

Wrath 1121

Chapter 1121:

The stench of blood was thick in the air, clinging to every surface. Bodies littered the floor, their stillness a grim testament to the massacre. Aiden sat on a bloodstained sofa, his boot resting atop the corpse of a man marked with a dragon tattoo. A cigarette burned between his fingers, its ember flickering against the darkness.

One after another, he smoked, as if trying to fill the hollow ache inside him.

Three days had passed, yet there was still no news of Janice.

Rumors spread like wildfire—that she was gone, that the sea had claimed her, that her body had been torn apart by the creatures lurking beneath the waves. But Aiden refused to believe it. Janice wasn't someone who died easily. She was stronger than that.

Besides, they weren't remarried yet. He hadn't kept his promises. How could she leave him like this?

Suddenly, the door swung open.

Aiden didn't react. He took another cigarette between his lips, his grip tightening on the lighter. Just as he was about to take a drag, a hand reached out and snatched it away.

"Aiden, do you even realize what kind of disaster you've caused?" Minnie's voice was sharp, edged with frustration. But beneath her anger, something else flickered—concern. "You've wiped out two-thirds of the gangs. The entire underworld is in shambles. And now, you've drawn the authorities' attention. If they don't do anything, Cloverhill is going to spiral completely out of control."

Aiden leaned back, staring at Minnie coldly. "So, are you here to arrest me?"

Minnie sighed. "I know you're in pain, but you need to get a grip. If you keep this up, everything Janice built will collapse." A flicker of light passed through Aiden's eyes.

Minnie caught it—proof that he hadn't completely lost himself. Maybe there was still hope. "Aiden, the Welch family is already seizing the chance to crush White Group. Without Janice at the helm, JE Consortium is in turmoil, struggling to hold out against their attacks. The royal families of Aerith and Cherriton have pulled their support. Leah is doing everything she can, but she won't last much longer. If this continues, all of Janice's efforts will be for nothing."

Janice's absence had exposed a fatal flaw. Everything—every alliance, every victory—had been held together by her presence. Without her, the foundation was crumbling.

Aiden inhaled deeply, his voice turning steely. "What do you want me to do?"

"I need to keep you locked up for two days," Minnie said evenly. "You've left a trail of bodies behind, and there's no walking away from that. So, you have to be detained—just for a little while. Once I've settled things with my uncle, I'll get you out."

"Minnie, why are you doing this?" Aiden's gaze sharpened, something amused yet wary flashing in his eyes. "Even if the White family crumbles, the Payne family could just cut their losses and walk away untouched."

Minnie shook her head, her voice steady. "I gambled everything the moment I got involved. If the White family falls, I'll be dragged down with them. That's why I have no choice but to back you completely. Besides, I believe Janice will come back. And when she does? That will be the end of the Welch family. When that day comes, the Payne family will gain more than anyone else."

Chapter 1122:

Aiden listened, the weight of her words settling over him.

If she had claimed she was doing this out of friendship, he wouldn't have believed her. In this world, loyalty was measured in self-interest. And Minnie's interests aligned perfectly with his.

Aiden took a deep breath, fully aware of the situation and what needed to be done to turn things in his favor. "Minnie, thank you."

Minnie hesitated, her gaze flickering with uncertainty as she studied him.

"Thank you for believing that Janice is still alive," he explained, grateful that he wasn't alone in his conviction. Someone else refused to accept the impossible.

To the rest of the world, Janice had been shot and vanished into the sea—survival was a fantasy. Insisting otherwise was either blind faith or outright delusion.

"Aiden, in three days, Overden Group is holding their product launch. While you're locked up, you need to figure out how to handle it. If you don't, White Group's position will become dangerously unstable."

"Got it."

Minnie clapped her hands, and a man strode in from outside.

The man had a piercing gaze and commanding presence, dressed in a military uniform, exuding an aura of authority that could intimidate with just a glance.

"Uncle, I'm leaving him to you," said Minnie.

Samson Payne's gaze locked onto Aiden, a smirk curling at his lips. "So, you're the one who turned Cloverhill upside down. If it weren't for Minnie, I wouldn't waste my time on you."

