

Wrath 1131

Chapter 1131:

Aiden remained unfazed, his expression unreadable. “If it were before, I wouldn’t have cared. But now that I know Janice is alive, I have a reason to leave this place.”

He locked eyes with Minnie, his gaze sharp and unwavering. “Tomorrow. I’ll be waiting for you to pick me up.”

Minnie felt her heart skip a beat. It was this kind of unshakable confidence that always caught her off guard.

“Alright. I’ll be there—on time.”

Aiden rose to his feet and strode back to his cell.

The air around him had shifted—he no longer seemed like a man in captivity.

“Janice, wait for me. I will find you.”

Meanwhile, Darrell and Janice arrived in a remote village bordering Oceantown and Morris City.

“This is my hometown.” Darrell glanced around, taking in the weathered houses and familiar dirt roads. Nostalgia flickered in his eyes. “I once swore I wouldn’t come back until I made a fortune. But life had other plans.”

“You’ve done your best.” Janice gave him a gentle smile, as if offering reassurance. “Sometimes, it’s just about luck. Once we get through this, everything will fall into place.”

“Do you really believe that?” Darrell’s eyes lit up with unexpected excitement as he looked at her.

Throughout their journey, he had been nothing but considerate, playing the perfect husband. His unwavering attentiveness had slowly chipped away at her initial wariness.

After all, could someone so selfless be insincere?

"I believe in you." The words came easily, but as soon as she said them, a shadow flickered in her mind. Had she spoken those words to someone else before?

"Thank you, Janice." Darrell took a step forward, as if to pull her into an embrace. But Janice instinctively stepped back, creating space between them. A flicker of disappointment crossed Darrell's face.

"Sorry," she murmured. "I still can't."

"It's okay. We have plenty of time ahead of us." With a casual wave, he turned and started walking. "Come on, let me show you my old home."

The air in the small village was crisp, and tranquility permeated the surroundings. It seemed every inhabitant was grounded and benevolent.

Janice wandered through the village, inhaling the clean air, her relaxation evident as a smile graced her lips.

Beside her, Darrell observed her quietly, his relief palpable upon seeing her content expression.

"Do you like it here, Janice?" he inquired.

"Yes, it's quite lovely." Janice nodded earnestly. "I don't know why, but I feel so at peace here."

"This will be our home from now on," Darrell responded sincerely, his gaze fixed on her. "If I hadn't been so set on proving myself, we might already be enjoying this simple life."

Chapter 1132:

Janice looked around. The village instilled a sense of calm in her. Yet, while she felt at ease, a sense of belonging eluded her.

Darrell sighed, his head shaking slightly as a wistful smile appeared. "Sometimes, I question what all my hard work is for. I've already obtained the most precious thing in the world."

AdChoices

ADVERTISING

"The most precious thing? What's that?" Janice asked, curiosity in her voice.

"It's you," Darrell declared, turning to face her, his eyes brimming with tenderness and love. "Janice, I've realized now. As long as we're happy together, nothing else is important."

"Right." Janice nodded, a twinge of discomfort inside, yet the earnestness in Darrell's gaze made it difficult for her to spurn him. Throughout their journey, Darrell had consistently demonstrated his deep care for her.

"Darrell!" Suddenly, an elderly man tending to the ground called out to him. "Is that you?"

"Rodney!" Darrell exclaimed, a smile breaking across his face. "Yes, it's me. I've returned."

Rodney Grey dropped his hoe and hurried over. "Darrell, you've finally come back. I feared you might never return."

"I missed home, so here I am."

"It's good to see you back. You left to forge a path for yourself, and it's been over ten years. Everyone here has missed you," Rodney said, emotion evident in his voice.

Rodney's voice softened, his eyes moistening with care. Janice felt that sincerity. Darrell was indeed cherished in the village.

"And this is...?" Rodney noticed Janice and was immediately struck by her beauty and elegance, which seemed at odds with the rustic setting of the village.

Darrell took Janice's hand and introduced her to Rodney. "This is my wife, Janice."

"You got married?" Rodney exclaimed. "How could you not tell the village about such an important event?"

"Well, I didn't want to disturb you guys," Darrell replied, scratching his head, a sheepish look on his face.

