

## Chapter 631 Fever

Taylor set his phone down and then fixed his gaze on Jason before striding in his direction.

On the other side of the screen, nobody dared to make a sound. Everyone seemed braced for chaos.

Jason remained perfectly relaxed. He stayed slouched on the couch, glancing over at Taylor like he was barely worth the attention.

The space between them grew tense and still as Taylor approached.

Right when it seemed like a fight would break out, Taylor dropped straight to the floor beside Jason. He shut his eyes and didn't move a muscle. For all the world, the bizarre scene looked like a pet curling up by its master.

Confusion swept through the room. What was Taylor doing now? Everyone exchanged glances, trying to make sense of whatever stunt this was.

Before they could wrap their heads around it, Jason shifted his foot and nudged Taylor's head. "Taylor, are you awake?"

Taylor didn't answer. A light snore slipped out instead.

It finally clicked—Taylor wasn't just giving up. He had fallen fast asleep in the middle of all that tension. He was completely out.

"Are you kidding me? Taylor has actually fallen asleep right now?"

"When did he last get any sleep? Has he been up for days?"

"All that attitude earlier must've just been sleep deprivation talking!"

Jason bent down and pressed his hand to Taylor's forehead. The second he touched Taylor, he jerked his hand back. He called out, "Can someone come in here?"

A butler appeared without delay.

Jason gave a quick instruction. "Get someone to carry him upstairs and call the doctor. He's burning up."

"Yes," the butler replied, hurrying off to follow Jason's orders.

A pair of bodyguards soon arrived and gently lifted Taylor, carrying him out of the room with practiced care.

Jason rose from his seat, strolled over to Taylor's phone, and addressed the viewers on the livestream, "That's it, folks. The show's finished. Go do something useful and quit hanging around for gossip."

With a flick of his wrist, Jason ended the broadcast and locked the phone screen. He stuck to his own rules—he never pried into someone else's private affairs.

Just like that, the chaos fizzled out. Meanwhile, the Evans family group chat sprang to life.

"So it was just a scare! Turns out the fever made Taylor act tough!"

"Am I the only one here who's actually let down by how things unfold?"

"I bet Taylor's going to lose it when he wakes up and remembers what happened."

"Maybe he'll be embarrassed, but I know who's going to lose it—Cole. He's going to have a fit when he gets back."

"Well, there you have it. Drama. Or maybe not—Cole's just going to steamroll Taylor, like always."

Upstairs in the study, Ruben was glued to his phone, snickering as he read the stream of messages.

Bertram and Emmanuel, forced to stand attendance, wore matching sour expressions.

After the chat finally quieted down, Ruben let out a satisfied sigh. "See? The house just lights up when Elliana is involved. Look at everyone buzzing!"

Not long ago, the Evans family mansion had felt cold and silent. Today, the place felt alive again.

Bertram nodded in agreement. "That's true."

"You're absolutely right, Dad," Emmanuel said, nodding his agreement.

The earlier chaos had amused Bertram and Emmanuel, but Elliana's return clearly brought a spark that pulled the family together and filled the house with energy.

Ruben, grinning from ear to ear, rocked gently in his chair, humming a soft tune. In the middle of his song, he grabbed his phone and dialed Jarrett, who was still recovering at the villa.

The line barely rang before Jarrett answered.

Without missing a beat, Ruben asked, "Did you catch the news about Cole heading to Ublento Medical University to win Elliana back?"

Usually stoic, Jarrett actually laughed—a deep, warm sound. "Yeah, Dad, I saw what happened."

Ruben's laughter joined his. "That son of yours isn't a kid anymore, is he?"

"You're right about that," Jarrett replied, a hint of pride sneaking into his tone.

They lingered in conversation for a while, both sounding lighter than they had in ages.

Not so long ago, every phone call between them felt heavy, both men burdened by Elliana's supposed death. Things had changed. Their words now carried laughter, and the old gloom had been swept away, making it feel like joy had finally come home.

After the call, Ruben settled deep into his rocking chair. His eyes drifted shut, and a peaceful grin tugged at his lips. "I'm going to get a little rest before tonight," he told Bertram and Emmanuel. "Elliana's coming, and I want to watch the moon with her. Make sure everything's perfect for her arrival. She needs to feel welcome here."

"Understood." Bertram and Emmanuel slipped out of the room, moving

quietly so as not to disturb him.

Elsewhere, over at the villa, Jarrett was still smiling from the phone call when the door banged open, letting a rush of cold wind sweep inside.

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