

Fractured Affection

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“Amazing. Charlotte, looks like you’ll be Mrs. Fowler soon!”

“Marry those morons? Please. Once my mission’s done, I’ll ditch them. They’re beneath me.”

Hearing this, I secretly activated the recorder in my pocket. This was the woman Adam and Noah cared so much about. Behind their backs, she was stabbing them in the heart

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I recorded everything, and asked the system to give the recorder to Adam and Noah after I died. Consider it my final gift to them.

Composing myself, I entered the dressing room.

Seeing me, Charlotte raised her perfectly arched eyebrows, sneering. “Still clinging to them, Sylvia? Even dogs know when they’re unwanted.”

I looked *at* her calmly and said, “Well, I quit. The three of you can be together forever.”

My calmness pricked her ego. She hurled a makeup palette at the mirror. “What, you think you can beat me? Let me tell you, killing you is as easy as killing an ant.”

Just as the atmosphere grew tense, a crew member announced that it was almost Charlotte’s turn. As she passed me, she deliberately bumped my shoulder.

The moment Charlotte stepped onto the stage, I heard the screams of her fans. She was a rising star this

year.

Her fans waved glowsticks, oblivious that every lyric flashing on the teleprompter was mine. Charlotte shone brilliantly on stage, while I could only hide backstage like a rat.

Soon, the familiar melody began, and I started singing from memory. It had been a long time since I last sang this song, but the moment I opened my mouth, my eyes welled up. By the end, I

was in tears.

Thunderous applause erupted, pulling me out of my sadness. I saw that the audience was moved to tears by this song. Even Adam and Noah, sitting in the front row, looked at Charlotte with admiration.

They knew she was lip–syncing, yet they were willing to play along.

I wiped my tears. It felt like someone was tearing my heart apart, the pain almost suffocating me. I fled the scene in a panic.

As if sensing my distress, the silent system spoke. “Host, don’t be sad. You have one day left in this world. You’ll surely meet kind people then.”

The cold wind whipped my face, clearing my mind. I sniffed, comforting myself, “You’re right. After this, I’ll be completely free. I should be happy.”

I had no idea how long I sat there, but when I returned to the dressing room, Noah slapped me. “ Sylvia, where did you take Charlotte? I know it was you!” he roared.

The slap came without warning. My teeth felt loose, and my cheek burned. Adam stared at me

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with a grim expression, his voice low and menacing. “You’re spoiled rotten. If anything happens to Charlotte, you’ll pay.”

I touched my cheek; the stinging pain confirmed it wasn’t a dream. But why were Noah and Adam looking at me like I was their enemy?

I pointed at myself, my voice trembling. “You think I kidnapped Charlotte? In your eyes, am I this

monstrous?”

“Jealousy changes a person, right? Her agent overheard your call. She said you kidnap her. Release her. Now!” Noah thundered.

My lips twisted into a bitter smile. "Believe it or not, I didn't do it."

had someone

"Sylvia, you're pushing your luck. I'll give you one last chance. Where is she?" Adam warned, his voice low and dangerous.