

Wrath 1161

Chapter 1161:

“But her memories are gone.”

The doctor hesitated, glancing at Janice before replying, “It appears her most recent injury has left her grappling with amnesia, a cruel echo of the trauma she endured.” That was what Janice had told him.

“Any guess on when her memory might come back?” Aiden pressed.

The doctor’s brow creased as he mulled it over. “It’s tough to pin down. It could be days, a year, or longer—depends on how she bounces back. Familiar surroundings might help nudge her memory awake, though.”

Familiar surroundings?

Aiden’s eyes settled on Janice. She seemed at ease, the tension that once clung to her like a shadow now melting away. She had been a relentless cog in the White family’s revenge machine, never pausing to catch her breath. Maybe this was her silver lining—a chance to unwind. In that fleeting moment, Aiden found himself hoping Janice’s memories wouldn’t rush back too soon. He longed for her to embrace this rare pause, to unwind and recharge.

“Braylen, stay here and keep an eye on Janice. I’m heading to White Group,” he instructed.

“Understood.”

Aiden approached Janice, his fingers brushing her cheek with a tender, comforting touch.

Janice didn’t shy away from the gentle gesture; instead, a wave of tranquility washed over her. “Is something wrong?” she asked.

“I’ve got some business to handle, so I can’t take you to see Caitlin just yet. But I give you my word—once everything’s squared away, we’ll make that trip together.”

“Okay,” Janice murmured, her agreement simple and trusting.

Meanwhile, at White Group, Leah presided at the head of the polished table, her brow knitted in frustration. The room buzzed with the restless energy of shareholders and key players, all piling pressure on her like a storm cloud ready to burst.

“Ms. Sugden, we can’t possibly launch Today’s Trends.” One voice cut through the din, sharp with dissent. “Overden Group’s Daily Trends has already won the crowd. If we push ours out now, we’ll be slapped with plagiarism accusations faster than you can blink.”

“Spot on!” another chimed in. “We should be scrambling to cut our losses, not digging ourselves deeper into this mess.”

Leah rapped the table with her knuckles, the sound slicing through the clamor like a gavel. Silence fell. “Have you all forgotten that sticking to the app release was Janice’s call? Are you really ready to toss her decision out the window?”

“But she’s gone missing, isn’t she? I’m sure she had a fix for this, but do you know what it was?”

The question hit Leah like a brick wall.

Janice hadn’t breathed a word of her strategy before vanishing. Now, caught in this bind, Leah felt the ground slipping beneath her feet.

She glanced at Liliana, seated beside her, but Liliana only shook her head. Even she—often dubbed Janice’s mirror—couldn’t unravel the mystery of Janice’s mind.

Chapter 1162:

“Let’s put it to a vote,” someone piped up, tossing the idea out like a lifeline. “Those in favor of releasing Today’s Trends, raise your hand.”

Leah and Liliana lifted their hands, a flicker of defiance in the gesture, but the rest of the room remained still as stone.

Leah’s chest tightened with a mix of dread and powerlessness. These people bowed to no one but Janice. Even as her closest confidante, Leah couldn’t rally them to her side.

“Well, the outcome is plain as day. I’ll announce—”

Suddenly, the meeting room door swung open.

All eyes swiveled to the entrance, where Aiden strode in, his presence a thunderclap that left the room breathless and reeling.

“Mr. Green? What are you doing here?”

Everyone was on edge, unsure of Aiden’s intentions.

“I came to announce one thing.” Aiden’s gaze flicked toward Leah. That single look was enough—without hesitation, she stepped aside, yielding the head seat to him.

Aiden strode forward, placing both hands firmly on the conference table. His deep voice echoed through the room. “I’ve found Janice. She’s resting at home. I’m here to speak on her behalf.”

“What? She’s been found?”

“Thank goodness! We’re saved!”

“Aiden, are you serious?” Leah’s voice trembled with disbelief. “Is Janice really back?”

Aiden nodded, his expression unwavering. “It all happened so suddenly. I didn’t have time to inform you before bringing her back. But I wouldn’t joke about something like this.”

“That’s wonderful!” Leah’s eyes glistened with tears. It felt like an unbearable weight had finally been lifted from her shoulders. “With Janice back, I don’t have to bear this heavy pressure anymore.”

