

Wrath 1171

Chapter 1171:

After the clock had ticked forward by an hour, Janice and Aiden emerged from the bustling exit of Efrery's airport.

Two familiar figures caught their eye, waving with unrestrained excitement.

"Janice, over here!" Nina called out, waving her hand, her enthusiasm so infectious that she even bounced up and down to ensure they wouldn't miss her in the crowd.

Beside her, Alcott flinched at her spirited display, reaching out to steady her. "Nina, you're not young anymore. Aren't you worried you'll throw your back out with all that hopping?"

Nina's eyes narrowed at Alcott's remark, a spark of indignation flaring. "If you can't say something sweet, zip it! I'm still in the prime of my life!"

"Very well, you're still in your prime. I'm just looking out for you," Alcott replied, his tone tinged with a mix of grievance and care.

"Shoo, stop hovering!" Nina shot back, brushing him aside with a playful shove before darting over to clasp Janice's hands in her own. "Janice! Let me get a good look at you. Have you dropped a few pounds?"

Janice stiffened, caught off guard by the warmth of the gesture. The woman before her felt like a stranger, yet there was a whisper of recognition tugging at the edges of her mind.

"Janice, what's wrong?" Nina's brow furrowed as she picked up on the subtle shift in Janice's demeanor.

"Mom, a word?" Aiden gently tugged Nina aside, lowering his voice to fill her in on Janice's predicament.

Though the feud between the White and Welch families had set Cloverhill ablaze with tension, word traveled at a snail's pace to Efrery. Aiden had kept the ordeal under wraps to spare Nina the worry, but now, back in Efrery, some truths refused to stay buried.

"You call this protecting her?" Nina's voice rose, sharp with disbelief.

"She has lost her memories, and you think that's keeping her safe?"

"It's on me—I messed up," Aiden confessed, his shoulders slumping under the weight of his guilt. He had never shaken the feeling that Janice's blank slate was his doing.

Nina parted her lips to let Aiden have it, but one look at his crestfallen face softened her resolve.

She knew her son's heart; no one carried this burden heavier than he did.

"Well, what's done is done. Pointing fingers won't turn back the clock." Nina sighed, casting a glance at Janice, whose wide-eyed curiosity swept over Efrery like a newcomer seeing it for the first time. "I take it you're back to help jog Janice's memories?"

"Exactly."

"Alright, I've got this in hand."

Drawing a steadying breath, Nina returned to Janice's side.

"Come on, Janice, let's head home." She slipped Janice's hand into hers with a tender squeeze, her voice brimming with affection. "I've whipped up a feast of all your favorites."

Janice flicked her gaze to Aiden, who gave her a reassuring nod. She turned back to Nina with a shy smile. "Thank you."

Chapter 1172:

Nina's face lit up like a sunrise, her grin stretching wider. "Oh, Janice, don't let Aiden's cool-and-collected act fool you. He was a total waterworks as a kid."

"What?" Janice blinked, her head whipping toward Aiden in astonishment.

Aiden's cheeks flushed as he moved to hush Nina, but Alcott stepped in with a steady hand.

"Aiden, I'm in the loop about everything. Trust your mom—she might just spark something in Janice's mind with this."

Hearing this, Aiden resigned himself to the inevitable. If baring his past could spark something in Janice, he would swallow his pride and weather the storm of embarrassment.

As they ambled along, Nina regaled Janice with lighthearted tales of Aiden's childhood, painting a picture of a boy worlds apart from the man he had grown into.

Back then, Aiden had been a typical kid—tears flowing freely, tantrums flaring, and mischief bubbling over.

Yet even as a little rascal, he stood out from the pack. His sharp mind grasped concepts in a flash, earning him whispers of "prodigy" among those who knew him.

"If only Aiden could have held on to that wide-eyed innocence," Nina mused, a wistful shadow crossing her face. "His father and I were tangled up in our careers back then, too busy to give him the attention he needed. Over time, that neglect nudged him into a quieter shell."

She paused, her voice softening. "Later, his grandfather took him under his wing, molding him into the future cornerstone of the Green family. That's when the boyish spark faded, and he stepped into the steady boots he wears today."

“Sure, he was a bundle of charm and innocence back then, but the man he has become? He is a rock—someone we can lean on through any storm.” Janice squeezed Nina’s hand, her smile gentle. “Boys grow into men who shield their loved ones come what may. Maybe we lose a little along the way, but what we gain outweighs it by miles.”