"Disturb us?" Rodney shook his head, his tone disbelieving. "We all see you as our own. How could that be a disturbance? We'd be overjoyed! I must tell everyone you're back. Tonight, we'll have a homecoming celebration for you."

With that, Rodney dashed off.

"Rodney, that's not necessary..." Darrell attempted to intervene, but Rodney was too caught up in his excitement to listen.

"Darrell, you're quite beloved here," Janice said, releasing his hand with a smile. "They really treat you like family."

With a rueful smile, Darrell responded, "I was raised by this entire village. Being an orphan, I owe them everything. If not for their kindness, I might not have made it."

Darrell picked up a stone, felt its weight in his hand, and then hurled it into the nearby fish pond. The stone stirred the water into ripples before sinking out of sight.

Chapter 1133:

“Actually, another reason I left was to give back to the villagers. Sadly, I feel like I’ve let them down. Not only did I not find success, but I’ve also returned to seek refuge.”

Janice moved closer and gently patted Darrell’s shoulder. “I believe everyone will understand.”

Darrell managed a smile, though his eyes betrayed his internal struggle. They might understand, but he couldn’t easily reconcile with his perceived failures. “Let’s head to our home.”

“Alright.”

They reached the house.

It was impeccably maintained, exactly as Darrell had left it.

The sight momentarily stunned Darrell, but he quickly realized the reason.

“It seems that during my absence, Rodney and the others have been looking after the place,” Darrell remarked, feeling even more indebted. “I regret not being able to repay their kindness adequately. Janice, why don’t you rest for a while? I’ll go catch up with everyone.”

“Okay.”

Janice chose a room and settled in comfortably.

It was clear that Darrell’s ancestors had money; otherwise, they wouldn’t have owned such a large house.

As Janice stepped inside, Darrell's expression darkened. His conversation with Rodney had gone smoothly, but sooner or later, Janice would uncover the truth.

He had to plan ahead and ensure this place became a cage she couldn't escape from.

It wasn't fair to Janice, but if keeping her forever meant doing whatever it took, he would.

Darrell thought back to his old beliefs about love. He once viewed it as a distraction—something that got in the way. But after meeting Janice, he realized love was the most incredible thing in the world.

Just having Janice by his side made him feel invincible.

"I need to talk to Rodney," Darrell murmured. If he wanted to keep Janice here, he had to get Rodney and the others on board. One slip-up, and everything would fall apart.

Darrell headed to Rodney's place, where a group of people had already gathered. He immediately noticed their somber faces—no one seemed pleased to see him.

"Rodney, everyone, I'm back." Darrell forced a smile as he greeted them. Rodney stared at Darrell for a moment, then stepped forward and slapped him—hard.

Darrell froze, completely shocked. "Rodney, what the hell?"

"Darrell, be honest with us!" Rodney snapped. "Who the hell is that woman?"

"She's my wife!" Darrell said stubbornly, guilt creeping in. But something felt off. Everyone looked like they already knew something.

“Still lying, huh?” Rodney sighed, shaking his head. “That woman is way out of your league, Darrell. And I can tell she doesn’t feel a thing for you.”

Darrell felt a sharp pang in his chest. Was it really that obvious to everyone?

Chapter 1134:

Even Rodney could see that Janice had no feelings for him—Darrell was just using her amnesia as an excuse to keep her with him.

“Darrell, we all watched you grow up,” an elderly woman, Caitlin Vaughn, said gently, stepping forward. “No matter what happened out there, we’re just glad you came back. But don’t think you can fool us.” She reached into her pocket, pulled out an old phone, and held it up, revealing a photo.

Darrell’s face paled instantly. His breath hitched as his eyes locked onto the screen—it was Janice, her face captured in a post circulating online.

He snatched the phone, his fingers tightening around it as he read. The post was from JE Consortium—a reward notice. Anyone who provided information on Janice would be generously compensated, and a staggering billion awaited whoever delivered concrete proof.

The post had spread like wildfire, igniting curiosity across the internet. It had reached such a frenzy that people had begun organizing nationwide searches.

Even in this secluded village, the weight of the outside world pressed in. Under such relentless attention, it was only a matter of time before someone uncovered their whereabouts. Darrell couldn’t be certain Janice would stay hidden forever.