Aiden's expression remained unreadable as he met the man's gaze. "Then don't."

"What did you just say?" Samson stepped forward, reaching for Aiden with a grip like steel.

But Aiden leaned back, dodging with ease before landing a solid punch against Samson's wrist.

A sharp crack echoed through the room.

Samson withdrew his hand, momentarily stunned by the impact.

Recovering quickly, he sneered and lunged again.

This time, Aiden didn't stay seated. He sprang up, seizing Samson's arm and twisting it as he aimed straight for his throat.

Samson's pupils constricted—he barely dodged, countering with a swift kick. But Aiden had already anticipated the move. His fist shot forward, hammering into Samson's calf.

"How's this?" Aiden's gaze sharpened, something amused yet wary flashing in his eyes. "Even if the White family crumbles, the Payne family could just cut their losses and walk away untouched."

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Chapter 1123:

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Pain rippled through Samson's leg, throwing him off balance. Aiden didn't waste the opening. With a forceful shove, he slammed a palm against Samson's chest.

Another deafening crack.

Samson hit the floor hard.

“Do you want to keep going?” Aiden loomed over him, his cold gaze piercing with an unspoken warning.

One hundred K was enough—Samson knew if he pushed further, Aiden wouldn’t hesitate to end him.

“Aiden, Uncle, enough.” Minnie’s sharp voice cut through the tension, her brow creased in frustration. “Have either of you seen what’s happening outside? The Payne and White families are in the same boat now. If we don’t pull together, we all go down with it.”

Samson laughed, slapping Aiden’s arm in a rare show of respect. “Kid, you’ve got skills. With your instincts, you could be an elite soldier.”

“Not interested.” Aiden pulled Samson to his feet, then dusted off his hands indifferently.

“Tsk, you’re really something. But for a man with real skill, a little arrogance isn’t a flaw—it’s a necessity.” Samson turned to Minnie with a chuckle. “Minnie, I have to admit, you’ve got good taste.”

“Uncle!” Minnie’s cheeks flushed, and she shot him a sharp glare before sneaking a glance at Aiden. But he remained indifferent, as if the conversation had nothing to do with him.

And that—his complete lack of concern—left Minnie with an inexplicable frustration. His silence meant only one thing. To him, she was just an ally, nothing more.

In Westville, Oceantown, a man in a cap and mask cautiously approached a small shop and bought a newspaper from the owner. A smartphone would’ve been too risky. Staying off the grid was the only way to survive.

He had ditched his phone days ago, choosing instead to hide in this remote corner of the world. “Mr. Green was captured?”

His gaze swept across the bold headline. His grip on the newspaper tightened, his pulse spiking. Then, as he scanned the other headlines, his breath caught.

“And White Group is on the verge of collapse. If I return now, it’ll be suicide.” Darrell clenched his jaw, thoughts racing. After a long moment of deliberation, he exhaled sharply. For now, he had no choice but to wait.

“Sir, I need some bread and milk.”

“Got it.”

Darrell took the bag of supplies and made his way back. When he reached a rundown house at the end of the road, he pushed the door open—only to stop dead in his tracks.

A woman stood in the doorway, her delicate features framed by the dim light. His breath hitched. “Janice, you’re awake.”

Chapter 1124:

“Who are you?” Janice’s eyes narrowed as she studied him, her expression wary.

The question sent a cold chill down Darrell’s spine. She didn’t recognize him? Could it be...?

His throat went dry. “Do you remember who you are?”

Janice’s brows furrowed. “I don’t remember.”

Darrell’s chest tightened. His mind screamed at him to stay calm, but an overwhelming rush of emotion crashed over him.

“Janice, you’re finally awake.” In one swift motion, he stepped forward and pulled her into his arms, his grip desperate, almost trembling. “I thought you’d never wake up. If you had stayed unconscious forever, what would I have done?”

Janice stiffened at the contact. Without hesitation, she shoved him away. “Who on earth are you?”

“I’m your husband, Darrell.”

“That’s how it happened!”

