

Wrath 1151

Chapter 1151:

“Deal!” Minnie responded instantly.

“Really?”

Rolland and Tinsley were stunned, not expecting Minnie to agree without hesitation.

They had braced themselves for a tough negotiation, fully prepared to settle at half a billion if pushed.

Now, the ease of her consent left them second-guessing; perhaps they had lowballed themselves.

“Given the hefty sum, it might take up to three days to wire the money to your account. However, I’m prepared to provide ten million upfront as a gesture of good faith,” Minnie continued with serene composure. “The moment the ten million clears, you’ll need to disclose the information.”

“No way!” Rolland burst out, his excitement mingling with apprehension. “What if you give us the ten million now but back out of paying the rest later?”

Minnie let out a light chuckle, the sound soft but carrying an edge. “Do you really think the Payne family’s reputation can be bought for less than a billion?”

That comment left Rolland and Tinsley confused. They had no idea that for the influential and affluent Payne family, reputation was the ultimate asset.

“It appears there’s no need for further discussion,” Minnie concluded, rising gracefully from her chair as if to leave. “We’ll locate Janice on our own. Please, enjoy your meal. And don’t worry about the bill. That’s on me.”

“Hold on. You seriously don’t want to know where Janice is?” Rolland surged to his feet, his eyes wide with a mix of anxiety and disbelief. He had thought they were in control of the situation, yet here was Minnie, poised and unshaken, her hand on the back of her chair as if she were about to leave.

Aiden clenched his fists, his impatience bubbling up. He was seriously contemplating taking matters into his own hands to pry the information out of the couple. But a subtle shake of the head from Minnie stayed his actions.

“We’ve demonstrated our good faith, but what about you?” Minnie turned, her smile frosty as she locked eyes with Rolland. “You picked out the most extravagant dishes and wine without hesitation, then had the nerve to demand an absurd amount. Yet you’ve shown nothing but disrespect. Do you seriously believe you can make fools out of the Payne family?”

Rolland and Tinsley were taken aback, their hearts pounding at Minnie’s sudden assertiveness.

“Fine,” Rolland conceded, his voice strained as if the words were being dragged out of him. “But you must promise to complete the payment.”

Minnie’s expression softened, and with a nod, she gestured to Tricia, who executed the bank transfer.

Moments later, Rolland’s phone chimed with the notification of the ten million deposit, bringing a greedy smile to his face.

“We’ve held up our end,” Minnie stated, her tone firm yet smooth as she folded her arms. “Now it’s your turn. Where is Janice?”

Taking a moment to compose himself, Rolland replied honestly,

“Janice is at my hometown—View Village.”

After departing from the restaurant, Rolland and Tinsley strode away with a new sense of confidence and pride.

Chapter 1152:

Having ascended from humble beginnings to newfound wealth, they walked as billionaires, the envy of many, filled with anticipation despite the final payment still pending a few days. The ten million already secured in their account gave them considerable peace of mind.

“Let’s hit the stores in a big way today!” Rolland declared with excitement.

“Absolutely!” Tinsley responded with equal intensity.

As Rolland put his arm around Tinsley and stepped forward to hail a taxi, a van abruptly cut them off.

“Can’t you drive properly?” Rolland scowled at the driver, his irritation noticeable. “You’d be broke if you dared hit me.”

No sooner had he spoken than several men jumped from the van, forced them inside, and sped away.

“Who are you? Release us!” Rolland yelled, terror taking over as he realized the threat posed by these formidable men. “I’m just an ordinary guy. There’s no point in kidnapping me.”

“We’re just ordinary people, perhaps victims of mistaken identity!” Tinsley chimed in, her voice filled with fear.

Dread filled both Rolland and Tinsley—they wondered if the Payne family had withdrawn on their agreement and sent thugs to retrieve the money.

“Oh, so claiming poverty with ten million dollars in your pocket?” mocked the leader, a burly man with a bald head and an intimidating stare. “What does that make me? Less than a beggar?”

“How did you come by that information?” Rolland gasped, his shock evident. “Are you associated with the Payne family? This is outrageous. They can’t just betray our agreement! I’ll make this public!”

“Do you really think you’ll have that chance?” the man retorted, his menacing look instilling silence born of fear.

“I’ll hand over the ten million! Just please, let us go,” Rolland pleaded desperately.

“Ten million dollars? No, we seek only a single piece of information,” the bald man declared in a rough voice. “Tell us where Janice is.”

