

A Thousand Faces Hide The Genius Heiress' Wrath

Chapter 91:

"I mean precisely what I said," Greg responded, patting his ample stomach with a sense of regret. "I once thought you had a capable son to take over Edwards Group. Clearly, I was wrong."

Connor's eyes swept over the amused faces around him, and he collected himself.

Lowell had accused Janice of stealing the bid proposal, claiming the subpar quality was due to haste. Yet, if he had truly crafted a proposal as impressive as Janice's, even under the constraints of memory and a tight deadline, he would have managed to complete at least eighty to ninety percent of it.

This realization stoked a fire of anger in Connor as he fixed a stern gaze on Lowell. "Tell me the truth—what's really going on with this bid proposal?"

"Janice stole it," Lowell asserted, his mind already reeling from the turmoil. Public humiliation, coupled with Janice's mocking, had left him unable to grasp the situation. "Dad, you must listen to me. The bid proposal Janice presented was actually my work."

Upon hearing this, Connor slapped Lowell across the face. “How dare you keep up with this load of bullshit?”

“Dad!” Lowell’s cheeks flared red, a vivid handprint marking him, making his predicament look all the more absurd. “Please, believe me. You know the quality of my work. Janice stole it from me!”

“Oh, please!” Janice interjected, unable to contain her disdain any longer. She shook her head, staring at Lowell as though he was a fool. “Do you honestly believe you’re capable of crafting such a sophisticated bid proposal? It’s time to face reality, Lowell. You’ve always been a disappointment. The only reason Edwards Group isn’t bankrupt under your sorry leadership as vice president is pure luck.”

“Janice, shut your damn mouth!” Lowell’s eyes flared with a furious glint, his demeanor wild like a cornered animal. “You’re nothing but a failure who got thrown out of the Edwards family. Who do you think you are to judge me?”

“Because I was the ghostwriter of your proposals for an entire year,” Janice replied, her voice steady, piercing through his facade of defiance like a knife. “After I returned to the Edwards family, I bent over backwards trying to win your favor, to earn your validation. Did none of that matter to you? Remember those endless nights you toiled over the Hillford bid? Without my covert tweaks, your dad would’ve berated you yet again. Dreaming of holding on to your vice presidency? In your fantasies.”

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Lowell recoiled, sinking into his chair as if struck.

Fragments of those grueling days, struggling over the bid proposal, crept into his consciousness.

He had faced his fears, submitted the work, and it had been met with unanimous applause. Since that moment, he had secured his role as the vice president of Edwards Group.

Back then, he'd puzzled over it—how had a proposal he deemed subpar won such acclaim?

At the time, he dismissed it, attributing the success to an underestimation of his own abilities.

But now, reflecting on the past, he realized Janice's presence had been a constant during those times of praise.

"Lowell, face the truth—you're nothing more than a failure," Janice declared, her words crisp, a final blow to his crumbling ego.

Lowell's eyes blazed with fury as he pointed a trembling finger at Janice. His lips parted to speak, but the disdainful sneers from the surrounding crowd intensified his anger, causing his breath to come in sharp, ragged gasps. Abruptly, a searing pain erupted in his chest. He let out a sharp cry, his mouth filling with blood.

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“Lowell, Lowell!” Connor cried out, rushing forward to catch Lowell as he collapsed.

Janice remained unmoved, her gaze icy and detached. In her eyes, Lowell had brought this upon himself, and sympathy was a luxury he didn't deserve.

“He's your brother! How could you provoke him like this?” Connor's voice trembled with rage as he turned on Janice, his words laced with reproach. “You ungrateful piece of trash, we should never have allowed you back into our lives.”

“Mr. Edwards, perhaps you’ve made a mistake!” Aiden interjected, his voice calm, with a hint of a smile playing on his lips. “My wife simply stated the facts. Moreover, she was wrongfully accused of theft. Defending herself is only natural.” He looked over at Lowell, now unconscious on the floor. “Fortunately, he’s unconscious. Now he won’t have to witness the contempt or endure the ridicule from those around us.”