Darrell narrated a fabricated story to Janice and then gazed at her with a blend of nervousness and hope.

“You mean to say we ran away because your foreman was after us?” Janice massaged her temples, feeling bewildered. Despite Darrell’s elaborate account, something seemed amiss. She couldn’t remember anything relevant.

“Janice, I’m so sorry! I wanted us to have a joyful home, yet I acted impulsively!” Darrell hit himself in distress. “I shouldn’t have struck the foreman over some money. Now, I’ve pulled you into this mess with me.”

Janice looked at Darrell. He seemed familiar, but somehow not quite like the man she remembered as her husband.

“Janice, even though you’ve lost your memories, I won’t leave you.” Darrell stepped closer and reached out to hug her, but Janice instinctively retreated, feeling a deep disconnect from him.

Darrell’s expression stiffened, and he forced a smile. “I get it. You don’t remember me right now. But don’t worry. I’ll find a way to jog your memories.”

“Let me have some time to think by myself,” Janice said with a frown.

“Okay, I’ll go prepare some food for you.” Darrell quickly exited the room and exhaled a breath of relief. He began to regret his deception.

One lie necessitated many others to maintain it. Now, uncertain whether Janice would regain her memories, he worried about the potential fallout if she did.

After all, Janice belonged to Aiden.

Who was he to touch Aiden’s woman? Such an act could cost him his life.

Back in the room, Janice’s forehead creased as she tried to remember, but each effort only led to severe headaches.

She paused to gather her thoughts and began searching her pockets for her phone, only to remember it was missing. Darrell had told her they threw away their phones while escaping to avoid being tracked by the foreman. “Hmm?”

Janice’s search stopped as she detected something firm sewn into the lining of her clothes.

Chapter 1125:

“What’s this?” She extracted what seemed to be an antiquated pocket watch, though its design featured advanced technological details. Almost without thinking, Janice activated a switch on the watch, causing it to light up.

The activated watch emitted a signal.

Prescott had been tirelessly searching for any trace of Janice, combing through every bit of surveillance footage around the dock, but found nothing useful.

Expanding his search further, he still found no trace of her.

The atmosphere at JE Consortium had turned somber with Janice's disappearance, as if they had lost their beacon during these troubled times.

"Janice, where are you? Are you really gone?" Prescott murmured, then quickly shook his head to dispel such a distressing idea. "Janice is too resilient to be defeated."

Ding!

At that moment, a series of alerts chimed from Prescott's laptop.

His eyes widened as he swiftly verified the source of the signal.

"Is this Janice's tracking watch?"

Each member of their team was equipped with such a watch for emergencies, which allowed them to issue distress signals.

"Leah, come quickly! Janice has sent a distress signal!"

"Really? Are you sure?" Leah was attending a meeting at White Group when she received the news. She immediately stood up. "Tell me where she is."

"Westville, Oceantown."

After ending the call, Leah surveyed the room. "You were all prepared to submit to the Welch family, weren't you? Well, I'm here to tell you that Janice is alive and has just sent a distress signal. So, are you going to act like cowards?"

The news that Janice was alive and had sent a distress signal galvanized everyone.

They had been pushed to the edge by the Welch family, prompting this emergency meeting to discuss a possible reconciliation.

Leah had stood firm against the pressure to agree, rejecting the idea. Although she faced overwhelming opposition, the confirmation of Janice's survival bolstered her resolve.

"I will retrieve Janice. With her, we will not falter." With those words, Leah quickly left the room. "Spread the word, mobilize our best fighters, and join me in rescuing Janice."

Promptly, the staff mobilized, assembling a team of elite operatives to head for Westville, Oceantown.

Meanwhile, having activated the watch, Janice experienced a curious sense of calm. Could this watch...?

"Janice, the food is ready." Darrell came in holding a bowl of instant noodles. "This is all we've got. I hope it's okay."

However, upon noticing the tracking watch in Janice's hand, his face turned white, and the bowl fell from his hands, crashing to the floor.

"What did you do?" Darrell rushed forward and snatched the pocket watch from Janice's hand.

