

Wrath 451

Chapter 451:

“There’s only one option left!” Karl clenched his jaw and hurried toward the event location.

At the same time, Daniel and Demi made their entrance onto a temporary stage.

“Hello, everyone. I’m Daniel Chadwick. Yes, that Chadwick family—the prestigious family from Efrery. I hope you’ll all welcome me warmly,” he greeted, striking a pose, flexing his muscles, and winking at the women in the audience.

His display immediately displeased the female attendees. Maggie’s reaction was notably genuine as she loudly gagged.

Had it not been for Aiden’s commanding presence, she might have fled to the bathroom.

“Unbelievable! This is my first time witnessing an heir behave so ridiculously.”

“Tasteless and pretentious, as if he’s desperate for everyone to acknowledge his greatness.”

“The most amusing part is he’s boasting in front of genuine influencers. Is he performing a comedy skit?”

The Green and Delgado families held more influence than the Chadwick family.

Daniel had the audacity to behave so proudly and arrogantly in front of both families, showing no concern for offending either side.

By comparison, the Chadwick family, while wealthy, did not rank among the top four elite families, unlike the Green and Delgado families.

“Stephen, are you familiar with Daniel?” Janice asked casually, reclining.

Stephen frowned, giving Janice a puzzled look. “I’m well acquainted with Wendy, but Daniel? Not so much.”

“That’s probably for the best.”

“What do you mean?”

“It means you don’t need to worry about his daily dramas.” Stephen paused, slightly surprised, then let out a laugh, amused by Janice’s observation.

Looking toward Daniel, he said, “His behavior is certainly questionable. But as the youngest and only son of the Chadwick family, he’s been overly pampered, which explains his reckless actions.”

With a sigh, conveying a sense of humility, he added, “Unless the Chadwick family steps in to control him, Daniel is sure to cause real trouble.”

“It seems like you’re really worried about him,” Janice said, her expression growing cold. “Your relationship with Wendy seems more complex than it appears.”

Stephen’s remarks led her to believe he had chosen to rely on Wendy. If that was indeed true, Janice saw no need to acknowledge her connection with Stephen—she might as well consider all her family dead.

“What are you implying?” Stephen’s expression changed, his look toward Janice tinged with fury.

Janice redirected her eyes, picked up her cup from the table, took a sip, and calmed the slight irritation she felt. “I just believe you’re a capable person in your own right. You shouldn’t have to be just an accessory to the powerful.”

Stephen pursed his lips, a look of frustration and forbearance clouding his features.

Janice sensed there was more to the story as she caught the subtle change in his demeanor, which made her feel less irritated.

“Is something bothering you?” she asked.

Just as Stephen opened his mouth to respond, their conversation was abruptly cut off by a loud, off-key singing voice.

Chapter 452:

Janice whipped her head toward the stage, where Demi clutched the microphone, belting out a painfully out-of-tune song.

Beside her was Daniel, who was making the performance even stranger.

While Demi sang, Daniel stripped off his shirt and struck bodybuilding poses, flaunting his much-prized muscles to the audience.

As composed as Janice was, she couldn't help but feel the corners of her mouth twitch as she raised a hand to her forehead. What kind of bizarre performance was this?

The other participants looked dumbfounded. They hadn't expected anything from Demi and Daniel's performance, but this was beyond odd.

A tone-deaf singer and a vain show-off. What a pair!

“Oh my God! This performance is torture! It's making my eyes and ears bleed!”

“What the hell? Demi sucks at singing, and Daniel is embarrassing! He didn't really just strip on a live show!”

“I don’t know the extent of Daniel’s confidence, but he clearly has a delusion about women’s taste in men. We like them muscular, but not greasy like him!”

The comment section of the livestream was flooded with harsh criticisms, and Daniel’s manager wasn’t happy reading them.

He hurried over to speak with the production team, but the sight of Daniel’s antics stopped him in his tracks, his shoulders sinking in disbelief.

It was as if his enthusiasm was drained, and he didn’t want to do anything to salvage the situation.

Daniel’s antics were tolerable during pre-recorded shows since they could be edited out.

But this was a live broadcast, and now he was dragging the entire team down with him.

Demi’s manager was also beside himself. Now everyone knew Demi sucked at singing and had nothing but a pretty face.

They couldn’t lip-sync her performance because it was a live show.

Online, the backlash was fierce. Hashtags about Demi and Daniel’s horrible performance took the first and second spots on the trending list: #VainAndGreasyDaniel and #EarShatteringDemi.

