

Wrath 1101

Chapter 1101:

Rather than punishing him, the Welch family had doubled down on their support, leaving many in disbelief.

Was this truly the same ruthless, unforgiving Welch family?

Yet, Bart's presence at this press conference was proof enough. After providing a concise overview of the apps' features, Bart announced that they would officially launch in three days.

"And one more thing," Bart added, turning his gaze toward the camera, as if addressing Janice herself. His eyes gleamed with slyness. "Prior to this launch, we discovered that sensitive internal data had been leaked. If any suspiciously similar apps emerge on the market, they will be nothing more than blatant imitations of our work. To those responsible for this breach—consider this your warning. Overden Group's legal team is watching you closely."

The moment the statement was spoken, the room was filled with shocked whispers.

They couldn't believe that these two apps had already been copied before they were launched.

"Mr. Green, can you tell us who is responsible for stealing your data?"

"Everyone, are you curious to find out who it is? Stay tuned until our launch day. The person responsible is anyone who releases similar apps first or launches them after us."

Bart's words sparked a wave of curiosity among the crowd.

Speculation swirled around who could have stolen Overden Group's data.

“This is unbelievable! It’s a direct assault on us!” The team from White Group seethed with fury, their cheeks reddening, wishing they could confront Bart during the live broadcast. “They know we’re launching two similar apps, and they’re saying this on purpose.”

“But how could they have known? We just sealed the deal on the apps today.”

All attention shifted to Janice.

Janice fixed them with a sharp, intense stare, her eyes narrowing as she tapped a steady beat on the table, quieting the conversations around her. “The plan remains unchanged. We will proceed with launching those two apps.”

“What?” Confusion swept through the room.

With his words, Bart had cleverly trapped them.

Despite the trap, they proceeded with the app launch, risking public outrage over potential plagiarism claims.

“Don’t worry, I have a plan in place. Details will stay under wraps for now.” Janice’s piercing look silenced any objections as she surveyed the room.

Everyone understood her logic clearly.

Revealing their strategy might alert Overden Group, giving them an unfair advantage.

“Janice...” Leah called out, worried.

“Leah, relax. Everything is under control.”

With a reassuring smile to Leah, Janice then declared the meeting adjourned.

Online forums were buzzing, not about Overden Group's innovations, but about who might be the copycat.

Chapter 1102:

The gossip, as tempting as a shining light to the curious, drew everyone in, leaving them eager to unravel the mystery set up by Overden Group.

The spotlight was now on White Group.

Given the rivalry between White Group and Overden Group, it was inevitable that accusations of copying would arise.

Janice took a brief moment to unwind in her office, closing her eyes in relaxation.

Out of nowhere, a figure appeared, and arms suddenly wrapped around her.

"Why are you here?" Janice asked as she opened her eyes, catching Aiden's wandering hands.

"I just missed you, that's all. What, am I not welcome here?" Aiden moved closer, his hand softly brushing the strands of hair away from her face. "You seem more stressed lately, and it looks like you've even lost some weight."

His concern deepened at the thought.

"It's been some time since I've had to think this deeply. I'm still not quite used to this amount of pressure. But I'll adjust in a few days."

Aiden filled a glass with water and offered it to her. "Drink this; it'll help ease your voice."

With a faint smile, Janice took the glass. "Thanks."

"So, are you going to share what's with the plagiarism scandal now?"

"The one behind it is Leonidas."

Aiden's eyes widened in disbelief. "Leonidas? But how..."

With a sip of water, Janice explained, "We don't have a traitor among us. It was Leonidas' insight into my strategies that gave them the advantage."

Aiden scoffed. "Leonidas remains a constant trouble for us. Still, it bothers me how well he seems to understand you."

In a tender moment, Janice cupped Aiden's face and planted a soft kiss on his lips. "Are you seriously feeling jealous about this?"

"Sometimes, a touch of jealousy can add a little excitement to our love," Aiden said boldly, lifting his eyebrows, believing his openness with Janice would solidify their bond.

"Even so, Leonidas and I share a past at the same orphanage. He's been watching me for years, which explains his familiarity with how I think and act."

"Do you truly understand him?" Aiden asked, his concern genuine.

After a pause, Janice admitted, "Denying any understanding of him would be a lie. But if I were to say that I did, you..."