Liliana, who had remained silent, exhaled softly, her heart swelling with relief. She had known all along—Janice wouldn’t go down so easily.

“Since I’m representing Janice now, I’ll be making all the decisions for White Group.” Aiden took his seat, his icy gaze sweeping across the room, daring anyone to object.

Murmurs erupted among the attendees, voices rising in protest. “You might not have the authority for that. We’re working for Janice and will only follow her instructions.”

“Exactly! If you think you can just step in and take over, you’re mistaken!”

Aiden didn’t react with irritation. Instead, he snapped his fingers. At once, the doors swung open, and a wave of men in black filed into the room.

They stood ominously behind the company’s members, their presence suffocating, as if ready to strike at the first sign of defiance.

“I’m not seeking your approval. I’m letting you know.” Aiden’s voice was low, firm, and absolute. “You can continue to protest, but I’ll replace you with a new team. Remember, it wasn’t you who chose Janice—she chose you. If you still want to follow her, then you must be absolutely obedient.”

Chapter 1163:

A heavy silence settled over the room. The employees exchanged uneasy glances, fear flickering in their eyes.

"We'll follow your lead." In the end, they yielded. No matter how much pride they had, survival was more important.

After the meeting, Leah and Liliana stayed behind, their eyes filled with urgency.

"Aiden, did something happen to Janice?" Leah's voice was laced with concern. She knew Janice too well. If Janice had truly returned, she wouldn't have let Aiden take charge.

Liliana knew Janice too well. Something wasn't adding up. There had to be more to the story.

Aiden exhaled slowly. "Janice has lost her memories."

Those few words sent a shockwave through Leah and Liliana.

"What did you say? Janice lost her memories?" Leah stepped forward, her voice rising. "How did that happen? Or is it because you didn't protect her well enough?"

"Leah, calm down," Liliana interjected, placing a hand on Leah's arm. "Let's hear Aiden out first."

"You're right. It was my failure to keep her safe." Aiden let out a bitter chuckle, his guilt suffocating. Leah's accusation only made it worse. "If I had been just a little faster, maybe she wouldn't have fallen into the sea and had to endure all that pain."

Leah faltered, her anger cooling as she took in Aiden's haunted expression. "Sorry, I lost control. It's not your fault. You did everything you could."

"No! I didn't do enough." Aiden's fists clenched tightly, his knuckles turning white. A storm brewed in his eyes. "If I had pushed harder, trained harder, been stronger, I could have protected Janice. This happened because I wasn't strong enough!"

Leah and Liliana exchanged a glance, realization dawning on them.

Janice's disappearance hadn't just hurt Aiden—it had shattered him.

"Leah!"

Prescott and Costello rushed in, urgency written all over their faces. "Is Janice back?"

"Yes!" Leah nodded, her expression turning solemn. "But she's lost her memories."

"What?" Prescott and Costello froze, their disbelief evident.

"That's impossible! Janice is too strong-willed. How could she forget everything? Does she not even remember us now?"

Costello remained silent, his hands curling into fists at his sides, his fury barely restrained.

"Her memory loss is due to trauma." Aiden's voice was steady, but there was a weight behind it. "She might remember everything tomorrow, or it could take a year, or maybe even longer. Even if she doesn't remember you, there's still a sense of familiarity, though."

Stephen had been trying to seek help from affluent families recently. Yet, without Janice by his side, most people turned him away without a second thought.

Chapter 1164:

Once more, the sting of rejection followed him through the day, and he trudged home with defeat hanging heavy on his shoulders.

“Stephen, don’t give up,” Wendy said gently, her hand slipping into the crook of his arm for comfort. “Aside from the Payne family, I believe there are still people out there willing to support the Whites and offer us a lifeline.”

The sight of fatigue etched across his face stirred a wave of worry in Wendy’s heart. In the past few days, Stephen had thrown himself into a relentless effort—trying to keep the White family afloat while also searching for Janice. He rarely came home anymore, choosing to stay at a hotel nearer his business contacts to maximize his chances. Today was one of the few rare occasions he had returned to the house.

“Stephen? What is it?”

Wendy noticed Stephen suddenly stopping in his tracks, his eyes wide in disbelief.

Her eyes followed his, landing on a familiar silhouette—a woman seated gracefully in the gazebo, sipping coffee as though in a scene from a quiet dream.