“Janice, you really see it that way?” Nina’s eyes widened, caught off guard.

Janice nodded warmly. “Thank you for peeling back the layers of Aiden for me. Now I know for certain—he is someone I can count on, no question.”

Nina continued recounting all sorts of stories about Aiden.

As Janice absorbed these narratives, a strong urge to reconnect with their shared past surged within her, enhancing her yearning to reclaim her lost memories.

“I do hope you and Aiden could get back together,” Nina said, gently touching Janice’s hand. “Given your current feelings, would you consider remarrying him?”

Caught off guard, Janice hesitated, unsure of her feelings.

She glanced back at Aiden, who was following them closely. His presence was commanding—handsome and confident, effortlessly capturing attention.

Janice found it hard to believe that a man like him had once been her husband—it was something she never would have seen coming.

Their marriage, however, had been a rushed choice, more of a calculated arrangement meant to help Aiden solidify his standing. Back then, it had served both their interests.

Chapter 1173:

Once Aiden had solidified his position, their contractual relationship dissolved. Only after the divorce did he recognize his true feelings for her.

Ever since, Aiden had dedicated himself to winning her back, employing every strategy at his disposal to convince her of his love.

As Nina recounted these events, Janice imagined herself back in those moments, yet struggled to see how she could have developed such deep feelings for Aiden so quickly.

So what else could it have been?

What was it, really, that had drawn her and Aiden into each other's lives?

Nina noticed Janice drifting off and asked with concern, "Janice, what's the matter? Are you not feeling well?"

"No!" Janice jolted back to the moment and gave Nina a small smile. "I'm just not sure how to respond to your question. With my memory loss, I don't have an answer to give you."

Nina looked slightly disheartened by this, but she understood the complexity of Janice's emotions.

If just a handful of words from her were enough to stir Janice's feelings for Aiden again, it would make their love feel far too shallow. Only through re-experiencing that love could Janice truly grasp its depth.

"We're here for you," Nina said to her, feeling a twinge of sorrow yet holding out hope for her son.

Despite everything, Nina occasionally found herself frustrated by their separation, blaming Aiden for letting go of such a wonderful partner.

Now, he faced an uncertain wait for reconciliation. Soon, they returned home.

To Janice, every corner carried a sense of familiarity.

The moment she stepped through the door, peace settled over her, as though she had finally come back to where she belonged. Had there been a time when she saw this place as her home?

“Daryl, we’re back. Could you please serve the food?” Nina guided Janice towards the dining room.

Daryl efficiently laid out the feast, covering the table with an array of dishes.

Janice’s eyes lit up at the sight. “Nina, this must have been quite the effort to prepare, right?”

“Really, it’s nothing. Seeing you happy makes it all worthwhile. I’d do even more if it keeps you smiling,” Nina responded warmly, beaming at Janice.

“Janice!” said Alcott as he settled into his seat, a playful grin on his face. “It’s only because of you that I get to enjoy Nina’s cooking today. It’s a rare treat for me.”

“We’ve been married for a long time, and you still want me to spoil you?” Nina retorted, rolling her eyes at Alcott. “Have you completely forgotten everything you’ve done? You really think I’m going to cater to you? Keep dreaming.”

Alcott found himself at a loss for words. It was clear that Nina held the cards when it came to their past.

“Try some more, Janice,” Nina said, handing her another dish. The two shared such a rapport they could be mistaken for sisters, ignoring the difference in their years.

Chapter 1174:

Across the table, Aiden and Alcott felt somewhat excluded from the women's lively conversation, so they shifted to business matters.

"Aiden, isn't it time you took over?" Alcott said, pouring a drink with a sigh. "You've enjoyed your stint in Cloverhill, but back home in Efrery, Green Group is facing challenges."

"What seems to be the problem?" Aiden asked, his brow furrowing at Alcott's words. "Colson should have things under control, shouldn't he?"

"Colson's got the..."

"Colson's got the skills, but a few of the senior members at Green Group still have their doubts. Some even suspect that you're getting ready to walk away from the company and build something fresh in Cloverhill. Their heads have been spinning with all kinds of thoughts lately."

Aiden grasped the situation immediately upon hearing the news.

Orson had designated him as the rightful heir, but now, Colson, an outsider, was overseeing Green Group. This shift was bound to spark controversy.