Worse yet, the villagers had seen it. And that changed everything.

“Rodney, Caitlin, are you thinking of handing her over for the reward?” Darrell’s jaw tightened as his fingers curled into fists. His voice was steady, but tension laced every word.

Rodney exhaled, shaking his head. “If that was our plan, do you really think we’d still be standing here, waiting for you? I know you care about her, Darrell. But I need the truth.”

Darrell wavered. For a heartbeat, silence hung heavy. Then, with no other choice, he told them everything.

A hush fell over the crowd. Shock rippled through them as they absorbed his words. The bright, ambitious young man they had once known had somehow gotten tangled in the underworld.

He had been sharp, climbing his way up to a place of influence. But fate had been ruthless. Everything he had built had crumbled to dust. Now, all he had left was Janice.

Rodney folded his arms, his gaze heavy. “Darrell, are you really set on keeping this lie alive?”

“Yes!” Darrell’s nod was resolute, his stance unshaken. “I’ve never loved anyone like this before. I’m willing to gamble everything for her. Call it foolish or selfish—I don’t care. I just want to be with her. Even if she remembers everything one day and walks away, I won’t regret a thing.”

“Oh, you poor, foolish boy.” Caitlin let out a soft sigh, her voice laced with affection. “If you’re this determined, then we’ll stand by you.”

Darrell blinked in surprise. “Caitlin, you really mean that?”

“Your secret is safe with us. More than that, we’ll help convince her that she is your wife.”

Darrell’s chest tightened with relief. He could hardly believe it.

He had braced himself for the worst, convinced everything was slipping through his fingers. But here they were—just like always—standing by him.

Chapter 1135:

“Thank you, Rodney, Caitlin, and everyone else. If I ever achieve something, I will return your kindness,” Darrell said, touched.

“There’s no need for that. You’re like a son to us. Now, only the older folks remain in this village. All the young ones have left. You’re the only one who remembers us and consistently sends gifts back,” Rodney replied, a mixture of happiness and sadness on his face.

His happiness stemmed from having someone like Darrell in the village, while his sadness was due to his own children, who were far away and showed little concern for him.

“Darrell, I’ll arrange for your wedding here in the village,” Caitlin said confidently. “Women often react based on their emotions. No matter her status, when the time feels right, she’ll lower her guard and agree to marry you.”

“Okay. I trust you to handle it, Caitlin.”

At that moment, Janice was deeply asleep in her bed.

Suddenly, she awoke with a start, her heart pounding. She had dreamt of a man.

This man stood before her like a towering wall, protecting her from numerous foes who couldn’t reach her.

Was it Darrell? Janice massaged her forehead, pondering the possibility before dismissing the idea. That man had a presence unlike Darrell’s. He was commanding and confident, as if he could single-handedly take on an army. But who could he be? Why did he appear in her dreams?

Meanwhile, Aiden returned to his cell.

As soon as he entered, he sensed the chilling stares of three pairs of eyes.

Aiden hesitated for a moment, then walked over to his bed. The three men trailed behind him, positioning themselves to block the view of the door.

“Are you in such a rush?” Aiden said calmly. “I assumed you’d wait until I was asleep to make your move.”

“We don’t have the luxury of time. There are people out there who can’t wait to see you die,” said the man with a scar on his face, his voice low and firm. “So please, let us handle it.”

With that, the scarred man drew a dagger and lunged at Aiden. But Aiden reacted quickly, seizing the man’s wrist and stopping the dagger mid-strike.

A crack resounded.

Aiden showed no restraint. He shattered the man’s wrist bone. The man’s companions were shocked, barely able to comprehend how Aiden had crushed a wrist bone with his bare hands.

They had once believed the stories about Aiden were exaggerated. How could one man possibly take down an entire gang of dozens all by himself?

Now, their skepticism was fading.

“What are you waiting for? Attack!” the scarred man cried out in pain and tried to fight back, but Aiden had already kicked him aside.

A loud crash echoed.

The scarred man slammed into the doorframe, making a significant noise.

Chapter 1136:

His accomplices knew the sound might draw the guards. Even though some guards were corrupt, they knew they had about five minutes.

