

## Chapter 627 Morons

The Evans family group chat erupted into complete pandemonium within moments. Tension crackled through every message, transforming what should have been a casual conversation into something resembling a military crisis briefing.

Though entertained by the younger generation's wild imagination, the family's senior members chose to remain diplomatically silent.

Lance and Jeff, both privy to the actual truth, lounged back with their phones, barely containing their amusement as they watched their cousins transform into absolute fools before their very eyes.

Jason had been silently monitoring the chaos, initially content to observe from the shadows. The younger generation had elevated him to near-mythical status in their minds. He commanded respect through calculated distance—intervening in every petty squabble would shatter the mystique that kept them in line.

But as the conversation careened toward complete lunacy—with family members seriously discussing factional warfare—Jason's patience snapped. His fingers moved swiftly across the screen. "Don't you all have anything better to do than manufacture drama?"

The chat died instantly. In their frenzied theorizing, the younger generation had forgotten one crucial detail: both Cole and Jason—the very subjects of their gossip—were in the group chat and could see every word.

Jason's reputation for ice-cold composure preceded him, and his younger relatives feared him accordingly. Seeing his name materialize on their screens made them collectively hold their breath.

Jeff, meanwhile, was practically doubled over with laughter, his phone trembling in his grip. As Jason's younger brother, he possessed slightly more courage than the others. When nobody else dared break the silence, he decided to poke the bear. "Jason, come on, everyone's hearts are in the right place. They're just terrified you and Cole are going to tear each

other apart. Just give it to us straight—are you planning to fight him or not?"

Jeff's boldness shattered the dam. Suddenly emboldened, the others flooded back in, convincing themselves this was a matter of family survival. They couldn't cower in fear now—they had responsibilities as Evanses.

"Exactly, Jason. We know it's inappropriate to gossip about you and Cole like this, but this situation is genuinely critical. We need clarity."

"Right! Jason, we realize this might be a sensitive topic, but we're blood. We won't pass judgment. Just give us your answer honestly."

"Jason, if you choose to step aside for love's sake instead of challenging Cole, we'll honor you as a gentleman. But if you want to fight for your happiness and face him head-on, we'll respect that decision too. You've given everything to this family—it's only natural you'd want to be with someone who truly matters to you. We understand completely."

"Absolutely! Whatever path you choose, you have our backing. But can I make one small plea? If you and Cole do come to blows, please don't destroy each other!"

"Exactly! Even if you fight, don't let it poison your kinship. The victor doesn't need to boast, and the defeated shouldn't despair—he can always look elsewhere for someone who might catch his eye."

The chat exploded with renewed vigor. With Cole absent, all advice targeted Jason. Everyone transformed into profound philosophers, some even citing ancient wisdom in lengthy, heartfelt sermons, as if counseling a wayward teenager teetering on the edge of catastrophe.

Jason felt simultaneously amused and infuriated. He and Cole had built the Evans family's empire from strength to strength—expanding territories, multiplying wealth, and amplifying influence—which meant these spoiled brats had never experienced genuine hardship. They'd spent their entire lives feasting on others' achievements, never facing a single authentic challenge. Put simply, their collective worldview was monumentally stupid.

Watching the discussion spiral back into complete absurdity, Jason reached his breaking point. "I am not going to duel Cole, and I have

absolutely zero interest in Lilah. Anyone who utters another word of this garbage will be doing 500 push-ups!"

Jason never made empty threats, and nobody was foolish enough to test him.

The chat fell silent like a graveyard at midnight. Reality crashed down on them—they had overthought everything and behaved like complete imbeciles. Jason had warned Taylor to stay away from Lilah because he knew about Cole's interest in her, not because he harbored romantic designs on her. How had they all leaped to such a preposterous conclusion?

Remembering how they'd nearly ignited a battle within the family, the younger Evans members burned with embarrassment. Even if Jason called them all idiots right now, they couldn't quite argue. Of course, Jason was far too refined to use such crass language.

However, Jeff, the family's designated troublemaker, operated under different rules. He possessed no verbal filter, and after several moments of deathly silence following Jason's ultimatum, he distilled the entire fiasco into one devastating sentence. "Just a bunch of morons holding a moron convention!"

On any normal day, the group would have descended on Jeff like wolves for such a comment. But today, they absorbed it in shameful silence. He was, unfortunately, completely accurate.

Just as the suffocating awkwardness threatened to become permanent, Taylor's message blazed across the screen. The instant he materialized, he ignited the entire conversation once again.