Initially, people might tolerate the change. However, as time passed, the senior shareholders would likely express their dissatisfaction. Furthermore, the ongoing turmoil in Cloverhill was causing widespread anxiety. They needed Aiden back to take control.

Alcott paused to take a sip of his drink, then sighed deeply. "I get it, Aiden. With Janice in her current state, your mind's elsewhere. Don't worry about this mess. Spend time with Janice. I'll manage things here a bit longer."

Aiden was taken aback by Alcott's decision.

Historically, Alcott had been antagonistic, even colluding with Bart to undermine him and seize control. Yet now, he appeared transformed.

“Don’t look at me like that,” Alcott remarked, catching Aiden’s puzzled look. He offered a wry smile. “I was once consumed by ambition and made some poor choices. I thought my father should leave the company to me. But when he chose you instead, I couldn’t handle it, and I lost my way.”

Taking another sip, Alcott continued, “Actually running Green Group these past few months satisfied my urge to lead. But it also made me realize that leadership isn’t really what I want. What I truly desire is a simple, peaceful life with your mother. Maybe my father saw that I lacked ambition, which is why he passed the reins to you.”

Aiden looked down, silently absorbing Alcott’s words.

Alcott seemed to have been bottling up these feelings, and now he finally had the opportunity to express them.

Alcott turned to Nina with affection. “You might find this hard to believe, but now, all I care about is you two. Despite how tough your mother is on me, I owe her that much. Deep down, she’s thawed a bit towards me. Otherwise, she wouldn’t still be living with me. People only learn to cherish what they’ve had after losing it. I regret the stupid things I did with Bart.”

Alcott’s gaze met Aiden’s, a flicker of unease in his eyes. “Aiden, can you forgive me?”

Aiden’s eyelashes fluttered. He suddenly lifted his glass, extending it toward Alcott. “Dad, it’s been too long since we last shared a drink, hasn’t it?”

Alcott hesitated, then his face lit up with a broad smile. “Yes. Today, we drink to our hearts’ content.”

Chapter 1175:

Their glasses clinked, bridging the gap that had grown between them. Aiden had already released any bitterness toward Alcott. His father had erred, but then again, who hadn’t?

As long as Alcott was genuinely committed to their family, how could Aiden deny him another chance? The ordeal with Janice had sharpened his sense of what family meant.

From across the room, Nina watched the warming interaction between father and son, her face breaking into a relieved smile.

She had seen Alcott's changes firsthand and was convinced of his sincerity; otherwise, she would have parted ways with him long ago.

She understood that Alcott's actions, driven by a fear of being overlooked by Orson, had led to fierce competition with his own son and the existence of Bart, his illegitimate child.

In many ways, Alcott had remained immature. Maybe, Nina thought, there was still a boy inside him.

A servant approached and informed Nina, "Mrs. Green, Mr. Delgado has come to visit."

"Mr. Delgado?"

At the mention of Mr. Delgado, Nina immediately thought of Kenneth. She glanced at Aiden, who nodded at her.

"Let him in," she told the servant. "Right away!"

Kenneth soon entered, bearing gifts. He addressed Nina and Alcott. "Mr. and Mrs. Green, I apologize for the abrupt visit. I came to see how Janice is doing after hearing of her return."

"Kenneth, such directness seems quite forward, doesn't it?" Aiden's voice was cool, marked by a clear lack of warmth.

Kenneth's smile faltered. "Aiden, I believe you've misunderstood. I've moved past my old feelings. I now regard Janice purely as a friend. I came when I heard she was in trouble."

"Your concern is noted." Aiden sipped his drink skeptically, doubting Kenneth's claims of changed feelings. Yet, with Kenneth's earnest approach and the gifts in tow, it would be impolite not to welcome him properly.

Janice studied Kenneth with a sense of curiosity. He seemed familiar, yet their connection didn't feel particularly close—perhaps, as he had mentioned, they were simply friends.

Sensing Janice's gaze, Kenneth looked over and gave her a smile. "Janice, how have you been? I heard about the troubles you've been through. I intended to visit you in Cloverhill, but family matters kept me tied up."

Janice's lips curved into a brief smile. "I appreciate your concern."

Kenneth frowned slightly, sensing the distance in her tone. He studied her carefully, a trace of confusion creeping into his expression. The woman before him was different—her posture, her voice, even the way she regarded him—it all felt disconnected.