She was just as radiant and elegant as ever, her smile a balm to the soul, and her every motion laced with quiet charm.

“Janice, is that really you?” Stephen’s voice quivered, and he clutched Wendy’s hand. “Wendy, please tell me I’m not dreaming. This isn’t just a mirage, right?”

“It’s real. That’s Janice!” Wendy cried, her voice brimming with joy. The two of them hurried over together.

Even with her memories gone, something deep inside Janice still held onto a thread of familiarity. Feeling a little restless, she had wandered out to the gazebo to brew herself some coffee.

Her hands moved with practiced grace, like muscle memory guiding her through a ritual she’d performed a thousand times.

“Janice!”

“Janice!”

Their voices jolted Janice from her quiet coffee-sipping trance.

Janice turned, her gaze landing on a man and a woman standing just a few steps away. The man had a kind face and a calm presence, while the woman exuded...

Charm and quiet sophistication. Despite the gap in their years, they looked naturally in sync—like two parts of a harmonious whole.

“Who are you?”

Janice tilted her head, her eyes clouded with confusion. Stephen and Wendy stiffened at her response.

“I’m your brother!”

“And I’m your sister-in-law!”

Her brother? And sister-in-law?

Janice’s brows furrowed. She dug deep for a memory, but her mind remained stubbornly blank.

Still, something about them felt familiar—comforting, even—and her instincts told her they meant no harm.

Chapter 1165:

At that moment, Braylen stepped in. “Miss White has lost her memories. She might not recognize either of you.”

“What?” Stephen and Wendy cried out in shock, their voices overlapping. It was hard for them to accept the reality—Janice had lost her memories.

“Janice!”

At that moment, Leah, Liliana, Prescott, and Costello came rushing in. Leah dashed forward and wrapped Janice in a tight embrace, tears spilling down her cheeks.

“Janice, you’re finally back!”

Caught off guard by the sudden hug, Janice stiffened, unsure of how to react. “Could you let go of me first?”

Leah pulled back, her face filled with disbelief. “Janice, did you really forget everything? Don’t you remember me at all?”

Janice blinked slowly, her eyes tinged with resignation. “I honestly don’t remember you, but there’s something about you that feels familiar. Were we close?”

Leah broke into sobs again. “She really doesn’t remember me! I thought even if she forgot everything else, she wouldn’t forget me. I was wrong!”

The group exchanged glances, momentarily speechless. Leah was being dramatic again.

If Janice had truly lost her memories, it made sense she’d forgotten everyone. The fact she still felt a connection was already a promising sign.

For now, they could only wait and look for ways to gently help her recover her memories.

Word of Janice's return spread like wildfire. Even Sierra and Nellie came rushing over.

When they heard she'd lost her memories, their expressions turned grim.

At first, Janice tried to console them, but she soon gave up, realizing they needed to accept that her memory loss wasn't something she could fix.

Slowly, everyone began to come to terms with the fact that Janice truly didn't remember them.

"Janice, what if we visit the orphanage where you grew up?" Leah asked through sniffles. "That's where your childhood was. Maybe being there will help bring some memories back."

Everyone thought it was a good idea, but all eyes turned to Aiden for his thoughts.

"I think it's a great idea," Aiden said, meeting Janice's eyes. "Besides, my mom hasn't seen you in ages. We could stop by and visit her too."

Though Leah longed to accompany Janice to Every, there were still too many loose ends in Cloverhill. Leaving now would only create more trouble.

"Janice, can I talk to you in private for a moment?"

Janice hesitated briefly, but one look at Leah's pleading eyes made her nod. "Alright."

Back in Janice's room, Leah wrapped her in another tight hug. Janice could feel Leah's body trembling against hers, realizing just how much she must have meant to her.

Chapter 1166:

“Janice, I missed you so much,” Leah whispered, her voice unsteady. “Ever since the day you fell into the sea, I couldn’t stop thinking about you. I was terrified you’d be gone forever. I’m just happy you’re here. Even if you don’t remember me, at least you’re safe.”

“I’ll remember you,” Janice said gently, her hand rubbing Leah’s back. “Just give me a little time.”

“I know,” Leah nodded, slowly letting go. “Janice, you should go to Every with Aiden. I’ll stay behind and take care of White Group for you. They only ever listened to you, but now, with Aiden’s support, they won’t cause trouble.”

