

Chapter 677 He Took Control

What Elliana had pieced together with her sharp instincts, minds like Cole and Jason could read just as clearly.

Jason's message appeared in their group chat. "The mastermind has planted agitators among the audience. The event organizers' security team has been compromised from the inside. We don't have nearly enough men to control twenty thousand angry people if this goes sideways. What's our move?"

Cole's response came back immediately. "They're stalling on purpose. The longer this delay continues, the more frustrated and angry the audience will become. Once their rage reaches a breaking point, those planted agitators will turn it into a full-scale riot. We need to fix this situation before the audience completely loses control."

Elliana quickly typed her reply. "I'm going backstage to examine Taylor." After hitting send, she turned to face Cole. "I'm heading backstage to figure out what's wrong with him. You stay here and keep the lid on things out front."

Cole understood that her plan made the most sense, but when his eyes drifted to her slightly visible pregnancy bump, anxiety twisted in his stomach. "I really don't want you to go there by yourself."

A small, confident smile crossed Elliana's lips as she leaned closer and whispered in his ear, "Don't forget—I'm Death Thom. I've accomplished the impossible before. I'm much stronger than I look."

With Cole's fears somewhat eased, she quietly made her way toward the backstage area.

Cole immediately sent a message to Jason through their chat. "Deploy our people throughout the crowd to watch for troublemakers. If they identify any agitators trying to incite violence, they have permission to stop them using whatever force is necessary."

Jason's response was brief and direct. "Copy that."

When Elliana finally reached the backstage area, she discovered Taylor pacing back and forth like a caged animal, his fingers moving frantically across his phone screen as he tried to coordinate with the event staff.

Performing was everything to Taylor—this was his debut concert, and he was absolutely determined not to let it become a disaster. If tonight's show failed completely, he would not only let down all his devoted fans, but his entire career would be finished.

Emmanuel and Lance were both there, trying their best to calm Taylor down.

The moment Lance spotted Elliana approaching, he immediately held out a half-empty glass of water. "Here—this is exactly what Taylor drank right before he lost his voice."

Elliana carefully took the glass from his hands, studying the clear liquid inside before bringing it close to her nose to smell it. Her expression grew serious and concerned. The water had been contaminated with a substance designed to destroy someone's ability to speak.

There were dozens of different versions of these vocal suppressants available on the black market, most of them specifically created to cause permanent, irreversible damage to the vocal cords and completely rob the victim of their voice forever.

However, this particular substance—known in underground circles as "Silent Chord"—was a specialized formula that came directly from the Medical Codex, making it impossible to purchase through normal channels.

What made Silent Chord completely different from other vocal suppressants was that it caused absolutely no lasting harm to the vocal cords themselves. Instead, it simply made the user completely unable to speak for a specific amount of time, after which their voice would return to perfect normal condition.

It appeared that the mastermind behind this plot had no intention of destroying Taylor's career permanently—they just needed him to be unable to perform tonight to create the chaos they were counting on. Once their plan was complete, Taylor would still be valuable to them as someone they could control and manipulate.

Having reached this conclusion, Elliana set the glass down carefully and moved over to examine Taylor's throat more closely. After conducting a thorough examination, she sent an update to their group chat. "Taylor is going to be perfectly fine, but he won't be able to make any sound for at least two more hours."

Asking twenty thousand people to wait two hours was like asking a volcano not to erupt—completely impossible. Even waiting just one hour would give the troublemakers planted in the audience more than enough time to turn the frustrated fans into an angry mob. And here they were in the middle of the night, surrounded by nothing but rocky wilderness for miles. Trying to safely evacuate over twenty thousand people and transport them back to civilization would be just as impossible as keeping them calm.

Suddenly, furious shouting began erupting from different sections of the audience.

"What the hell is taking so long? Are we getting a concert tonight or not? Fix your damn equipment already!"

"This is complete bullshit! I spent a fortune on tickets to see a performance, not to sit here staring at the sky while you idiots fumble around with broken equipment. We deserve some answers!"

"A premium concert with these prices, and you show up with faulty equipment? Do you people even care about your fans, or are we just walking wallets to you?"

"If these organizers won't respect us, let's show them what twenty thousand pissed-off people can do! Everyone rush the stage! Tear this whole place apart!"

As the angry voices grew louder and more threatening throughout the venue, Jason's trained eyes quickly scanned the massive crowd. After assessing the situation, he sent an urgent message to their group chat. "The mastermind has agitators positioned approximately every ten meters throughout the audience. We don't have enough people to neutralize all of them before they cause serious damage."

The overwhelming size of the crowd was creating major problems, limiting their ability to move freely and act decisively. One wrong move could trigger a chain reaction that would lead to consequences nobody

could predict or control.

Watching the planted troublemakers successfully pushing the audience's frustration to dangerous levels, Cole suddenly stood up from his seat, walked confidently onto the brightly lit stage, and took the microphone away from the event host.

His tall, imposing figure immediately appeared on the enormous screens positioned on both sides of the stage.

When the audience, who had been ready to charge past the security barriers, saw him, they stopped in their tracks and focused their attention on the giant screen.

Cole was the incredibly wealthy and attractive businessman who had dominated international headlines just a month ago when he publicly declared his love for his girlfriend, Lilah. He was no longer some shadowy corporate figure but a recognizable celebrity that everyone knew by sight.

A man with his level of wealth and influence naturally commanded a certain amount of respect and authority. People were willing to listen to what he had to say, at least for a few moments.

"Good evening, everyone. My name is Cole Evans." His rich, powerful voice boomed through the sound system, reaching every single person in the crowd of twenty thousand. "Thank you for your incredible patience during this delay. On behalf of Taylor and everyone involved in bringing you this concert, I am truly sorry that your evening hasn't started as planned."