Connor’s face reddened with fury at Aiden’s words, his heart pounding dangerously in his chest. Despite his anger, he knew he had to uphold the dignity of the Edwards family and managed to restrain himself from lashing out.

“Mr. Edwards,” Janice interjected, tapping the table to draw attention, her voice cold and firm. “Let me remind you once again—we have formally dissolved our familial ties. I am no longer a part of the Edwards family. From this point on, please refer to me as Mrs. Green.”

Connor remained silent, lifting Lowell to his feet and making a hasty retreat, his face etched with embarrassment.

The crowd’s attention, previously fixed on the departing duo, now turned towards Janice. Despite the odds, her demeanor commanded as much authority as any top-tier CEO or prominent official present.

“Mrs. Green, your proposal was impressive. I look forward to a rewarding partnership,” Colson remarked, rising to his feet and extending his hand.

Janice offered a thin smile, her hand meeting his in a firm shake. “Thank you, Mr. Navarro. Your appreciation means a lot. However, I must confess my motives weren’t

entirely straightforward. My main goal in entering this bid was to settle a score with the...”

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Edwards family. As for the collaboration, I believe it might be best handled by another company.”

Colson’s face registered shock, his brow furrowing as he processed her words. “Surely you realize the immense potential of the project? It could generate billions in revenue. Are you certain you want to pass on such an opportunity?”

With a nonchalant shake of her head, Janice dismissed his concerns. “Indeed, the project promises substantial returns, but I prefer a more relaxed approach to business. Taking on such a hefty responsibility doesn’t suit my style.”

She surveyed the room, her eyes briefly touching each face before offering a warm smile. “I’d rather step aside and let someone who needs it more seize this opportunity.”

Colson frowned slightly. He had been genuinely impressed by Janice’s proposal. It was nothing short of remarkable.

Yet, as he caught a glimpse of Aiden behind her, he hesitated, then nodded in acceptance. “Very well. I will honor your wishes and withdraw your bid, opening the floor to other contenders.”

The reaction from the crowd was one of stunned disbelief. Heads turned, and murmurs filled the air as the CEOs and company representatives processed Janice's unexpected act of generosity.

The magnitude of the project she had just relinquished made her gesture all the more impactful.

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In that moment, the room's perception of her changed.

Initially respected as a competent executive, she was now seen as embodying a nobility of spirit that matched, or even surpassed, any of her peers.

“Mrs. Green, thank you for giving us this chance.”

“Mrs. Green, should you ever require assistance, please, feel free to reach out.”

“Mrs. Green, I eagerly anticipate any future endeavors we might share.”

Expressions of goodwill and offers of collaboration flowed effortlessly towards her.

Janice stood serenely amidst the flood of praise, responding with nothing more than a gracious smile, her demeanor the epitome of composure.

Meanwhile, Aiden observed her from a slight distance, his head tilted thoughtfully, his right hand propping his cheek.

He had braced himself for Janice to approach this project with casual detachment, perhaps as nothing more than a strategic play. Instead, she had gracefully relinquished a significant opportunity with mere words.

She was, without a doubt, a woman brimming with delightful surprises.

Upon departing from the Bengal Hotel, Janice and Aiden settled into the plush interior of a Rolls-Royce.

As they made themselves comfortable, Janice turned to Aiden. “Thank you.”

Aiden reclined casually in his seat, a relaxed smirk playing on his lips. “This works out perfectly for both of us. Plus, you put on quite a show today. I found it entertaining.”

“Should I start charging you for admission, then?” Janice’s smile was infectious, lighting up her features in such a way that it was hard not to be charmed.

Aiden composed himself, reaching into his pocket to reveal a necklace. “Would this count as a suitable ticket?”

Janice caught her breath at the sight of the necklace. “Isn’t this the ‘Blue Heart’ from Freak Design? It’s a unique piece. How did you manage to acquire it?”

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Aiden offered only a mysterious smile in return.

Janice leaned in, her face inches from his, her striking features intensifying her probing gaze. “You must tell me—are you falling for me?”

Aiden’s face clouded over in an instant. He reached out, pressing a finger against her forehead, nudging her face back. “You’re my wife, right?”