“There’s no need to worry. I’m not jealous,” Aiden interjected. “My concern is for your safety, fearing you might underestimate him.”

Flashing a confident smile, Janice reassured him, “No need to worry. While he might predict my moves, I can anticipate his as well. His current scheme is doomed to fail. Still, I have a feeling Leonidas is now working with the Welch family. Bart’s confidence wouldn’t be possible without that kind of support.”

“Exactly! With the Welch family involved, Leonidas’ influence might be stronger than we realized. We need to prepare for what’s ahead. But let’s put that aside for now. I’m starving.”

Chapter 1103:

“So, what are we waiting for? Let’s grab something to eat.”

As Janice stood up from her seat, her phone buzzed with a new message from Minnie.

Janice’s gaze lingered on the message, her lips curving into a subtle, knowing smirk as a glint of quiet amusement flickered in her eyes.

“What kind of message could make you smile like that?” Aiden’s curiosity piqued as he leaned in. Upon reading the message, he raised his eyebrows in surprise. “Minnie is quite ruthless.”

Janice chuckled. “If she weren’t, she wouldn’t be the head of the Payne family. She may be a woman, but she commands respect like no other. Oliver’s downfall was inevitable. His pride couldn’t handle the fact that his sister surpassed him. And instead of accepting it, he let resentment drive him straight into ruin.”

Minnie had handled Oliver with brutal efficiency—exiling him to the military, ensuring he would never return.

It was a calculated move that shattered his freedom and crushed his ambitions in one fell swoop.

For the Payne family, it was a masterstroke, solidifying their power and prestige.

And to smooth things over with the White family, Minnie didn't just offer an apology—she backed it with a hefty sum, fully funding White Group's projects as a show of goodwill.

Aiden tilted his head, intrigued. "So, what now? Are you willing to forgive them?"

"Minnie's an ally worth keeping. She's played her hand; it's only fair I do the same," Janice replied, putting away her phone. "This matter is settled. We have bigger problems to deal with. Making unnecessary enemies isn't a luxury we can afford."

Aiden was about to speak, ready to tell her that with him by her side, she had nothing to fear from making enemies. But he stopped himself. Janice had never been one to lean on anyone. Assuming otherwise would only push her further away.

Janice agreed to meet with the Welch family at the Sharina Hotel.

Its tranquil atmosphere made it a suitable setting for negotiations, but more importantly, the hotel belonged to the Payne family—a deliberate choice to assure Janice that this wasn't a trap.

As she and Aiden arrived, a wave of tension swept through the hotel staff.

Janice's rising influence was undeniable, a force even the Welch family found difficult to challenge. Her youth and commanding presence, paired with an undeniable charisma, made her a figure of both admiration and intrigue.

Furthermore, her many identities only added to her mystique, drawing in countless admirers and loyal followers.

For the staff, serving at the hotel was already a privilege, but today felt exceptional—they were in the presence of living legends.

“Miss White is stunning in person,” one staff member murmured.

“And Mr. Green—equally striking. They make quite the pair,” another added, watching as they approached.

The employees observed Janice and Aiden, their gazes brimming with awe and reverence.

Chapter 1104:

“Mr. Welch has prepared everything and is waiting for you in the private room. Please, follow me,” a poised attendant stepped forward, offering a polite smile.

Janice and Aiden remained silent as they walked behind the attendant, yet their presence alone was suffocating. The weight of their aura made it clear—they were not people to be trifled with. With a soft click, the door to the private room swung open.

Inside, Gilmore and Calvin sat waiting.

Gilmore, clad in simple clothing, looked visibly worn, his missing arm only adding to his haggard appearance.

Janice greeted them with a warm smile. “Apologies for the wait.” Aiden, however, was far less amiable. His cold, scrutinizing gaze bore into the two men, assessing whether this meeting was a genuine attempt at peace—or a veiled threat.

Calvin returned the smile. “You arrived just in time. Please, have a seat. We took the liberty of ordering food. If anything doesn’t suit your taste, just say the word. We’ve reserved the entire hotel for your comfort.”