Their companies and managers scrambled, calculating how much time, effort, and money it would take to repair the damage done to their artists’ reputations.

They hadn’t expected this season of Love Lab to be live, and now there was no way to undo the damage.

“For Christ’s sake! Stop singing!” Maggie was too irritated by the performance to just stand by. She rose to her feet in the audience and glared at the two on stage. “Are you guys trying to kill us?”

“What do you mean?” Daniel stopped flexing and raised an eyebrow at Maggie. Then a realization struck, and he smirked. “Oh, I get it! You like what you see and want to get my attention, don’t you?”

Daniel ran a hand through his hair and flashed a smug smile. “You’re being too obvious, woman.”

“Fuck off!” Maggie picked up her slipper and was about to throw it at the stage when Kenneth stopped her.

“No, Maggie!” Kenneth caught the slipper in his hand before it could fly toward the stage or hit Daniel’s face. “You’re in a live show. Think of your image.”

Chapter 453:

No sooner had the words escaped his mouth than another slipper flew across the stage and hit Daniel.

“Aw!” Daniel’s head spun at the impact. “Who the fuck did that?”

“Oops! It was me.” Janice stood up, her steely gaze fixed on Daniel. “My apologies. I slipped and accidentally kicked my slipper off.”

What the hell?

It was such an obvious lie. Who in their right mind would really believe that happened?

“I can vouch for that.” Aiden lazily raised a hand, grabbing everyone’s attention as he backed up Janice’s excuse. “Janice slipped and accidentally kicked the slipper off her foot.”

Kenneth’s mouth twitched. It was shocking enough that Janice threw a slipper at Daniel on a livestream. Now Aiden was backing her up with an obvious lie? Didn’t they care about their images at all?

But Janice didn’t do it because she didn’t care about her image. She simply couldn’t stand Daniel’s narcissism any longer.

If they weren't on a live show, she might have thrown a chair instead of a slipper.

"Bro, this is fucking hilarious! I didn't expect Janice and Aiden to pull such a trick!"

"What? She clearly picked up that damn slipper and threw it at Daniel's face!"

"It was hilarious but very impressive! Such excellent aim."

People online were having a blast, finding the slipper incident hilarious and cool rather than rude or out of character.

Because if they were in Janice's shoes, they'd definitely do the same.

"You've crossed a line!" Daniel's vision blurred with rage, his muscles coiled like a serpent ready to strike. "You're just envious of my figure!"

"Please, remain calm. The cameras are rolling!" Demi stepped forward, her voice honeyed with diplomacy. "Our audience will determine whether we can have lunch."

"They've ruined our performance!" Daniel's gaze pierced Demi before landing on the chef. "What's your verdict? They disrupted our performance; they should be disqualified!"

The chef regarded Daniel with the stillness of a frozen lake. "What happened just now? I didn't see anything."

"Playing blind to serve your agenda?" Daniel's words dripped with venom.

"Your insolence towards the judge costs you ten points," the chef announced.

Demi's heart skipped at the chef's proclamation. She lunged forward, gripping Daniel's trembling arm. "Sir, we deeply apologize! Please grant us one more opportunity."

The chef glanced at Demi and nodded. "Your sincerity spares you the penalty. However, your performance concludes here. Your fate now rests in the audience's hands."

Demi's lips curved into a brittle smile. Though rebellion simmered beneath her skin, she knew challenging the judge's ruling would only seal their doom.

Silently, she guided the still-seething Daniel offstage.

"Why did you stop me just now? The judge, these people—they're all green with envy, conspiring against me!"

Chapter 454:

Demi bit back a curse, watching Daniel with a mixture of pity and frustration. He seemed to be living in his own reality, blind to the obvious truth that the audience's revulsion, not envy, had cut his performance short. His ego soared beyond the stratosphere.

Demi plastered on a diplomatic smile. "We're on a livestream. Your popularity hangs by a thread; let's not sever it completely."

The truth in her words penetrated Daniel's rage-fogged mind. Though fury still simmered beneath his skin, he swallowed his pride and accepted the situation with gritted teeth.

A collective exhale rippled through the crowd—no more enduring Daniel's cringe-worthy performance or Demi's grating vocals. The live chat exploded with unfiltered commentary.

"Someone needs to check Daniel's grip on reality."

"I agree. How can he interpret such obvious disdain as jealousy?"