“Yes,” Janice responded, her eyes wide with confusion at his query.

“You have a banquet to attend tonight, don’t you?”

“That’s correct!” Janice cocked her head to the side, her impatience bubbling over. “Why don’t you just come out with it? You’re dancing around the subject, and I’m completely lost.” Aiden massaged his temples. “You’re representing the Green family now. At an event like this, shouldn’t you have some decent jewelry on?”

“A decent piece of jewelry...” Realization dawned on Janice, and her face split into a mischievous smile. “You’re surprisingly more thoughtful than I expected. Fine, I’ll take it.”

Yet, it was quite the twist of fate that the necklace designed by Leah ended up back with her.

Given the evening's event, flaunting such an exquisite necklace would certainly spare her mother-in-law any embarrassment.

"Aiden, you're definitely showing yourself in a different light," Janice remarked, her smile beaming as she tucked away the necklace.

"Hmm?" Aiden threw a quick glance her way, his curiosity piqued. Could it be the gift that had brightened her mood? Janice radiated a glow that was nearly impossible to ignore. "I used to believe you were all business and no romance, but it turns out you've got a soft, romantic side hidden in there."

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Caught off guard, Aiden retorted, “I simply have high standards, not a lack of romance.”

“Then I’m curious,” Janice said, her tone playful. “What kind of woman would catch your eye?”

Janice leaned in closer, her allure intensifying with each moment. Her proximity seemed to unsettle him, prompting him to edge away subtly.

“What does that matter to you?” he countered, a hint of defensiveness in his voice.

“Just curious.”

“Then I choose not to answer.” Aiden turned away, gazing out the car window as he tried to still his racing heart.

A fleeting memory surged through his mind—the figure who had rescued him from a car accident years ago. As the image sharpened, Janice’s face took its place.

“Aiden, if I keep diving into billion-dollar ventures like today, will you keep backing my wild ideas?”

“As long as it involves you, I’m in,” he blurted out without thinking.

Realizing his slip, Aiden quickly corrected himself. “I mean, as long as our partnership remains, I’m on board.”

“Wow!” Janice exclaimed, her hand fluttering to her chest in a gesture of relief. “The words you just said were quite startling. I almost thought you were making a confession.”

“Ha, you’re reading too much into it,” Aiden replied with a scoff, his eyes narrowing as he turned his gaze away, a clear signal he was done with the conversation.

He felt he had already said more than enough for one day. Engaging further with Janice might lead him to reveal more than he intended.

Meanwhile, Braylen, who was behind the wheel, swallowed nervously.

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Having served as Aiden's right-hand man for years, he noticed that Aiden wasn't just talkative today—he had also thrown curious glances at Janice more than once.

Despite this, Braylen was well aware of Aiden's lingering fixation on a woman from three years ago. The possibility of Janice breaking through Aiden's defenses hinted at the emergence of a potentially messy love triangle.

With a resigned shake of his head, Braylen decided to dismiss these thoughts and concentrate on his driving, reaffirming his role as the devoted aide.

Meanwhile, Connor brought Lowell home, fury written all over his face as he violently threw decor to the floor.

The servants froze, their eyes wide as they silently observed from a safe distance, too terrified to intervene or draw any attention to themselves.

"Janice, how dare you?" Connor seethed, his voice a low growl, his teeth clenched in anger. "How dare you humiliate me in front of all those people? Fine, you want to play this game? You'll fucking regret it."

"Dad, what's going on?" Delilah inquired, her eyebrows knitting together in concern as she stepped back inside. She instantly picked up on the chaotic state of the room and Connor's visibly shaken presence, her pulse quickening with worry. "What's got you so riled up?"

Connor’s scowl softened slightly, and he offered her a faint, weary smile—a rarity these days. “Delilah, where have you been all this time?” He dodged her initial question, choosing not to unload his frustrations onto her.

“I made a trip to Forest Shrimp to pick up some scrumptious treats for you and Lowell,” Delilah explained, holding up several bags brimming with gourmet seafood delights. “I...”

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“I thought we’d be celebrating tonight, assuming the project bid went well, so I grabbed your favorite dishes to cheer you up.”

