

A Thousand Faces Hide The Genius Heiress' Wrath -

Chapter 1329:

“Dad, this is just a scene, right? Not some dream I’ll wake up from?” Nancy looked at Aiden with some trepidation, suddenly afraid that everything was only a dream.

“Feeling scared now, sweetheart?” A familiar voice came, making Nancy’s eyes well up and her nose tingle, almost bringing her to tears. She turned her head and saw her mother approaching.

Janice was dressed in a long, flowing white gown. Her hair spilled over her shoulders, catching the light with every step. Her cool, composed gaze melted as it met Nancy’s, overflowing with concern and tenderness.

“Mom!” Nancy slipped free from Aiden’s arms and bolted toward Janice.

Aiden watched quietly, the corners of his mouth tugging downward. That bond between them was unshakable. Janice had been the steady presence all those years.

Janice lifted Nancy effortlessly. A playful smile curved on her lips. “Still planning to run away from home?”

Nancy shook her head with fierce determination. “No!”

“This scene was cruel, you know.” Janice’s smile faltered slightly, shadows brushing the edges of her eyes. “You are only six. A child your age should be chasing butterflies. But being our daughter means your world may not always be peaceful.”

“I understand, Mom,” Nancy whispered, curling closer into her arms. “I used to think everything was safe. I never imagined things could go wrong. But now I get it. I had the freedom to play, to be wild, to dream... only because you and Dad stood guard behind the scenes. I thought I was trapped, but you were shielding me all along. I am so sorry.”

Tears brimmed in her eyes, glistening like morning dew. In that moment, the weight of understanding settled on her small shoulders. Freedom was not free—it was borrowed, guarded, and gifted. And this scene—thankfully—had only been a performance. Had it been real, she might not have had the chance to say these words at all.

“Aiden,” Janice called as she passed Nancy back into his arms. He patted her back with a steady hand. “If you’re tired, you can rest on my back.”

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“Okay.”

After all the commotion, Nancy was indeed tired. Aiden carried her on his back, his broad and sturdy frame giving her a sense of security. Within moments, she was fast asleep, her small breaths slow and even.

“Thank you all for your patience. My daughter’s little rebellion made you step out of your routines and into this charade with us. I am truly grateful.” Janice turned to the gathered group, her tone gracious. “As appreciation, White Whale Entertainment will prioritize each of you in future projects.”

That got their attention. Eyes lit up. Whispers of disbelief rippled across the room.

They had expected a fun acting gig, maybe some exposure—but preferential treatment from White Whale Entertainment? A golden ticket.

White Whale was not just a company anymore—it was an empire. Under Stephen’s direction, it had propelled Maggie and Molly into stardom like rockets fired into the stratosphere. Now it was their turn to dream bigger.

“Please coordinate the follow-up.” Janice turned to Stephen.

Stephen gave a slight nod, his eyes lingering on the sleeping Nancy.

“After this, I doubt she will be as defiant.”

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