

Wrath 1211

Chapter 1211:

“What happened?” Janice inquired, furrowing her brow in confusion. “I recall your mother having a soft spot for you. It’s unlike her to imprison you.”

Lancelot’s face darkened, his smile turning bitter. “It’s my fault for acting too rashly. I walked right into Wells’ trap.”

After attending Janice’s banquet, he had been urgently summoned by Eleanor. He assumed it was something important, but when he arrived, he found Eleanor and Wells in bed together.

Despite his affection for Janice, he was betrothed to Eleanor, and for the sake of royal obligations, their marriage was an inevitable future.

Witnessing his fiancée in his brother’s arms sparked a wave of anger that overtook him completely. In a fit of rage, he struck Wells.

Wells seized the moment to go to their mother, detailing every misstep Lancelot had made over the years.

Enraged, the queen confined him, keeping him locked away until the banquet concluded.

“Wells wants to use the banquet to win over the royal nobles and secure his claim as the new heir,” Lancelot said, his teeth clenched in frustration. “Truthfully, I have no desire for the throne. Let him have it if it pleases him. But he crossed the line by scheming against me and ruining Eleanor’s reputation!”

“Lancelot, didn’t you say you didn’t like Eleanor?” Janice asked, watching him closely. “Why are you so concerned about her now?”

Lancelot stiffened, guilt flickering across his face like a shadow caught in the wrong light. “No, I don’t like Eleanor. But she’s a good person. She’s given up a lot for me. If I can’t end up with the one I truly love, maybe being with someone like her wouldn’t be so bad.”

Janice turned slightly, catching Aiden's gaze. He merely shook his head, calm and composed.

No matter how hard Lancelot tried to win Janice's heart, Aiden's faith in her—and in himself—never wavered. His certainty was unshakable.

Janice returned her attention to Lancelot. "Is that really what you feel deep down?"

"Yes. It's what I truly feel." Lancelot nodded, eyes earnest. "I just didn't expect Wells to drag her into this. He's using her as leverage against me—she's a hostage now, and it's my fault."

Janice frowned. "Then I need to ask you something important."

"What is it?" Lancelot looked at Janice in confusion.

"Do you want to be king?"

The question hit Lancelot like a slap. He stood still for a moment, then shook his head. "No. I don't want the crown, not even a little. I like my freedom. I have no desire to be chained to a throne, to wear a title that demands I sacrifice everything. It's prestigious, and people respect kings, sure—but I don't want that life."

"Then I can't help you." Janice's tone turned cold, final. "A man without ambition isn't worth my time."

The words landed hard. Lancelot stiffened, stunned. He had counted on Janice to help him save Eleanor. Now that hope dissolved before his eyes. "Janice, are you serious? I thought we were friends!"

Chapter 1212:

“We are. But given your laid-back attitude, I don’t want to act against a prince on your behalf,” Janice replied. “You run from the very confrontation you expect me to take on. Do you think the world grants such luxuries? You want me to challenge Wells for you. But have you considered the price I’d have to pay? If I fail and Wells becomes the king, I’ll be crossing the entire Aerith. I’ll lose everything I’ve built here. So tell me, Lancelot—as a friend—what would you do?”

The weight of Janice’s words crushed the last of his pride. Lancelot felt the floor shift beneath him.

He had been naive. Worse—he had been selfish.

Janice didn’t relent. She closed the distance between them. “Have you ever wondered why you’ve had the luxury of living so freely?” Lancelot couldn’t meet her gaze. His feet shuffled back.

“It’s because your mother has shielded you from every storm. This time, she locked you away not to punish you, but to protect you. She saw Wells’ ambition long before you did. She gave in to his demands because she wanted to keep you safe.”

Lancelot’s face turned pale with disbelief. He had never considered that possibility. All this time, he’d believed his mother saw him as useless and was punishing him.

The car eased to a stop.

Outside, the opulent sign of the Regal Palace Hotel gleamed beneath golden lights. Janice opened the door and stepped out.

“Take some time to think, Lancelot. When you know what you really want, come find me. If not, I’m leaving after the banquet.” She walked inside and didn’t look back.

Aiden moved to follow, but paused. He turned back to meet Lancelot’s dazed expression. “If you had shown even half the determination you once had for chasing Janice, perhaps you wouldn’t be in such a sorry state now.”

Lancelot looked up at Aiden, his face full of surprise.

But Aiden didn't say anything more and quickly caught up with Janice.

