

A Thousand Faces Hide The Genius Heiress' Wrath

Chapter 31:

Observing Janice, Nina felt a comforting sense of relief wash over her. It had been a long time since Aiden had shown even the slightest smile.

Yet, as he exchanged playful barbs with Janice, a subtle smile had flashed across his face. Deep down, Nina nurtured the hope that this vibrant girl could become the soothing presence Aiden longed for.

“Enough!!” Alcott finally exploded, unable to contain his frustration any longer. “Despite all this clever talk, it was still Aiden who pushed Bart into the pool...”

A sharp slap resounded through the air.

Nina had struck Alcott across the cheek.

Alcott stood there, stunned, his face a mask of disbelief. The servants were equally taken aback. Nina had unexpectedly lashed out in violence.

“Nina, what the hell are you doing?”

“Janice was absolutely right. You truly are a fool,” Nina retorted sharply, her eyes narrowing as she glared at him. “Can’t you see that both Janice and Aiden were merely being sarcastic?”

Alcott opened his mouth to respond but faltered.

“It’s absurd to claim that Aiden pushed Bart into the pool, considering his condition and circumstances,” Nina went on, her tone icy and unforgiving. “It’s obvious Bart just slipped. Or are you so biased that you blame Aiden whenever Bart faces trouble?”

Nina paused momentarily, a heavy wave of guilt and sorrow washing over her. She had overlooked Aiden’s needs.

She had hoped Bart’s presence might lift Aiden’s mood, yet that hope had been in vain.

If Janice hadn’t defended Aiden earlier, Nina might have rashly accused him of malice towards Bart.

“Please, let’s not fight over this,” Bart interjected, his voice weak. His damp hair clung to his forehead, enhancing his vulnerable look, as he bit his lip in distress.

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Janice recognized the sensation immediately. It was as if she were gazing at a mirror image of Delilah.

Bart insisted, "I've already admitted that it was my own clumsiness that led to the fall. Aiden isn't to blame here." The words floated in the air, seemingly innocuous. However, Nina detected an underlying tone, a calculated attempt by Bart to cast himself as the hapless victim to elicit sympathy. The location was obscure, seldom visited, and conveniently beyond the reach of any surveillance.

Was it possible that Bart had staged the entire incident, leaving them to suspect Aiden wrongly?

This revelation sent a shiver through Nina.

She came to a stark realization that she had nearly been duped into accusing Aiden.

"If it's just a misunderstanding, we should probably leave it at that," Alcott grumbled, discarding the stick he had been holding. "Have someone take them back to their rooms."

Nina parted her lips, a rebuttal teetering on the tip of her tongue, but the words eluded her.

“Aiden, let’s head back,” Janice offered, taking hold of the wheelchair handles and steering him away.

Once they were alone in his room, Aiden let out a burst of laughter, deep and joyful, a sound that hadn’t echoed through these walls in far too long.

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“What’s so funny?” Janice questioned as she sat on the edge of the bed. Her chin rested in her palm as she watched him curiously, tears of laughter rolling down his cheeks. “Do you find something about yourself amusing?”

Aiden paused, the corners of his mouth still twitching in amusement. “Janice, I must confess, you’re quite an asset to me. Ever since the accident, the illegitimate son has come back, constantly plotting against me.”

“I get it,” Janice responded, her lips curling into a faint smile. “It seems destiny meant for our paths to cross. We’ve both been ensnared by similar schemers. Only, in my case, it was a woman, and in yours, a man.”

“Schemers?” Aiden mulled over the word, then nodded in agreement. “That’s a fitting description.”

“But I’m curious—given your nature, you don’t seem like someone who’d easily be outwitted, right?” Janice leaned back, her hands propping her up, her expression one of genuine intrigue. “From what I’ve gathered about you, someone like Bart should have ended up in dire straits.”

Aiden offered no objection, simply lowering his eyes and playing absentmindedly with the beads in his hand. “Bart alone isn’t sufficient to provoke me to reveal my true capabilities. Moreover, his little schemes are more of an annoyance than a true threat.”

Janice’s eyebrow arched, a realization dawning on her. Aiden was much like her—both skilled at concealing their true capabilities beneath a veneer of calm.

“Aiden, now that we’re married, you should be able to claim the shares left by your grandfather, correct?”

