

Chapter 687 No Regrets

Spotlights blazed across the stage while Taylor remained unable to perform, leaving Elliana to work her magic alone. She cycled through Stellara's biggest hits, never missing a beat.

Stellara's back catalog was a blessing. With so many beloved tracks, Elliana never risked running out of songs to keep the crowd entertained.

What was meant to be Taylor's big moment had quietly turned into a solo spotlight for Stellara—and the audience loved every second of it.

Cole found himself standing before a sea of fans for the first time, and despite his nerves, an unexpected sense of happiness settled over him as the hours ticked by.

Nearly three hours crawled past the original start time before Taylor finally emerged.

Elliana had just launched into the opening lines of another song when Taylor appeared out of nowhere, gliding across the stage from the far side, without so much as an introduction.

Fans, entirely absorbed in Elliana's vocals, snapped to attention as Taylor's voice suddenly filled the arena. A restless wave rippled through the crowd. Heads whipped around, searching for the source.

The moment Taylor stepped into the glare of the stage lights, the audience exploded—shouts and applause drowning out everything else.

Stellara's impromptu set had already sent the energy soaring, but Taylor's dramatic entrance for a duet lifted the excitement to a whole new level.

Both Cole and Elliana wheeled around, eyes zeroing in on Taylor. They studied his every move, quietly trying to make sense of his demeanor.

A beaming smile was plastered across Taylor's face, and a flicker of starstruck admiration seemed to glow in his eyes. Still, beneath the

surface, Cole and Elliana sensed something was off.

Taylor had always worn his innocence openly—his gaze usually soft, candid, and boyish. Tonight, though, a razor-sharp intelligence gleamed beneath the surface, an almost predatory cunning that hadn't been there before.

Elliana and Cole met each other's gaze, silent understanding passing between them as they struggled to keep their worry hidden. They had believed that foiling the mastermind's initial plan, the mastermind would abandon the scheme altogether. That hope had been in vain. But instead of retreating, the mastermind had shifted tactics, with the focus turning on Taylor. Whatever plot came next remained a mystery.

Cold dread surged through Elliana and Cole, chilling them from the inside out. Earlier in the night, the looming threat had hung over the entire arena. With twenty thousand people packed into one space, any sudden panic could have turned the crowd into a stampede. That nightmare had haunted them for hours. Now, the danger had narrowed its sights on Taylor alone. The fear was sharper, digging deep. He was more than just a performer—he was family. The thought of losing him left a heaviness neither could shake.

From a hidden corner above the chaos, Jason zeroed in on Taylor with his binoculars. A sick feeling settled in his gut as he watched Taylor step into the spotlight. Every instinct screamed that something was wrong. The air buzzed with tension. Conspiracy seemed to cling to the rafters, and worry pressed hard against his ribs.

Protecting the Evans family was Jason's job, but this wasn't just about duty. Taylor was family. If disaster struck Taylor tonight, he knew he would be forever burdened with guilt and self-reproach.

A biting sense of unease settled over Emmanuel and Lance as they lingered backstage. Moments before, they had watched Taylor slip past, headed for the blinding lights. Both father and brother could feel something was off—the atmosphere around Taylor felt tense, like an electrical wire stretched to its limit.

With the situation beyond their reach, neither Emmanuel nor Lance could do more than stand by, hoping to jump in if things took a turn for the worse.

Out in the spotlight, Taylor joined Elliana just as the last notes of the introduction faded away. He jumped on the pause, letting the energy build before he turned to the audience. "You all know I've looked up to Stellara forever," he called out, his words brimming with excitement. "Getting to share this stage with her tonight—honestly, it's unreal! What about you? Are you having a blast tonight?"

"Yes!" The arena thundered with the audience's answer, the noise shaking the rafters.

The crowd wasn't faking their enthusiasm. Most had shown up just to see Taylor, but seeing him share the stage with Stellara, a living legend, was beyond anything they'd dared hope for. The night felt like a gift, and their excitement lit up the room.

Taylor grinned wider, soaking in every bit of their energy. He flashed a broad wave at the roaring crowd and then turned to Elliana with a softer tone. "Sharing this stage with you..." His eyes locked with hers. "I have no regrets in this life."

To anyone else, it might have sounded like a heartfelt, emotional compliment. But for Elliana and Cole, the message cut deeper—a hidden farewell disguised as gratitude. Their unease grew, winding tight and refusing to let go.

"Cole, could I borrow Elliana for a moment?" Taylor asked, his smile never wavering.

Cole studied Taylor for a while before he finally relented. "Go ahead."

Without another word, Cole slipped away, melting into the background for Taylor and Elliana to enjoy the spotlights.

As the chorus swelled, Taylor caught Elliana's hand and pulled her in. He brought the microphone up and unleashed a raw, powerful verse—his voice ringing with passion that gripped the entire room.

Elliana jumped in without hesitation, her voice rising up to meet his, the two of them creating something electric in perfect harmony.

Together, they sent the music soaring, whipping the audience into a frenzy.