

Chapter 630 Dread And Curiosity

Nobody could have predicted that Taylor would suddenly unleash such shocking words—words that left everyone staring at their screens in complete disbelief. It was impossible to reconcile these bold declarations with the same man who typically spent his days lounging around, his career ambitions seemingly dead and buried.

That final image Taylor had posted brought everything into sharp focus. Everyone instantly remembered the plot of the drama he had starred in not long ago.

In the show, he'd played a fierce general who discovered that the king had stolen the woman he loved. Consumed by rage and betrayal, the general gathered his loyal troops and launched a brutal rebellion. He fought his way through countless battles, leaving a trail of blood all the way to the palace, where he finally overthrew the king and claimed the throne.

Looking at Taylor's threatening words alongside that image of the vengeful general, the meaning became crystal clear to everyone—and suddenly the air felt thick with the promise of an approaching storm within the Evans family. This was bad. Really, really bad.

A while ago, some had imagined Jason and Cole clashing, imagining the Evans empire collapsing under the weight of kinship rivalry. Jason's sharp reminder had shaken them back to reality. But now Taylor's words sent a wave of terror through their hearts. Was this really happening? Were the Evans men actually going to destroy each other?

Of course, everyone knew the truth deep down—Taylor didn't stand a ghost of a chance against Cole. Cole was an absolute powerhouse, a force of nature that crushed everything in his path. In contrast, Taylor was nothing more than a grain of sand that would be swept away without Cole even breaking a sweat.

But still, accidents happened, didn't they? What if luck somehow favored

the underdog? If by some impossible miracle Taylor actually managed to take down Cole, what would happen to the future of the Evans family? The thought was too terrifying to fully process.

The younger generation of the Evans family jumped in, trying to salvage the situation.

"Taylor, have you lost your damn mind?"

"Are you still half-asleep and talking complete garbage?"

"Seriously, are you running a fever? You sound delirious!"

Taylor's face was flushed bright red, and his eyes looked bloodshot and glassy. As he read through their messages, he lifted a shaky hand to press against his forehead.

His skin felt like it was on fire, as if he'd been standing too close to a furnace. Was he really running a fever? Could that reckless outburst have been no more than fever-driven delirium?

Damn it, what the hell was happening to him? His vision kept splitting into double images, and he felt so dizzy that he thought he might float right off the ground. Even the furniture in his room seemed to be moving on its own. The window looked like it was trying to crawl away from the wall.

Just as Taylor was drowning in his confusion and disorientation, Jason made his presence known in the group chat once again. He started with a mocking emoji and then directly tagged Taylor in his message. "Well, well, well. I had no idea you harbored such grand ambitions. Color me impressed. You've got more guts than I ever gave you credit for—actually challenging Cole to a fight."

Then, he added, "It seems you're far more capable than you've been pretending to be all this time. My apologies for underestimating you so badly. Here's a thought—before you go after Cole, why don't you stop by my room first? I'd be happy to give you a few practice rounds to warm you up."

Jason was normally as expressionless and silent as a block of ice, so the sight of him typing out such a long message was startling in itself. But with the situation spiraling out of control, nobody had time to marvel at his sudden burst of communication. The group chat felt electric with

tension, as if everyone could feel the danger crackling through their screens.

As the Evans family's sworn protector, Jason's loyalty belonged first and foremost to the family head. It made perfect sense that he would step in to deal with Taylor before letting Taylor anywhere near Cole. Jason's challenge made perfect, terrifying sense.

But the real question burned in everyone's minds: Would Taylor actually be stupid enough to take on the challenge? And if he did show up, what kind of bloody mess would they find afterward?

Before anyone could process the implications, Taylor tagged Jason right back. "You're on. I'll be right there."

The collective shock was almost audible, even through text messages. Taylor was really going to do this? Did he honestly believe he stood a chance against Jason? Jason's reputation as a fighter was the stuff of nightmares. Even elite international assassins rarely walked away from encounters with him in one piece. No matter what secret skills Taylor might have been hiding, how could he possibly measure up to someone like that?

A strange cocktail of fear and fascination swept through the group. They were dying to know who was stronger and how brutal the confrontation would be but terrified that if things escalated too far, both men could end up in the hospital—or worse.

"Oh my! This is really happening?"

"I'm scared, but I can't look away. Someone needs to intervene! They're family—this will only end in disaster."

"Exactly! This is insane! Can't someone stop them?"

"Where are the family elders? Are they even seeing this chaos? Why isn't anyone stepping in?"

"Even if they tried, who could possibly control Jason when he's made up his mind?"

In the middle of all the panicked messages, Taylor typed again. "Heading to Jason's room right now. Don't worry—I'll live stream the whole thing

so you can all get a front-row seat to watch me kick his ass!"

A moment later, a notification flashed across everyone's screens. Taylor had actually started a live video feed. The stream came to life just as Taylor raised his hand and rapped his knuckles against Jason's door.

Jason's voice came through the phone speaker, cold and sharp as a blade cutting through silk. "Come in."

Taylor pushed the door open. Without hesitation, he crossed to a nearby table, set his phone down, and carefully angled it until the lens captured the entire room.