

Wrath 1111

Chapter 1111:

“Isn’t that Aiden? What’s he doing here?”

“Word is, Darrell’s men took over this house without permission and pissed off Aiden. They’re in for it now.”

“Seriously? Darrell already crossed Aiden once and has been on edge ever since. And now he’s done it again? Is he cursed or just plain unlucky?”

As rumors spread, the neighbors whispered amongst themselves, and Darrell quickly gained a reputation as a walking bad omen.

A single stroke of bad luck could be brushed off as coincidence, but to be hit with misfortune again and again? That was just tragic—and Darrell was living proof.

“This place has been abandoned for years. Who would’ve thought it actually belonged to Aiden?”

“But this house has been untouched for more than twenty years. Wasn’t Aiden just a kid back then?”

The crowd stood in utter disbelief. No matter how things turned out, one thing was clear: approaching the house was out of the question. Cross Aiden by mistake, and they would end up in the same sorry state as Darrell—or worse.

“Darrell’s coming!” A voice rang out, cutting through the murmurs. Heads turned as Darrell strode toward them, his loyal crew trailing behind like shadows.

Janice shot Aiden a quick, knowing look before positioning herself at the entrance of the house, poised and ready as Darrell drew near.

“Mr. Green, Miss White, I’ve handled those troublemakers,” Darrell said with a deferential nod, his tone dripping with respect. “What’s more, I’ve posted guards to ensure no one gets within a hair’s breadth of this place.”

“Handled them?” Aiden’s eyes narrowed, his voice sharp as a blade. “Do you mean to say you’ve ended their lives?”

Darrell faltered for a heartbeat, then scrambled to recover. “I’ll see to it immediately.”

“Hold on,” Aiden commanded, halting him mid-step. He plucked a ring of keys from Stephen’s hand and flicked them to Darrell with a casual toss. “They were reckless fools who blundered badly. Let them make amends with their own sweat. From now on, they’ll scrub this place spotless every day. If we return to find even a speck of dust, you know what to do—finish them for good.”

“Understood,” Darrell replied, a wave of relief washing over him. Those men were his own, and while they had crossed a line with Aiden, slaughtering them over this would sow distrust among his ranks. Loyalty was his lifeline—lose that, and his days as their leader were numbered.

Aiden, sharp as ever, seemed to grasp this, granting them a shot at redemption instead.

With his orders laid out, Aiden cast a glance at Janice and Stephen. “Time to move.”

Just then, Janice’s gaze sharpened like a hawk’s. She spotted figures weaving through the crowd, their eyes locked on her with fierce intent. Knives glinted in their hands, catching the light ominously.

“Watch out!” Janice cried, shoving Aiden aside with a burst of instinct. Aiden, caught off guard, hadn’t sensed the peril until Janice’s push jolted him awake.

Chapter 1112:

He spun around to see her grappling with one of the assailants, pinning him to the ground by the throat. The others, undeterred by their comrade’s fall, surged toward her, blades flashing.

“Janice!” Aiden bellowed, lunging forward.

But he was too far to close the gap. One of the killers had already reared back, aiming a vicious strike at Janice’s head.

At the last second, Darrell threw himself in front of her, his foot connecting with the attacker’s chest in a swift, desperate kick. Yet the remaining assailants—trained, relentless—pressed their advantage.

Outnumbered, Darrell couldn’t hold them all at bay. Blades found their mark, slashing deep. Two cuts carved through his flesh to the bone, painting the ground red.

“Argh!” Darrell roared, twisting to evade the onslaught. “What are you idiots standing around for? Take them down!”

The chaos had erupted so fast that Darrell’s crew stood frozen, stunned by the audacity of an attack in their domain.

Snapped back to reality by his shout, they charged into the fray.

“Janice, are you hurt?” Aiden reached her side, steadying her with a firm grip.

“I’m fine,” Janice said, brushing it off, though her eyes flicked to Darrell. “He is not.”

Aiden followed her gaze. Darrell’s chest and arm bore gaping wounds, his face drained of color, blood pooling beneath him.

“I’m sorry, I...” Darrell’s voice faltered, his world fading to black as he crumpled.

“Aiden, go after those attackers. I’ll patch Darrell up,” Janice said, already shifting into action.