Janice settled into her chair, eyes flicking between the two men. “Such courtesy from the Welch family is unexpected. In the past, you ruled Cloverhill without ever bending to anyone.” Her words were full of provocation and mockery. “I must say, I found you two far more interesting before. This newfound humility feels rather uninspiring.”

Calvin stiffened, about to retort, but Gilmore stopped him with a subtle gesture.

“Calvin, go order a few more dishes and a good bottle of wine.”

“Yes!” Calvin rose and left without another word.

Once alone, Gilmore met Janice’s gaze, his voice calm and measured. “Miss White, I won’t waste your time. I called you here for one reason—peace. We both have suffered heavy losses. If this war continues, we’ll only weaken ourselves further, leaving the Payne family to reap the benefits.”

Janice held her tongue, her silence a heavy veil. She lifted her glass with grace and savored a small sip.

Gilmore had to continue. “Let’s put an end to this feud. We made a huge mistake twenty years ago, and we’re willing to make amends.”

Janice’s gaze drifted over the tempting spread before her, and in a sudden whim, she snatched a lobster from the platter.

Gilmore’s brow furrowed in bewilderment at her odd gesture. Then, with a flick of her wrist, she tossed the lobster before him, amplifying his confusion.

“What’s the meaning of this?” he asked, perplexed.

“I can halt this conflict,” Janice replied coolly. “But first, breathe life back into this lobster.”

Gilmore’s face darkened, his hands tightening into subtle fists. “You’re demanding the absurd. This lobster has been cooked through. How could it possibly spring back to life?”

“Then how dare you propose peace to me?” Janice shot back.

She struck the table with force and rose abruptly, her piercing eyes locked on Gilmore.

“The White family—over a hundred souls—slaughtered mercilessly by the Welches. And now you sit there, brazen enough to speak of truce? Do you take the Whites for fools to be trampled at will?”

Chapter 1105:

Her expression was fierce, her stare a blade, each word dripping with the venom of her pent-up fury and loathing.

“Why don’t you ask the spirits of those hundred-plus departed if they would bless your plea?” Janice sneered. “For me, there is only one reply—no peace until justice reigns.”

Just then, Calvin slipped back into the private room, catching the tail end of Janice’s tirade. His mask of civility fell away.

“Janice White, do you honestly think the Welch family quakes in fear?” He lunged at her, but Aiden’s swift kick sent him reeling.

“What are you playing at?” Gilmore barked, hurrying to hoist Calvin up. “Janice, are you dead-set against reconciliation? Surely you see that if our families tear each other apart, only the vultures circling us will profit.”

“You would do well to brace for our counterstrike,” Janice replied with icy calm.

“Uncle, I warned you this meeting was a mistake—she is just here to rub salt in our wounds,” Calvin spat, his glare seething with bitterness.

Janice let out a sneer and plucked a wine glass from the table. “To Harlan.” She toasted, downing the contents in one gulp. “Though soon, you’ll all keep him company.”

“Janice White!”

Calvin and Gilmore erupted in unison, their fury ignited by her taunt.

“If harmony is off the table, then war it is. We fell to you once before, but mark my words—this time, we’ll stand tall,” Gilmore declared, his tone frigid. “Prepare to taste the full might of the Welch family.”

“I’ll be waiting.”

With that, Janice swept out of the room alongside Aiden.

She had come with a mind to toy with the Welches, dangling false hope before snatching it away—a small jab at their pride.

But that was a mere appetizer. Nothing short of the Welch family’s utter ruin would begin to soothe the inferno of hatred blazing within her. She could have a warm, loving family, but the Welches’ ruthless greed had snatched her dearest kin from her grasp.

“Uncle, I told you reasoning with Janice was pointless—it’s just handing her a stage to mock us,” Calvin grumbled.

Gilmore, now composed, sank back into his seat and let a sly, cold chuckle escape. “I’ve gotten what I came for.”

“What?” Calvin blinked, thrown off balance as he studied his uncle’s cryptic calm. “Uncle, what’s that supposed to mean?”

Gilmore lifted a wine glass and took a measured sip. “This meeting had two aims. First, to play the wounded party, lulling Janice into thinking we’re backed into a corner—she’ll grow cocky. The second

was to size her up. From the steel in her voice, it's clear they're still flush with resources. Crushing her through financial warfare? That's a pipe dream."