Rolland paused, his mind racing.

Racing. If these men were working for the Payne family, why would they ask about Janice? Perhaps they were the Payne family’s enemies.

“I have no idea who Janice is,” Rolland replied.

Without warning, the bald man pulled out a knife and plunged it into Tinsley’s thigh.

Tinsley let out a piercing scream, her face twisted in excruciating pain.

“Be quiet! Or the next one goes deeper!” the bald man snapped, silencing her with his threat.

Turning back to Rolland, he pressed, “Do you know her whereabouts?” Nervously, Rolland nodded, his throat dry.

In View Village, Janice found herself bound and confined within the house.

Approaching her, Darrell wore an expression of sorrow. "Janice, must we go through this?"

Chapter 1153:

"Darrell, I need the truth," Janice demanded coldly, her gaze unwavering. "Who am I, truly? And what are you to me?"

"I am your husband!"

"Stop!" Janice cut him off sharply. "If you were really my husband, why does everything in me resist you? My memories may be gone, but my instincts remain intact."

Taken aback, Darrell managed a sad smile. "Janice, why resist so fiercely? We could have a quiet life here, away from the turmoil. Isn't that enough? You used to bear heavy burdens, surrounded by dangerous enemies. With your memories gone, isn't this an opportunity for a fresh start, a break from all that past?" Darrell edged closer, positioning himself in front of Janice.

He reached out to caress Janice's cheek, but she quickly pulled away.

Angered and embarrassed, Darrell seized Janice's chin firmly. "Janice, you're pushing me to extremes! If you won't willingly accept this, I'll have no choice but to enforce it."

"What are you planning to do?" Janice fixed her gaze on Darrell, defiant.

"I intend to marry you!" Darrell declared, his eyes alight with passion and determination. "I need to have you as my own."

"Darrell, think carefully before acting further! Despite my lost memories, my instincts tell me you're not a villain. If you let me go now, and return me to my rightful place, perhaps there's still hope for you."

"No!" Darrell let go of Janice, his demeanor bordering on desperate. "I once obsessed over power, always scrambling up the social ladder. But you changed my life."

“Perspective—my previous ambitions seem so trivial now. I am ready to leave it all for you. Janice, my love for you is genuine. Don’t worry. Once we’re married and you are truly mine, I promise you’ll be the happiest woman alive.”

“Darrell, please reconsider,” Janice urged, attempting to sway him, but Darrell had already turned his back and was walking away.

“Rodney, keep a sharp eye on Janice. Don’t let her slip away.” Darrell urged, his voice firm as he stationed Rodney by the door.

“Count on me,” Rodney replied, casting a quick glance at Janice inside and letting out a weary sigh. “Darrell, are we truly going through with this? Even if you force her into marrying you, I can’t shake the feeling that trouble is brewing.”

“My heart is set on her,” Darrell declared, his fists tightening with resolve that wouldn’t budge. “I’ve never been so driven in my life. I would toss everything aside for her in a heartbeat.”

Seeing Darrell’s stubborn streak, Rodney bit his tongue and held back any further arguments.

The villagers set to work sprucing up the house, weaving a bit of cheer into the otherwise desolate village.

It had been ages since the place buzzed with such a lively spirit. Though their consciences nagged at them, they were ready to shoulder the guilt for Darrell—a lad more devoted and caring than their own children.

To keep things moving like clockwork, they decided the wedding would happen that very night. Once Darrell and Janice shared their first night as husband and wife, she would have no choice but to come around. As dusk settled in, the little village twinkled with lights and festive trimmings.

Chapter 1154:

The ceremony unfolded within the house's humble walls.

With resources stretched thin, Darrell donned a plain suit, while Janice wore a veil that draped over her head like a whisper of mystery.

To ensure Janice played along, they had fed her an aphrodisiac.

Despite her fiery protests, Janice had been forced to swallow the aphrodisiac. Now, she stood there, her body growing warm and restless as the drug wove its spell.

Janice's mind swam in a fog. She could feel the hum of people bustling around her, shadows moving in and out, and a man lingering close by.

Escape was her only clear thought.

With the last shred of her willpower, she twisted to break free. Yet a firm hand stretched toward her, holding her in place. The warmth of his grasp sent a cascade of shivers through her chest.

"Janice, once we exchange our vows, we'll be bound as husband and wife," Darrell murmured, his eyes alight with longing as he gazed at her. "I know you're uncomfortable now, but soon you'll be floating on cloud nine. I'll make you the happiest woman alive."