"You're really not going to help him?" Aiden asked under his breath. "If you don't..."

"Aiden, do you think I'm a good person?"

"But I'm not a saint," Janice said, a cold smirk playing on her lips. "I can save him once, but I can't drag him through life. If he doesn't even know what he's fighting for, how can I risk everything for him?"

Aiden understood Janice's point. She wasn't just testing Lancelot—she was trying to ignite something in him. Without ambition, he would never rise. In a royal family as ruthless as this one, such a person would be swallowed whole—used and discarded like so many before him.

"Let's hope Lancelot doesn't disappoint me," she murmured.

Back at the palace, Lancelot stood before the queen.

"Mother, I've arranged proper accommodations for RAIN and her companion. I'm sure they won't take our earlier treatment too personally," Lancelot said, bowing slightly.

"Good," Elizabeth replied coolly. "Lancelot, your kindness is admirable. But kindness alone has no place in a royal court. Without ambition and vision, you're just another pawn waiting to be sacrificed. I restricted your freedom so you'd be forced to reflect—on what you want, and what you're willing to fight for."

Chapter 1213:

Lancelot's expression changed dramatically, his shock evident as he stared at Elizabeth. Janice had been right—his mother had grounded him for her own reasons.

A sigh filled the room, revealing the exhaustion on Elizabeth's face. Her features, already thin, now seemed even more desolate and helpless.

"Wells would not make a wise king. His rule would bring Aerith hardship and turmoil. I don't expect you to take on great responsibilities, Lancelot, but you must at least be able to protect yourself and those you care about."

"Mother, I..."

"Go now. I hope by the end of the banquet, you'll know what you truly want."

Lancelot left the room.

As he walked back to his quarters, his mind was a whirlwind of thoughts. He had spent years living carelessly, confident that any mess he made would be cleaned up.

He had seen this as his right as a prince, a freedom granted by his status. Only now did he realize it was his mother who had been quietly resolving his troubles all along.

"Lancelot, what are you thinking about?" Wells appeared suddenly, a woman by his side.

Seeing her, Lancelot's expression darkened, and he said, "Wells, let Eleanor go!"

Wells smirked, casually lifting Eleanor's chin. "What are you talking about? I haven't confined Eleanor. She's free to leave whenever she wishes." He caressed Eleanor's cheek gently. "My dear, do you wish to leave?"

Eleanor glanced away briefly before shaking her head. "Why would I leave? You're the future king. Staying with you means I could be queen, right?"

“Lancelot, hear that?” Wells laughed loudly.

Stunned, Lancelot stared at Eleanor. It all seemed unreal, like a nightmare.

He remembered the vibrant woman who once shone like the sun, always smiling at him sweetly. Now, she was leaving him and choosing to be with his brother.

Wells stepped forward and grabbed Lancelot by the throat. “Remember this humiliation today, Lancelot. Don’t think RAIN’s support can turn the tables. It’s just a futile struggle.”

Lancelot felt a deep despair but didn’t resist, as if being strangled by Wells meant nothing to him at this moment.

“Wells, let’s go,” Eleanor said, linking her arm with his and pulling him away.

“Don’t waste your time on him.”

“Alright, as you wish, my dear.” Wells kissed Eleanor provocatively, an act that ignited a fierce rage in Lancelot’s eyes.

However, no matter how enraged he was, it changed nothing—Eleanor was no longer his.

Collapsing to his knees, Lancelot laughed bitterly, clutching at his chest, overwhelmed by a new kind of heartache.

Could it be that his feelings for Eleanor were deeper than he realized? But wasn’t it Janice he loved? Why then did his heart ache for Eleanor?

In a secluded corner, Wells turned suddenly, pinning Eleanor against the wall with a dark, menacing look. “What’s wrong? Are you heartbroken?”

Chapter 1214:

A sharp glint appeared in Eleanor's eyes. "I don't know what you mean."

"Hah, don't play ignorant with me," Wells sneered. "You still love Lancelot. You're sacrificing your happiness and freedom to protect that worthless man."

"He's not worthless," Eleanor countered firmly. "He's the most compassionate of the royals."

"The most compassionate?" Wells scoffed. "That's just weakness. Don't confuse it with compassion. From now on, you're my woman. If you dare go near Lancelot, I'll make his life unbearable."

Eleanor's heart trembled, yet she nodded. "Spare him, and I'll be yours, completely."

Wells narrowed his eyes, jealousy flickering within.