Calvin's eyes sparkled with sudden understanding. His uncle wasn't truly weakened—he was playing possum, baiting the enemy into a trap. Now, Janice would no doubt revel in her supposed victory, growing overconfident in her edge over the Welch family. And once she let her guard down, she was bound to slip up.

Chapter 1106:

"Tell Bart to pick up the pace. It's time we strike back," Gilmore's voice was steady, laced with quiet authority. "And what is the latest on Oliver?"

At the mere mention of that name, Calvin's expression changed, his usual confidence giving way to something more solemn. "Word is, they're waiting for him to fully recover. Once he is back on his feet, Ricardo will escort him to the army."

Gilmore's fingers tightened around his wine glass, his gaze darkening with thought. "Keep close tabs on them. The moment they move, bring Oliver to me."

"Yes!" Calvin responded without hesitation, though a nagging doubt gnawed at him. "Uncle, can we really trust Oliver? Has he truly turned his back on his family?"

Not long ago, they had received information from the man who had helped them before, and this man admitted he was Oliver.

When the Welches learned the truth, they could hardly believe it. Their feud with the Payne family spanned generations, a grudge carved deep in blood and betrayal. The idea that Oliver would betray his own kin and side with them seemed nothing short of absurd.

"Whether it's true or not is irrelevant. What matters is how useful he can be to us right now." Gilmore's tone was devoid of emotion. "For all we know, this Payne family turncoat might just be the ace up our sleeve."

Calvin didn't bother overthinking it. As far as he was concerned, his uncle would take care of everything.

As Janice and Aiden left the Sharina Hotel, Janice seemed lost in thought. Aiden noticed but decided to hold his tongue.

He understood that at moments like this, Janice needed space.

Sometimes, silent support spoke louder than words.

Suddenly, her phone chimed with a new message.

Janice checked her phone, her gaze landing on a message from Stephen. "Janice, come to No. 72 North Road."

Janice's brows knitted together. Wasn't No. 72 North Road in the old district? Why would Stephen suddenly be there?

Pushing aside her doubts, she turned to Aiden. "Let's go there."

"North Road is Darrell's turf." Aiden frowned. "Want me to ask him to look into it?"

"No need." Janice shook her head, unwavering. "Wendy's with my brother. Unless an army comes at them, they'll be fine. Besides, I rigged my brother's phone with a high-end GPS. It tracks real-time movements, detects threats, and sends alerts straight to me. If anything was off, I'd know already."

Aiden was impressed. So this was what having a tech genius by his side looked like.

She built such an advanced system like it was nothing, making other so-called experts seem irrelevant.

“Let’s just get there first. If it’s urgent, we’ll deal with it.”

“Got it!”

Moments later, they pulled up at No. 72 North Road.

Chapter 1107:

Stepping into this neighborhood, Janice felt as if she had crossed into another world—one far removed from the sleek modernity of the city center.

The streets were lined with aged, neglected buildings, their faded facades bearing the weight of decades past.

Onlookers stole curious glances, wondering why such an elegant and refined pair had ventured into this forgotten corner of the city. Suddenly, a young man stepped forward, greeting them respectfully.

“What brings you to North Road?”

More men emerged from the shadows, each offering a respectful bow.

Janice shifted uncomfortably, feeling as if they had unknowingly stepped onto a red carpet, their presence causing a stir.

Aiden smirked at Janice’s discomfort, fully aware of the reason behind the reaction. After Ennis, one of Darrell’s subordinates, had once crossed them, Darrell had ensured his men memorized their faces from photographs to avoid future blunders.

“We’re just taking a walk. Carry on with your day.”

“Clear out.”

At the young man's command, the gathered men slowly melted back into the streets.

"Call me Luka. If you require anything, don't hesitate to ask," the young man said.

"Alright."

With that, Janice turned and continued walking alongside Aiden toward No. 72 North Road.

Luka observed from afar, his brows furrowing as realization dawned. Without hesitation, he relayed the information to Darrell.

"No. 72 North Road?" Darrell muttered, a deep frown settling on his face. "Why would they go there? That place was purchased years ago by some rich person. No one has ever seen the buyer, and the property has remained off-limits."

The building in question was, in fact, a house.

It was the most prestigious property in the district—one Darrell had once attempted to purchase, only to hit a dead end when trying to locate its owner.

