

Fractured Affection

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I had two hours left in this world. I returned to the Fowler residence, wanting one last look at the place I'd called home for fifteen years. But as I reached the entrance, several girls dragged me into the public garden.

"Slut! How dare you scheme against our queen!"

"Let's carve that pretty face up! I can't wait!"

"No mercy this time! Teach her a lesson she won't forget!"

Unbeknownst to me, Charlotte had posted a tearful video at midnight, framing me as the mastermind behind her leaked photos. Her fandom now burned with sacrificial rage.

Fists and kicks rained down. I curled fetal, arms shielding my head.

I winced in pain, and someone stuffed a dirty rag into my mouth. My hands were handcuffed; I couldn't move. Blood seeped through my fingers.

"Bitch, you can't escape now."

"Pre-med student here," a voice giggled. "Even if I stab you twenty times, the coroner would rule it 'minor injuries'."

Before she finished, the girl plunged a knife into my abdomen. The intense pain almost made my eyes bulge. I sweated profusely, struggling to maintain consciousness, calling out to the system, "System, can you erase me now? I can't take it anymore. It hurts so much."

The system, seeing my inhuman torture, was helpless. "Sorry, Host. Protocols forbid early termination. I can only try to minimize your pain."

The system minimized the pain, but I could still feel the knife cutting through my flesh. My face was slashed beyond recognition, looking more terrifying than a horror movie villain. My abdomen had several holes; blood flowed freely, fueling the girl's frenzy, making her attacks more brutal.

Through swollen eyelids, I glimpsed Noah on the mansion's second-floor balcony. I gargled through the gag—Help!

But Noah didn't notice. He sipped whiskey, grinning. "Wow, Charlotte's fans are crazy. They'll do anything for Charlotte. But I get it. If anyone dared to do that to you, I'd send them to hell."

Adam merely lifted an eyelid, saying coldly, "Serves them right. Clean up the mess discreetly. Charlotte's career mustn't suffer."

They didn't know that Charlotte's fans were beating Sylvia, a fact that would later haunt them with regret.

Getting no help, despair filled my eyes. I couldn't remember how long the torture lasted before I heard the system's voice in my mind. "I'm transferring all your affection points to Charlotte and erasing all traces of Sylvia Lawrence from this world."

The next second, my heart stopped. It happened instantly; the system didn't want me to suffer

15:15

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any longer.

Menu

Apparently tired, one of Charlotte's fans finally loosened her grip. She suddenly saw the beautiful necklace around Sylvia's neck. She ripped it off and shook it in the sun. "You don't deserve something so nice. Only Charlotte deserves it."

When Noah upstairs saw the necklace, the wine glass in his hand fell to the floor, shattering. He recognized it as Sylvia's—the adult gift Adam and he had given her for her eighteenth birthday. His voice trembled. "Adam... I think they're beating Sylvia."

Adam frowned. "Impossible."

"That's the necklace you and I gave Sylvia. Do you recognize it?"

Following Noah's trembling finger, Adam frantically rushed downstairs, Noah close behind, kicking those crazy girls away.

Trembling, Adam and Noah turned the body over. Sylvia's slashed face met their eyes. Their eyes widened in horror and agony; they cried out in pain, "Sylvia!"