Five minutes could suffice if they attacked all at once.

The two men looked at each other, drew their weapons, and rushed at Aiden.

Bang, bang, bang!

The commotion in the cell caught the attention of inmates in other cells.

“Isn’t that Aiden Green’s room? Sounds like someone’s after him.”

“I heard there’s a 100 million reward for killing him, and they might even let you out early.”

“Really?! If that’s true, this prison’s going to turn upside down.” Laughter followed the comment.

“Buddy, you obviously don’t know how fearsome he is. If we stay out of it, we can live peacefully here. But if we mess with him, we’re digging our own graves. Sure, 100 million sounds good, but you have to survive to spend it!”

By the time the guards reached Aiden’s cell, silence had already settled. Everyone was curious whether the hitmen were dead or if Aiden had finally been defeated.

They saw the guards frozen in place, faces filled with shock at the scene inside, as if witnessing something terrifying.

Aiden was casually washing his hands at the sink, his striking face marked with blood, lending him a ferocious yet strangely refined appearance.

On the floor, the three assassins lay dead in twisted poses.

One clutched a dagger embedded in another's heart, another's hand was stuck in his own mouth, and the third had twisted his neck so severely that it was facing backward.

"What the hell happened here?" The prison guard swallowed hard, struggling to get the words out.

Aiden flicked his wrist, running a hand through his hair with ease, his gaze steady. "No clue. I woke up to this bloodbath. Probably some fight over cash or control."

The two guards exchanged a look, their suspicion obvious.

"Got any clean clothes? Their blood's all over me. It's disgusting." Aiden took a step forward, showing zero regard for the mangled bodies at his feet. The guards flinched, instinctively stepping back.

"Aiden Green, you're a murder suspect. Come with us," one guard ordered, his teeth clenched.

"Murder? Got proof?" Aiden scoffed, stepping up to the bars and locking eyes with the guard. "Go ahead, investigate. But if you're thinking of dragging me out of here, you'd better bring some actual evidence."

The guards hesitated, stuck between orders and reality.

Since they'd disabled the surveillance beforehand to avoid accusations, they had zero proof tying Aiden to the killings.

Looking at the crime scene, Aiden hadn't even touched the weapons. No prints, no trail. As long as he stuck to his story—that he'd been asleep while they tore each other apart—the guards had no case.

Chapter 1137:

“Yeah! No proof, no arrest!”

“Try taking him, and we’ll make sure the warden hears all about it. You’ll be the ones answering for this!”

At this moment, the other inmates began to stir, surprisingly standing up for Aiden.

Some were criminals chasing power and wealth, others victims of fate, but they all had one thing in common—respect for strength.

Aiden was a force to be reckoned with. Since they had no shot at the reward or early release, siding with him was the next best option. Aiden arched a brow, scanning the inmates, amused. Who would’ve thought criminals like them would back him up now?

“Clean this mess up,” one guard muttered. Like it or not, Aiden was slipping through their fingers. But this wasn’t over.

“Aiden Green, you’ve got ten hours until 8 a.m.,” the guard said, his narrowed eyes locked onto him. “And this is just the beginning. Get ready—because people are coming for you.”

Aiden let out a sharp, cold laugh. Then, his fist slammed into the door frame, making both guards jump.

The inmates erupted in laughter, their jeering voices filling the room, twisting the guards’ expressions in anger. With no choice, they turned and left.

Aiden’s eyes darkened as he made his way back to his bed. He crouched down, plucked a cigarette and lighter from one of the corpses, and lit up.

It had been ages since his last cigarette.

But right now, he needed it. It was like chasing the rush—the same pulse-pounding thrill he'd felt on battlefields overseas.

Aiden inhaled deeply, the harsh bite of smoke clawing at his throat, seeping into his lungs, reviving an old, familiar burn.

Seconds dripped by, slow and deliberate.

Aiden's cell had been scrubbed of its gruesome remains—the bodies removed, the bloodstains erased, as if the carnage had never happened. Eyes lingered on Aiden's cell, tension thick in the air. Everyone knew—tonight would be a battlefield.

Suddenly, a sharp, electric buzz sliced through the silence.