“Well, there goes the myth about trust fund babies. Turns out Daniel’s proving money can’t buy basic self-awareness!”

The live chat blazed with unfiltered commentary, while behind the scenes, the production crew watched with mounting dread. Their hands were tied—any intervention during a live broadcast would spark accusations of manipulation.

“Who’s next? Are we still following the number order?” The chef’s voice cut through the chaos, cold and mechanical as he surveyed the remaining contestants.

“It’s our turn now.” Janice rose with quiet determination, her eyes finding Stephen. “I’ll play the piano while you sing.”

Stephen’s eyebrows lifted in surprise before settling into acceptance.

Watching his reaction, Janice felt the weight of their earlier exchange, the invisible barrier it had created. “Stephen, I apologize if my words were offensive. I only spoke out of belief in your potential.”

Stephen offered a gentle smile in lieu of words, a silent acknowledgment of her intent.

As they took the stage together, their mere presence ignited the audience. Like a masterpiece painting come to life, the striking pair commanded attention.

“They don’t need to do anything! Just look at them, pure visual poetry!”

“LOL. Just present themselves, a gorgeous pair, to you?”

“Oh my! They could be siblings! The resemblance is striking!”

This observation sent ripples through the audience.

“Team Janice-Stephen forever! Ship has sailed!”

“Pure magic when they stand together!”

“Ah! What a beautiful scene of the pair standing together!”

The chat exploded with excitement, virtual gifts raining down as viewers swooned over the unexpected duo.

Devin watched in awe. They’d captured hearts before even showcasing their talent. This could be the breakthrough moment the show needed.

“Marketing team, get the Janice-Stephen narrative trending. I want this pair viral by midnight.”

“Yes, sir!”

Leah and Prescott exchanged a glance. They both saw the resignation in each other’s eyes.

Chapter 455:

If their guess was correct, Janice and Stephen were likely siblings. When the truth came out, the fans might be devastated.

But Leah and Prescott remained silent spectators. This was Janice’s game, and she seemed to savor every moment of the unfolding drama.

“Can Stephen sing?” Demi muttered to herself. Her voice was low yet loud enough for everyone in the villa to catch her words. “I know he’s famous for his acting, yet I’ve never seen him sing. Is he tone-deaf like me? Surely not. Someone of his talent couldn’t possibly be tone-deaf.”

Her tone was thick with sarcasm.

It was clear to those listening that Demi was suggesting Stephen lacked the talent to sing and was dragging him down with her own vocal flaws.

She seemed to hope that someone would disrupt Stephen's performance, just like what had happened earlier with Daniel.

However, the guests understood the hidden meaning in Demi's words and chose to remain neutral, ignoring her.

But there was one person who failed to grasp the situation and even echoed Demi's skepticism.

"Judge, our performance was interrupted earlier. I believe they should be stopped from performing as well," Daniel said coldly. "He's only skilled in acting but doesn't have a singing voice. And his supposed partner might just struggle through her performance."

The chef rolled his eyes. Why couldn't Daniel see that Demi was only causing trouble? It was ridiculous that he had even protested.

"Let's wait and see how things turn out before making a decision," the chef said, his cold gaze fixed on Daniel. "And I want to remind you not to disrupt the performance, or you'll be disqualified."

"Why?" Daniel exclaimed, visibly upset. "Earlier, our performance was cut short, and we weren't allowed to finish. Now you're telling us we can't interrupt others and threatening disqualification? How does that make sense?"

The chef retorted, "I didn't make it clear earlier. The rules are in effect from this point forward."

Daniel was fuming, seeming ready to march up to the chef.

It took Demi's calming words and considerable effort to settle him.

Carlton watched with a touch of empathy as Demi managed to calm the angry Daniel. He silently decided that, in any future reassignments, he would make sure to team up with Demi.

“Judge, let’s get this show started. I can’t wait any longer,” said Maggie, her face alight with excitement as she looked forward to Janice and Stephen’s act.

Maggie greatly admired Janice for her earlier bold move of throwing a slipper at Daniel.

Not just Maggie, but Kenneth and Aiden were also eagerly anticipating their performance.

Leonidas was the only one who seemed to be plotting something, a subtle smile playing on his face.

At that moment, the crew wheeled in a piano.

They had made complete preparations for Janice and Stephen’s act, ensuring everything was perfect.

As Janice took her seat at the piano, her graceful aura and composed nature caught everyone’s attention, silencing the room.