Aiden shook his head in dismay. “I have to wait three whole months before I can access the shares. Afterward, my grandfather’s proxy lawyer will convene a shareholders’ meeting to officially transfer his shares to me.”

Janice sighed, idly flicking her hair back. “It appears I’ve ensnared myself in a perilous predicament, one that could threaten my life at any moment.”

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Initially, she had believed that their marriage registration would expedite the share transfer, taking mere days. Now, faced with a three-month delay, the wait seemed interminable, fraught with potential dangers.

She was acutely aware that Alcott and Bart wouldn’t merely observe from the sidelines—they were bound to intervene and thwart Aiden’s plans.

“Are you frightened?” Aiden raised his gaze to meet hers, his look laden with significance.

With a light chuckle, Janice rose and sauntered towards him. “Frightened? Hardly. But tell me, what sort of recompense will you offer? Our agreement certainly didn’t cover this extended ordeal.”

With these words, she spun around and perched on Aiden’s lap. Aiden’s expression darkened, his body tensing as an icy chill flashed through his eyes.

Janice disregarded the stern warning in Aiden’s eyes, instead drawing nearer to gaze at his almost impeccably handsome features. “Why not make it up to me with yourself?”

“Janice!”

“Come on, Aiden, getting all worked up isn’t any fun,” Janice cooed, pressing her finger against his lips to silence him. She then offered a mischievous smile. “We’re legally married now. With your looks, I don’t mind playing the devoted wife.”

“You’re pushing me too far!” Aiden’s eyes flared with annoyance. “Do you really think I’d hesitate to scrap our agreement this instant?”

With a shake of her head, Janice countered, “Go ahead, cancel it. But remember, you’d be the one at a loss, not me.”

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Chapter 33:

Aiden arched an eyebrow, taken aback. Janice was nothing like the timid woman outlined in his preliminary investigations. He even harbored a suspicion that this woman, so bold and cunning, was not Janice at all but a seductress skilled in deception.

“You seem quite sure of yourself,” he noted.

“It’s because I am capable,” Janice replied, her voice low but firm, her assertion undeniable.

Aiden’s lips curled into a smile. “It appears you’ve been concealing your sharpness as well.”

Janice lifted his chin and declared clearly, “The same could be said about you.”

With those words, she settled back onto the bed, her eyes twinkling mischievously as she watched Aiden. “You really are a master of disguise, aren’t you?”

“What are you getting at?” Aiden felt a jolt of panic and locked eyes with Janice. It was as though she had the power to peer into his very soul.

With a pointed glance at his legs, Janice smirked slightly. “Why don’t you get up?”

With a skeptical squint, Aiden scrutinized her, the air thick with tension.

A moment passed, silence hanging between them like a heavy curtain, their stares locked in a silent battle charged with doubt and speculation.

Then, with a deliberate motion, Aiden gripped the handles of his wheelchair and rose to his feet. He actually stood up.

Janice’s expression remained unchanged, completely unshaken by the revelation.

With steady steps, Aiden approached her, his hand reaching out to tilt her chin upward. “How did you figure it out?”

Holding his gaze with confident steadiness, Janice replied, “I have some medical training. When I sat on your lap earlier, I checked without you noticing. Your leg muscles were tense, not wasted. Obviously, you’re pretending.”

Aiden let out a chuckle. Things had become more and more interesting.

Originally, he had seen Janice merely as a strategic ally in his quest to claim his grandfather’s shares.

Now, he was intrigued, pondering what other revelations she might unveil.

Janice brushed off Aiden’s hand and stood. “Rest easy. Your secret is safe with me. Besides, I have nothing to gain from exposing it.” With that, she moved to the exit.

“Where are you going?”

“To the Edwards family,” Janice declared, her eyes flashing with resolve. “I’m going back to pack my things and settle some matters with them.”

After her departure, Aiden sat back into his wheelchair. Under the dim light, his eyes lowered as he absentmindedly toyed with the bracelet around his wrist, lost in thought.

She was undeniably a figure of fascination.

If his heart weren't already promised to another, he might have found himself ensnared by Janice's audacious spirit.

Picking up his phone, Aiden dialed a number he knew all too well.

The line connected instantly.

