

Chapter 29 A Comparison

The trending topic faded quickly, swallowed by something far more captivating.

The reason behind this sudden shift became crystal clear when the live broadcast of Serena's "Yesterday" began airing, delivering such an electrifying spectacle that it instantly transformed into a viral sensation.

Despite Vivian's instructions for the production team to slash the broadcast's clarity and sound quality to almost nothing, the raw power of the performance still pierced through every technical barrier.

This enigmatic masked singer called Serena Ellsworth remained wrapped in impenetrable mystery, with absolutely no trace of information existing anywhere online.

Speculation about her true identity ran rampant among curious viewers, yet nobody had successfully penetrated the veil of secrecy surrounding her real persona.

The online discussions blazed with passionate intensity.

"Sweet heavens, that performance left me speechless! Who on earth could she be? I refuse to believe she's some unknown newcomer!"

"I share your sentiment completely. I was convinced Vivian's 'Glimmer of Love' would reign supreme as tonight's undisputed masterpiece, but it turns out we've got some serious hidden talent lurking in the shadows!"

"I'm wagering it's some established superstar experimenting with a completely fresh vocal approach. What other reason would she have for hiding behind that mysterious mask?"

"I stand firmly behind that theory. This guessing game has become absolutely fascinating, and I'm hooked!"

"Both 'Glimmer of Love' and 'Yesterday' represent completely different musical worlds. I'd crown them as the Heavenly Melody's inaugural evening's cherished classic and its most surprising dark horses!"

Within moments, fresh trending topics exploded across social media platforms, including #GlimmerOfLoveVersusYesterday# and #

HeavenlyMelodyDarkHorses#

Countless Internet users flooded the discussions with their passionate opinions and detailed analyses.

Some declared their unwavering loyalty to "Glimmer of Love," while others championed "Yesterday" with equal fervor, but the artistic styles differed so dramatically that declaring any clear victor seemed utterly impossible.

...

Meanwhile, tucked away in a shadowy corner, Vivian's fury reached a boiling point as she hurled her cup against the wall, watching it shatter into countless pieces.

When the trending topic concerning the leaked demo of "Glimmer of Love" finally began to fade from public consciousness, relief had washed over her like a cool wave.

Her team had discovered in advance that someone planned to challenge her about the controversial demo, which had given her the perfect opportunity to intercept and neutralize those risks beforehand and polish the situation until it gleamed.

But what twisted fate had brought "Yesterday" crashing into her carefully laid plans?

Vivian had applied crushing pressure on the team to demolish the broadcast's quality, yet somehow this devastating outcome had still emerged!

"Vivian, please don't allow this setback to consume you," one of her PR team members offered while his fingers danced frantically through data streams. "The online conversations are indicating that 'Glimmer of Love' and 'Yesterday' are locked in a dead heat, which means we haven't suffered a crushing defeat."

Vivian's gaze cut through him like a blade forged from arctic ice.

Her voice carried the deadly chill of arctic winds. "I demand nothing less than absolute and complete victory, do you comprehend my expectations?"

The team member's shirt became drenched with cold perspiration as his mind raced desperately for viable solutions. "Perhaps we could implement this strategic approach? We can emphasize how you're not a professionally trained vocalist, yet still achieved such remarkable

success in your debut performance. Highlighting this incredible contrast would ensure you tower above every other competitor!"

Vivian offered a curt nod, though her eyes continued to burn with dangerous intensity.

The man dabbed at his perspiration, feeling momentary relief wash over him.

Yet Vivian's satisfaction remained frustratingly incomplete. As she watched the man deliver instructions to his team, her voice carried deadly precision. "Johnny, I've personally guided your team to the position you occupy today. You know precisely what we've all sacrificed to get here."

The man, Johnny Holland, felt fresh waves of perspiration breaking across his forehead as he forced a servile smile across his face. "I was absolutely nothing before this; I'm only standing here because we've joined forces. So please, rest easy, Vivian. I understand perfectly that we need each other, and only by helping you win Brandon's hand can we possibly achieve our own dreams of success."

"Excellent." Vivian nodded while her gaze remained locked on the live performance. A cunning plan began weaving itself through her thoughts like silk threads forming a web.

This masked enigma calling herself Serena possessed formidable talent, and since she was very much likely Charles' lover, any direct confrontation would prove foolishly dangerous.