Now, hearing that Janice and Aiden were approaching the house, he couldn't help but speculate—was one of them the elusive owner?

"Boss, I have urgent news." A subordinate hurried over to Darrell, his expression grave. "Some people are inside the house."

"What are you saying?" Darrell's chest tightened, an uneasy feeling creeping in.

“The house has been empty for years, so a few of our guys decided to settle in there without permission.”

Darrell clenched his jaw, cursing under his breath.

Just his damn luck! First, Ennis nearly ruined everything, and now this mess.

If Aiden and Janice turned out to be the real owners of the house and discovered it had been taken over, they’d be livid.

“Move! Get the men together. We’re heading there now!”

“On it!”

Chapter 1108:

Meanwhile, Janice and Aiden stood before the entrance of the house.

The door was slightly ajar—perhaps Stephen had arrived first. But just as they were about to enter, the sound of distressed voices reached their ears.

Janice and Aiden locked eyes for a split second before stepping inside without hesitation.

“Mr. White, we made a terrible mistake!” A weak man lay face down on the floor, his body trembling as tears streamed down his face. “We had no idea this was your house. If we had known, we never would’ve set foot here!”

“Oh? So if it weren’t our house, you’d have no problem taking over someone else’s property?” Wendy scoffed, arms crossed, her voice dripping with mockery.

“No, that’s not it! We messed up badly!”

“Mr. White, we all serve under Darrell Finch. Please, for his sake, show us mercy.”

If Darrell were here to hear this, he’d probably want to kill these fools himself.

As the leader, he was at a crucial point in his career, desperate to win Aiden’s favor. But now, thanks to these idiots, he was about to take the fall. What a perfect way to send him straight to his doom.

Wendy arched a brow and glanced at Stephen. “Darrell Finch? He works for Aiden. Should we tell Janice?”

“There’s no need.”

Right on cue, Janice and Aiden walked in.

Aiden’s cold gaze swept over the trembling man kneeling on the floor. “I don’t tolerate incompetence.”

“Janice, you’re here.” Stephen’s eyes lit up slightly at the sight of her. “But things aren’t exactly as I expected. We should deal with this first before I show you around.”

She nodded. “Alright.”

Stephen exhaled and turned to Wendy. “Handle it, Wendy!”

“Wait!” Suddenly, Darrell burst in with his men, urgency written all over him.

Seeing the group kneeling and the hardened look on Aiden’s face, Darrell knew things had taken a bad turn. Without hesitation, he stepped forward and slapped one of them.

"You idiots! Have you completely forgotten the code we live by? We don't bully or oppress others. We stand for honor and justice. Yet here you are, seizing someone else's property and tarnishing our reputation." He kicked the man hard before facing Aiden. "Mr. Green, I'm really sorry. I failed to control my men. Let me deal with them, and I promise you a satisfactory result."

Aiden narrowed his eyes, letting out a cold chuckle. "Darrell, this is the second time."

Darrell's breath hitched. He immediately dropped to one knee, lowering his head to avoid Aiden's gaze. "Mr. Green, I'll accept any punishment."

Aiden smiled. Darrell was certainly a character quick to adapt, sharp in his reactions, and driven by ambition. However, if he didn't know his limits, he would inevitably become a liability.

"Maybe you should ask for their opinion." Aiden gestured to Stephen and Wendy.

Darrell paused briefly before turning his gaze to Stephen and Wendy. "Mr. and Mrs. White, my men have wronged you. Their lack of discipline is my fault, and I'll take full responsibility."

Chapter 1109:

"What a responsible leader you are." Wendy stepped forward, lifting Darrell's chin with a single finger, her voice sweet yet laced with venom. "If you're truly sincere and willing to take full responsibility, then chop off your arm. That should be a gesture of your sincerity."

Everyone was taken aback by Wendy's boldness and audacity as she nonchalantly suggested such a brutal act.

Darrell's jaw clenched. His eyes burned with intensity. "Fine. I'll do it. Bring me a knife!"

His followers hesitated, their expressions showing reluctance as they faltered at the thought of handing over a knife.

"Are you all deaf? Get me a knife now! Or would you rather be thrown out of Jaguar Gang?" Darrell's roar was thunderous, his gaze sharp and commanding.