Lancelot was good-for-nothing, yet why did so many people go to such lengths to protect him? Whether from their mother or Eleanor, their dedication to him was unwavering.

Wells, on the other hand, possessed both courage and cunning. Convinced of his capability to lead Aerith to prominence once in power, he struggled to understand their distrust. Why did they thwart him at every opportunity? If they continued to withhold their support, he would have no choice but to seize what he desired by any means necessary.

With the birthday celebration just a day away, Janice and Aiden used the brief pause to explore the local attractions.

Aerith presented a stark contrast to their homeland—with its distinct architecture, social customs, and the ease of every breath taken.

"Janice, could this store be yours?" Aiden stopped abruptly, his eyes brightening as he spotted the shop sign ahead.

Janice glanced at the sign and raised an eyebrow. “JE Studio, yes, that’s a brand I started. Leah has really built it up over the years.”

“Let’s check it out.” Aiden tugged her towards the store.

JE Consortium mainly focused on overseas markets, so domestic stores were rare. But now, with the White family’s establishment in Cloverhill, JE Studio was poised to expand nationally.

They opened the door and stepped inside.

A poised shop assistant approached them immediately. “Welcome. How can I assist you today? If you’re interested in custom clothing, our designers are ready to collaborate with you. For ready-to-wear, I’d be happy to show you our latest collections.”

Janice nodded, impressed by the assistant’s professionalism.

JE Studio was renowned for its bespoke, high-end designs tailored to discerning clientele.

As expected, such premium services came at a significant cost.

“Let’s look around first,” Janice said with a smile. She and Aiden began to explore the store.

The displays featured this year’s newest collections, ensuring that only the most current styles were presented to delight customers.

“Janice, did you design all these?” Aiden inquired casually.

Chapter 1215:

Janice shook her head. "I haven't designed in a while. Now, Leah's team manages that. Yet, I continue to release a new piece annually as the store's flagship item. Without this, my role as JE would lack significance."

Just then, the sound of the door interrupted them.

Turning to the entrance, both Aiden and Janice were surprised to see Laurie, someone they hadn't seen in a long time.

Time had not been kind to Laurie. Her makeup was thick, attempting to mask her worn features, yet she still adorned herself with jewels that hinted at a faded splendor.

Even abroad, she couldn't resist showcasing her status.

"Madam, how may I assist you today?" A shop assistant approached her with courtesy.

"I need some of your latest evening gowns," Laurie said as she settled into a chair, crossing her legs with an air of indifference. "I'm going to the queen's birthday party, so nothing outdated, please."

"Of course, Madam. Our collections are all current," the assistant replied, aware of Laurie's high standing and the significance of the occasion. She presented several of the store's pricier gowns.

Laurie looked them over and said, "That's it? JE is supposed to lead in fashion. These look like last season's styles. How dare you present these to me?"

"Madam, I assure you, our designs are the latest and have been well-received. If you continue to make unfounded claims, we may need to defend our reputation legally," the assistant responded, her polite smile giving way to a stern expression.

Laurie narrowed her eyes and stood abruptly. "I'm a designer myself. Do you think you know better than I do?"

The assistant frowned and replied firmly, "If you have specific feedback, please write it down, and I'll forward it to our headquarters. However, if you're here to cause a disturbance, I won't hesitate to involve the authorities."

Laurie's expression darkened, and she was about to retort when a cool voice cut her off.

"Mrs. Edwards, it's been some time, and yet you remain as unreasonable as ever," Janice said as she approached, her tone light yet cutting.

Laurie had fled overseas with Connor, and Janice had expected some remorse, but there she stood, unrepentant.

"What are you doing here?" Laurie asked, her voice quivering slightly, her longstanding fear of Janice evident.

"Do you really need to ask?" Janice retorted. "Haven't you figured out who I am by now?"

Laurie's face paled. Each of Janice's roles was more imposing than the last, deeply unsettling her. If she had been nicer to Janice in the past, she wouldn't now be dependent on others, a shadow of her former self.

"I need to leave," Laurie said quickly, turning to escape Janice's presence. Janice watched her go but shared a knowing look with Sloane, who quietly followed Laurie out.

"Janice, your 'mother' is quite capable. She's living like the Edwards family never fell from grace," Aiden said with a teasing smirk.

Chapter 1216:

Janice shot him a dry look. "She's not my mother, Aiden. She never raised me or loved me. All she did was exploit me."

