

Chapter 679 Stellara

Cole's speech was so gripping that half an hour vanished without anyone noticing.

The audience stayed hooked, but the agitators had grown restless. At their leader's cue, one of them smashed the seat beneath him, the crash ringing out across the hall.

Cole's eyes darted toward the sound, narrowing ever so slightly.

The agitator seized the moment, lifting a megaphone. "Folks! We came for a concert, not a lecture! They're stalling, treating us like fools! Don't let them play you!"

Another agitator leapt up, his own megaphone blaring. "He's right! They're tricking us! Let's storm the stage and tear it apart. Show them we won't be pushed around!"

Their words boomed with rhythm and force, but the audience barely flinched. Spellbound by Cole, they ignored the chaos completely.

Jason reacted at once, signaling his men. Quietly, with barely a ripple, his men moved in and silenced the agitators before anyone noticed.

The audience's cheers rose again, washing over the disturbance until it disappeared.

"Keep going, Cole! We love this!"

"Yeah, tell us more!"

A faint smile touched Cole's lips as he flowed back into his speech without missing a beat.

Backstage, relief swept through the team—everyone except Elliana. She turned sharply to the event manager, her voice low and steady. "They're enjoying this now, but the moment boredom sets in, their mood will turn. If we don't fix this fast, they'll storm the stage. A stampede will be

inevitable."

The manager looked close to breaking. Everything had been flawless in rehearsal, yet disaster kept piling on. First, Taylor's sudden loss of voice. Then, the security company pulling out, abandoning them with twenty thousand people and no guards. One wrong move could end in tragedy.

The manager muttered, wiping sweat from his brow, "The only chance we have is to bring in a star as big as Taylor—or bigger—to close the show. But we never booked a guest. Finding one now is impossible. Even if someone agreed, they couldn't reach Yasnard in time."

His words were nothing more than a desperate fantasy.

Taylor, hunched over his phone, typed another message and held it up. "If only my idol, Stellara, could drop out of the sky and save the day."

The manager almost swore aloud. Only Taylor's fame and family name kept him from snapping. Instead, he forced a thin sneer. "Taylor, be serious. Who could possibly bring Stellara here, at the last minute, to sing in your place?"

Stellara had debuted only three years ago and was already crowned the Legend of Music. Every song she released turned into an overnight craze, translated into countless languages and sung on every street corner in the world.

It wasn't luck. Every track she touched set the globe alight. And she did it all herself—writing, composing, and performing. She was the very picture of a complete musician.

Calling her the most famous singer alive was no exaggeration. A Stellara concert wasn't just a performance; it was a worldwide event. Artists everywhere idolized her. Even legends in the industry admitted they were her fans.

Taylor was no exception. It was Stellara's music that had lit his fire, pushing him to drop out of school and chase a dream through a singing competition. She was the reason he ever picked up a microphone. He had even planned to honor her tonight by performing several of her songs.

Yet, for all Stellara's fame—for all the ways her voice had become a soundtrack to life in every country—no one had ever seen her face. Her



real name, her appearance, everything about her was a mystery. She existed only through her music, a voice without a face, conquering the world from behind a veil of anonymity.

Taylor's shoulders slumped as reality sank in. He knew it was nothing but a dream. Stellara would never walk through those doors. In fact, he doubted he would ever meet her at all.