"Any news?" Aiden asked, his voice heavy with fatigue and devoid of hope for a favorable reply.

"Nothing yet, Mr. Green. With the few leads you've given and the vastness of Efrery, it's quite the challenge..." This reply had become all too familiar.

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For three long years, Aiden had been on a relentless quest to find that woman. Yet, the details he could recall were frustratingly sparse.

His most vivid memory was of a young, stunning woman glimpsed through a veil of blood, her wrist adorned with a red bracelet featuring a heart charm. Beyond that, his memories failed him.

"Continue the search," Aiden instructed sharply, his voice regaining a firm edge. "I expect different news next time."

"Absolutely, Mr. Green."

With a deep breath, Aiden closed his eyes, steadying his turbulent thoughts.

He was fiercely determined to keep going, no matter the odds. That woman had been his savior. Without her intervention during the car crash, he would have either lost his life or, at the very least, the use of his legs.

Driven by gratitude—or perhaps a deeper, unacknowledged motive—he was determined to find her.

Meanwhile, Delilah was enduring the scorn of high society following her humiliating defeat at the competition.

Someone had even recorded the incident and posted it online. Netizens found humor in the footage of Delilah blissfully munching on mangoes while claiming an allergy, and quickly, a wave of parody videos began to spread across the internet.

In a bold move to defend the family's honor, Carman Edwards, Janice's second brother and a notable figure in the entertainment sector, used his extensive network and resources to pull down the viral videos. He also employed a team of online commentators to rehabilitate Delilah's image, circulating a narrative that she had been unaware of the exact cause of her allergy and had only suspected the mango.

Their efforts paid off somewhat, shifting the public's perception and drawing unexpected sympathy toward Delilah. The narrative took a turn, with some now pointing fingers at Janice, suggesting that her actions might have killed Delilah if the allergy had been real.

“Janice is such a wretched woman!” Lowell Edwards, Janice’s eldest brother, erupted in fury, his hand crashing down on the table with a thunderous thud. “Does she think she can just do as she pleases after leaving the Edwards family? Without our support, what is she even worth?”

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Laurie cast a glance at Lowell, opened her mouth to intervene, then hesitated, words failing her.

Was Janice truly insignificant without the Edwards family? She was not just anyone—she was JE’s best friend.

And with Aiden’s unwavering support, and the potential acceptance into the Green family, Janice might well have the last laugh, free to live as she wished.

“Stop crying, Delilah,” Lowell said, his brows furrowed in concern. “I will help you get back at Janice.”

Delilah sniffed, her eyes red and swollen, and hugged her knees. She curled up on the sofa, tears streaming down her cheeks. “You’re so kind, Lowell. But there’s no need for you to do that. Janice has already vented her anger, so she should come home, right? Once she returns, I’ll give everything back to her. I think it’s time for me to leave this family.”

“What are you saying, Delilah?” Lowell’s heart ached at her words, further fueling his resentment towards Janice. “I have only one sister in this lifetime, and that is you. And I’m not alone in this sentiment; both Carman and Dotson feel the same way. Janice is nothing but an ungrateful wretch. Other than the fact that she has our blood running through her veins, there is not a single thing about her that can compare to you.”

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“But...” Delilah sobbed, tears falling again. “I just don’t want to see Janice hurt Mom and Dad, or any of you guys...” She glanced at Laurie before continuing, “Just today, Mom had to suffer a lot on my behalf. I know Janice will never stop as long as I’m around. For more than ten years, I took her rightful position, while she was forced to endure unimaginable hardships.”

Laurie's heart skipped a beat when she heard that. She reached over and gently patted Delilah's shoulder. "None of this is your fault. I should have seen through that girl's true colors sooner, then you wouldn't be going through this right now."

"Mom..." Delilah threw herself into Laurie's arms, crying her heart out. "To be honest, I can't bear to leave you and Dad, and my brothers. But I don't want to be the reason you cut ties with Janice."

Laurie felt a pang in her heart. Delilah really was a good daughter, always so generous and kind. She couldn't believe she had doubted Delilah earlier.

It was all because of Janice's selfishness. She was simply incapable of compassion, and her intolerance had led to a series of ridiculous drama.