The sting in her voice snuffed out Aiden's teasing. His grin faded as he reached for her, wrapping her gently in his arms. "I didn't mean to push a nerve. I'm sorry."

"It's fine." Janice shook her head. She wasn't angry. It was the sting of remembering how she'd once handed someone her heart, only to watch them use it against her.

A beat passed before Aiden broke the silence. "By the way, my parents are coming over tomorrow."

"Really?" Janice's head jerked up, brows rising. "So suddenly?"

"Not really. They came to Aerith last time and thought this was a great place. My mother always wanted to bring you along. Now that you're here, they figured it was a good time."

"Is everything okay with Green Group?"

"More than okay." Aiden smiled. "Colson and the loyal crew have it locked down. Nothing's slipping."

"Then I need to find something decent for your mom." Janice let out a breath, her smile returning.

When they were kids, Aiden had once told her he would share his parents with her. Now, that old promise had quietly come true.

Maybe that was why, the first time she met Nina, it hadn't felt like meeting a stranger. It had felt like coming home.

Janice and Aiden spent the afternoon browsing gowns—sleek silks, embroidered hems, the latest trends stacked like promises on hangers. Janice picked out a few that caught her eye, then brought them to life with her own hands.

The store clerks hesitated at first. These gowns were exclusive JE originals—not meant to be tampered with.

But once Janice revealed her identity, the clerks were stunned to realize they were serving JE in person.

“No wonder she looked so familiar!”

“I can’t believe this—I’ve always dreamed of meeting her!”

They clustered around her, watching like students in front of their teacher. Janice moved boldly, reshaping the gowns without hesitation. Despite their price tags, she treated them like raw canvas—ready to be refined.

Each dress transformed beneath her touch, tailored not just to fit, but to elevate Nina’s quiet elegance.

Then the shop door chimed. Sloane had returned.

Janice met her eyes and gave a small nod. The clerks took the cue and slipped away, leaving them to their privacy.

“Did you find anything?” Janice asked.

“Laurie got into a car with Connor, but they weren’t alone.” Sloane paused before continuing. “There was a man in the back seat. She was sitting beside him... close. Intimate-close.”

Chapter 1217:

“What?” Janice stared at Sloane, eyes narrowing with disbelief. “Connor just sat there while his wife got cozy with another man? He didn’t react at all?”

Sloane gave a slow shake of her head. “Not a flicker. He acted like it was the most natural thing in the world.”

Janice rubbed her chin thoughtfully, the strange puzzle of it all deepening. She’d assumed Laurie and Connor had come here to cling to some influential figure and stage a comeback. But now, the pieces weren’t lining up the way she’d expected.

Just then, Aiden picked up his phone and handed it to her.

Janice skimmed the document on the screen, one brow arching. “You really don’t miss a beat, do you? I didn’t even have to ask.”

“To keep a woman like you, I have to stay ten steps ahead,” Aiden said with a smirk, then let his gaze harden. “But Laurie is playing dirty. Cozying up to Morpheus Haywood, Wells’ right-hand man, just to claw her way back up.”

Janice tilted her head. “Or maybe Connor sent her.”

Aiden froze, then blinked at her like she’d spoken in another language. “If that’s true, won’t he feel ashamed? Offering his wife to another man like some gift?”

“Connor is a businessman. He’ll sacrifice everything if it gets him what he wants. They didn’t run here by choice—they were cornered. And without someone powerful backing them, they’d rot. But after tasting luxury, who’s ever satisfied with scraps?”

Janice paused, a spark flaring in her eyes. “It’s time we pay Morpheus a visit.”

Aiden gave a subtle nod. “Your move, your rules.”

Morpheus lounged on a velvet sofa like a man born into decadence, his posture exuding effortless dominance. Laurie knelt between his knees, her lips wrapped around him as she serviced him with practiced ease.

Across the room, Connor stood like an echo of a man—detached, hollow-eyed, and obedient. His movements were mechanical as he refilled coffee cups, handed out tissues, and performed every task without question, the perfect servant.

Morpheus's gaze flicked toward Connor, a cruel grin unfurling across his lips. Without warning, he fisted his hand in Laurie's hair and slammed her head down as he came, forcing her to take every last drop. She gagged, her body tensing in instinctive resistance against his grip.

"Tell me, Connor," Morpheus taunted, his voice dripping with malice, "doesn't it burn, seeing your wife like this? Doesn't it make you angry?"

Connor's expression remained blank, his smile brittle as glass. "Why would I be?" he replied, his voice eerily calm. "It's an honor—for her and for me."