“Got it,” Aiden replied, his tone clipped and resolute as he charged forward.

Wendy, quick to grasp the gravity of the moment, stepped in front of Stephen like a shield and moved to Janice’s side. “Janice, you focus on keeping him alive. I’ll watch your back.”

“Got it.”

Janice knelt beside Darrell, her eyes narrowing as she assessed his wounds. Most were mere scratches, superficial enough to ignore for now, but two gaped wide and deep—ugly gashes that oozed life with every passing second. Without something to staunch the bleeding, he would slip away long before help could arrive.

Yet, the harsh reality remained: no medical supplies or drugs were at hand to mend Darrell’s wounds. Even if they called for an ambulance, the odds of him clinging to life until it arrived were slim to none.

“Wendy, do you have a lighter?” Janice asked, her tone urgent.

“What?”

“Wendy, don’t play dumb. I know you smoke.”

Wendy’s cheeks flushed as she shot a sheepish glance at Stephen, then fished a lighter from her pocket. “Fine, but I swear I only smoke when I’m stressed.”

Stephen rolled his eyes. “I take you as you come. A cigarette or two doesn’t change the way I feel about you.”

“Really?” Wendy’s face brightened, a spark of relief igniting in her eyes. She had always figured Stephen—polished and proper—would frown on the habit. To keep it under wraps, she would sneak her

cigarettes in secret, scrubbing away the scent with a shower before meeting him, terrified he would catch a whiff and judge her. Now, it seemed her worries had been for nothing.

Chapter 1113:

Stephen found Wendy's antics amusing, but he also felt sorry for her. "Wendy, just be yourself. You don't have to change for me," he reassured her.

She hesitated, lowering her gaze. "I'm just afraid you might dislike me because of this."

Stephen glared at Wendy. Back then, she had treated him so harshly. Wasn't she afraid he'd dislike her then? "I actually miss the old you. Wild, maybe, but at least you were real."

"Stephen, you're truly an odd one." Wendy blinked before letting out a soft chuckle. "Tonight, I'll be exactly as you wish."

Stephen's ears burned slightly. "Cut it out. Is this really the time for such talk?"

His attention shifted to Janice, who was all business. She took the dagger Darrell had handed her and flicked on a lighter, holding the blade over the flame until it turned scorching hot.

The moment she pressed it against his wound, Darrell's agonized scream shattered the air.

His eyes flew open from the searing pain, but when he saw Janice tending to him, he clenched his jaw, swallowing back any further cries.

"One more time. Stay with me," she instructed.

"Okay." Darrell nodded, determination flickering in his gaze.

For the first time, he was this close to Janice. Even in the dim light, she was breathtaking—too mesmerizing for words.

Then another wave of agony crashed over him, blinding his thoughts.

Amid the pain, a faint, meaty aroma filled his nostrils.

“Is the meat done cooking? Can I eat now?”

“Huh?” Janice froze. Was he in so much pain that he was talking about eating his own flesh? “The bleeding’s stopped. It’s not looking great, but at least you won’t die from blood loss.”

“Thank you,” Darrell murmured, steadying his breathing.

Janice shook her head. “You got hurt saving me. If anyone should be grateful, it’s me.”

Darrell silently reveled in the moment. If enduring a few more wounds meant staying this close to Janice, then so be it. The pain was fleeting, but the intoxicating pull of her presence—utterly irresistible.

But such moments were fleeting.

On the other hand, Aiden had left nearly all the assassins sprawled on the ground, incapacitated. The fight was over.

Janice stepped toward them, her expression cold as she crouched near the nearest one. “Who sent you?”

A battered assassin scoffed, spitting out blood. “You think we’d tell you?” His eyes burned with defiance, the mark of a professional who had no intention of betraying his employer.

Janice smirked, twirling the dagger between her fingers. “I know you’ve undergone brutal training. Basic torture won’t work on you.”

The assassins stiffened. There was something in her tone—something chilling.

“Aiden,” she called out.

Chapter 1114:

Aiden responded instantly. With a snap of his fingers, Darrell’s men moved efficiently, clearing the area of any unnecessary onlookers.

The space suddenly felt larger. And far more suffocating.