The livestream audience grew quiet, with only occasional comments appearing on the screen. They were completely charmed by Janice, who looked every bit like a princess.

Chapter 456:

From his vantage point, Stephen was stunned as he watched Janice.

At a previous cocktail party, he had listened to Janice play the piano, but never from such close proximity.

As he watched Janice prepare to play, even before she struck the first note, a sense of tranquility settled over Stephen. Janice seemed to blend seamlessly with the piano, creating a beautiful scene.

“Stephen, are you ready?” Janice asked, pulling him from his thoughts.

He nodded and accepted the microphone from the judge.

A chord rang out from the piano. It echoed, touching the souls of all who listened.

Then, one by one, the familiar, harmonious notes began to flow, crafting a spectacular song.

As Stephen immersed himself in the music, he began to sing along, his voice blending beautifully with the melody.

Stephen’s deep voice combined with the enchanting piano notes, weaving together a mesmerizing tune.

The audience was captivated, their imaginations carried away by the melodious river crafted by the duo.

“It’s so beautiful!”

“Janice and Stephen make such a perfect pair. One plays, and the other sings. They synchronize flawlessly, like they’re made for each other.”

“I’m moved to tears. They need to release an album together. If they do, I’ll buy a hundred copies.”

The online viewers were thrilled. The harmony between Janice’s piano skills and Stephen’s vocal performance was stunning.

Their effortless collaboration made it hard to believe this was their first performance together.

Aiden watched the pair on stage, absorbing the enchanting melodies, and felt his jealousy toward Stephen dissolve completely.

He was swept up in profound elation for Janice, as she seemed to have finally connected with the family she had always dreamed of.

Although uncertain about Stephen's reliability, fearing he could echo the disappointment of the Edwards family, Aiden perceived a heartfelt sincerity in Stephen's melodious rendition.

Such soul-stirring, honest music could only come from someone of true integrity, an authenticity that was palpable and irrefutable.

"It's absolutely mesmerizing," Maggie murmured, tears gleaming on her cheeks.

The harmonious blend of the piano's emotive chords and Stephen's vibrant tenor was so deeply touching that it brought her to tears.

Kenneth caught sight of his sister's tear-streaked face and felt her reaction was not just appropriate but profoundly fitting.

On stage, Janice was luminous, her presence so captivating that it was impossible not to be drawn to her, reinforcing Kenneth's determination to stay by her side.

Having devoted years to his career, Kenneth had aimed not only to rival Aiden but to lift the Delgado family to unprecedented success.

Convinced his life was destined to serve his family, he never believed a woman could ignite the spark of love in his carefully guarded heart.

Yet, Janice's radiant presence had gently unraveled his steadfast resolve. He had completely lost his heart to her.

Chapter 457:

Kenneth now recognized that his heart was not closed off to love; he simply had not met someone who could unlock it until now.

The last resonant note of the piano lingered in the air.

At the same moment, Stephen sang the final line of the melody.

Their collaborative performance gracefully concluded.

“Thank you.” Janice rose gracefully, her voice carrying across the room as she expressed her gratitude to the gathered audience. “My name is Janice Edwards, and at the moment, I’m between jobs. I’d be grateful for any opportunities.”

Stephen, catching the subtle undertone of her announcement, glanced at Janice with a look that mingled admiration and concern. He then began his own introduction.

“I’m Stephen White, an actor by profession. Delighted to make your acquaintance.”

Their self-introductions were modest, almost too unassuming.

Unexpectedly, Leonidas started clapping enthusiastically, his gaze fixed on Janice with an appreciative smile. “Janice, such humility.”

Janice met his gaze firmly, her eyes sharp and discerning. “You’re so much more than someone between jobs.”

Leonidas gave a casual shrug, his voice calm yet firm. “Actually, you are RAIN, the illustrious icon revered in classical music circles.”

The room erupted in noise at Leonidas’ declaration. The audience tuning into the livestream was thrown into chaos.

“What? Janice is RAIN? Can this actually be true?”

“Incredible! RAIN is secretive, never unveiling her true self. And now, just like that, here she is?”

“I delved into the nuances of RAIN’s expressive playing and Janice’s precise technique, and to my surprise, they mirrored each other in unexpected ways. It seems the claim is absolutely valid!”

The online community was ablaze with astonishment that Janice was indeed RAIN.

RAIN was a legend in the classical music scene, and securing her performance was no small feat. Her last concert at a royal event had left every attendee spellbound and craving more.

