

Chapter 628 Biggest Idiot

Taylor hadn't closed his eyes all night. His head pounded from lack of sleep, yet every time he tried to rest, anger surged through him like fire in his chest. It was as if some demon gnawed at his sanity, refusing to let him find peace. At last, he reached for a sleeping pill, letting the drug pull him slowly into slumber.

But he'd forgotten to silence his phone. The Evans family group chat wouldn't stop buzzing, each beep dragging him back from the edge of sleep.

He woke up groggy, his mood boiling like a volcano about to erupt. Fuming, he grabbed his phone, ready to snap. But the moment he read the group chat history, his rage turned to ice-cold terror.

He sat bolt upright, scrolling with trembling hands, hoping he'd misread something. But no. The truth was clear—Cole and Lilah were now a couple. His stomach sank as if he'd been thrown into a bottomless pit. Wherever he landed, he was sure it would be hell.

He was overwhelmed. Why did fate play such a cruel joke on him? Wasn't Lilah supposed to be some ruthless, cold-blooded she-devil? How had she ended up as Cole's girlfriend? He had dragged her name through the mud on the Ublento Medical University forum. Now, how was he supposed to survive in the Evans family?

Taylor screamed on the inside, his soul twisting with despair.

The storm inside him was unbearable. If he didn't let it out, he felt like he'd explode. He clutched his phone in both hands and typed furiously.

The message was long, yet absurdly simple—a desperate string of words. Crude, repetitive, but it conveyed the storm raging inside him perfectly. It read, "Fuck, fuck, fuck, fucking fuck! Fuck, fuck and bugger!"

His text landed like a bomb, instantly derailing the group chat's focus. No one cared about Jason anymore. Every eye turned on Taylor. The same people who had been silenced by Jason's anger now leapt on the new

drama.

"So, Taylor... Looks like Lilah isn't the 'cold-blooded devil.' You know about that, right?"

"Taylor, you do realize she's with Cole now, right?"

"Taylor, you fell for her at first sight, then turned your love into hate, trashed her in front of everyone, and now she's with Cole. You have to tell us how you're feeling!"

"So, Taylor, is this giving you any inspiration? When's the reality-adopted screenplay coming out?"

"I'm curious too! If this becomes a movie, would you play Cole or the pitiful cousin who gets crushed?"

"What are you saying? Taylor's an A-lister with millions of fans. He'd definitely play Cole!"

"Ha-ha... Taylor, would it feel weird playing Cole though?"

Taylor's jaw clenched as he read the teasing messages, his face hot with embarrassment.

Then, it hit him. The meaning of Cole's two pats on his shoulder before leaving finally clicked. First, he had chased after the woman Cole set his sights on. Then, after she turned him down, he'd smeared her reputation in front of everyone. Cole's dislike for him must run deep. If murder were legal, he was sure those shoulder pats would have crushed him into pulp.

The thought made cold sweat trickle down his back. Cole's eyes had been burning with murder that day, but he had been too blind to notice. Now it was too late. He had already run his mouth. How would he ever face Cole again?

He also understood at last why Jason, Lance, and Jeff had warned him again and again not to hit on Lilah. It wasn't advice—it was a warning. Going near her was a death wish. But at that time, he had thought Jason had his own agenda. He had even cursed Lance and Jeff for getting in his way. Now, he saw the truth. They had been trying to protect him. He had thrown their kindness in their faces. He was a fool. The biggest fool alive. So many had tried to stop him from diving headfirst into disaster, but he



had charged in anyway. Now, he'd stirred up trouble.

A silent scream echoed through Taylor. He dragged the blanket over his head, half-hoping to suffocate and escape it all.

But the phone kept buzzing. The group chat was relentless, with more taunts piling in. His ears rang, his head split, and his chest tightened until he could barely breathe.

At last, Taylor snapped. He ripped off the covers, grabbed the phone, and sent a furious reply. "Shut the hell up, all of you!"

He should have stopped there. He should have run, disappeared, hidden from Cole's wrath until the storm passed. But instead, his brain short-circuited. And he sent one more message.