"All right, stop crying now," Connor interjected in a stern voice. "That little ingrate will have what's coming to her soon enough. Without our support, there is no way she could possibly gain the approval of the Green family. It won't be long before she comes crawling back to us, begging for forgiveness and a second chance."

"When that happens, you must not give in easily, Dad," Lowell said icily. "She needs to understand the depth of her ignorance and the gravity of her mistakes." Connor nodded in agreement.

"Miss Edwards has returned," a servant announced as he rushed into the room.

“Miss Edwards? Who are you talking about?” Connor looked momentarily confused before he let out a bark of mocking laughter. “So the ingrate has finally decided to show up.” He had barely finished speaking when Janice walked through the door.

She took one look at Delilah sobbing in Laurie’s arms and immediately knew that Delilah had once again manipulated everyone into believing that she was the victim. Naturally, they would all pin the blame on her.

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Sure enough, Connor wasted no time and demanded, “Apologize to Delilah!”

Janice rolled her eyes in response, then walked past Connor and headed straight upstairs.

Connor’s face turned grim as he watched her go. This wretched girl had disrespected him right to his face. “Janice! Didn’t you hear me? I told you to apologize!”

Lowell was just as furious as his father. He stormed over and stood in Janice’s path. “Dad is talking to you.”

Janice stopped in her tracks and picked her ear. “Sorry, all I heard was a dog barking.”

Lowell froze and had to take a couple of seconds to process her words. When he did, his anger flared up even more. “What did you just say? How dare you insult our father? Do you have a death wish? If you want to remain a part of this family, you’d better apologize right this instant!”

Connor stood up and fixed Janice with a piercing glare. “If you don’t apologize today, then you can forget about coming back here again. This home is no place for a selfish ingrate like yourself.”

Janice did turn to look at Connor then, her expression calm as ever. “First of all, I only came here to collect my belongings. Second of all...”

She pulled out a document from her purse and tossed it in Lowell’s face. “Please sign this document before I’m done packing.” Then she bounded up the stairs without a backward glance.

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Chapter 36:

Lowell picked up the sheet of paper that had fluttered to the floor. He read through the text, then cried out in disbelief, “You want to cut ties with us?”

“What did you say?” Connor rushed over and snatched the document from his son’s hand. Sure enough, Janice wanted to cut ties with the Edwards family. “I don’t believe this! Such insolence!”

He never imagined that Janice would have the gall to pull such a move. Did she truly mean it when she said she wanted to sever ties with the Edwards family?

“Dad, is that worthless girl actually serious?” Lowell’s scowl deepened. “Or is it just another calculated move on her part to force us into keeping her? Perhaps she’s expecting us to beg her to stay.”

“Let me see that.” Having recovered from the initial shock, Laurie joined them and took the document from Connor. The more she read through the text, the more confused she became. Had she misunderstood the situation?

It suddenly occurred to her that ever since Janice returned to the family, she had never asked them for anything. In fact, it was Janice who had lent her care and support to the rest of them in various ways.

If Janice had any ulterior motives, why would she go so far as to prepare this agreement to cut ties for them to sign?

The document would take effect the moment they affixed their signatures to it, and Janice would no longer be connected to them in any way.

“I’m sure this is just another one of her schemes, Mom,” Lowell sneered, his voice dripping with disdain. “She would be a fool to give up the Edwards family’s support. Go ahead and sign it, Dad. She’ll panic once she sees your signature. She just might grovel right on the spot.”

“All right!” Connor nodded, fully convinced by his son’s reasoning. He plucked the pen from his pocket and signed his name at the bottom of the document.

Lowell followed suit, signing his name as well.

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Laurie, however, hesitated. Her mind was in turmoil, and she had the vague sense that something important was slipping away from her grasp.

Meanwhile, Delilah watched the scene unfold with a blank expression, though deep inside, she was rejoicing. Cut ties with the Edwards family? Janice was really useless! With this, the legacy of the Edwards family would all belong to her.

She thought Janice would be able to keep playing their little game a bit longer. Who knew Janice would give up so soon?

Delilah was confident that she had won this round.

While all of that was happening, Janice made her way to a small attic upstairs. This dark and musty place had been her room for the last year. Looking back now, she realized how foolish she had been, enduring so much injustice for the sake of these meaningless family ties.

But it was all in the past.

