

Wrath 1221

Chapter 1221:

“Yes,” Farrah confessed openly. “Since my mother’s death in that car accident, my father has thrown himself into supporting Prince Wells, as if he’s possessed. He was once the fiercest opponent of royal infighting, but now he’s become someone unrecognizable.”

Janice was taken aback by this revelation. “It sounds like your father didn’t choose this path willingly.”

Farrah shook her head, a bitter smile tugging at her lips. “I believe my father is self-destructively indulging, using his vices to dull the pain of missing my mother.”

At this moment, Aiden shot a look at Janice, a flicker of doubt in his eyes that didn’t escape her.

“Do you really think your mother’s death was an accident?”

“What are you implying?” Farrah’s face paled, and she looked at Janice in astonishment. “Are you suggesting that my mother’s death might have been orchestrated?”

“It’s possible!” Janice nodded thoughtfully. “Everything about it seems too coincidental. After your mother’s death, your father underwent a drastic change, becoming Prince Wells’ right-hand man, aiding him in claiming the throne.”

As Janice’s words sank in, Farrah couldn’t help but feel the weight of doubt creeping into her own thoughts.

“Can you help me?” Farrah’s voice was filled with desperation as she looked at Janice. “I’ll do whatever it takes, just help me uncover the truth.”

“We’re not villains here. We only kept you for our own safety.” Janice smiled reassuringly. “But rest assured, uncovering the truth benefits us too, so I’ll make sure to look into it.”

“Thank you so much!” Farrah’s voice trembled with gratitude.

Janice immediately directed Aiden to begin investigating.

With his wide-reaching international contacts, Aiden was undoubtedly the perfect person for the job.

The task was eventually passed to Sloane. Within hours, her network sprang into action, sifting through every detail of the three-year-old accident that had taken Farrah’s mother.

In the meantime, Morpheus received an unexpected summons from Wells. The unexpected call left Morpheus feeling a sense of unexplained fluster, unable to meet Wells’ eyes—something subtle, but noticeable to Wells.

“Morpheus, you’ve been working for me for three years now, haven’t you?”

“Yes! Since the passing of my wife, I’ve been serving you faithfully.”

Wells poured himself a glass of whiskey, savoring the sip as his gaze grew heavy with meaning. “Tell me, how have I treated you over these three years?”

“You’ve shown me immense kindness, from arranging a grand funeral for my wife to ensuring Farrah had the resources to enter the Royal Academy. I could never repay you for such generosity.”

Wells narrowed his eyes, his voice dripping with coldness. “But you betrayed me.”

“No, I have not betrayed you,” Morpheus quickly explained, his heart churning with fear.

Chapter 1222:

“Morpheus, I know you too well. Even a single glance from you tells me everything,” Wells said, his voice cold as he stepped closer, his eyes narrowing with suspicion. “Your eyes just now were full of guilt, showing you’ve betrayed me. Tell me—what could weigh so heavily on your conscience?”

Morpheus opened his mouth, then faltered, his thoughts of Farrah still in Janice’s grip choking him. “I admit... I’ve made a mistake. Not long ago, I sheltered a couple. They used to be RAIN’s parents, but then they had a falling-out with her. I feared you would hold me accountable, so I kept silent about it.”

Wells raised an eyebrow, his curiosity piqued. “RAIN’s parents?”

“Yes! They had a bitter confrontation with RAIN and were forced to escape to Aerith. I crossed paths with them, and they sought to align with the influential, so I offered them refuge.”

With a sigh, Morpheus pulled out his phone, displaying pictures of Laurie and Connor.

As Laurie’s image appeared, Wells couldn’t suppress a cold chuckle. “Even now, you still can’t forget your late wife.”

The woman in the photo mirrored Louise’s features, revealing Morpheus’ profound yearning for his late wife; it was the only reason he would have taken in Connor and Laurie.

“Louise was the love of my life,” Morpheus said, his voice tinged with sorrow.

“I know,” Wells said, giving Morpheus a firm pat on the shoulder. “That’s why you must tread carefully. This plan is a matter of life and death. If we succeed, we will gain unimaginable power, but if we fail, disaster will be our only legacy. You wouldn’t want your daughter to suffer, would you?”

A sharp pang of unease shot through Morpheus, his emotions crashing against each other like storm-tossed waves within him.

Whether he betrayed Wells or Janice, it felt like there was no path that would guarantee Farrah's safety.

"Go home, you must be exhausted," Wells sighed, his voice softening. "After the banquet, it will be your wife's memorial day. I've arranged a peaceful day for you and your daughter."

"Thank you," Morpheus muttered, stepping back from the room.

Wells took a slow sip of whiskey, contemplating briefly, before calling out, "You may enter now."

Moments later, a man and a woman stepped inside.

"Greetings." Connor and Laurie bowed quickly, their respect palpable.

Wells settled into his seat, a teasing smile playing on his lips. "You came to visit me without Morpheus knowing?"

Connor quickly shook his head. "Morpheus is being threatened, unwilling to speak the truth. We didn't want you to face any setbacks, so we came to you without his knowledge."

"Tell me, what do you know?" Wells asked, his voice low and measured.

Connor then described how Janice had confronted Morpheus and taken his daughter as a hostage.