"I'm sorry, but I've lost my memories," Janice explained, seeing Kenneth's confusion. "I can't recall anything from before, but you do seem familiar. We were friends, weren't we?"

Clearly taken aback, Kenneth inhaled deeply to calm himself. After a moment, he nodded. "Yes, we were friends."

Chapter 1176:

"Enough talking. Let's eat first," Nina said, glancing at Kenneth with a smile. "You must be hungry. Come, sit with us."

Kenneth glanced at the food spread out on the table, his stomach grumbling softly at the sight. "Thank you."

Nina called out, "Daryl, could you please bring another set of utensils for Kenneth?"

As Kenneth sat and began to eat, his eyes periodically drifted to Janice. He noticed her demeanor—she was physically present, yet there was a quiet distance in the way she interacted with everything around her. It was as if she were seeing the world anew, with curiosity and hesitation.

"Kenneth, you'd better remember what you just said." Aiden's voice broke the silence, pulling Kenneth's focus away from Janice.

"Since attending the White family's banquet, I've come to a sobering realization. Janice and I exist in completely separate worlds. No matter how much I try, any attempt to get closer would only lead to disappointment." Kenneth let out a soft, bitter laugh. "To put it bluntly, I'm simply not worthy of her."

Following the White family's banquet, Kenneth immersed himself in his work, throwing himself into tasks and striving to prove his value to gain the approval of his family.

He had rarely paid attention to the happenings in Cloverhill, and had only occasionally heard about Janice. When the news of her accident reached him, it was already two days later.

Worry consumed him, but he could do nothing. With Aiden being there for Janice, he didn't even have the right to be worried.

When news of Janice's return to Efrery finally reached him, a deep sense of relief washed over him. Without hesitation, he rushed to see her.

"Aiden, is it true that Janice doesn't remember anything at all?" Kenneth inquired, his voice filled with a mix of curiosity and concern.

Aiden's gaze was steady as he nodded. "She has no recollection of anything that occurred before she regained consciousness. The doctors have diagnosed her with trauma-induced amnesia."

“Did you come back to help her regain her memories?” Kenneth knew a bit about memory loss of such a kind. Aiden and Janice’s sudden return to Efrery was likely part of a plan to retrace her steps and help trigger her memories.

“Yes,” Aiden replied solemnly, his gaze unwavering. “Kenneth, I appreciate your concern for Janice. However, she has me by her side, and that’s all she needs at this moment.”

Kenneth let out a soft, bitter laugh, the sound hollow. “I’ve honestly moved on. No matter how much I try, the gap between me and Janice is impossible to bridge.”

Aiden’s brow furrowed as he studied Kenneth, a subtle but unmistakable determination in his gaze. Had Kenneth truly moved on? Still, Aiden couldn’t deny that Janice’s brilliance set her apart. Even he felt the weight of the challenge to keep up with her. If he didn’t push himself forward, he risked being left behind.

The meal eventually drew to a close, and the group relaxed in the living room, engaging in casual conversation.

Chapter 1177:

Then, Kenneth turned to Janice, his voice measured yet sincere, “Could I speak with you privately for a moment?”

Aiden frowned and noticed Janice looking over at him. Was she seeking his opinion?

In the past, Janice wasn’t like that. She always followed her own thoughts but knew where to set the boundaries.

“Go ahead. He’s a friend,” he said.

“Alright.” Janice rose from her seat and followed Kenneth to the garden. As they walked out, Nina leaned in closer to Aiden, her voice laced with concern. “Aiden...”

“Aren’t you worried Kenneth might take her from you? Janice has no memories right now—people could easily manipulate her in this vulnerable state.”

Aiden remained unfazed. “If Janice could be swayed so easily, then I’ve never truly held any significance for her.”

Nina frowned, her worry growing. “You should be cautious.”

“Mom, don’t worry. Despite the memory loss, Janice still knows exactly what she wants.” Aiden’s gaze shifted to the bracelet on his wrist, his fingers lightly grazing it as a quiet confidence washed over him.

Kenneth and Janice strolled through the garden.

Janice asked, “What is it that you wished to discuss?”

With a smile, Kenneth responded, “Seeing you this way still feels unfamiliar. Yet, I’m confident that you will retrieve your memories.”

“I share your belief,” said Janice, her eyes gleaming with determination. “Those memories are too precious to lose. I will do whatever it takes to reclaim them.”

