

A Thousand Faces Hide The Genius Heiress' Wrath

Chapter 3:

Janice stepped out from the Edwards family's mansion, her gaze slowly drifting over the silent, empty street. Despite the residual pain that clung to her, a peculiar lightness blossomed within her chest.

Reflecting on her year with the Edwards family, she acknowledged the suffocating nature of her existence there. Driven by a deep-seated desire for family warmth, she had willingly shackled her own desires, hoping in vain for a sliver of their affection.

Sadly, all she encountered was sheer apathy and relentless demands.

Janice cast one final glance at the mansion, its walls exuding a haughty splendor, a silent testament to aristocratic pride. "Let's see how long your greatness lasts without me around," Janice muttered under her breath, turning her head away. As she took a step towards her new freedom, a voice unexpectedly halted her.

"Miss Edwards, you truly are full of surprises."

Janice spun around. Before her, guided by a bodyguard, was a man seated in a wheelchair.

His features were arrestingly handsome—the sharp contours of his face striking, his presence effortlessly commanding the light around him despite his seated position.

However, he was a man marked by a disability. This very disability had led Delilah to scorn him, compelling the Edwards family to bring Janice back to take Delilah's place in an arranged marriage to him.

“Mr. Green, what exactly are you implying?” Janice's voice was sharp, her eyes narrowing with a palpable intensity that suggested imminent danger.

Aiden Green, with a slight lift of his brow, regarded her with a curious expression. “I must admit, I'm taken aback. I didn't expect you, typically so docile, to reveal such a formidable side. It's quite unexpected.”

“Have you been watching me?” Janice's tone grew colder, her fists tightening subtly as she braced herself for any necessary confrontation.

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Unruffled, Aiden signaled with a subtle gesture for his bodyguards to hold their positions. “Considering you are my fiancée, I believe it's rather normal for me to take an interest in your affairs, wouldn't you agree?”

“Yes,” Janice conceded, softening her posture as she stepped closer to Aiden. “But are you truly prepared to accept me as your fiancée? I remember well your previous demeanor towards me—it was rather dismissive, even bordering on contemptuous.”

“That was in the past,” Aiden replied, his voice halting as he locked eyes with Janice, whose gaze no longer bore traces of vulnerability. In that moment, he perceived a change in her, as if she was a completely different person. “I now believe you are indeed suited to stand beside me.”

Janice’s smile danced in the evening breeze, her hair fluttering like silken threads. Her smile, though beautiful, carried a frosty undertone. “Mr. Green, let’s cut to the chase. What are you really after?”

Aiden raised his eyebrows, intrigued. The changes she had undergone were even more significant than he had imagined. “Let’s make a deal,” he suggested smoothly.

“Alright, go on,” Janice urged, her eyes locked on his with resolute poise.

“You’ve severed ties with the Edwards family. Once Connor is back, he won’t let this slide.” Aiden’s voice was low and captivating. “I’m in a position to shield you from their backlash and offer the support you need to chase your ambitions. You loathe them now, don’t you? You’re out for retribution, I guess?”

Janice’s eyes narrowed, a spark of recognition flickering within. Aiden had pierced right through her facade. The Edwards family had presumed that bringing her back was a charitable gesture. However, she would prove them wrong. She would show them how ignorant they were and what immense wealth and prosperity they had missed.

“And what is it that you want?” she inquired, her voice steady.

“Let’s go register our marriage tomorrow.”

Aiden’s words made Janice momentarily stunned, but then her lips curled into a smile. “Deal.”

The Edwards family was now shrouded in an oppressive and somber air.

With Connor Edwards, Laurie’s husband, back, a palpable tension had settled in, stifling enough that the servants didn’t dare make a sound.

Connor’s fury was barely contained as he pounded his fist on the table, his voice a menacing growl. “Unbelievable! Hitting her mother was bad enough, but forcing Delilah to eat mango pudding too? Was Janice crazy?”

Laurie urged, “Connor, you have to stand up for Delilah. We took Janice in, clothed her, fed her, and provided shelter, yet look how she repays us. Such actions could tarnish our good name if word spreads.”

“She will return and apologize,” Connor vowed, drawing in a deep, steadying breath. He turned to address the butler. “Where is Janice now? Get her back to me.”

“Aiden Green has taken her away.”

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