He was truly enraged. No matter how carefully he treaded to avoid provoking Aiden, there were always a few troublemakers who managed to disgust him.

Finally, one of them shakily handed over a knife.

Darrell took a deep breath, gripping the handle tightly as he positioned it against his left arm.

Stephen exhaled slowly, watching the scene unfold. But given his current position and the enemies he faced, showing mercy wouldn't just put him at risk—it could endanger his sister as well.

"Enough!" Wendy's voice cut through the tension just as Darrell braced himself to bring the knife down. She smirked and stepped back. "This place isn't meant for bloodshed. Take your men and get out!"

"Understood. I'll get them out."

"Immediately. You have my word, nothing like this will happen again." Darrell ordered for his men to leave, and within seconds, the troublemakers were gone.

Once Darrell's men were gone, Janice glanced around and asked curiously, "What is this place, and why is it so important?"

"Come with me," Stephen said, gesturing for Janice to follow as he led her into a room.

As he pushed the door open, Janice took in the scene inside. Her eyes instantly reddened, and a slight tremor ran through her body.

The dim light cast long shadows over the room, where urns bearing the names of family members stood in solemn rows.

More than a hundred urns honored the departed of the White family, their surfaces cloaked in dust and veiled by cobwebs, steeping the air in an eerie solemnity that weighed heavily on Janice's heart.

Her gaze settled on the two central urns—names both known and yet strangely distant—before she turned to Stephen standing beside her. Stephen nodded. "Yes, these are our parents—Timothy and Sandra."

Timothy and Sandra.

These were the names of the parents she had never known?

"The White family was mercilessly wiped out back then. Wendy found their remains and cremated them." Stephen picked up a towel and carefully wiped the dust from Timothy's and Sandra's urns.

Chapter 1110:

His eyes held a quiet sorrow, tinged with regret. "For years, I longed to come and pay my respects, but the Welch family's spies made it impossible. This place was left untouched for over two decades, but now, at last, we can return without fear."

"Thank you, Wendy." Janice turned to Wendy, her voice filled with gratitude. "You gave the lost souls of the White family a place to rest in peace."

"You should thank your grandfather." Wendy shook her head, dismissing any praise. "I was just carrying out his orders. Janice, with the Welch family falling and the White family reclaiming its strength, these souls can finally find peace."

Janice's eyes swept over the urns, her expression unwavering. To her, this was only the beginning of the war against the Welch family. She silently swore to the spirits of the White family—one day, the Welch family would kneel before these urns, begging for mercy. Their destruction would be the tribute she offered to the lives stolen too soon.

"Janice, come. You can talk to our parents," Stephen said.

Janice nodded and stepped forward. Looking at the urns, she began to speak to them as if they could hear.

“Wendy, Aiden, you should come too,” Stephen said. “You are now considered part of the White family.”

Aiden nodded without hesitation. Once he married Janice, her parents would be his in-laws. He stood by Janice’s side, keeping her company and offering her his support.

Then, they swept away the dust and decay, breathing new life into a place long abandoned.

“Stephen, when are we bringing these urns home?” Janice asked. “We can’t leave them here indefinitely.”

“I’m working on it. But with everything happening lately, I just haven’t had the time,” Stephen said with a weary sigh. “And with the ongoing clash with the Welch family, it’s too risky if they find out about this place.”

Even though these were only urns, there was no telling how the Welch family might twist things to cause trouble.

“I’ll take care of it,” Wendy offered without hesitation. “I was the one who put them here in the first place, so it’s only right that I see it through.”

Her logic was solid, and no one had any reason to argue.

“Wendy, thank you. I’ll leave this in your hands,” said Janice.

“It’s nothing. We’re family!” Wendy said with a bright smile, her heart warming at the way Janice embraced her as one of their own. It meant the world to her.

Janice let out a quiet sigh. Wendy was so easily pleased, hopelessly sentimental, and completely blinded by love.

The tough woman she used to know was fading, replaced by someone far softer and more vulnerable.

The door of the house swung shut once more.

Outside, a small crowd had formed, their curiosity piqued by the unusual activity.

The sight of movement in the long-abandoned house stirred whispers—sold years ago yet left untouched until now.