“Are you facing any difficulties?” Janice asked, noticing the concern in Leah’s eyes.

Leah paused, as if something important had just clicked. “Oh! I nearly forgot about that!”

“What is it?” Janice looked at Leah with curiosity.

Leah explained, “Janice, you once mentioned that if the worst-case scenario ever came to pass and I couldn’t handle it, I should come to you for guidance. At the time, I didn’t fully understand what you meant. I thought that with you in control, there would be no need for that. But now I get it! You must have anticipated a situation like this—like losing your memories. Deep down, you knew I’d have to step up and take charge when it happened.”

A flicker of realization crossed Janice’s face, her eyes slowly widening.

“So, you’re saying you want me to understand the situation, and then I’ll trust my instincts to make the right decision?”

“Exactly!” Leah held Janice’s hands tightly, a rush of relief flooding her. “You’re always so dependable. Maybe losing your memory was beyond your expectations, but you still had ways to cope with it.”

Janice fell silent, her mind processing the weight of Leah’s words.

If she had indeed said something like that to Leah, it meant there was a carefully laid strategy in place—one that could navigate even the most unexpected challenges.

While memories could fade, the ability to think critically and solve problems remained.

Could it be that she had foreseen this possibility? It seemed like an overabundance of caution, but now, that very caution might be the key to breaking free from their current predicament.

“Tell me everything in detail,” Janice said with a sigh, her voice a mixture of resignation and quiet determination. “Perhaps I can reconstruct my original strategy.”

“I’m confident you can do it.” Leah’s faith in Janice was unwavering. She then began to explain the situation, making sure to cover every aspect with clarity and precision.

As Janice listened, her gaze turned distant, her mind clearly processing the information. Leah remained by her side, waiting patiently.

After a long silence, Janice finally spoke. “From what you’ve told me and based on my thoughts, it’s clear that the key to breaking this deadlock lies with our opponent.”

“With our opponent?” Leah blinked in surprise, her voice filled with confusion and curiosity.

Chapter 1167:

Janice nodded slowly, her demeanor calm and controlled. “The fact that I’m permitting the app’s normal release indicates that I have solid evidence to counter their plagiarism allegations. You mentioned Leonidas. While he might be able to deduce parts of my plan, he can’t simply conjure the core technology out of thin air based on mere assumptions. That suggests one thing—there’s a mole in our midst.”

Leah’s face paled, her concern deepening. “But you told me before that there was no mole among us.”

Janice shook her head with quiet certainty. “From where I stand, I would have said that to make the mole feel secure, to lower their defenses. When people feel safe, they become careless, revealing their weaknesses. Once the opponent launches their app, the mole will believe they’ve outsmarted everyone, and that’s when they’ll let their guard down. What we need to do now is expose the mole in our midst. But there’s also another layer to this—we need to locate the mole I’ve placed within their ranks.”

Leah was stunned, her eyes wide with disbelief. Janice had analyzed the situation with remarkable precision in such a short span of time, and everything she said rang true.

She began to question whether Janice had truly lost her memories. “Are you sure you’ve lost your memories? I can’t shake the feeling that you’re exactly the same as before.”

Janice gave a faint, wry smile as she met Leah’s gaze. “I’m just using logic and deduction. If I had planned for this, these are the conclusions I would have come to.”

“Absolutely!” Leah’s gaze was unwavering, filled with determination. “I’ll make the necessary arrangements immediately. Once we uncover the mole and identify our insider, Overden Group’s latest updates will be rendered laughable.”

Without hesitation, Leah contacted Prescott, directing him to keep a close watch on White Group’s personnel while also examining Overden Group’s staff for any signs of a mole—someone who might be the insider planted by Janice.

Within moments, her instructions were in motion.

Janice watched with a growing sense of respect as Leah worked with remarkable efficiency. It became clear why she had entrusted these critical details to Leah.

Perhaps she believed that only Leah could navigate this situation’s complexities with precision and speed, responding swiftly to unexpected turns.

Before long, Prescott compiled his findings and sent the information over to Leah.

Leah quickly reviewed the data before handing it to Janice, asking her to identify any suspicious individuals.

Janice examined the details closely, her mind working quickly. Within moments, she identified two individuals who seemed particularly suspicious.