Janice crouched beside the assassin again, her dagger gleaming under the faint light. “I wear many masks. One of them? Surgical master, MO.” The assassins’ eyes widened in alarm. The name alone sent a shiver down their spines.

“What are you planning? Do you really think carving us up will make us talk? Go ahead. Even if you hack us to pieces, we won’t break.”

Janice let out a soft chuckle, tilting her head. “Oh, you misunderstand me. I find dismemberment terribly primitive. You’ve endured excruciating training, built up an unshakable tolerance for pain—conventional torture won’t work on you. But I don’t need conventional methods. I know the human body well. I know precisely where to cut—not to kill, not even to maim—but to make you feel agony so profound, so consuming, that it will make you beg to talk.”

With a calculated flick of her wrist, Janice plunged the blade into a nerve-rich point along the assassin’s waist. The effect was immediate—agony surged through his body like lightning splintering across a stormy sky.

His eyes bulged, his muscles seized, and a strangled sound escaped his throat before the sheer intensity of the pain robbed him of his voice altogether.

He had endured brutal training, built an iron will against suffering, but this was something else entirely. It felt as though his bones were shattering from within, as if his flesh were being seared straight through to his soul.

“We’re just getting started,” Janice’s voice was soft, almost sweet, but to the assassin, it was the whisper of a demon. “Now, it’s time for the second phase.”

With a slow, deliberate motion, she twisted the blade. The pain didn’t just intensify—it evolved, transforming into something so unbearable that his body convulsed violently, his vision swimming in a haze of white-hot torment.

His breath hitched, his eyes rolled back, yet no scream came—only the silent, gut-wrenching proof of his suffering.

Someone gulped.

The other assassins, hardened warriors who had long abandoned fear, found their resolve faltering. They had witnessed men die in brutal ways, had faced death themselves—but never had they seen someone in such agony before.

Aiden’s brow furrowed slightly as he took in Janice’s methods. A chilling thought crossed his mind—if he ever got on her bad side, would he suffer the same fate?

He made a silent vow then and there—never to cross Janice and to do whatever it took to keep her pleased.

Meanwhile, Wendy, who had been observing with a rather unsettling sense of curiosity, tapped her chin thoughtfully. So that spot could bring this much pain? A slow, mischievous smirk curled her lips.

Perhaps she could test it on Stephen tonight.

At that moment, Stephen gave Wendy a look of utter disapproval, as if to say, “You always pick up useless things instead of learning the good stuff. Don’t even think about touching me tonight.”

While they maintained their composure, Darrell and the others were visibly terrified.

Chapter 1115:

Janice, usually known for her stunning beauty and elegant demeanor, became shockingly fierce when provoked—a side of her that was beyond anyone’s expectations.

Everyone had thought Aiden was intimidating, but Janice was proving to be just as formidable.

“I’ll tell you.” The assassin finally broke under the pressure, his voice weak.

Janice withdrew her dagger, and in that instant, the assassin felt a profound relief, as if he had been transported from hell to heaven. “It’s the Green Dragon. Their leader hired us to kill you.”

“Green Dragon?” Janice raised an eyebrow and looked at Aiden. “Is this gang part of the factions you’ve consolidated?”

Aiden nodded. “Yes, it’s one of the factions. But the Green Dragon lacks the courage to initiate something like this on their own.”

Janice agreed. With Aiden’s control over the gangs, none would dare act without solid backing. If they were moving now, it suggested external support.

“What else do you know?” she asked the assassin.

Before he could finish, a tumultuous roar erupted.

Janice was momentarily stunned, then turned to see a crowd surging from all directions.

They brandished weapons and charged like a tidal wave, creating a terrifying spectacle.

“The other gangs are rebelling. Mr. Green, Miss White, you need to escape quickly,” Darrell said through gritted teeth, struggling to stand. “My men and I will cover your retreat.”

Janice frowned, already piecing together the situation. The Green Dragon was merely a diversion; the real threat lay in the coalition of gangs, orchestrated by a shadowy figure.

“Guys, it’s time to show where your loyalty lies,” Darrell bellowed, grabbing a machete from the ground. “Hold them off and cover Mr. Green and Miss White’s retreat!”