Chapter 1126:

"I don't know. But it feels like some kind of signal transmitter." Janice shook her head and shared her intuition with Darrell.

Darrell's face turned pale. Without hesitation, he hurled the watch to the floor and stomped on it, crushing it under his heel.

“Janice, I’m sorry! I shouldn’t have snapped at you, but this is serious. If that was a tracker, our location might already be compromised. We have to leave. Now! If the foreman finds us, we’re in serious trouble!” He grabbed her wrist urgently, pulling her to her feet. “I never expected the foreman to be so cunning, hiding a tracker on you all this time.”

“Is that really what’s happening?” Janice hesitated, a deep frown creasing her brow. “Are you truly on the run because you injured the foreman?”

“You don’t believe me?” Darrell stiffened. A flicker of pain crossed his face before he let out a short, bitter laugh. “I get it. You should go. They’re after me. I won’t drag you into this.”

He turned around, dragging his heavy body toward the exit.

Watching his retreating figure, Janice felt an odd tug at her chest. Before she could second-guess herself, she rushed forward, catching up to him. “I’ll go with you.”

Darrell stopped in his tracks, his body tensing. Slowly, he turned. “You trust me?”

“Yes.” Janice nodded, her gaze steady. “I can feel it. The way you look at me... there’s real love in your eyes. That’s not something you can fake.”

Darrell’s heart clenched. She was right—his love for her was real. But everything else? A carefully crafted illusion.

Still, none of that mattered.

He had already set this path into motion. He would follow it to the end. Even if the truth came out, at least, for now, he could have this fleeting, stolen moment with her.

Meanwhile, Leah and her team arrived in Westville, Oceantown at lightning speed, reaching the village in under an hour.

But when they stepped into the rundown house, it was already empty. The only thing they were sure of was that someone had indeed been there an hour ago.

Leah crouched down, her sharp gaze locking onto the shattered remains of the pocket watch on the floor. Someone had been with Janice—someone who discovered the tracker, destroyed it, and fled with her.

If Janice had activated the tracker, it meant she hadn't been restrained.

With her skills, no ordinary captor could have kept her against her will.

But if she sent a distress signal, why did she leave with the other person?

None of it made sense.

Leah exhaled sharply. "Find out everything about this place. Now."

"Yes, ma'am!"

Her team sprang into action, fanning out to question the locals.

Minutes later, a villager was brought forward—a small, wiry man who looked terrified out of his mind. His hands trembled as he stood before Leah.

"Madam, what do you want? I'm just an honest businessman, I swear! I don't know anything!"

Chapter 1127:

“Relax, sir.” Leah smiled. “I just want to ask a few questions.”

“Learn about the situation here?” The shop owner blinked in confusion, glancing between Leah and her team.

Leah made a subtle gesture with her fingers.

One of her subordinates stepped forward and handed the shop owner a thick stack of bills.

The man’s eyes widened, his breath hitching. “Is all this for me?”

“Yes,” Leah’s tone was even, but firm. “Answer my questions truthfully, and this ten thousand is yours.”

“Alright, ask away! I won’t hide anything, I swear.” The shop owner swallowed hard, then nodded eagerly.

“Do you know the people who lived in this house?” Leah’s gaze was sharp, studying his every reaction.

“This house? Oh, you mean that couple. That young man has had it rough. His wife is in a vegetative state, and he lost his job. They had no choice but to flee here. They stayed for about three days. The man came to my shop to buy food. Just earlier, he picked up some bread and a carton of milk.”

A couple?

Leah’s brows furrowed deeply as she processed the absurdity of his statement.

If Janice was truly here, then who was the other person?

“You said someone was vegetative?” she asked.

“The man’s wife!”

Leah raised a hand to her temple, rubbing it as a sinking feeling settled in. If the vegetative person was Janice, how had she managed to send a distress signal?

Or had she only been unconscious? Had she woken up just long enough to reach out for help?

“That’s all I know.” Then, as if remembering something, the shop owner added, “Oh! One more thing—the man’s wife is stunningly beautiful.”

