

Chapter 684 You're Forgiven

Stellara's appearance sent shockwaves through the concert, transforming the night into something unforgettable.

Instead of grumbling about Taylor not showing his face at his concert, the audience buzzed with excitement, convinced they'd stumbled into the concert of a lifetime.

With Elliana and Cole stepping into the spotlight together, the stage was flooded with the kind of romance people usually only read about. For a moment, the entire audience wanted to believe in fairy tales again.

All around, singles found themselves lost in daydreams, imagining a future love story of their own. Couples reached for each other, sharing kisses and hugs as if swept up in a spell.

The agitators could no longer sway the audience into sabotaging the concert. If the audience could have, they would have let the concert go on until sunrise.

After Elliana clarified her relationship with Cole, the music resumed with Stellara's other masterpiece, "Twilight Sea," a showstopper Taylor was supposed to sing—with a full dance team ready to go. On a moment's notice, organizers waved Taylor's dancers over, setting the stage for Elliana to take the lead.

As the music ended, Elliana lifted the mic, her voice flowing through the audience.

Cole never left her side, their hands entwined, following her step for step—a picture-perfect pair, the knight and his muse.

Wherever the two of them moved, the room seemed to glow, every eye drawn to their easy affection.

Time melted away in the gentle, romantic haze. Jason's security reinforcement, freshly arriving from Ublento, quietly took their posts among the audience, ensuring nothing could ruin the night. Those

agitators planted within the audience had no chance to act.

Once everything was secure, Jason fired off an "OK" in the group chat.

Cole let out a deep breath, finally able to relax.

Meanwhile, Taylor toppled out of his seat again. The first time, he'd fallen from sheer excitement when Stellara turned out to be Lilah and took the stage to save the day for him.

Just now, cold dread hit him like a punch when Lilah announced onstage that she was actually the "ugly" Elliana—the very one he had previously mocked countless times.

Back when Cole married Elliana, Taylor had been busy filming overseas and missed their wedding, never once seeing Elliana. While he had never laid eyes on her at that time, his resentment ran deep—just as fierce as Jeff's had been before. Cole had always been the gold standard in Taylor's eyes, so the idea of him marrying an "ugly" woman never sat right.

Therefore, Taylor had made himself the loudest critic, filling the family group chat with complaints and harsh words about Elliana, certain she didn't belong with them.

Who would've thought life could be like something out of a soap opera? The woman he'd once looked down on turned out to be his idol. Stellara. His inspiration. And Cole, his hero. Together, they were a dream team.

Taylor suddenly realized just how blind he'd been. Flat on the floor, he smacked himself and cursed his own stupidity inwardly. Would Elliana ever forgive him for all the things he'd said? Maybe she'd just ignore him and never let him call himself a fan.

Meanwhile, tucked away in the shadows, Irene watched her hopes crumble in real time. She'd come hoping for disaster, ready to watch Cole and Lilah get killed. Instead, the truth crashed over her like thunder—Lilah was Elliana all along. Elliana wasn't just still alive—she was standing tall as Stellara, the Sun Group heiress, and with her singing, she'd thwarted the life-threatening schemes.

The disruption Miguel counted on never happened, leaving his men with no opening—Cole and Elliana walked away unscathed. Was fate

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determined to hinder Miguel's every plan? Another carefully laid trap had unraveled, slipping right through his fingers.

And as if that wasn't enough, Irene would be forced to surrender her position as lady of the house to Elliana once they returned to Ublento. The idea gnawed at her, filling her with bitter reluctance.

Inside, Irene seethed, clenching her fists and silently screaming. She would have given anything to tear Elliana down with her own hands.


Far away, the mood was the complete opposite. Out on the open sea, Maxine toasted the news, her laughter ringing above the gentle waves. "I knew I had an eye for talent! Whatever Elliana sets her mind to, she conquers—art, medicine, music. She becomes Rosa the painter, Milena the healer, and Stellara the star. She's dazzling, truly! Could she be the kindred spirit I've been waiting for? Maybe she's just as remarkable as me! Ha-ha..."

With each toast, Maxine's excitement grew. She downed another glass, growing cheerier—and a little drunker—with every passing minute.

She gently turned the wine in her glass, her tone thoughtful. "Rita, because you gave me a daughter like her, I'm willing to let the betrayal go." She tipped her glass with a sly grin. "You're forgiven, Rita."

Meanwhile, back at the castle, Miguel's mood was as dark as the gathering storm.



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