The Jaguar Gang members, initially frightened, were galvanized by Darrell’s rallying cry and his bravery despite his injuries. “We’ve had our share of good days; now it’s time to fight.”

“Charge!”

In an instant, the Jaguar Gang members surged forward, clashing fiercely with the opposing gangs.

Despite their bravery, the overwhelming numbers of the enemy soon pushed them back, and many adversaries reached Janice and her group.

“Aiden?” Janice called out.

“Yes.”

Aiden nodded and snapped his fingers. Suddenly, men in black suits appeared from every direction.

They exuded a fierce aura, their expressions cold and determined, showing nothing but a relentless intent to kill.

Chapter 1116:

Among them, a slender figure moved swiftly, slicing through the enemy ranks like an arrow.

Janice was surprised to see this figure—it was a woman, whose striking appearance suggested she was as formidable as she was beautiful. “Aiden, where have you been hiding this beauty?”

“Huh?” Aiden looked confused for a moment, but Janice didn’t allow him time to respond, charging forward through the opening created. Wendy protected Stephen as they advanced, their movements unstoppable. Any opponent daring to approach was quickly neutralized, giving them no chance to halt their progress.

However, just as they neared the crowd’s edge, another wave of attackers surged forward.

It appeared that all the gangs from Cloverhill had united, determined to trap them there.

But then, another contingent of men in black suits arrived.

Their presence was chilling, each member moving with the precision of a well-oiled machine, ready to eliminate any threat.

Seeing these reinforcements, Janice exhaled in relief. “Wendy, your squad of fiercely loyal fighters is impressive.”

Wendy raised her eyebrows proudly. “I’ve invested a lot in training these fighters. It’s rewarding to see them excel in battle.”

“Stay alert! Today, we ensure Janice and the others don’t leave here,” a gruff voice commanded.

Everyone turned to see a bald man positioned strategically above, orchestrating the attack.

"It's Alister Chavez." Aiden frowned, recognizing the leader of the uprising. "I should have dealt with him earlier. He's become a serious threat."

"So, after today, Cloverhill's underworld will be united under one rule," Janice stated coldly, her eyes narrowing.

"Yes." Aiden reached for his phone, intending to call Braylen for backup, but his expression turned to one of surprise when he found no signal.

The entire block had become a battleground, a trap that left them with two grim options: fight their way out or die.

"What's the situation on North Road?"

Gilmore slumped in his wheelchair, his expression unreadable, though the exhaustion beneath his eyes and the faint crease between his brows hinted at the burdens he carried.

At that moment, the Welch family's key figures were gathered, anticipating favorable news from North Road.

"Uncle Gilmore, North Road is completely locked down. No matter how skilled Janice and Aiden are, there's no way they'll escape this time," Calvin said, a sinister grin spreading across his face.

Excitement rippled through the room.

Had the time finally come to eliminate those two troublemakers and reclaim their family's dignity?

Gilmore closed his eyes briefly, rubbing his temples, before snapping them open. His gaze was sharp and cold. "Our counterattack has begun."

Chapter 1117:

Calvin hesitated, his brow furrowing in concern. "But what about Mr. Truman? With all this chaos, he's bound to take notice. If he steps in, we might—"

Gilmore shot him a derisive glance. "And what exactly makes you think the Welch family is involved? This is nothing more than an underworld conflict. Besides, there are outside forces who are unhappy with JE Consortium and are attempting to take Janice's life. How does any of this trace back to us?"

Understanding dawned in Calvin's eyes, and he finally relaxed. The Welch family had swallowed their pride for too long, biding their time for this decisive strike.

He recognized Gilmore's calculated patience, drawing the enemy into complacency before unleashing a relentless assault. Janice and Aiden would be doomed this time.

Meanwhile, chaos consumed North Road. The sounds of shouting and combat echoed through the air. Communication lines were down, and for over ten minutes, they had been cut off from the outside world.

"Are their numbers still growing?" Stephen muttered, scanning the approaching gang members with a grim expression. "At this rate, we won't be able to break through."

Janice's keen gaze scanned the battlefield, recognizing their attackers as underground operatives.

Although Aiden was leading his people to fight back, the enemies were overwhelming.

"Something's off," she murmured.