She used to have high hopes for these people, but she no longer desired any form of familial affection. From now on, she would live only for herself.

Janice stepped into the cramped space and began packing her things.

Ironically enough, after spending an entire year in this house, she only needed a single backpack to carry everything she owned, all of which were things she had brought with her from the orphanage.

Janice picked up a box from the bedside table. Inside was a red bracelet with a heart-shaped pendant. It was the first bracelet she had designed, back when she was still at the orphanage. It held significant value.

She had always worn it, hoping to one day give it to her biological mother. But she discovered the ugly nature of her blood family before she even got the chance to give it to Laurie. This bracelet would never belong to her mother now, as Laurie didn't deserve it.

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Janice closed the box and tucked it inside her backpack.

She left the room and went downstairs to find the Edwards family sitting in the living room, their expressions smug and derisive.

Janice raised an eyebrow and walked over to them. “Have you signed the document?”

“Here you go,” Connor said, waving the sheet of paper he was holding. “Are you satisfied now?”

Lowell huffed in disdain. “You vicious, ungrateful girl. Now that the document is signed, you are no longer related to the Edwards family.”

He expected Janice to apologize any second now. She would definitely bawl her eyes out and regret her stupidity. After all, she was only bluffing to get their attention.

“I appreciate it,” Janice murmured, her voice steady as she took the agreement from Connor’s outstretched hand. “From now on, we part ways—no more ties between us.”

Her icy declaration reverberated through the room, leaving everyone stunned.

Connor and Lowell, in particular, gaped at her, their eyes wide with disbelief.

This was not the scenario they had envisioned.

Laurie exhaled a weary sigh—she had foreseen this bleak resolution.

Clearly, they had all gravely misjudged the situation.

Returning to this family had brought Janice nothing but exploitation. Kindness was a stranger in this house. How could she harbor any affection for such a place?

“Fine, very well!” Connor spat, his temper flaring. “Without our support, you’ll end up with nothing. Aiden will desert you too, and you’ll find yourself alone, in tears. Don’t think you can just come back when you regret this decision.”

“Let’s hope it stays that way!” Janice shot back, a sharp sneer crossing her features as she slung her backpack over one shoulder and marched towards the door.

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Laurie watched, taken aback, as Janice’s figure receded down the hallway. Despite having been back for a year, all of Janice’s possessions could fit into that small backpack—a stark contrast to Delilah, whose room overflowed with luxurious dresses and expensive jewelry. Even her travel luggage consisted of several suitcases.

Yet here was their own daughter, departing with everything she owned in a single backpack.

“Janice! The moment you walk out that door, there’s no coming back. You’ll have no place in the Edwards family ever again!” Connor growled, his tone sharp with rage.

Janice halted in her tracks, turning to face her family with a poised and icy demeanor. “What’s so great about the Edwards family anyway?” she retorted, standing tall, her eyes glinting with resolve. “From this moment forward, understand one thing, the Edwards family will decline without me.”

Her bold declaration echoed defiantly in the room.

The Edwards family, renowned as one of the four illustrious families of Efrery, had taken generations to carve out their esteemed standing.

Now, here was Janice, audaciously proclaiming that the Edwards family would decline, openly defying their long-held status.

“Complete insubordination!” Connor exclaimed, his face flushed with fury. “Lowell, teach her a lesson.”

“Yes, Dad!” Lowell responded.

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Chapter 38:

“Stop!” Laurie’s voice cut through the mounting tension, halting everyone in their tracks.
“Just let her go.”

“Laurie, are you out of your mind? Janice’s statements were nothing short of outrageous!” Connor rebuked harshly. “Today, she will face punishment to learn that defying the Edwards family’s authority comes with a price.”

Laurie looked at him, her expression mournful yet firm. “She’s already cut ties with us. On what basis do you plan to teach her a lesson? Besides, what have we ever done that would warrant such resentment from her?”

Connor and Lowell exchanged wide-eyed glances, utterly taken aback.

They had not anticipated Laurie defending Janice in such a critical moment.

Yet, Laurie paid them no mind. Her gaze was locked on Janice, her eyes brimming with regret and a longing to reconcile, though words failed her.

Janice returned Laurie’s look with a chilly stare, her heart harboring nothing but contempt. So, Laurie had finally recognized her mistake? Sadly, her realization had come far too late.