The mention of the project visibly soured Connor's mood once more.

Delilah was quick to notice it. "Dad, did something go wrong at the bidding event?"

"Just drop it," Connor muttered, sinking heavily into a chair, his face the picture of defeat. "We didn't get the bid. Edwards Group missed a crucial chance to advance."

"How is that possible? Lowell's proposals are always top-notch." Delilah settled beside him, her voice softening as she sought to console him. "Dad, could this all just be a big misunderstanding?"

Connor exhaled deeply, his hands obscuring his face, his demeanor showing he wasn't ready to reveal more.

He was struggling with a harsh reality. The brilliant bid proposals that everyone had lauded Lowell for were actually the result of Janice's efforts. His own daughter, whom he had treated as a useless nobody, had proven herself exceptionally skilled. Swallowing this truth was more than he could handle.

"Where's Lowell?" Delilah asked.

"He's in his room, resting. Please, let's not disturb him," Connor answered, his voice laden with fatigue.

While he wanted Lowell to get some rest, the truth was, Connor couldn't face his son, who had let him down.

Lowell's position as vice president didn't save him from producing such subpar proposals, leaving Connor concerned about the blow to his reputation in the business world.

"Dad, why don't you eat something?" Delilah suggested, trying to lift his spirits. "We'll have other opportunities to succeed. It pains me to see you so upset."

Feeling a wave of gratitude wash over him, Connor looked at Delilah, reassured by her empathy. "Delilah, I'm so thankful for you. Without your support, I'd be lost to despair."

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Delilah's deceptively soft and fragile appearance had the power to sway a man's heart, soothing even an irate Connor.

Suddenly, the piercing ring of Connor's phone sliced through the silence.

He cast a brief look at the caller ID, his eyebrows arching in surprise—it was Greg.

“Greg, have you called just to ridicule me?” Connor’s tone was frosty as he picked up the call.

“What? No. Why would you think that? I’m reaching out to offer a little comfort,” Greg’s voice was warm and reassuring. “You went to the bidding with high hopes, and then such a blunder occurred. If I were you, I’d be shaken up too.”

“You have a peculiar way of offering comfort.” Connor’s laugh held a bitter edge, but he acknowledged Greg’s effort not to worsen his mood. “Let’s catch up over a meal soon.”

“Sounds good.” Connor paused to address his secretary. “Did you go through the contract again? We need to be careful with our deal with Forest Corp. Review it one more time.”

A look of horror slowly spread across Connor’s face as a chilling realization dawned on him. “Greg, what did you just mention about the deal with Forest Corp? What’s happening exactly?”

“Uh, I might have mentioned something I shouldn’t have.”

“Out with it now!”

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“Well, Janice passed on the chance to collaborate with Forest Corp, so Mr. Navarro had to select a different partner, and it turned out to be me.”

Startled by the news, Connor leapt to his feet, his expression a mix of shock and incredulity. “You’re saying Janice declined that opportunity?”

“Exactly!” Greg burst out laughing, his voice rich with amusement over the line. “Had Janice remained your daughter, wouldn’t this deal have naturally gone to Edwards Group? Even though she’s severed ties, given your past as her father, I thought the least I could do was offer you a meal to show my appreciation.”

“Go to hell, Greg Dury!” Connor bellowed, his fury peaking as he threw his phone to the floor.

His eyes, fiery and red, betrayed his uncontrollable anger. There was no comfort in this call—it was a pointed reminder, a cruel twist of the knife when he was at his lowest.

What the hell was wrong with Janice?

She had forsaken such a significant opportunity and completely disregarded Edwards Group.

What a treacherous, spiteful daughter!

“Dad...” Delilah’s voice trembled, her eyes wide with fear as she watched Connor’s tempestuous rage, worried she might inadvertently become a target.

Fortunately, Connor managed to stifle his mounting rage. “Enjoy the seafood on your own. I need to handle something else.” He wasn’t about to let go without a fight. With Janice stepping away from the collaboration, it opened a door for him to possibly strike a deal with Greg—maybe he could still secure a share of the venture.