As Leonidas dropped this bombshell and the online community reacted, Leah’s hands balled into tight fists, her eyes sharp with cold fury. It was clear Leonidas intended to use the show to strip Janice of her aliases.

Leah pondered what Janice’s next move would be. Would she reject the claim, or would she step into the limelight and embrace her identity?

If Janice came forward, it would undoubtedly draw crowds, massively intruding upon her personal space.

“Leonidas, your words are quite alarming.” Janice’s lips curled into a knowing smile, her eyes twinkling with mischief as she effortlessly brushed off any sense of pressure. “Actually, I’m a huge admirer of RAIN, so I’ve adopted her distinctive style. But to label me as RAIN just because we share some similarities—that’s rather premature. Nevertheless, I’m flattered by the comparison. It suggests I’m nearing my idol.”

“Are you still playing innocent?” Leonidas responded, his head tilting skeptically as a wry smile played on his lips. “RAIN’s artistry is unparalleled, iconic even. Many have tried to mirror her, only to fall short. And here you stand, the spitting image of her excellence. Can you really expect us to believe you’re nothing more than an admirer? Come off it, Janice. The charade has run its course.”

Chapter 458:

“Oh, really?” Janice retorted, her eyebrow arching mischievously as she whipped out her smartphone. With a flourish, she presented a video. “Then would you mind explaining this?”

On the screen, RAIN was electrifying a crowd with a surprise performance in the Fashion Plaza.

“As a devoted admirer of RAIN, I keep an eager eye on all her activities. At this very moment, she’s casting her spell in the Fashion Plaza. If I were RAIN, who then, pray tell, is mesmerizing the audience in this video?”

Leonidas’ eyes shrank to slits as he scrutinized the video. The figure on the screen was cloaked in a golden mask, eerily reminiscent of RAIN’s past wardrobe.

His expression darkened, a mix of astonishment and suspicion clouding his features. When had Janice begun planning all of this, and how did she know he’d expose her identity?

“This video was staged in advance, wasn’t it?”

“Leonidas, we’re live on air. Do you really think the viewers won’t check this themselves?”

Janice remained poised, exuding an air of control. Her gaze pierced through Leonidas, causing his pupils to narrow and his expression to turn grave.

How had she done it?

The show’s schedule was a tightly kept secret. Even the guests were kept in the dark until the last minute, leaving no room for Janice to have prepared based on it.

What was happening now?

Even if she had thought of this spontaneously, there simply wasn’t enough time.

“Wait a minute!” Suddenly, Daniel intervened. “I want to know why the production team allowed her to bring her phone in. Wasn’t it agreed that, to capture the guests’ true selves, all phones would be collected?”

The crowd looked on in confusion. They had braced for Daniel to challenge Janice’s credentials, not her possession of a phone.

“We’re sorry for this oversight.” A staff member promptly apologized and approached Janice with a smile. “Ms. Edwards, could you please hand over your phone?”

“Of course.” Without hesitation, Janice passed her phone, giving Leonidas a taunting smile as she did so.

Leonidas’ stare turned frosty.

Was she mocking his oversight? After all his meticulous planning, she had neutralized his efforts, making him appear inept.

“Janice, what’s up with your phone?” Aiden queried as he joined her on the couch.

Janice looked at him with a playful smirk. “Aiden, when did you get so inquisitive?”

Caught off guard, Aiden answered smoothly, “I’m interested in everything about you. Is that a problem?”

Her retort left Janice at a loss for words. Indeed, honesty was the most effective rebuttal.

“I keep a backup phone for emergencies. I just didn’t expect to play my hand so soon.”

Janice had planned to use the phone to connect with Leah, hoping to gain some insights into the show.

Due to Leonidas' meddling, Janice was forced to surrender her phone. Now, she couldn't anticipate the next move of this unpredictable man.

Chapter 459:

"And what about the RAIN in the video?" Aiden whispered, audible only to Janice. "I remember—"

"Shh." Janice silenced him with a finger to her lips, warning him with a glance to drop the topic.

Aiden's brow furrowed, his curiosity deepened, yet he found Janice's cautious approach intriguing.

He shot a glance at Leonidas, who was lost in thought.

"Who's next?" The chef surveyed the room; no volunteers emerged.

"If no one steps forward, then—"

"We will." Kenneth rose, giving his colleagues a courteous look. "I assume neither of you objects?"

Carlton was visibly taken aback. "We hadn't planned on showcasing any talents, had we?"