With a resolve hardened by disillusionment, Janice turned and walked away without a second glance.

She had arrived filled with hope, only to depart engulfed in disappointment.

“Mom, my head hurts,” Delilah suddenly complained, pressing her hands against her temples as she winced in pain. “Why did Janice have to be so cruel? Dad and Lowell were willing to give her another chance.”

Laurie, however, merely glanced at Delilah. Instead of rushing to soothe her as usual, she responded with unexpected calmness, “Let Bartley check on you. I need to rest. I’ll be in my room.”

Delilah watched Laurie retreat, a puzzled frown creasing her brow. What had gotten into Laurie? Her sudden detachment was alarming. Was it the sting of Janice’s rejection that had caused this change? Regardless, it seemed insignificant at this point. The agreement had been signed, cementing her as the sole daughter of the Edwards family.

“Delilah, how do you feel?” Lowell asked, his voice tinged with worry as he approached her. “Shall I get Bartley on the phone for you?”

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“Lowell, I’ve been blacklisted from the industry. What am I to do now?” Delilah’s expression was one of distress, her hands clasping her throbbing head. “Just thinking about it is excruciating. My dream has always been to become a clothing designer.”

“Don’t worry! If clothing design doesn’t work, we can explore other avenues. Perhaps jewelry design would suit you?” Lowell offered optimistically. “Actually, Kenneth Delgado is involved in that field. I’ll speak to him. Maybe you could start your design career there.”

Delilah’s expression brightened noticeably. “Lowell, that’s incredibly kind of you. You’ve kept my dream alive.”

Kenneth Delgado was as renowned and desirable as Aiden. He was both wealthy and strikingly attractive—a flawless prospect for her.

So why would it matter if Janice was with Aiden?

Despite the Green family’s influence, Aiden was still a cripple, confined to his wheelchair.

Kenneth, on the other hand, was a paragon of both power and allure, an unblemished contender for her affections.

A sly smile crept across Delilah’s face as she began to devise a strategy to captivate Kenneth, the heir of the Delgado family.

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Chapter 39:

There were four prominent families in Efrery, with the Green family taking the lead. They were followed closely by the Delgado family.

Over the years, the two families had been involved in several rivalries, and they rarely interacted with each other except at rare and significant social events.

But today, Kenneth Delgado, heir to the Delgado family, received an invitation from Aiden, heir of the Green family.

Kenneth initially wanted to decline, but the timing of Aiden's invitation piqued his curiosity. In the end, he chose to accept and met Aiden at the Hillside Golf Course.

"Mr. Delgado, it's been a while." Aiden sat in his wheelchair, sporting a crisp and neat golf outfit. He gave his guest a faint smile.

Sitting across from him, Kenneth threw a pointed glance at Aiden's legs before saying, "I'm not sure I understand your purpose for inviting me to a golf course, Mr. Green."

Aiden's expression remained calm as he turned his gaze to the distance, where a woman was in the middle of swinging her golf club in a smooth and graceful arc. "I heard you enjoy golf, so I chose to meet here to convey my sincerity. Is it not to your liking?"

Kenneth leaned back in his chair and crossed his legs, painting a picture of comfort and ease. His gold-rimmed glasses and meticulously styled hair reflected his refined approach to life. Despite Kenneth's compelling presence, he did not outshine Aiden, who sat in his wheelchair. Most people might consider Aiden a fallen heir, but he possessed an innate aura of quiet authority that commanded respect from all who met him. His handsome face now broke into a small, almost elusive smile, one that carried a wealth of meaning beneath the surface.

The two men sat together—one with the elegant manner of old nobility, the other with the mysterious allure of something dangerous and exciting. Needless to say, they drew the attention of many a bystander.

Aiden's gaze remained fixed on the figure up ahead. Although he had asked the question, he acted like he couldn't care less about Kenneth's answer.

Kenneth, of course, was annoyed. "I do enjoy golf, but are you expecting me to play all by myself while you watch from the sidelines?"

"Not at all. I've arranged for an opponent for you." Aiden raised his chin towards the woman he was watching.

Kenneth paused and followed the direction of Aiden's gaze. Not far ahead, a woman was practicing her swing.