"Let me go," Janice whispered, her voice frail yet laced with an unintended allure.

Darrell's passion flared like wildfire. He ached to whisk Janice away to the bedroom and claim her then and there.

"Darrell, today's your big day. After this, you're a married man," Rodney chimed in with a grin. "Come on, let's seal the deal with the ceremony."

Darrell gave a quick nod, reaching to lift Janice for the vows when a ruckus exploded outside.

“Who are you? You’ve got no business barging in here!!”

Darrell’s brow furrowed as he whipped around, just in time to see the door crash open with a thunderous kick.

His breath caught as he instinctively pulled Janice behind him, shielding her.

“Alister?”

“Well, well, Darrell, didn’t think I would find you holed up here.” Alister chuckled, rubbing his bald head with a sly smirk. “And bold as brass, marrying Mr. Green’s woman, no less.”

“How did you track us down?” Darrell’s pulse hammered. His location was meant to be a secret, yet Alister’s arrival shattered that illusion—Janice’s location was out, and they would come to snuff her out.

“How I found you isn’t your concern. None of you are leaving this place tonight,” Alister sneered, his expression darkening as he flicked his wrist, unleashing a swarm of henchmen into the fray.

“Darrell, make a break for it!” Rodney surged ahead, shielding Darrell with unwavering resolve. “Let us keep them at bay.”

“Rodney!”

“Get out of here! We’ve had our fair share of years. It warms our hearts to finally do right by you,” Rodney declared, a grin lighting up his face.

“Darrell, make your escape.”

With a swift motion, he shoved Darrell forward.

Chapter 1155:

The other villagers sprang into action, throwing themselves at the burly gang members to bar their path.

Worn by time and weakened by age, they crumpled to the floor almost instantly as they collided with the thugs.

Yet their spirits burned bright—undaunted, they latched onto the gang members' legs, holding fast even as they fell.

"These old fools are a thorn in our side. Finish them off fast; we're on borrowed time. If Aiden shows up, we're all done for," Alister growled, his brow furrowing as he unsheathed a machete and swung it at Rodney.

"Ah!" Rodney's cry pierced the air as blood gushed from his neck, his body crumpling helplessly to the floor.

At the sight, Darrell's chest clenched with anguish. Rage surged within him, urging him to take on these brutes in a fight to the finish. But with Janice at his side, he clenched his jaw, scooped her into his arms, and bolted deeper into the house.

"Think you can slip away that easily?" Alister sneered, brandishing his machete as he charged after them with relentless fury.

Darrell had already whisked Janice through the window of the inner chamber, racing into the open air with her in his arms.

Yet, her weight dragged him down like an anchor, and Alister, with a devilish smirk, closed the gap in no time.

"Darrell, throw in the towel," Alister taunted, his voice dripping with malice. "Drop to your knees, and I might just grant you a quick death."

Setting Janice gently on the ground, Darrell spun to confront his foe. With no way out, he knew he would have to slug it out. Escape was off the table.

“Oh, really?” Alister arched a brow, tickled by Darrell’s stubborn streak. “Still got some fight in you? How fascinating! Let’s see what you’re made of.”

With that, he lunged, his machete slicing through the air like a hawk diving for prey.

Darrell, quick as a whip, yanked off his belt and lashed out, landing a solid crack against Alister’s skull.

“Fuck!” Alister yelped, his rage boiling over. “You’ll pay for that!” Though reeling, he swung his machete downward with fury. Darrell danced back, his belt snapping forward again like a striking cobra.

Alister’s ferocity was undeniable, but his wild, reckless swings left him as exposed as a deer in headlights—ripe for the picking by someone as nimble as Darrell.

“Hmm...” Janice let out a faint groan, the drug coursing through her veins reaching its peak. Time was running out; without help soon, her nerves would bear the brunt.

Darrell’s heart sank with regret for drugging Janice. If they couldn’t break free, the fallout would be grim. He would not only meet his maker here, but Janice would be left to the mercy of these brutes. A sickening crunch rang out as Alister seized Darrell’s fleeting distraction, carving a gash into his shoulder.

“Ha! Gotcha at last!” Alister crowed, his eyes flicking to Janice sprawled on the ground. Her flushed face and glassy stare told him everything. “Tsk, ts, Darrell, what a low blow. Using dirty tricks on Aiden’s woman? Still, I owe you one. Once you’re out of the picture, my crew and I will entertain her properly.”