Without hesitation, Leah pulled out her phone and brought up a photo of Janice. “Is it her?”

The man leaned in, squinting at the image. Then his eyes lit up in recognition. “Yes, yes! That’s her! No doubt about it! I’d never forget such a gorgeous woman.”

It really was Janice.

Leah inhaled sharply, her grip tightening around the phone. So her instincts had been right—Janice hadn’t been in a vegetative state. She had only been unconscious.

But why had she suddenly become someone else’s wife?

The more Leah thought about it, the deeper the mystery grew. They had arrived too late—the house was empty, the targets already gone.

But there was one thing they now knew for certain. Janice was alive.

And that single piece of news was enough. It was enough to keep them from crumbling. Enough to help them withstand the Welch family’s relentless assault.

The North Prison was home to the most dangerous criminals. Inmates here were responsible for numerous deaths, each one more heartless than the last.

Chapter 1128:

Yet, amidst this grim setting, a newcomer with a distinguished air stood out sharply from the rest.

Aiden was seated at the dining table, silently consuming his food. Minnie had informed him that his stay would only last three days, and today marked the third.

Suddenly, a loud crash resounded.

The cafeteria erupted into chaos as a table was overturned.

Aiden continued his meal undisturbed, methodically finishing his food. Despite the unappetizing fare, he ate meticulously, ensuring not a bit was wasted.

His priority was to keep his strength up.

Suddenly, a body was hurled across the room, landing with a thud near Aiden.

Aiden paused, his eyes calmly assessing the injured man before him. Standing, Aiden picked up his tray, intending to head back to his cell.

As he stepped forward, a group of muscular men blocked his path.

“Mr. Green, we’ve been hired to take care of you,” said the leader, his eyes fierce, muscles bulging as if to announce his strength to everyone. The men smirked maliciously, sure that overpowering someone as seemingly weak as Aiden would be simple.

They even joked among themselves that their employer was foolish for spending so much to subdue such an easy target.

Aiden glanced up slowly, his eyes sweeping over the group. "I'll be leaving tomorrow, so I prefer to avoid any trouble."

"That's not your call." The aggressive leader gestured to his accomplices and immediately threw a direct punch at Aiden's face. Aiden remained unfazed. With a quick step back, he dodged the blow, which only managed to ruffle his hair slightly.

The man's face twitched in frustration. With a roar, he lunged forward again.

This time, he threw a series of left and right hooks at Aiden. However, no matter how hard he swung, Aiden managed to evade every punch with his swift, fluid movements.

"Damn! Everyone, take him down!" Frustrated by his inability to land a punch, the leader urgently called for reinforcements. Time was running out. They needed to subdue Aiden before the guards intervened, or they would fail their mission.

"Even if we can't overpower him, we need to force him to fight back!" Now aware of Aiden's skill, the leader shifted his strategy from defeating him to outmaneuvering him.

If they could provoke Aiden into fighting back, he might face a longer detention, which was their employer's goal. But Aiden was unlike anyone they had encountered.

He was the man notorious for wiping out half the gangs in Cloverhill and had single-handedly dismantled a gang, eliminating its dozens of members.

Such a strong opponent was not going to be easily overpowered by mere thugs.

During the assault, Aiden cleverly used the cafeteria's tables and chairs to dodge their attacks.

Chapter 1129:

He moved so swiftly that the attackers ended up striking each other instead.

As the confrontation dragged on, a sense of dread began to fill the attackers. Was Aiden even human?

Despite their greater numbers, they couldn't overpower him. Instead, they suffered heavy losses, with many already lying on the floor.

At that moment, the guards made their entrance.

They banged their batons against the railings as a warning to the troublemakers. "Stop it! It's time to eat, not fight!" One guard moved in authoritatively, baton in hand.

The criminals bowed their heads, unwilling to challenge the guard. Outside the prison walls, they might be feared, but within these confines, they shrank back like trapped beasts.

The guard approached Aiden, examining him closely. "Any trouble here?"

Aiden shook his head and replied with a calm gaze, "You might want to ask them."