“Ruby Harrison from White Group and Hanson Flores from Overden Group—they stand out the most.” Janice highlighted the two names and showed them to Leah.

Leah rechecked the records, her gaze steady but thoughtful. “Are you certain about these two? I looked through Ruby’s activities, and there’s no evidence of any interaction with the Welch family.”

“Is that the case?” Janice circled a few key points on the paper in front of her. “Ruby is a tech recluse. She barely steps outside her home. So why would she choose to go out at this particular time?”

Chapter 1168:

Leah paused, tracing Janice’s line of thought to dig a little deeper. “It looks like the place she went was the local food market. But what would a tech recluse like her be doing at a local food market? Was she just out to buy groceries?”

Janice replied, “That’s the obvious answer, but there could be more. Maybe she went to meet someone and receive instructions.”

Leah’s eyes lit up with excitement at the thought. “Exactly! The market’s packed with people. It’s the perfect place to blend in. Even if someone’s watching, it’d be nearly impossible to tell who she’s meeting. They could pull off the exchange without anyone noticing.”

“People’s habits can change over time, but when it happens suddenly and follows a pattern, there’s usually something unusual driving it.”

“You’re amazing! Even with amnesia, you’re still razor-sharp!” Leah’s admiration for Janice deepened. Even with her memories wiped, Janice could still piece together so much from the tiniest clues or a single flaw. “And what about Hanson?”

“Hanson’s easier to figure out,” Janice’s lips curled into a confident smile, that same captivating expression she’d always worn. “Hanson was a die-hard fan of JE and joined JE Consortium because of that. But now he’s betrayed us.”

“I heard something happened to his family and that Overden Group offered him a hefty sum to switch sides.”

Janice glanced at Leah, and the latter smiled awkwardly.

“Hanson did some wild things to stay loyal to JE, even turning his back on his own family. How could someone so devoted to JE betray us just because his family needed money? Besides, do you think JE Consortium doesn’t have funds? Do I look like someone who pays less to my employees?”

Leah’s eyes widened as realization sank in. “You’re right! You’ve always treated your employees with honor and respect. Anyone who works for you never regrets it. If something really had happened to Hanson’s family, you would’ve stepped in without a second thought.”

It all made sense now—Hanson’s betrayal of JE Consortium was no accident. It was a setup, carefully orchestrated by Janice.

“If I’m reading this right, the whole thing with Hanson’s family is all fake, too. It was meant to trick the other side into believing they had leverage over him, so Hanson...”

“Would be more easily manipulated into serving them. But this plan offered Hanson the perfect opportunity to infiltrate them undetected.”

Leah inhaled sharply, silently marveling at Janice. Words failed her, her admiration too overwhelming to capture in a simple sentence.

"I know what I need to do now! You and Aiden should return to Efrery and maybe try recovering your memories. I'll stay behind and keep things steady in Cloverhill until you're back."

"Alright." Janice nodded, then suddenly pulled Leah into a hug. "Even though I've forgotten everything about you, I can still feel the weight of the debt I owe you. Thank you for sticking by and supporting me all these years, Leah."

Leah's heart skipped a beat, her eyes instantly welling up as tears spilled uncontrollably.

Chapter 1169:

"Don't say things like that. Getting all emotional like this makes me cry too." Her heart trembled as she struggled to hold back the tears, but no matter how hard she tried, they kept flowing.

Janice gently rubbed her back, sensing the weight of her pain and exhaustion. She understood just how much pressure Leah had been under all this time. Now, Leah finally had a chance to let her emotions pour out.

Meanwhile, the Welch family was engulfed in despair, every face marked by a heavy, somber expression. They had hoped Janice's absence would be their golden opportunity to crush the White family, but the White family proved resilient, with Leah and Stephen steadfastly defending it. Even their plan to assassinate Janice had failed, and now that she had returned, it was disastrous news for them.

Moreover, several key members of the Welch family had met tragic ends at Aiden's hands, and Calvin, like Gilmore, had lost an arm.

"Gilmore, what's our next move? Janice is back, and Mr. Truman has warned us against using brute force. From here on out, it's all about our strengths," Mateo asked, rubbing his temples, frustrated. "Considering where we stand now, we likely can't hold out much longer."

