

A Thousand Faces Hide The Genius Heiress' Wrath

Chapter 2:

“What’s so funny, Janice?” Laurie tilted her head in confusion.

“I laugh at the absurdity of my own foolishness, how time and again I’ve surrendered, only to feed your boundless greed,” Janice answered, her laughter tinged with a sharp, mocking edge.

“Greed? Isn’t it your duty, as an elder sister, to make concessions for Delilah?” Laurie’s retort came wrapped in a veneer of self-righteousness, unaware that the spark of hope in Janice’s eyes had long been extinguished.

Drawing a deep, steadying breath, Janice declared with determination, “I kept stepping back, hoping my sacrifices would kindle even a spark of affection from you. But my efforts were in vain, dismissed and trampled upon as if they were nothing but failures.”

Her voice rose, reverberating with force around the room.

Janice rose from the floor, her posture now reflecting a mix of defiance and strength. “You promised me a life of opulence upon my return to the Edwards family. Yet, what have I

received? Not even the courtesy of a decent meal. Tell me, beyond using and crushing me, have you ever acted with a shred of humanity?" With her hands clutching her chest, Janice continued, "I am your own daughter! Have you ever, even once, called me 'sweetie'?"

Her laugh then broke through, hysterical yet filled with sorrow. Laurie frowned, her voice icy as she responded, "Isn't this all because you want to hear me call you 'sweetie'? Fine. Sweetie! Is that what you wanted?"

With a sharp, almost manic laugh, Janice shook her head. "Mrs. Edwards, your pathetic attempt at fake love is almost entertaining."

At that moment, her laughter ceased abruptly, her eyes turning cold and piercing. "I no longer crave your affection. As of today, I sever all bonds with the Edwards family."

"This is outright rebellion!" Laurie exclaimed, her fury palpable as she grasped the whip again and lashed out at Janice.

However, Janice intercepted the whip effortlessly, her expression steely and resolute. "Do you still want to hit me? Once, I was your daughter, and I tolerated a mother's discipline. But now, we share no bond. By what right do you raise your hand against me?"

A sly smirk twisted Janice's lips, her previously gentle demeanor now replaced with a rebellious edge.

She wrested the whip from Laurie, giving it a casual flick through the air. “You hit me just now. It seems only fair to return the favor.”

“What are you going to do?” Laurie staggered back, her expression one of shock as Janice transformed from a docile victim into a figure of daunting courage.

With a deafening snap, the whip struck Laurie’s body, leaving a fiery sting in its wake.

“How dare you hit me!” Laurie cried out in pain, her rage reaching a boiling point. “You won’t get away with this!”

“Janice, how could you hit Mom?” Delilah exclaimed in shock.

Janice cast a chilling glance at Delilah, sending shivers down her spine. Delilah couldn’t shake off the unsettling feeling, pondering the drastic change in Janice.

“If you’re so concerned about her, why don’t you take the hit for her?” Janice snapped, her words cutting through the air.

With that, the whip lashed out, striking Delilah sharply.

“Ah!” Delilah shrieked as the lash connected, a wave of intense pain overwhelming her thoughts.

She couldn’t believe this. Janice must have lost her sanity to strike her.

“Janice, stop this madness! I won’t allow you to harm Delilah!” Laurie roared, rushing to encase Delilah in her arms, disregarding her own agony.

But Janice was relentless, her whip mercilessly striking Laurie again and again.

Laurie’s cries of pain echoed through the room, her body quaking, her eyes rolling back as if she were about to pass out. Yet, this agony was nothing compared to the suffering Janice had gone through for a year. She was holding back right now. Otherwise, Laurie would have already succumbed.

“Janice, please, stop! You’re killing Mom! It’s all my fault. Hit me if you must, but please...” Delilah pleaded, her words cut off as Janice yanked her from Laurie’s protective embrace.

“Janice, let go of Delilah!” Despite her own suffering, Laurie was still worried about Delilah. What a “great” mother she was!

“Aren’t you allergic to mango?” Janice snorted, a sinister smile playing on her lips.

“What the hell are you doing? You better let me go right now! Dad’s going to be back any minute, and when he hears what you did to Mom, he’ll rip you apart!” Delilah’s heart thudded in her chest, her trembling hands frozen by her sides as she gaped at Janice in horror.

“Then I’ll make sure you’re gone before he can lay a hand on me.” Janice seized a mango pudding from the table and pressed it against Delilah’s lips.

Delilah twisted and writhed, but Janice’s grip was like steel, leaving her choking as the pudding was thrust down her throat.

“Stop, Janice! You’ll kill her!” Laurie bellowed, her voice laced with terror. “Someone, please! Stop this madness!”

Reacting to Laurie’s cries, the servants quickly closed in on Janice.

Without a moment’s hesitation, Janice whipped out the lash, cracking it in the air with a sharp snap that struck a servant harshly. “Take one more step, and you’re fucking dead!” she declared, her eyes glinting with a chilling resolve that froze the servants in their tracks.

They exchanged looks of disbelief. Was this really the same girl who had always absorbed her suffering in silence?

“Delilah, please, talk to me!” Laurie crawled towards her, tears streaming down her face.
“Don’t scare me like this!”

“Mrs. Edwards, perhaps it’s time you witnessed how your dear daughter handles her allergic reactions.”

Janice sneered and strode out of the room. This place no longer felt like a home.

The servants gathered around, their expressions a mix of concern and confusion. They were unaccustomed to seeing such a bold display of defiance from Janice, who was usually so meek and accommodating.

The memory of Janice beating Laurie and forcefully feeding Delilah mango pudding hung heavily in the air, a chilling reminder of the ordeal.

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