Stephen turned to her, frowning. "What do you mean?"

Her lips pressed into a thin line. "They're herding us—splitting our forces on purpose."

The realization struck hard. At some point, Aiden had been separated from them.

“This isn’t good!” Janice’s face darkened. She quickly turned to Stephen and Wendy. “Run! There’s more than just gangsters in play here—other forces are lurking in the shadows.”

The group hesitated for only a second before Wendy grabbed Stephen’s arm and sprinted toward the nearby dock.

North Road was close to the harbor, where the open space might allow them to break free from the signal jamming. If they could get a message out, they could call for backup.

Janice rushed to follow, but Darrell—badly wounded—lagged behind.

“Miss White, go ahead. I’ll hold them off,” Darrell said.

“In your condition, you’d be lucky to stay conscious, and you want to fight?” Janice frowned. Without waiting for a response, she hoisted him up. “You got hurt saving me. I won’t leave you behind.”

Darrell was deeply moved. He had been prepared to die for Janice.

At that moment, Aiden sensed something was wrong. When he finally broke free from the skirmish, he realized Janice and the others were making their way toward the dock.

“Hold the position! Don’t let them break through!” he ordered before dashing after them.

A creeping sense of dread settled in his gut. Something was too convenient about their escape route—it felt like a setup. Someone was steering them right where they wanted.

Chapter 1118:

“Janice, stay safe,” he murmured.

Watching from the shadows, Alister smirked as Janice and Aiden unknowingly ran toward their doom. "They took the bait. Fall back!" At the command, the gang members wasted no time retreating.

Fearful of Aiden's and Janice's forces, they had no interest in prolonging the fight. Given the opportunity to flee, they took it without hesitation.

Within moments, North Road was emptied of their presence.

Sloane observed the scene, her gaze narrowing. As she spotted Aiden heading toward the dock, she raised a hand to halt her subordinates. "Hold your positions. Stop pursuing."

Without another word, she turned toward the docks. "Follow me." By then, Janice and her group had already reached the docks.

"What's going on?" Wendy muttered, checking her phone, only to find the signal still blocked. "Why is there no service here either?"

Janice let out a slow breath, her expression grim. "Because this is the real trap."

"A trap?" Wendy's eyes widened. "Weren't they trying to keep us locked in North Road? Why is this place blocked off too?"

"Because that was just a setup to drive us here. Didn't you notice how easily we made it to the dock? It was too smooth—like someone was guiding us straight into their hands."

A chilling realization settled over the group, sending a shiver down their spines.

"Janice! Take cover now!" Just then, Aiden rushed over and shouted after them.

Janice hesitated for a split second before yanking Darrell down, while Wendy instinctively grabbed Stephen and rolled away.

Bang!

A deafening gunshot shattered the air.

In the ground nearby, a deep crater appeared.

There were snipers?

Janice's mind raced, quickly piecing together how the Welch family planned the ambush.

They wouldn't dare to openly hire snipers, as it would mean blatantly breaking their promise to Trenton, leading to inevitable retribution.

If the Welch family hadn't done it, then someone else must be orchestrating this from the shadows. Someone who could mobilize such professional snipers and harbored deep resentment toward her.

Leonidas!

That guy finally made his move.

And what a fierce move it was.

"Boss, be careful!" Sloane rushed over, catching a glint of light from a distant window.

Aiden swiftly sidestepped and barked an order to Sloane. "Find those snipers and take them out."

“On it!” Sloane hastened toward the location she had just identified. The others quickly followed, fanning out in eight directions. It was clear now—there wasn’t just one sniper waiting to strike.

Chapter 1119:

Aiden stood up and sprinted toward Janice.

Meanwhile, Leonidas was watching the scene unfold through a remote video feed. As he saw Aiden run toward Janice, a slight smile played on his lips.

“What a touching display of devotion,” Leonidas mused, swirling his wine glass with a smug, relaxed air. “But unfortunately, one of you must die today. Will it be you, or you?” He pointed a finger at Janice, then at Aiden.

“Of course, it’s you.”

Finally, his finger settled on Aiden.

“Janice is mine. You, the meddler, should vanish.”

In the next moment, all the snipers received an order to aim their rifles at Aiden.