Gilmore pondered momentarily before saying, "Even though Janice has returned, JE Consortium is already showing cracks. As long as—"

“Dad! Uncle Gilmore!” Calvin burst into the room, urgency written all over his face.

Everyone turned their gaze to him, confusion written across their faces.

“Calvin, why aren’t you resting and recovering? What brings you here?” Mateo glanced at Calvin’s severed arm, a tremor of concern passing through him. His eldest son lay in a coma, his second son now bore a lifelong injury. Only his daughter, Alissa, had escaped harm. But what could a woman contribute now?

“Dad, Uncle Gilmore, I’ve just received some good news,” Calvin exclaimed with a spark of excitement. “Janice has lost her memories.”

“What?” The news stunned everyone.

“Calvin, are you certain?”

“Janice has lost her memories? Could this be our chance?”

“Yes, it must be! It seems fortune favors the Welch family at last!”

The core members of the Welch family could hardly contain their joy. Although Janice had returned, what threat could she pose without her memories?

“It’s absolutely true,” Calvin asserted confidently. “Janice remembers no one. Moreover, Aiden plans to take her back to Efrery, hoping that familiar places might trigger her memories.”

“That’s incredible!” Mateo’s eyes gleamed, his earlier despair forgotten. “Who would have thought someone as astute as Janice would lose her memories? This truly is fantastic news.”

“Not only that, but with both Janice and Aiden away from Cloverhill, the remaining adversaries are insignificant compared to us.”

The excitement in their eyes was palpable. Janice and Aiden were the only threats they had feared. With these two out of Cloverhill, the Welch family’s path was clear.

“Should we send someone to Efrery to eliminate them both?” someone proposed.

Chapter 1170:

“No!” Gilmore immediately dismissed the suggestion. “Sending assassins will only enrage Aiden! Once he is provoked, no authority can subdue him.”

He recounted how Aiden had endured ten hours in prison.

That night had been hellish—the assassins they had sent suffered horrific ends. Soon, no one was willing to take the job. Even the prison guards, despite a billion-dollar incentive, feared confronting this formidable man.

“We need to capitalize on their absence to swiftly dismantle the White family and JE Consortium that supports them. If they fall, even Janice’s recovery and return would be futile.”

The group agreed that Gilmore’s strategy was the best approach under the circumstances.

“Whether to act against Janice, we’ll leave that decision to Leonidas,” Gilmore said, his eyes narrowing as he shifted the responsibility to Leonidas.

Their past cooperation had centered on Janice, and now that the Welch family had paid a steep price, they would no longer divert resources in that direction, which was consistent with their agreement.

“Alright, we’ll proceed as you suggested,” Mateo replied icily. “Inform Bart to begin targeting White Group. Let the downfall of the White family commence with them.”

As a storm of change loomed over Cloverhill, Janice found herself on a flight to Efrery.

Seated by the window, she watched the clouds drift by, a wave of calm washing over her.

Aiden, sitting next to her, felt a surge of relief seeing Janice so tranquil. Though amnesia posed challenges, for Janice, it might prove beneficial. She was spared the exhaustion of plotting revenge or facing relentless challenges with a fraught mind.

"Janice, we have about an hour before we reach Efrery. Would you like to take a nap?"

"No need," Janice replied, her gaze fixed on the clouds. "To me, this is the first time I've seen such a view. I'd like to enjoy it a little longer."

"Alright!" Aiden draped a blanket over Janice, ensuring her comfort.

"Actually, if you find this state relaxing and comfortable, there's no need to hurry in regaining your lost memories," Aiden suddenly suggested. "To me, your happiness is paramount."

Janice turned her attention from the window to Aiden. "You're right! I do feel relaxed and at ease now. But this isn't the complete me." A hint of sadness flickered in her eyes. "Each time I close my eyes, my mind feels hollow, surreal. It's as though I'm missing pieces of my past, unable to retrace my steps. Perhaps my memories contain too much pain, but it's these trials that complete me."

Janice raised her hand, gently touching Aiden's face. "Besides, the memories with you are incredibly dear to me. How could I allow such treasured memories to fade?"

Aiden's heart stirred. Though Janice's words were soft, they struck him profoundly.

"I understand," Aiden murmured, holding Janice's hand to his cheek. "I'll be by your side, retracing our steps together."