Chapter 1156:

“Alister!” Darrell bellowed, fury igniting his soul. He charged, his belt whirling like a tornado, striking with lethal intent.

Alister, wary of Darrell’s prowess, backpedaled fast. But Darrell, a jaguar unleashed, pounced in a single bound.

“To hell with you!” Darrell roared, his face a mask of wrath that froze Alister for a split second.

In that heartbeat, a machete hurtled toward Darrell.

Reflexes kicking in, Darrell snapped his belt back, parrying the blade just in the nick of time.

As the dust settled, he spotted Alister’s goons closing in, one by one. A chill gripped his chest—Rodney and the others must’ve bitten the dust.

“Darrell, you’re toast this time!” Alister crowed, emboldened by his reinforcements. “Boys, let’s finish him!” Alister and his pack descended like wolves.

Darrell wielded his belt to repel their assaults, but vastly outnumbered, he sustained an increasing number of injuries.

He resembled a blood-soaked warrior, his eyes unwavering, as he stood guard over Janice, keeping all threats at bay.

If he hadn’t stashed Janice away and had rung Aiden right off the bat instead, this nightmare might’ve been avoided.

Now, he faced a steep cost for his self-interest and avarice, though his deepest anguish stemmed from his inability to shield Janice. He had vowed to make Janice the happiest woman alive, but that promise now felt ridiculous. Greed, it seemed, could indeed wound both the greedy and those around them.

With a nauseating crunch, a blade sank into Darrell once more.

He unleashed a roar of defiance, lashing out wildly with his belt. But when it met the sharp edge of the blade, the leather split like a threadbare rag.

“Darrell, I’ll give you this—you’re a real piece of work,” Alister said with a smirk, eyeing the battered man before him. Darrell’s wounds were ghastly, a roadmap of pain etched across his body, yet he stood tall, unyielding.

“But your luck has run out today.” He brushed past Darrell, his sights set on Janice.

When he caught sight of her breathtaking beauty—her eyes dreamy and magnetic, softened by the haze of the drug—his hunger surged like wildfire.

“Keep a close eye on her,” he ordered his men. “Once I’ve had my fill, she is all yours.”

“Much obliged, boss!” came the eager reply.

Alister rubbed his hands together, practically salivating as he prepared to lunge at Janice.

But in that instant, a bone-chilling shudder raced down his spine, stopping him cold.

Darrell, weary and blood-streaked, raised his head. A faint grin flickered across his face as he spotted a towering figure drawing near. “You’re finally here,” he murmured.

Chapter 1157:

“I know I’ve stumbled into unforgivable blunders, sins I’ll carry to my grave. But right now, I would give anything to do one last thing for Janice.”

With a primal yell, Darrell summoned every shred of strength left in his battered frame, hauling himself upright. In a flash, he barreled into Alister, sending them both crashing to the ground in a tangle of limbs.

“Darrell, you wretched fool! How are you still on your feet?” Alister thrashed beneath Darrell, fists flying in a frantic barrage. But Darrell, fueled by a sudden, ferocious surge of will, clamped down on Alister with a grip like iron, refusing to let go.

Then, like a cornered beast, he sank his teeth into Alister’s face.

“Argh! Somebody—help me!” Alister’s desperate wails echoed, but his pleas fell on deaf ears—no one stirred to save him.

At that moment, a figure loomed into view, closing the distance to Alister.

With a desperate shove, Alister broke free from Darrell’s hold and scrambled to his feet, swaying unsteadily. But when his eyes locked onto the man before him, a shiver of dread snaked down his spine.

“Mr. Green?”

Aiden stood there, radiating an icy menace. Behind him sprawled Alister’s men, lifeless and scattered like fallen leaves. The once swaggering Alister now quaked like a cornered bird, searching for any escape.

“Mr. Green, I’ve found Janice for you...” Alister stammered, but his words were cut short. A glint of steel flashed, and blood erupted from his throat.

Aiden stepped over him without a second glance, ignoring the crumpled, barely conscious Darrell on the ground, and made his way to Janice.

The moment he laid eyes on her, the frost in his demeanor melted into a tender ache, laced with regret.

“Janice, forgive me—I’m late.” His voice, warm and familiar, struck Janice like a soft thunderclap, stirring her soul.

She lifted her gaze to meet Aiden’s, and in his gentle eyes, she found an unshakable calm washing over her.

Though his face was a stranger to her memory, her heart whispered that he was a safe harbor.