She wore a sun visor that matched her form-fitting golf outfit. Even from where he sat, Kenneth could see that she had an excellent figure, flawless in both shape and proportions. She gripped the handle of her golf club with both hands, taking a few light swings before assuming a striking position.

As a golf enthusiast, Kenneth immediately recognized the precision of her movements. At one point, he even thought her swings were a little too perfect.

The woman swung her club, cutting through the air with a sharp, whooshing sound.

The golf ball flew in a majestic arc before landing on the grass and rolling into the hole.

Kenneth's eyes widened in surprise. He couldn't quite believe the accuracy of the ball's trajectory, and with just a single swing, too.

"Phew." The woman shook her dominant hand and turned around.

One look was all it took for Kenneth to be stunned speechless. The woman's face radiated vitality and confidence.

Her skin glistened in the soft sunshine, and her bright eyes sparkled with intelligence. When she smiled, it reminded Kenneth of a radiant flower blooming in the middle of spring. He felt as though he were seeing a fairy.

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Chapter 40:

“Aiden, how did it go? Not too bad, right?” The woman strolled over to Aiden, her smile sweet as honey.

That smile jolted Kenneth back to the present, reminding him it was reserved for Aiden alone, not for him.

“Mr. Delgado, allow me to introduce my wife, Janice.” Aiden grasped Janice’s hand and shot a glance at Kenneth, his eyes twinkling with pride. “She’s the opponent I’ve found for you.”

Kenneth’s eyes darted from Janice to Aiden. “Mr. Green, you’re full of surprises! You got married and didn’t even let me know?”

Aiden let out a hearty laugh. “Janice and I have been engaged for quite some time. We just decided to get our marriage registered on a whim. As for a formal wedding, we’re taking our time. It’ll happen eventually.”

Kenneth furrowed his brows, his mind racing. He recalled the engagement between Aiden and Janice, and that Janice had returned to the Edwards family a year ago. Today’s revelations added layers of complexity and intrigue to what seemed like a straightforward gathering.

“Mr. Green, let’s cut to the chase,” Kenneth remarked, inhaling deeply. “You asked me here to play golf and introduced me to your wife. There must be more to this, right?”

Aiden offered a smile, his lips curving slightly as he glanced over at Janice.

“Mr. Delgado, I presume you’re aware that I’ve cut ties with the Edwards family, correct?” Janice began, settling into her chair with a composed air.

Kenneth gave a slow nod. “Yes, I’ve heard the rumors.”

“Now that I’m no longer connected to the Edwards family, most people think I’m powerless without their support,” Janice went on, her tone soft yet resolute. “That’s why I’m determined to show everyone I can thrive without them.”

“Really?” Kenneth leaned back, his interest now fully engaged as he crossed his legs and eased into a more relaxed posture. “And how exactly does this concern me?”

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“I understand that you’re on the verge of taking over the jewelry design firm under Delgado Group. I’m interested in securing a position there,” Janice responded with a confident smile.

Kenneth paused, his gaze turning to Aiden. “Mr. Green, are you having a bit of fun at my expense here?”

Aiden gave a helpless shrug. “It might seem that way, but truly, that’s not my intent. My wife’s independence is one of her defining traits. She rarely leans on me unless it’s absolutely necessary.”

Kenneth’s expression tightened slightly. “So, Mrs. Green, you’re looking to stand on your own.”

“Precisely!” Janice agreed enthusiastically, clasping Aiden’s hand in hers. Their fingers intertwined in a display of mutual support and affection. “After I cut ties with the Edwards family, many will doubt my capabilities. I want to secure a position with your company—not just to show them I can succeed on my own, but also to prove that I am a woman who can stand equally beside Aiden.”

“Stop, stop!” Kenneth interjected. “I’m still single, so all this lovey-dovey stuff is way too much for me! But...” He looked at Aiden intently. “The Green family’s network is extensive and powerful. Surely, securing a position for your wife wouldn’t be a challenge. What brings you to me, then?”

Aiden’s response was measured, his tone earnest. “Firstly, my wife has a passion for design, and with you at the helm of Delgado Jewelry, it’s the perfect place for her talents to flourish. Secondly, after she left the Edwards family, the others in the Green family made light of her, making our enterprises unsuitable for her.”

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