"No worries, I've got this," Kenneth said with a comforting smile that eased the tension.

Carlton relaxed, nodding. "Alright, I'm with you."

Kenneth faced Leonidas, maintaining his cheerful smile. But to Leonidas, that smile seemed to conceal a sharp edge.

"And you?"

“You want us to follow your lead? Honestly, my skill might not be fit for TV.”

“Oh? What sort of talent is that?” Kenneth’s eyebrow arched, his curiosity piqued. “Something to do with performance art?”

“LOL! Performance art, really?”

“I concur with Kenneth. Only certain types of performance art would be inappropriate for TV.”

“Why does Leonidas rub me the wrong way? He’s unnerving, and his statements are dubious.”

“Right! He even accused Janice of being RAIN. He’s adept at spouting nonsense.”

The audience buzzed with comments about Kenneth’s playful jab at Leonidas.

Despite Leonidas’ handsome features, his demeanor left much to be desired.

Leisurely, Leonidas responded, “Performance art involving the human body? Now that you mention it, my skill does involve that. Perhaps dissecting a body counts, doesn’t it?”

Leonidas’ grin widened, sending a wave of discomfort through the room.

Many online viewers, observing Leonidas’ antics, felt increasingly convinced their suspicions were correct—he was a troublemaker through and through.

“Dissecting human bodies? That’s some seriously creepy stuff!”

“Or maybe he’s a forensic expert?”

“Forensic expert or not, I’d bet he’s up to something sly.”

Leah couldn't help but marvel at the sharp instincts of the online crowd. They were spot on—Leonidas had trouble written all over him.

His good looks might have fooled some, but they couldn't mask the mischief that seemed to be a core part of his personality.

In hindsight, his earlier words felt less like a joke and more like a challenge in disguise.

"Leah, are you okay?" Prescott noticed Leah's clenched fists and the faint tremor in her stance, worry flickering in his eyes.

Chapter 460:

"I'm fine," Leah replied, forcing a strained smile. "With Janice keeping an eye on him, Leonidas won't be able to stir up much trouble. But even so..."

Even if Leonidas couldn't act openly, he was clever enough to scheme behind the scenes—just like when he exposed Janice's identity earlier.

Who knew what other tricks he had up his sleeve?

"Keep a close watch on Leonidas," Leah said firmly. "If he tries to contact anyone outside, cut off all communication immediately."

"Understood!"

Meanwhile, Kenneth stood face-to-face with Leonidas, a disarming smile masking the tension in the air.

"Don't worry if you don't know much. I just need you to act as a model."

"A model?" Leonidas arched an eyebrow.

“Precisely! As the CEO of Delgado Jewelry, I’ve got a knack for design. I’ll perform an impromptu creation right here for everyone to see.”

“An impromptu design?” Leonidas echoed, his lips curving into a playful smirk.

The onlookers exchanged intrigued glances, eager to see what Kenneth had in store.

“And what about me?” Carlton chimed in, looking at Kenneth expectantly.

“You’re a singer, aren’t you?”

“Yes!” Carlton nodded.

“Then you’ll sing while I design. I’ll finish the piece within the duration of your song.”

The plan quickly clicked for everyone.

Kenneth would create an impromptu design using Leonidas as his model, while Carlton provided the musical accompaniment.

“I think this could work,” Carlton said, agreeing to the arrangement. It was a perfect way for all three of them to showcase their talents and fulfill the program team’s challenge.

“And you? Have you decided?” Kenneth’s charming smile lingered as he turned his gaze to Leonidas, whose unease was evident.

“Does it matter? It’s two against one—I doubt my objections would change anything.”

Kenneth chuckled lightly, leaving the comment unanswered.

The three men strode onto the stage together, their striking looks drawing gasps from the audience. It was a visual feast—each man exuding a unique charm that had viewers swooning.

Carlton picked up a guitar and settled onto a high stool. His melancholic aura, combined with his poised demeanor, made him the quintessential heartthrob, captivating the crowd even before he played a note.

At Kenneth's request, Leonidas had changed into a plain white T-shirt.

Standing at the center of the stage, he kept his hands casually in his pockets, his expression a mixture of curiosity and bemusement as he observed Kenneth prepare.

Kenneth, holding a pair of scissors with an air of theatrical flair, positioned himself beside Leonidas.

"Let's begin," Kenneth said, signaling Carlton with a quick glance.

Understanding the cue, Carlton strummed the opening chord, his raspy voice weaving through the melody as the song began.