Her memories encompassed the people and experiences she cherished.

It would be unjust to them all if she were to forget.

The person she regretted disappointing the most was Aiden. Over the past few days she had been with Aiden, she had come to sense how deeply and sincerely he cared for her.

Regaining her memories would be the perfect acknowledgment of his deep affection.

“To tell you the truth, I did chase after you once,” said Kenneth, drawing in a slow breath. “I convinced myself that I stood on equal ground with Aiden. I was sure that if I just pushed a little harder, I’d be able to outdo him.”

Kenneth’s revelation didn’t surprise Janice. Since his arrival, she had noticed a certain look in his eyes directed at her. Yet, it appeared he restrained his feelings towards her.

“But over time, my perspective started to shift,” said Kenneth, laying bare the thoughts he had kept to himself. “In the beginning, I saw you as a remarkable woman. I assumed I was capable of standing beside you. But the more I discovered about you and the talents you carried, the more it hit me just how far apart we truly were. Still, Aiden was someone who could walk beside you without falling behind. Watching the two of you, it felt like seeing a storybook pair come to life. I couldn’t help but feel a stab of jealousy. That was when it dawned on me—I was never enough for you.”

Chapter 1178:

Kenneth released a sigh, seemingly relieved by his own confession.

“Upon my return from Cloverhill, I assumed leadership of Delgado Group. I had always felt somewhat inadequate and had proceeded with caution. However, I realized that my cautious approach would never allow me to catch up with you. Thus, I adopted a more decisive stance and took control of Delgado Group with firm actions.”

With a hint of a smile, Kenneth turned to Janice. “Lately, I’ve been immersed in managing Delgado Group and hadn’t noticed the happenings in Cloverhill. But it’s you I should thank. You inspired me to surpass my limitations and pursue ambitions I had previously feared to chase.”

Janice offered a genuine smile in return. “You are a good person, Kenneth.”

Kenneth appeared surprised, remembering that Janice had once told him the same thing.

“But the reason you held back is because your heart was in the right place,” said Janice, her voice unhurried. “People like you always take others into account, and sometimes that kindness becomes the

very thing that holds them back. It's a good thing you pushed past it, but make sure you never lose sight of who you've always been."

A flash of realization crossed Kenneth's eyes, and his earlier inner conflict seemed to dissolve. "Janice, have you truly lost your memories?"

Janice nodded and sighed. "Though my memories are gone, I still possess the ability to analyze logically. I noticed this from our conversations."

"Thanks," said Kenneth with a light laugh. "I kept second-guessing if I was making the right choice. But now, everything feels clear."

His inherent goodness meant he would never outshine Aiden. He had been uncertain about his decisions, wondering if he had been too severe or overly lenient.

While taking control of Delgado Group, he had taken actions that hurt others, believing them necessary to solidify his authority.

However, Janice's recent comments had resolved his internal struggles. Despite occasionally causing harm for the greater good, he ensured there was always a path of redemption for those affected.

He remained a decent man at heart.

As their conversation progressed, Janice and Kenneth's interaction grew more comfortable and genuine, reminiscent of a dialogue between long-time friends.

Kenneth mentioned that his sister, Maggie, had recently signed with White Whale Entertainment and had started to gain recognition with the agency's support.

Janice remembered founding White Whale Entertainment primarily for her brother, Stephen, and now the company was efficiently managed by a team of skilled associates.

In Efrery, challenging Janice was unthinkable.

Even if someone dared to oppose her, the Green family—the most powerful clan in Efrery—stood behind her.

“Also, I believe you ought to go see Lowell. He was once your brother. It could be the key to bringing your memories back.”

Chapter 1179:

“What?” Confusion clouded Janice’s mind, as she only recalled having one brother, Stephen. Who was this Lowell?

And Janice had a strange feeling upon hearing the name.

This was the first time in many days that she had felt such an emotion, distinctly different from her affections towards Aiden and Leah—and it was one of distaste.

Lowell seemed to have played a significant role in her past.

“Has Kenneth left?” asked Aiden, noticing Janice was alone upon her return.

Janice affirmed with a nod and asked, “Do you know someone by the name of Lowell?”

Aiden’s face tensed slightly at the mention of the name. He furrowed his brow and responded, “Did Kenneth bring him up to you?”