Delilah watched as Connor trudged away, a palpable sense of defeat hanging over his slumped shoulders. What exactly had Janice done today to trigger such an intense response from him? Lowell’s unusual behavior only added to the day’s growing sense of weirdness.

Delilah frowned, holding the takeout containers. She had splurged on this lavish seafood meal for her colleagues, and an overwhelming amount had remained untouched. Determined not to let it go to waste and hoping to delight her family, she had packed a substantial amount to take home.

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With Connor not eating and Lowell lost in slumber, all the effort felt futile as everything threatened to be wasted.

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps echoed from the doorway. Delilah turned and saw Laurie striding in, a bag swinging in her hand.

“Mom, aren’t you supposed to be at work today?” Delilah forced a smile, trying to lighten the mood. “I brought home plenty of seafood. Would you like some?”

“No, thank you,” Laurie responded briskly, her tone distant, before she dashed upstairs.

Delilah’s smile faltered, and she bit her lip, troubled by the coolness in the air.

When Janice was still around, Delilah had been showered with love. Now, Laurie's demeanor towards her was chilling, bordering on distant. Connor's and Lowell's irritability only added to the growing estrangement.

"What's going on here?" Delilah stamped her foot in frustration. Then she remembered something. That garment bag Laurie was holding earlier looked like it was for a haute couture gown from Freak Design. Was she attending some big event tonight? Delilah's expression darkened as soon as the thought occurred to her. So Laurie was going to a party without even telling her? Laurie used to take her to almost every social gathering she was invited to.

"Let's see exactly what kind of event you're going to without me," Delilah muttered to herself. A plan was already forming in her mind, and she called for the servant, Daryl, soon after. "Are my instructions clear?" she asked a moment later.

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Daryl frowned, looking a bit distressed. “This doesn’t seem right. If Mrs. Edwards finds out, I will be in a lot of trouble.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll cover for you if that happens. You know very well that Mom dotes on me,” Delilah reassured him. “Besides, if this event turns out to be important, then I really can’t afford to miss it. My ambitions go way beyond what the Edwards family can give me. I want so much more.”

Daryl took another minute to mull it over, but eventually sighed and agreed. “All right, then. Please wait for a while.”

Delilah waited, and before long, Daryl was hurrying back.

“Have you found the invitation?” Delilah asked.

Daryl had to catch his breath before replying, “I found it. But Mrs. Edwards was taking a bath, and I couldn’t risk her coming out and catching me, so I wasn’t able to see it clearly. As far as I can tell, it’s an invitation to a charity gala.”

A charity gala? Delilah’s brows furrowed. She immediately thought of Leonie Ramirez, who was known to be passionate about her charity work.

Laurie had taken her to one of Leonie's charity galas once before, and it had left a deep impression on her. Every guest in attendance was a social elite with a distinguished background. As it was her first time at such a gathering, Delilah had been reserved and wasn't able to meet many people. Needless to say, she had since been eagerly anticipating the next charity gala.

And yet, now that it was finally here, Laurie wasn't going to take her.

"Are you going to ask Mrs. Edwards for permission to go to the gala with her?" Daryl asked.

Delilah shook her head. "I don't know why, but she has been acting distant with me lately. She definitely has a reason for ditching me at this charity gala. I have a feeling she won't be pleased if I attended."

"Then..."

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Delilah cut her off with a sarcastic laugh. "If she won't take me, then I'll just have to go there myself. Once everyone sees me at the venue, she won't have any choice but to acknowledge me."

She grabbed her phone and sent a message to Carman. “Carman, I need to attend a very important gala tonight. Can you help me find a dress and some jewelry?”

Carman’s reply came quickly. “No problem. I’ll have them delivered to you as soon as possible.”

Delilah’s lips slowly curled into a smile as she read his message. Leonie’s charity gala was a high-profile event. Delilah knew she couldn’t show up in something tacky or cheap.

While she might not outshine everyone, she should at least catch the attention of some influential figures. It would be enough to pave the way for her glorious future. The Starlit Club was owned by the Ramirez family.

Its usual patrons were the most prominent people in society, and today, Leonie had chosen to hold her charity gala there. She had invited not only her closest friends but also many celebrities.