Seeing Aiden running toward her, Janice felt a surge of alarm. “Aiden, stop! Don’t come any closer. Find cover!”

But Aiden ignored her and continued running in her direction. Janice could sense the deadly intent of the snipers.

Gritting her teeth, she ran toward the edge of the dock.

Aiden paused for a moment and then changed direction, narrowly avoiding the sniper’s bullet.

“Aiden, they’re targeting you! Don’t come over!” Janice yelled. At her words, Aiden halted. Then he rolled and took cover behind a concrete pillar.

Seeing Aiden safely hidden, Janice breathed a sigh of relief, but she then felt the deadly intent now focused on herself.

“Leonidas, you really outdid yourself this time,” Janice said with a bitter laugh. She should’ve known better than to try making sense of a madman’s mind. The bastard had orchestrated everything—deliberately directing all the snipers at Aiden, making her believe Aiden was the real target.

Leonidas had never gone all out against her before, and that misled her.

Now, it was clear—everything he had done was just to lure her into the open for a decisive, fatal strike.

Then, gunfire rang out.

A series of sharp shots echoed through the air.

Janice moved as fast as she could, twisting and dodging, but there were too many snipers—every escape route was cut off. Then came a sickening thud.

Her body jolted. A sharp, searing pain bloomed in her chest. Instinctively, she looked down.

Blood was spreading across her clothes, the bullet having torn clean through.

Janice blinked, her vision swimming, and turned to Aiden. A sorrowful smile tugged at her lips.

She saw him running toward her, his face twisted in panic, his mouth moving frantically. But no sound reached her ears. Was this what dying felt like?

“Janice!” Aiden’s eyes burned with desperation. Ignoring the hail of bullets, he had only one thought—to reach her. Even if it meant dying, he wanted to die by her side.

A sharp splash shattered the night.

Janice’s body hit the water, swallowed instantly by the dark waves.

Chapter 1120:

Without hesitation, Darrell dove in after her. Gunfire erupted.

The bullets weren’t meant to halt Aiden’s move.

But he was beyond reason now, moving with a speed and fury that made him untouchable. The snipers couldn’t pin him down as he tore through the chaos. At this moment, Sloane arrived, taking out the remaining shooters with ruthless precision.

Strangely, they didn’t even fight back. As if their mission had ended the moment Janice fell.

Sloane stepped to the window, eyes locking onto the dock just as Aiden launched himself into the sea.

Below, Aiden fought against the raging current, his frantic gaze scanning the endless waves. “Janice!”

His voice was raw, pleading. But only the relentless ocean answered him.

Aiden searched for hours, but there was no trace of Janice—or even Darrell. Exhausted, he returned to shore, his frustration simmering beneath his skin. Without hesitation, he summoned an army of men, ordering them to scour the sea.

Despite their relentless efforts, the sea remained silent.

Aiden sat on the dock, his gaze fixed on the endless waves. The water shimmered beneath the moonlight, indifferent to his agony. His eyes, hollow and unfocused, mirrored the void inside him.

Behind him, his elite team stood in rigid formation, Braylen and Sloane at the forefront.

“Is Stephen safe?” Aiden’s voice was low, rough with exhaustion.

“He’s returned home. Wendy is looking after him.”

Stephen had witnessed Janice being shot and falling into the sea, which had struck him hard and caused him to faint.

It was as if he was reliving the massacre of over a hundred members of the White family, and now his only sister’s life seemed to have ended tragically. How could he bear it?

Aiden rose to his feet, inhaling deeply before closing his eyes. When he opened them again, a deadly fire burned within them.

“Leave a team here. The search doesn’t stop—not until we find her, dead or alive. The rest of you, follow me,” Aiden ordered.

Cloverhill was in chaos.

Aiden had turned the underworld on its head. His wrath was merciless, his vengeance swift.

The gangs responsible for Janice’s ambush crumbled before him. One by one, they fell, unable to withstand his fury.

Even when several factions united against him, they were no match for the storm he had unleashed.

By dawn, more than half of the gangs had been reduced to ruins. If not for the intervention of the authorities, Cloverhill would have drowned in bodies.

In a nightclub, there were no flashing lights, no pounding music. Only death.