A stunned pause rippled through the prison as darkness swallowed everything whole.

Shouts erupted—someone had sabotaged the power grid. The emergency backup would take five long minutes to kick in.

Five minutes of pitch-black chaos. Five minutes where desperate men, lured by fortune and freedom, could turn the prison into a slaughterhouse. And Aiden? He was their prime target.

Metal clanged, locks snapped—hell was unleashed.

One by one, cell doors yawned open, releasing the beasts within. A tide of bodies surged forward, eyes gleaming with hunger, all converging on one destination—Aiden.

The prison pulsed with madness—screams, roars, and the echo of footsteps weaving a nightmare of sound.

Chapter 1138:

The hesitant ones cowered in the shadows, torn between greed and survival. The bounty was tempting, but living through the night came first.

Then, power surged back.

The prison flickered back to life as emergency lights snapped on.

The veil of darkness lifted, revealing the carnage it had concealed. Squinting against the harsh glare, every gaze locked onto Aiden's cell, bracing for the aftermath.

Gasps tore through the crowd. A pile of bodies lay at the entrance, the corridor slick with fresh blood, its stench thick in the air.

"Is he dead?"

They only cared about Aiden.

Before the thought could settle, armed guards stormed in, guns snapping to attention, all barrels aimed at Aiden's cell.

"Fire!"

A storm of gunfire erupted, metal tearing through the air.

The bullets shredded through the fallen bodies, sending fresh splatters of blood across the floor.

No one—no matter how strong or relentless—could survive a barrage like that. The sheer force of the onslaught was inescapable, a storm of bullets meant to tear anything apart.

“Cease fire!!”

Finally, Lance arrived.

His eyes were like frost, his aura colder still. He had known the Welch family was scheming, but they had locked him away, keeping him from interfering.

If not for this full-blown crisis, he never would’ve broken free. But now, staring at the scene before him, an unfamiliar chill crawled up his spine.

“Who the hell gave the order to fire without my say-so?”

“Sir, we’re merely adhering to protocol,” a prison guard declared, stepping forward. “A riot erupted within these walls, and we responded with measures that align perfectly with the rulebook.”

“Splendid, absolutely splendid. And now you muster the gall to question my authority?” Lance replied, his chuckle tinged with fury. He could see through their flimsy excuses—they were all chasing that tantalizing 100-million bounty. Talk of regulations? Pure hogwash.

“Who gave you the green light to use weapons without my say-so?” Lance’s piercing gaze swept over the assembled guards like a hawk eyeing its prey. “As of this moment, anyone tangled up in this mess is suspended and facing a thorough investigation.”

The announcement sent a ripple of panic through the prison guards. They had banked on their sheer numbers to shield them, betting on the old adage that the law didn’t punish a crowd.

But Lance wasn’t playing by their script.

“Sir, isn’t this a tad extreme?” the same guard ventured, desperation creeping into his voice. “We’re the backbone of order here. Suspend us, and this place will spiral into bedlam. Surely you don’t want chaos on your watch?”

Chapter 1139:

A sharp crack echoed through the air.

Lance’s fist met the guard’s face with a thunderous blow.

“Let’s get one thing straight—I call the shots here. If you’re itching to defy me, first weigh your own worth in the balance.”

The once-cocky guard shrank back, visibly rattled. He had never seen Lance unleash such raw, beastly wrath.

“Get him out of my sight,” Lance barked.

The other guards, too wary to test Lance’s temper, hauled their trembling colleague away.

Lance’s gaze darted toward Aiden’s cell, his pulse hammering in his chest. If Aiden was truly dead, his tenure as warden would crumble to dust.

But just then, a figure slowly emerged.

Lance’s breath caught as his eyes widened in disbelief. Emerging from the cell was none other than Aiden—tall, imposing, and drenched in blood.

His icy, penetrating stare radiated a chilling menace, as though he had clawed his way out of a blood abyss.

The sight of Aiden, unscathed, sparked a roar of jubilation from his fellow inmates.

In a world where might ruled, Aiden's relentless displays of strength had earned their unshakable loyalty.

"Mr. Green, are you holding up?" Lance's bravado evaporated in Aiden's presence, his voice softening to a near whisper.