Instinctively, Janice reached for him, her guarded walls crumbling as her chilled lips sought his warmth.

“Janice?” Aiden’s heart quivered, a sudden realization dawning on him. Janice seemed like she had been drugged.

A steely glint flickered in Aiden’s eyes as they darted to Darrell, still sprawled on the ground. Rage simmered beneath his skin, urging him to rip the man apart, but Janice’s need pulled him back.

“Aiden!” Minnie’s voice cut through the chaos as she arrived, her breath catching at the scene. Her eyes widened as she saw Janice pressing her lips to Aiden’s.

“Call someone to sweep this mess away. And keep everyone clear of the house.” With that, Aiden strode off, carrying Janice to the house. Minnie gazed after their fading silhouettes, her heart sinking like a stone, fully aware of the inevitable scene about to unfold.

Chapter 1158:

Yet what power did she hold to change it?

Aiden and Janice were bound by love, while she lingered on the sidelines, powerless to intervene.

Meanwhile, Darrell’s gaze followed them as they slipped into the house, a bitter taste flooding his mouth. He had never even gotten a final glimpse of Janice. Perhaps this was his reckoning.

"I'm sorry," he whispered, the words fading as his eyes fluttered shut.

Inside, Aiden gently laid Janice on the bed. She was a storm of longing, her hands roaming over him, unable to rein in her desires.

"Janice, we swore we would wait—until the Welch family paid their dues. But now, waiting is off the table." Aiden met Janice's kiss with equal fervor.

They melted into each other, swept away in a tide of passion.

In her delirium, Janice felt as though she were entwined with a stranger, yet no part of her recoiled. Instead, she craved to pull him closer still.

Was he her love? If not, why could he ignite such fire in her?

The minutes dragged on relentlessly.

Minnie had already tidied up the chaos and stood watch outside the house. Every so often, her eyes flicked back toward it, a growing unease gnawing at her as the clock ticked forward.

"Minnie, the Welches are dispatching their crew." Tricia's voice crackled through the phone, delivering the grim update.

Minnie's brow creased with worry. Now that the Welch family had pinpointed Janice's whereabouts, they would spare no effort to snuff her out.

When Janice had vanished, the Welches had pieced together her value to the White family and their empire. Take her out of the equation, and the Whites' legacy would collapse like a house of cards, no battle required.

Minnie drew a steadying breath, rose to her feet, and called out to the house with urgency, “Aiden, we’ve got to move—now! The Welches are on their way, and they’re dead set on ending Janice.”

Just then, Aiden stepped out from the doorway. His shirt hung open, offering fleeting glimpses of his chiseled chest, stirring a flurry of unspoken thoughts.

Even with her usual poise, Minnie felt a flush creep up her neck at the sight. Aiden, however, remained as cool as ever. “If the Welches want to throw down like that, I’ll show them what it’s like to be the one hunted.”

Janice felt as though she had drifted through an endless dream. When she finally surfaced from the abyss of sleep, the first thing she saw was a strikingly handsome face.

A stranger’s face, yet it carried an inexplicable familiarity—like a half-remembered melody from a distant past, etched into the fabric of her soul.

The sensation was nothing like what she had felt when she first laid eyes on Darrell.

“Janice, you’re finally awake.” Aiden straightened up, his hands gently steadying her. His gaze was clouded with worry. “How do you feel? Here, drink this. You’ve been out for an entire day and night.” He pressed a glass of water into her hands.

“Thank you.” Janice accepted the glass, taking slow, careful sips, only now realizing how parched her throat felt. The cool liquid soothed her throat. As the fog in her mind lifted, she asked, “Where am I?”

Chapter 1159:

Aiden hesitated for a fraction of a second, surprised by her question. “You’re home.”

“My home?” Janice scanned the room, taking in the decor—classic, refined, carrying an air of ancient elegance. But no matter how long she stared, no memory surfaced. This place was a stranger to her. “Are you absolutely sure?”

Aiden's expression darkened, a flicker of unease flashing across his face. "Janice, are you okay? You don't recognize your own home?"

Janice blinked at him, her gaze like untouched glass—clear, fragile, and unsettlingly distant. Aiden felt an odd tightness in his chest.

"Janice, don't do this to me," Aiden murmured, his grip tightening slightly on her shoulders. His eyes searched hers, filled with a creeping dread.

"I lost my memories. Otherwise, I wouldn't have been stranded in that faraway village all this time," she admitted.

Aiden shot to his feet. "Braylen, get the doctor!"