Instead, Vivian would transform her into a weapon.

Why battle with a blade when she could simply grasp its handle and wield it herself?

This realization brought a predatory smile creeping across Vivian's lips. She already possessed complete control over Serena.

As long as Serena harbored any dreams of surviving in the entertainment world, the devastating secret of her miscarriage would serve as perfect leverage.

At least throughout the entire "Heavenly Melody" competition, it would keep her dancing like a puppet on invisible strings.

If this devastating scandal were to explode across the media landscape, Serena's fanbase would crumble into dust, and her commercial value would evaporate completely—essentially sealing her professional grave

forever.

If threats didn't work, she could resort to tempting Serena with benefits to control her.

Vivian's smile radiated pure satisfaction as she contemplated how helping Serena overthrow Millie and claim her rightful place as Charles' official girlfriend would become the ultimate motivation driving her forward.

With this masterful strategy crystallizing in her mind, Vivian felt her tense muscles finally surrender to relaxation.

She cast her gaze toward Johnny, who was methodically executing her carefully crafted orders, and delivered a pointed reminder. "Today, I must emerge as the undisputed champion of the show."

Johnny's head snapped up, his expression clouded with confusion over Vivian's relentless emphasis on this particular point.

She leaned closer, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "When it comes to the marketing strategy for Serena, I've developed an entirely different approach."

Vivian drew even nearer to whisper her secret plan directly into Johnny's ear, and he responded with thoughtful nods as understanding dawned across his features.

They exchanged knowing smiles that spoke volumes about their shared conspiracy.

...

Meanwhile, within the sanctuary of Millie's private lounge, Charles had departed to handle pressing business matters, leaving his trusted assistant Barbara to provide attentive care for Millie's needs.

Barbara's fingers scrolled through endless Internet content, her frown carving deeper lines across her forehead with each passing moment.

"How peculiar!" Barbara whispered under her breath, her voice heavy with bewilderment.

Millie, having enjoyed a restorative rest that had breathed life back into her weary body, lifted her head with renewed curiosity. "What's troubling you?"

Barbara extended the tablet toward Millie with obvious concern. "I've

been analyzing the online data streams. Everyone's engaged in heated debates about which performance reigns supreme—"Glimmer of Love" or "Yesterday." But there's something deeply unsettling about the whole situation."

Barbara navigated to the relevant pages with practiced precision. "Why has the broadcast quality deteriorated to such abysmal levels?"

Millie's eyes swept across the screen, and comprehension struck her like a lightning bolt.

Such underhanded tactics were deplorably common in the cutthroat world of showbiz.

But everyone in the industry understood that Charles stood firmly behind her, and he wasn't someone whose patience could be tested lightly due to his volatile temper and swift retribution.

Under normal circumstances, absolutely no one would dare subject her to such treatment or deliberately provoke Charles' wrath, except for someone like Brandon, whose influence towered even above Charles' considerable power.

Therefore, the only person capable of orchestrating this elaborate sabotage was undoubtedly Vivian.

Millie's fingers glided through the online commentary surrounding "Glimmer of Love" and "Yesterday," finding the entire debate utterly absurd.

How could people seriously debate which performance held superiority when both songs had flowed from her own creative soul?

A soft chuckle escaped her lips as she gently placed the tablet aside with amused resignation.

Barbara reclaimed the device with cautious movements, desperately attempting to decipher Serena's emotional state, but the mysterious mask concealed everything, leaving her to navigate through pure speculation.

After several moments of careful consideration, Barbara ventured a tentative suggestion. "Should we notify Mr. Evans immediately and allow him to handle this situation with his usual efficiency?"

Millie shook her head with quiet determination, knowing Charles' notoriously impatient nature all too well.

He had probably already discovered the situation and was currently plotting his next strategic countermove with calculated precision.

With that thought taking root in her mind, Millie reached for her phone and dialed his number.

Charles was likely buried deep in demanding business matters and failed to respond instantly.

Just as Millie began to suspect he wouldn't answer at all, the connection finally crackled to life.

"Serena." Charles's familiar voice flowed through the speaker with unmistakable warmth. "What's happening on your end?"

They had forged their understanding that whenever she donned the mask, she would be acknowledged solely as "Serena."

Millie's gaze remained fixed on the live stream interface with unwavering calm as she spoke. "The time has come to dispatch the legal notice."

For you