The guard turned to see the men sprawled on the floor, all moaning from their injuries. He was quietly impressed by Aiden's ability to remain untouched despite the onslaught. However, he had been instructed to get rid of Aiden.

"Since you were involved in the brawl, I'm placing you in solitary confinement," he said.

"Are you certain I participated?" Aiden asked, his face showing no emotion as he met the guard's eyes.

The guard scowled and gestured toward the injured men. "Isn't this evidence enough?"

"They tripped over themselves," Aiden said casually, his composure intact. "Check the cameras."

"Wait here."

The guard motioned to his colleague, who quickly left to review the surveillance footage.

When the colleague returned and relayed the findings, the guard was clearly disturbed.

"What? He didn't engage in the fight?"

"That's right! He was just evading, and it looks like they hurt each other," his colleague said.

The guard clenched his baton tighter. Without clear evidence, he was unable to place Aiden in solitary or even justify his actions to his superior.

"They were injured because of you. To set an example for the others, you're being sentenced to thirty days in solitary confinement," said the guard.

Aiden narrowed his eyes, an icy hostility radiating from him.

He could tell this guard was merely a pawn, used to ensure he wouldn't be set free.

"What are you glaring at?" The guard stiffened under Aiden's gaze, gripping his baton a little too tightly. His fingers trembled slightly. "I'm the law in this place, and you all follow my rules."

"Oh? I wasn't aware you were the one in charge here."

Chapter 1130:

A cool, authoritative voice sliced through the tension like a blade. The guard shuddered and spun around, only to see a middle-aged man approaching—Lance Perry, the warden.

“Sir!” The guard saluted hastily, but a bead of sweat trickled down his temple.

Lance surveyed the scene with an unreadable expression, then his gaze lingered on Aiden, eyes gleaming with something akin to admiration. Aiden wasn’t just a brute who relied on strength—his composure and tactical mind made him formidable.

No wonder the Payne family saw value in him and sent someone with high authority to vouch for him.

“You’re demoted. Effective immediately. Report to external security duty,” Lance ordered, his voice calm yet decisive.

“Sir, please! I made a mistake! Just one more chance!”

The guard panicked and pleaded, but Lance didn’t spare him another glance. Two other guards stepped forward, grabbing him by the arms and escorting him out.

Lance turned to Aiden, a faint smirk playing on his lips. “You’re quite something. Now, come with me.”

“Where to?” Aiden’s voice was steady.

“Minnie wants to see you.”

Aiden frowned. Wasn’t that scheduled for tomorrow? Why today?

With that question lingering in his mind, he stepped into the visiting room. Minnie sat elegantly on one side, poised even under the dim lighting. No matter the setting, she always managed to stand out.

"Any news?" Aiden asked without hesitation, settling into his seat.

Minnie arched a brow, then smiled. "Good news."

"Is it about Janice?" Aiden, who had remained calm up until now, shot up from his seat, his pulse quickening.

The guards beside him instantly moved to restrain him.

"Calm down." Minnie's voice softened slightly. Seeing Aiden like this, her heart clenched. His love for Janice ran far deeper than anyone had imagined. "There's news about Janice. But she hasn't been found yet."

Aiden's shoulders tensed, the light in his eyes dimming once more.

"You don't have to look so defeated." Minnie studied him, her voice carrying a hint of reassurance. "We've confirmed that Janice is alive, but she's with someone. And from the looks of it, they're avoiding us."

Aiden's spirits lifted again. "She hasn't broken her promise. She's still here, still breathing. Our agreement hasn't been fulfilled yet. She wouldn't leave just like that."

Minnie furrowed her brow, concern flickering in her eyes. "That's why you have to endure today and make it out of here. But the Welch family is working behind the scenes to ensure you never leave this prison alive."

Aiden let out a cold chuckle. "They've already made their move. Too bad for them—it failed."

“It won’t stop there. The Welch family is determined to erase you. What happened earlier was just an opening act. Their next moves will be even more ruthless. My uncle has already pulled strings to get you out. But if he intervenes any further, he’ll be risking the wrath of those above him. From now on, you’re on your own.”