How had this man weathered a storm of attackers and gunfire without a scratch?

"Were you hoping I wouldn't be?" Aiden replied coolly, hands buried in his pockets, his gaze as frosty as a winter's dawn. "I need a shower."

"Of course, I'll see to it at once," Lance agreed, nodding vigorously. Before Aiden's towering aura, even a man as proud as Lance couldn't help but bend.

"Aiden Green is a force of nature! He faced a horde and walked away without a mark!" one prisoner marveled.

"Strong? He's a beast straight out of legend! I thought he'd be a pincushion after the guards unloaded into that cell, but he emerged untouched," another chimed in.

The inmates' reverence for Aiden soared to new heights.

Yet, with only eight hours until the clock struck eight the next morning, danger still loomed like a dark cloud.

The Welch family's ruthless reputation was no secret—they would stop at nothing to see their quarry fall. This skirmish was merely the opening act; a relentless barrage of assassins awaited Aiden in the wings.

In the bathroom, Aiden peeled off his blood-soaked prison garb.

His chiseled, muscular frame came into view, unmarred by fresh wounds—only the faded scars of battles past adorned his skin. In that cramped cell, he had been the predator, not the prey.

A ragtag band of foes, stumbling over each other in tight quarters, stood no chance against him once he unleashed the fiend within.

Chapter 1140:

Aiden shut his eyes, letting the cascade of shower water pour over him. His sun-kissed skin shimmered, radiating a rugged, magnetic allure. Abruptly, his eyes snapped open, locking onto a figure.

Framed in the doorway was a woman, clad in provocative attire, her sultry gaze potent enough to captivate any man's spirit.

"Mr. Green, I'm here to tend to your needs," the woman said, her hips swaying hypnotically as she glided toward Aiden, an enchanting vision of temptation.

Yet Aiden remained a statue, his focus unwavering as he rinsed the crimson stains from his flesh.

In a flash, the woman struck, a dagger materializing in her grip, its blade arcing toward Aiden's throat with lethal intent.

Aiden tilted back with feline grace, snatching a towel from the rack beside him. With a flick of his wrist, he lashed it out like a whip, the fabric coiling around her wrist in a vice-like grip.

The woman's composure faltered, a flicker of shock crossing her face. Deftly, she shifted the dagger to her free hand, slicing through the towel in one fluid motion. She sprang back, putting distance between them, her eyes now glinting with wariness and a hint of awe. In that fleeting clash, she understood that the man before her was no ordinary prey—he was a predator in his own right.

Aiden stood, a towel slung low around his hips, his expression cool. Droplets of water dripped from his damp hair down his face, giving him a wild, rugged look.

“No wonder you’re famous for taking down an entire gang alone. Your skills are impressive,” the woman said with a playful smirk. “I have a thing for strong men. How about we have some fun here? At least you could enjoy my company before you die.”

Aiden’s face remained impassive, his gaze steady. “You think you’re worthy of my time?”

“What did you say?” The woman bristled, her tone turning sharp. “I’m a top-ranked assassin. I’m more than a match for you.”

“Dream on.” Aiden scoffed, and with a swift kick, he struck a nearby pipe. Water burst forth, filling the bathroom with mist. In the confusion, he charged. Caught off guard, the woman couldn’t react swiftly enough and was sent flying by his kick.

She hit the floor with a heavy thud, immobilized.

“You monster,” she gasped, staring up at Aiden in disbelief.

She couldn’t fathom being overpowered by Aiden with a single strike.

Aiden approached, his chilling presence overwhelming her with dread.

“To me, there are only two types of women—Janice and everyone else,” Aiden said icily. “And you’re not Janice. So, you can die now.” With that, he took the woman’s dagger from her grasp and ended her with a single, decisive thrust.

Her eyes widened in shock, a silent protest to her fate, but she could do nothing against Aiden’s merciless action.

Aiden discarded the dagger, wiped his hands, and checked the time. Only seven hours remained until eight o'clock the next morning. However, the Welch family was determined to kill him, and the subsequent attacks would likely become increasingly frenzied. With Janice missing and the JE Consortium leaderless, the higher echelons observed passively, allowing the Welch family's bold moves.