A number of luxury cars were lined up in front of Starlit Club. Everyone who stepped out of the vehicles was impeccably dressed from head to foot, each exuding an extraordinary and captivating aura.

When a Rolls-Royce Phantom slowly pulled up, all eyes immediately locked onto it.

Despite the abundance of luxury cars, it was still quite rare for one of this particular caliber to appear. Everyone was naturally curious about its owner.

The car door opened, and a woman emerged, her beauty and grace taking everyone's breath away.

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There were many attractive men and women who had arrived before her, but they all faded into the background of her radiance.

Delilah raised her chin slightly, standing with poise as she basked in the crowd's admiration.

She marveled at Carman's resourcefulness in securing such an exquisite evening dress and jewelry for her.

Even without standout looks, this ensemble ensured she dazzled like a star and captured everyone's attention.

"Who is this enchanting lady? Her outfit looks incredibly valuable," one observer remarked, clearly impressed.

"Have you seen the necklace she's wearing? That's the Blue Heart, a legendary, unique piece," another added, eyes wide with awe.

"I heard a mysterious tycoon purchased the Blue Heart for twenty million dollars," whispered another guest.

The discerning crowd quickly recognized the value of Delilah's attire, their amazement evident.

Delilah chose not to enter the main hall immediately; instead, she lingered in the foyer, basking in the admiration and the incessant clicks of the cameras from the media.

However, the bustling chatter and clicking cameras abruptly stopped, plunging into an unexpected silence.

Confused, Delilah frowned and turned to see what had caused the disruption.

She met with the sight of a woman emerging from a luxury car, her presence commanding the scene.

Dressed in a long black gown speckled with diamonds and a white shawl resting on her shoulders, she radiated nobility. Her hair, styled up and secured with a classic pin, added to her graceful demeanor.

However, her striking face truly captivated the crowd, leaving everyone breathless.

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“Janice?” Delilah muttered under her breath, her face clouding with anger and resentment.

This night was meant to be hers, yet with just one appearance, Janice had diverted all eyes to herself.

Despite her exquisite outfit and jewels, she was overshadowed.

What was it about Janice that captivated everyone so deeply?

Stepping out of her car, Janice carried an air of relaxed elegance. She looked around, her expression subtly changing when she didn't spot someone she expected.

Even these simple gestures were executed with such grace that they captivated everyone watching.

While others relied on opulent attire to assert their distinction, Janice's poise seemed to spring from a deeper, intrinsic nobility.

"I've encountered many striking figures, but this lady is unfamiliar. Who could she be?" one guest murmured, intrigued.

"Could she belong to the esteemed Delgado family? No, that's unlikely; their daughter is studying abroad," another speculated.

"Or maybe from the Ramirez family? I've heard Mrs. Ramirez organized this gala not just for charity but also to find a suitable match for her daughter," someone else suggested.

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As the crowd speculated, Delilah's expression grew stern.

She had attended the gala to dazzle and expand her network among the elite. How could she allow Janice to steal her thunder?

Delilah's gaze sharpened when she noticed Janice wearing a necklace identical to hers.

"Ah, fate is on my side tonight," Delilah mused, a mischievous smile playing on her lips as she approached Janice.

Janice, meanwhile, checked her watch. There was still some time before the gala officially started, and she was in no rush. She patiently waited for Nina.

They had planned to arrive together, but a last-minute issue had delayed Nina, leaving Janice to attend the initial part alone.

“Janice, why are you here?”

The voice, which Janice found particularly grating, interrupted her thoughts just as she considered calling Nina to check in. Janice sighed with a hint of annoyance as she turned to face Delilah.

“It seems fate enjoys throwing us together, you bitch!”

Delilah’s expression stiffened, her smile nearly faltering. However, a quick glance around her helped her quickly compose herself.

“Janice, if you’re here, why can’t I be?” Delilah let out a sigh, her voice tinged with a sense of resignation. “You were recently cast out of the Edwards family. Without any status or recognition, what gives you the right to be here?”

Her tone was light but carried across to the nearby crowd, sparking whispers.