“He mentioned that Lowell used to be my brother and he might aid in restoring my memories.” Janice observed Aiden’s reaction and asked, “Could you share what you know about him and what happened between us?”

"There's no need for that," Aiden replied firmly. It was unusual that he refused Janice's request. "Ask me anything else, and I'll help. However, Lowell doesn't deserve your attention."

Janice sensed Aiden's seriousness and decided not to pursue it further, though it left her worried.

It appeared that Lowell had committed a grievous act in the past, one severe enough to upset Aiden. She resolved to investigate further independently when the opportunity arose.

"Shall we head to Generous Lives Orphanage now?" Janice asked.

"Yes, we're leaving now."

Upon hearing their destination, Nina asked, "Will you be back in time for dinner?"

"We'll see," said Aiden as he grabbed his coat and reached for Janice's hand, guiding her toward the door. "If we are heading back, I'll make sure to tell you ahead of time."

"Very well, I'll wait for your return," Nina responded, watching them leave with a blend of longing and contentment. "I hope Janice regains her memories soon. They seem well-suited for remarriage as things stand."

"Nina, don't worry about them. They know what they're doing," Alcott said, placing a comforting hand on her shoulder. "Even without her memories, I'm confident they'll end up together."

"That's reassuring to hear!" Nina replied, her expression brightening at Alcott's affirmation.

Alcott let out a soft laugh. He then turned to Nina with a playful glint in his eyes. "What do you say we spark a little flame of our own?"

“Get out of here, you cheeky...”

“Old thing!” Nina playfully punched Alcott, her expression one of secret delight. Even at their age, she found joy in knowing that her partner still desired her, confirming her lasting allure.

Chapter 1180:

The old site of Generous Lives Orphanage was now just a pile of rubble. Upon their arrival, Janice and Aiden stood silently, taking in the devastation.

“At the time, we were so caught up in everything happening in Cloverhill that it never crossed our minds the Welch family might set their sights on it. Luckily, I had planned a few things ahead of time and was able to keep everyone safe.” Aiden walked beside Janice through the wreckage.

The scent of charred wood hung heavily in the air, serving as a stark reminder of the devastating fire that had once swept through the area. Aiden had managed to relocate everyone to a new orphanage in time, sparing Janice the agony of a painful memory.

As she gazed upon the remnants, Janice felt an odd sense of recognition. Despite the destruction, everything seemed eerily familiar, as if she had spent years living here. The arrangement of the space felt ingrained in her psyche.

With her eyes closed, Janice moved through the ruins guided by instinct, reliving old memories.

She halted in front of a charred wall where faint traces of angel graffiti were still visible.

“You drew this as a child,” Aiden said, eyeing the ruined graffiti. “It could have stood as a beloved artwork, but the merciless Welches obliterated it.”

Janice touched the wall, trying to connect with the past through the act of drawing the graffiti.

"It will get better," she whispered. "The fire may have ravaged the orphanage, but it hasn't erased the memories. Just like now, I can't recall everything, but the traces here evoke familiar visions in my mind."

Aiden's spirits lifted, reassured that bringing Janice here was the correct choice. The remnants of the past might indeed help rekindle her lost memories.

"Aiden, could you fetch me a bottle of water?" Janice asked.

"Hmm?" Caught off guard by her sudden request, Aiden paused, puzzled. After a moment, he agreed, thinking Janice might appreciate some solitude to ponder.

Once Aiden was out of sight, Janice said in a flat tone, "You can come out now."

A man with a faint smile but a piercing, wild gaze stepped out from a dark corner.

Janice spun around to face the man and said in a firm voice, "There's something about you that feels familiar, and I find you downright unbearable! Of all the people I've ever come across, you're the one I can't stand the most."

Leonidas applauded. His face bore a menacing grin as he locked eyes with Janice. "Even with your amnesia, your disdain for me burns undiminished, Janice. But you know what? I like you."

Janice's eyes narrowed sharply, and a chilling laugh escaped her lips. "You like me? The only thing I see when I look into your eyes is an overwhelming urge to end my life."

"Exactly! My affection for you is so profound that it borders on lethal." Leonidas advanced a few steps, reducing the space between them to a mere meter. The air crackled with the intensity of their animosity, hinting at a violent clash waiting to erupt.

Yet, Leonidas halted, his attention momentarily caught by the graffiti on the wall. "This orphanage holds a special place in your heart, just as it does in mine. It was here that you taught me the essence of life."