"Connor, watching you grovel never gets old." Morpheus let out a deep laugh, a rush of excitement washing over him as his mind finally settled into clarity. He released Laurie's hair.

Laurie slowly rose, dabbed at the corner of her mouth, and quietly stepped to the side, her gaze empty and devoid of emotion.

"Go get cleaned up," Morpheus said, flicking his hand dismissively.

"Alright," Laurie nodded and slipped away.

Just then, a blonde girl entered, her face twisted with disgust. She pointed at Morpheus. "Dad, if you keep doing this here, I'm leaving."

Chapter 1218:

"Oh, honey, when did you get back?" Upon seeing his daughter, Morpheus grew flustered and rushed to calm her. "I swear, this won't happen at home again."

“Then make them leave,” Farrah snapped, frowning and casting a cold glare at Connor. “I can’t stand them.”

Morpheus furrowed his brows, visibly conflicted.

Connor and Laurie intrigued him in a way he couldn’t quite explain—it felt wasteful to just toss them aside. But if he didn’t give in to his daughter, she might pack up and leave for good.

“Connor, take your woman and leave,” Morpheus ordered, his eyes sharp but laced with an unspoken cue to Connor.

Understanding Morpheus’ subtle signal, Connor immediately dropped to his knees, pleading urgently. “Sir, please don’t send us away. We’ve been nothing but loyal, and losing us means losing your most devoted followers.”

“My daughter wants you gone. Loyalty means nothing if she can’t stand you. Leave,” Morpheus said firmly, waving his hand with finality, cutting off any chance of protest.

Farrah Haywood looked at Connor’s pitiful state and, despite herself, felt a flicker of sympathy.

Connor turned to Farrah with urgency, his voice filled with desperation. “Miss, I beg you, please let us stay. Serving you and your father would be an honor. If we’re thrown out, we won’t survive.”

“Fine.” Farrah sighed, her tone softening. “You can stay, but keep your distance from my dad.”

“Of course, we’ll follow your wishes,” Connor said, bowing repeatedly in gratitude, though inside, the shame gnawed at him.

He thought of his once-glorious days in Efrery, questioning how he had sunk to this pitiful state. To survive, he had surrendered every ounce of dignity he had. His eyes drifted to the nearby doghouse, where a golden retriever lay on a plush blanket, feasting on steak with people at its service. Meanwhile,

he lived at Morpheus' mercy, reduced to offering his wife just to stay afloat. But survival in this country demanded that he swallow every bit of pride and humiliation.

"Go," Morpheus ordered with a wave, dismissing Connor.

Watching Connor walk away, Farrah spoke up with concern. "Dad, the queen's birthday party is tomorrow. Are you and Prince Wells seriously going through with it?"

Morpheus' face stiffened. He swiftly covered her mouth. "Sweetheart, don't say that out loud. This plan is crucial. If Prince Wells takes the throne, it'll bring our family wealth and security."

"Dad, I don't want much. Just a quiet, safe life," Farrah said, her eyes full of worry. "Mom's already gone. I can't bear to lose you too."

Morpheus' expression softened as he pulled her into a hug. "Don't worry, dear. I'll be alright. The prince's plan is thorough; there won't be any missteps. And this time, we've got powerful support. Maybe it's destiny that Prince Wells becomes king."

"Really? I didn't realize fate had made such plans," came a voice from just outside the room.

Chapter 1219:

Morpheus' face darkened, and he stepped protectively in front of Farrah, his eyes locked on the door with growing suspicion.

A moment later, Janice and Aiden strode inside without hesitation.

Morpheus stiffened at the sight of them, reaching under the coffee table to pull out a handgun, pointing it straight at them. "How did you get inside?"

Unbothered by the gun aimed at her, Janice continued forward with calm composure. “We walked in, naturally. A few troublesome folks had to be put to sleep on our way.”

“How dare you!” Just as Morpheus moved to pull the trigger, a blur dashed past him and seized Farrah, catching him completely off guard.

It all happened in an instant, so fast that Morpheus couldn’t react in time.

“Farrah!” he shouted in alarm.

“Dad, help me!” Farrah cried out.

Sloane tightened her grip on Farrah’s throat, her snake-like eyes shimmering with deadly intent. One wrong move from Morpheus, and she would rip it open without hesitation.

“We’re not here to cause trouble.” Janice made her way to the sofa and settled into the seat across from Morpheus, keeping a composed gaze fixed on him. “How about we sit down and talk?”