"No need." Janice reached out, stopping him with a small smile. "I know myself. This is probably trauma-induced amnesia, and it's not going to fade overnight."

Aiden's jaw tightened. In the next moment, he pulled her into his arms, his voice low with guilt. "I'm so sorry. You shouldn't have had to go through this."

Janice stiffened for a heartbeat. The warmth of his embrace, the weight of his remorse—it stirred something deep inside her, something aching and unfamiliar.

"It's not your fault. I believe you did everything you could. Even if I can't remember you, you feel familiar. Like we were once very close."

"Is that truly how you feel?" Aiden's eyes widened, surprise flickering across his face.

Janice nodded, her smile soft and warm, just as before. "My mind may have forgotten you, but my body hasn't. When Darrell claimed to be my husband, I didn't believe him. He felt like a stranger. But you're different. Being with you puts me at ease, even when we..."

A deep blush crept across her cheeks as the memory of being in Aiden's arms resurfaced.

"What about Darrell and the villagers?" she asked.

"They're dead!" Aiden's voice was icy, his gaze dark. "They paid the price for what they did."

Dead?

Janice's expression faltered. As twisted as Darrell's intentions had been, he had, in some ways, looked after her. But that was the extent of it.

He had made his choices, and fate had simply followed through.

"And Caitlin?" Janice asked again. "The villagers were cruel, but Caitlin helped me."

"Caitlin?" Aiden's brows furrowed as he sifted through his memory. Minnie had mentioned an elderly woman found locked away. A stroke of luck, really. Had she not been, she might have shared the villagers' fate.

"She's in the hospital undergoing tests. They reached out to her son and daughter-in-law, but both have vanished."

Chapter 1160:

Aiden had his suspicions. Those two likely met a grim end. They must have tipped off the Welches about Janice. Otherwise, the Welches wouldn't have found the village.

"Can you take me to see Caitlin?" Janice asked hesitantly, searching Aiden's face for an answer.

Her timid gaze tugged at something in him, and his stance softened. “You’re not fully recovered. Let’s wait until you’re stronger.”

“I know my own body,” Janice murmured, her fingers weakly curling around his hand. “My memories may be a mess, but physically, I feel fine.”

Aiden exhaled, defeated. The determination in her voice, the quiet plea in her eyes—he couldn’t say no.

Just then, Braylen stepped in, the doctor trailing behind him, ready to examine her.

“The doctor’s here. Let him take a look at you first,” Aiden said gently.

“Alright.” Janice nodded and allowed the doctor to begin his examination.

Aiden and Braylen stepped aside while the doctor examined Janice.

“Mr. Green, four key members of the Welch family have already met their end, and Calvin is nursing a severed arm, courtesy of Sloane’s blade. She didn’t escape unscathed, though—she’s under the doctor’s care as we speak,” Braylen reported.

Aiden’s gaze sharpened, a flicker of iron resolve flashing in his eyes.

The Welch family’s ill-fated crew, sent to overrun the village, had been utterly dismantled by Sloane and her fierce squad. They had unleashed a tidal wave of vengeance, crashing down on the Welch family’s inner circle. Sloane’s prowess was a force of nature—against her, the Welches were like leaves in a storm. Had they not braced themselves beforehand, chaos would have swallowed them whole, and even Mateo, their patriarch, might have found his neck on the line.

“Any word from Mr. Truman?” Aiden asked.

“He’s caught wind of our clash with the Welch family spiraling out of hand. He’s drawn a line in the sand—cease fire, or he’ll step in with a heavy hand if another soul falls,” Braylen replied.

Aiden nodded, unruffled. It was no surprise.

The Welch family had schemed to use Leonidas as a pawn to take out Janice, dodging Trenton’s wrath. By dragging this feud into the spotlight, Aiden had painted Trenton into a corner, forcing his intervention.

“And Overden Group’s Daily Trends hit the stands, and it’s been welcomed with open arms. If White Group proceeds with the scheduled launch of Today’s Trends, the fallout may prove disastrous. We’ll be facing plagiarism accusations head-on, and the market will only tighten its grip. Now Leah and Liliana are feeling the pressure—if they can’t keep the core team united...” Braylen trailed off.

“Got it!” Aiden interrupted him.

As the doctor wrapped up Janice’s checkup, Aiden strolled over. “How is she holding up?”

“She’s in fine fettle. The old wound is a bit of a rough patch—left a scar—but nothing to lose sleep over.”