simple conversation with Quentin had already unleashed chaos—or that Cole was racing toward her with confrontation in mind.

The registration queue stretched endlessly ahead. Elliana passed the time chatting with Quentin as they shuffled forward.

Elliana's peripheral vision caught Trinity and her crew stealing glances from nearby, but she dismissed them entirely. People like Trinity—who polished their public image while orchestrating petty schemes in the shadows—possessed the tenacity of cockroaches. Unless crushed completely, they would always scuttle back to stir up trouble.

Elliana had zero interest in wasting energy on such pathetic creatures.

Trinity, convinced her surveillance remained undetected, anticipated the coming drama with barely contained excitement. She had already uploaded the photos of Lilah and Quentin to the Evans family group chat. Now, she simply had to wait.

But as minutes ticked by, no satisfying explosion materialized. The Evans family elders maintained their silence. Cole offered no response



whatsoever. Only the younger members populated the chat with meaningless banter.

After scrolling through the lifeless conversation once more, Trinity grew bored and locked her screen.

At that moment, standing beside Trinity, Chloe curled her lip toward Lilah's direction. "Can you believe Lilah actually showed up to register? Does she even possess real medical talent? She's probably just hunting for attention."

This observation captured Mindy's interest. "Did you check the school forum? Some account called 'Ice Lilah' appeared from nowhere. They're claiming Lilah has no special abilities—that she only gained admission because her wealthy father donated an entire building."

Trinity, who had been staring vacantly moments before, suddenly snapped to attention. She whirled toward Mindy. "When did that happen?"

Mindy immediately accessed the forum on her device. "Look—it happened last night! This 'Ice Lilah' launched into an enormous flame war with all of Lilah's supporters."

Trinity seized the phone from Mindy's hands and devoured the posts with hungry eyes.

The thread sprawled across countless comments involving dozens of participants, making it impossible to read everything. After several minutes, Trinity grasped the essential conflict. With the entire campus worshipping Lilah, someone had finally dared to challenge the tide of adoration.

Trinity found herself taking an instant liking to this 'Ice Lilah.' A slow, calculating smile crept across her features as she absorbed the brutal comments, all aimed at tearing Lilah apart.

"Reach out to this 'Ice Lilah' privately," Trinity ordered. "I will extend an invitation to them to join my clique."

Mindy, ever the sycophant, rushed to obey. "Absolutely! I'll send 'Ice Lilah' a message right now."

Mindy wasted no time logging into her forum account and composing a



private message. "Hey, Ice Lilah, we despise that witch Lilah just as much as you do. Trinity read your posts about destroying her and was genuinely impressed. She wants you to join her team. Message back immediately."

Elsewhere, Taylor had retreated to his room, hoping to catch up on some sleep. Before sleep could claim him, he couldn't resist logging back into the Ublento Medical University forum to witness the aftermath of his digital warfare.

To his immense annoyance, even after he'd logged off, people continued their relentless assault against him. The comment section exploded with fresh attacks, and the entire forum had transformed into one massive roasting session dedicated to his humiliation.

His private message inbox was overflowing. He knew perfectly well these messages contained nothing but vicious insults, yet curiosity overpowered his better judgment. He opened his inbox anyway.

Exactly as predicted, hundreds of accounts had bombarded him with messages, hurling every imaginable slur and echoing the toxicity from the public threads.

Reading through the abuse made Taylor's blood boil. He prepared to fling his phone aside and force himself into sleep when a new message appeared. Unlike the others, this wasn't an attack—it was an offer.

Taylor's eyes widened with disbelief. He studied the message carefully and then released a contemptuous laugh. "Complete idiots," he muttered under his breath.

How dare they ask him—an A-list actor beloved by millions—to become someone's disposable minion?

Coincidentally, Elliana was also browsing the same forum. Her conversation with Quentin had reached a natural pause, and with an extensive wait still looming in the registration line, she had retrieved her phone to pass the time.

When she discovered the username "Ice Lilah," she felt no trace of anger. Instead, an entertained smile graced her lips.

This "Ice Lilah" possessed an almost charming absurdity. His comments





reeked of adolescent melodrama, like an overexcited puppy attempting to intimidate wolves. She found herself genuinely intrigued by the person hiding behind the screen.

As the legendary hacker known as "Quinn," tracking down his real identity would prove laughably simple.