Morpheus hesitated, his eyes flicking to Farrah’s frightened face. After a pause, he lowered the gun and sat down. “Alright, what exactly do you want to discuss?”

Aiden stepped forward and quickly grabbed the gun from Morpheus’ grip. Morpheus moved to take it back but froze when Aiden shot him a hard, warning look.

“Just ensuring everyone’s safety.” Aiden calmly broke the gun apart with a few clicks and laid the pieces on the coffee table.

Left with no options, Morpheus sighed. “RAIN, you’re far more impressive than the stories say. I never imagined you’d be both a renowned musician and the founder of JE Consortium.”

“Appreciate the compliment,” Janice said with a small smile. “Now, let’s hear what you know about Wells’ plan.”

Morpheus’ expression turned grim. He’d anticipated this moment, but her question still managed to throw him off balance.

“RAIN, stay out of this. It’s already decided—Prince Wells will take the throne. Nothing can stop that now.”

“I don’t have time for nonsense,” Janice said, her eyes narrowing slightly. At the same time, Sloane clamped down harder on Farrah’s neck. “You really want to watch your daughter suffer like this?”

One look at Farrah’s anguished face was enough—Morpheus gave in. “Prince Wells is preparing to challenge you during the queen’s birthday celebration.”

“Who are we talking about?” Janice asked sharply. “You’re not saying Wells himself, are you?”

Morpheus shook his head. “Someone recommended this person to Prince Wells, but I don’t know who. The identity stays hidden until the party begins—probably to avoid exactly this kind of situation.” A flicker of amusement crossed his eyes.

Chapter 1220:

Wells likely anticipated this outcome. By keeping the person’s identity a secret, they could catch Janice off guard.

“How interesting.” Janice raised an eyebrow, a smirk forming. “You think tossing a mystery opponent at me is going to change the outcome?”

“The challenge is nothing more than a way to build momentum,” Morpheus said in a steady tone. “It’s common knowledge that the queen has chosen Prince Lancelot as the heir, and as his guest, you’re a symbol of his honor. If you fail the challenge, it will tarnish Prince Lancelot’s reputation. Prince Wells will then exploit this to manipulate the queen with the support of other royal figures. Do you honestly believe, under these conditions, the queen would reconsider her choice of successor?”

Janice grasped the situation. Wells was plotting a coup, using pressure from the royal family to sway the queen's decision on the heir.

For the sake of the royal family's stability and Lancelot's safety, the queen would be forced to comply.

"Thank you for your cooperation," Janice said, offering a slight smile. "I'm sure Wells has other plans beyond just challenging me at the party, correct?"

Morpheus' expression changed, his eyes widening in shock as he looked at Janice.

He had hoped to steer her focus solely on the party, but she had seen through Wells' entire scheme.

Noticing Morpheus' hesitation, Janice gestured to Sloane, and Sloane's grip on Farrah tightened once again.

"I'll tell you!!" Morpheus ground his teeth in frustration. "Prince Wells plans to strike tonight. But he's cautious—if he's not certain of success, he won't risk acting, afraid of alerting you."

Janice understood the weight of Morpheus' words. He was subtly warning her — now that he had revealed too many secrets, it would likely cause Wells to cancel tonight's operation and focus on the challenge during the party instead.

"You're surprisingly forthright," Janice said, rising from her seat and exchanging a glance with Sloane.

Rather than letting Farrah go, Sloane brought her over to Janice and Aiden.

"What do you think you're doing?" Morpheus sprang to his feet, fury flashing in his eyes. "I've told you everything. Let her go!"

“To ensure you keep your silence, your daughter will stay with us for a while,” Janice said firmly. “I’ll let her go after the party.”

“RAIN, you’re breaking your promise!!” Morpheus bellowed in rage. “Release my daughter at once!”

Janice ignored his pleas, exchanged a look with Aiden, and they exited the house together, not once glancing back despite Morpheus’ curses.

“Miss Haywood, don’t be afraid. We have no intention of harming you.” Janice offered Farrah a calming smile. “As Morpheus’ daughter, I’m sure you understand the gravity of the situation.”

Farrah stared at Janice, her gaze steady, before nodding slowly. “As much as it pains me to say it, what my father is doing is undeniably wrong.”

Janice raised an eyebrow, noticing Farrah’s unnerving calmness. Farrah wasn’t biased just because Morpheus was her father. “So, you’re against what your father is doing?”