

## Never Say 319

In the very next heartbeat, she surged forward, propelled by a lethal intent, closing the gap between herself and Brian.

Just as the dagger's deadly arc threatened to slice across Brian's neck, Martina's hand manipulated a subtle twist, redirecting the blade toward her own chest.

A swift, silencing swish!

The dagger pierced her nocturnal attire, releasing an instant crimson torrent.

Martina descended from the skies, caught mid-fall by Pierson's embracing arms.

Her head rested upon Brian's chest, her feeble hands clutching his garments.

A N G E L A ' S L I B R A R Y

"Your Highness.. I have discharged my duty faithfully, delivering... all the gathered intelligence."

She lifted her gaze, mustering a valiant effort to peer into the eyes before her, teardrops cascading from the corners.

"Your Highness..."

I bear no regrets... None at all..."

Before she could conclude, Martina's arm helplessly fell, her eyes gently closed, and she passed away, ensconced in Brian's embrace.

Director Fowler was poised to signal 'cut, but the scene playing' out on the monitor transcended the scripted narrative.

Brian's trembling hands, clasping Martina, bore witness to a profound transformation. His pristine white robes bore the telltale stains of her sacrifice, and his previously stoic countenance gave way to a maelstrom of genuine emotion.

"I deeply regret... truly, I regret, Martina!"

The prince, a paragon of poise and stoicism, now within the confines of his mansion, cradled the lifeless form of the woman in his arms, succumbing to the weight of suppressed sobs.

A hushed reverence fell upon the entire set and those with a penchant for emotional sensitivity found themselves discreetly dabbing at their tears.

The collision of these two performers ignited an unexpected and profound emotional resonance, leaving everyone spellbound.

Director Fowler, perched in the director's chair, experienced a momentary stupefaction before he removed his glasses, his eyes reddened from the intensity of the scene. With a husky voice, he commanded, "Cut!"

“Bryson, who could have anticipated that during your infrequent set visit, you’d be graced by the breathtaking artistry of Miss Moore’s performance.”

Bryson’s gaze attentively traced Hannah’s graceful movements, a smile of pure spontaneity illuminating his countenance.

Melina, upon observing Bryson’s visage, discreetly clenched her teeth, determinedly quelling the impulse to utter another word.

The stage unexpectedly ignited with fervent applause, an eruption of unrestrained admiration!

“That was absolutely phenomenal! Has she never received formal acting training?”

“Incredible! How can she perform with such finesse? Standing toe-to- toe with Mr. Miller in their shared scenes without missing a beat!