“The Edwards family? Is that beauty related to them?”

“I remember now! The Edwards family has been causing a stir lately. Apparently, there was a dispute between the adopted and biological daughters, and the biological one was kicked out!”

“So, the one in the orange dress must be Delilah, the favored adopted daughter, right?”

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As the crowd pieced together Janice’s and Delilah’s identities, the tension escalated.

Every guest at the banquet was a notable figure, and now that Janice was no longer part of the Edwards family, she technically didn’t belong here.

The guests speculated whether Janice might be intending to make a scene.

If she caused any disturbance, she could very well be excluded from everything by the next day.

After all, deceit and pretension were loathed most by Leonie.

Janice overheard the murmurs but chose not to respond. She bluntly said to Delilah, “Get lost! Your presence here is just irritating. Even seeing you makes me want to set you straight.”

“Janice, you’re really bold. But...” Delilah adopted a wounded look. “Even if you want to stand out and impress, you shouldn’t resort to wearing a fake!”

“What?” Janice was briefly taken aback, not immediately catching onto Delilah’s hint.

Pretending to be shocked, Delilah covered her mouth and exclaimed, “Didn’t you know there’s only one Blue Heart in the entire world?”

She pointed to the Blue Heart necklace she was wearing. “Choosing such a renowned piece for a fake seems unwise, don’t you think? It just screams that it’s a fake! After all, you were kicked out from the Edwards family. How could you afford such a rare and expensive item?”

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It was then that Janice noticed Delilah was wearing a necklace identical to the Blue Heart.

She grinned, recognizing that Delilah's intention was to shame her in front of everyone, potentially even leading to her eviction by Leonie.

The crowd's attention then turned to the necklaces worn by both Janice and Delilah.

Upon seeing two identical necklaces, the onlookers were shocked. There was reputedly only one Blue Heart in existence, yet here were two.

Obviously, one of them must be a fake.

Given the situation, it seemed probable that Janice's necklace was the counterfeit.

“Really, if she’s going to fake it, she should at least think it through. Who wears a copy of the unique Blue Heart unless they want people to realize it’s not genuine? No wonder the Edwards family disowned her. She might lack common sense.”

“She may be beautiful, but not very clever.”

Delilah overheard the comments and couldn’t suppress her feeling of revenge. After being humiliated by Janice several times, it was now Janice’s turn to face embarrassment.

“Delilah, do you have any evidence that my Blue Heart is a counterfeit?” Janice asked calmly.

Although the crowd believed she was wearing a fake, Janice remained completely unfazed. In fact, she even found Delilah’s antics amusing, as though she were watching a clown perform.

“Evidence?” Delilah paused, then let out a sigh. “Do you honestly need proof? You’ve been ejected from the Edwards family, and Dad has stopped all your financial aid. How could you possibly own the genuine thing?”

Even Carman, the current superstar singer with a billion-dollar net worth, could only borrow it through his connections. Clearly, acquiring the Blue Heart was beyond the means of just anyone.

“I strongly recommend you leave, Janice, before Mrs. Ramirez hears about this. She won’t be forgiving if she learns of it.”

Observers believed Delilah was being exceedingly generous. This situation didn’t require her involvement; after all, Janice was no longer part of the Edwards family and had no ties to Delilah. Nevertheless, Delilah chose to intervene and offer her former sister a warning.

“Delilah truly mirrors Mrs. Ramirez’s generosity, always so thoughtful.”

“Janice, you should heed your sister’s advice and depart. Mrs. Ramirez champions charitable causes and detests dishonesty.”

“Security! Remove this woman before she offends Mrs. Ramirez.”

Some offered advice, while others rebuked. Yet, Janice merely responded with a subdued smile.

“Why are you smiling?” Delilah’s confusion turned to unease.

“Delilah, did you forget what I just told you?” Janice’s smile disappeared as she leaned in and whispered, “I warned you to stop provoking me.”

“Janice, I was merely trying to—”

Before Delilah could finish her sentence, a loud slap cut her off.

“Did I give you permission to speak?” Janice’s slap left Delilah stunned, shocking those around them.

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