Chapter 1223:

He was thankful for his caution, having stayed hidden in the shadows to witness the shocking turn of events.

Connor began, "Morpheus has already betrayed you. The next step—"

"What I do is not for you to decide," Wells cut in, his tone icy. "You only need to do your part."

“Yes!” Connor stammered, fear evident in his voice.

“However, since you’ve brought me such valuable news, you won’t go unrewarded,” Wells said, his smile widening. “If my plan succeeds, I will reward you richly and grant you titles.”

Connor’s eyes gleamed with excitement. “Thank you so much.”

“Now, leave. No one must know about this, understand?”

“Of course,” Connor responded, bowing before quickly exiting.

Janice and Aiden made their way back to the hotel.

Farrah was placed in a nearby room, two bodyguards stationed outside to prevent her escape and thwart any attempts by Morpheus to rescue her.

“Aiden, do you think Wells will send people after us?” Janice suddenly asked.

Aiden shook his head. “If our plans haven’t been leaked, there’s no reason for him to strike. Lancelot has already arranged an army of bodyguards to secure the hotel. Any move now would just tip us off.”

“You’re right,” Janice agreed with his judgment. “But something tells me Wells will act tonight.”

Aiden raised an eyebrow, trusting Janice’s instincts. “If he dares to act, then...” A steely determination filled his gaze, his whole presence radiating lethal intent, as though silently promising that any intruder would face swift, deadly retribution.

It wasn’t long before Sloane returned.

“Sloane, did you uncover anything?” Janice asked, her voice filled with anticipation.

Sloane nodded, her tone somber. “Louise’s car accident wasn’t an accident. It was carefully planned.”

Janice and Aiden exchanged a look, their suspicions now confirmed.

“At the time, Morpheus was solely focused on his family, without any grand ambitions. Wells tried to persuade him repeatedly, but he refused again and again. Shortly after, Louise was involved in the accident. Considering Louise’s position, she wouldn’t have been given such a grand funeral. Yet, under Wells’ influence, she received one, and Farrah was enrolled in the Royal Academy. In gratitude to Wells, Morpheus agreed to work for him. He also hoped that throwing himself into his work would help numb the pain of losing his wife.”

Hearing this, both Janice and Aiden frowned.

Wells had crossed every line—to make Morpheus work for him, he had even murdered Morpheus’ wife.

Morpheus, manipulated and deceived, had not only been working for Wells but also saw him as a benefactor, unaware that his greatest enemy was the very man he trusted.

“Should we tell Farrah?” Aiden asked.

Chapter 1224:

Janice shook her head. “Not yet. Given Farrah’s nature, she might act on impulse.”

After considering it, Janice resolved to expose Wells’ true nature at the banquet, unveiling his ugly facade to all.

Suddenly, a loud crash echoed through the room.

Janice's and Aiden's faces darkened instantly as they rushed out. The sound had come from Farrah's room next door.

"Damn it! Wells really made his move! Not only that, he probably knows about Morpheus' betrayal," Janice murmured, her anger rising as she realized the situation had escalated.

If something happened to Farrah, Morpheus would lose it. He would destroy everything, even himself, rather than let them get away unscathed.

Wells planned to discard Morpheus like a pawn, exploiting his remaining worth.

The door to Farrah's room had been busted open with clear force.

The two bodyguards were sprawled across the floor, their condition unclear.

Janice and Aiden burst inside, only to find the room empty—Farrah was gone.

Their faces hardened at once. This was worse than anything they'd expected. Janice's brows drew together. "They're probably trained mercenaries. No one else could've pulled this off so fast."

"Not necessarily." Aiden's eyes narrowed as he scanned the room, a glint of insight flashing. "She's still here."

Janice immediately tensed up. Meanwhile, Sloane was already heading to the bathroom—tucked away enough that, in all the chaos, it could've been overlooked. A perfect hiding place.

Normally, if they thought the enemies had taken Farrah, checking the bathroom wouldn't even cross their minds.

Catching on, Janice and Aiden silently moved to flank the bathroom door, eyes locked and ready.

Sloane gave them a quick look, then grabbed the doorknob and flung the door open in one swift motion.

In a blur, a shadow shot out from the bathroom. Janice and Aiden reacted instantly, reaching out to grab the figure, but the latter was lightning-fast, slipping past Janice and hurling a punch straight at Aiden.

Aiden's eyes narrowed. He tightened his hand into a claw and reached to catch the oncoming punch.

A dull thump echoed in the air.

"Got you." Aiden's voice was ice-cold as he locked onto the fist and pulled the intruder toward him.

But the intruder used the motion to their advantage, swinging up a leg and slamming a kick into Aiden's chest.

Sloane spun quickly and launched a blow at the intruder's lower half.

"Wait, don't!" Aiden shouted, alarmed. But Sloane had already moved. As she emerged from the bathroom, two figures burst out at blinding speed. One of them was clearly Farrah.

Farrah hung over someone's shoulder, her eyes wide with fear as they met Janice's.

Chapter 1225:

Janice stood frozen for a heartbeat, shocked as the truth clicked—there were two intruders. They had taken Farrah, hidden in the bathroom, and faked their escape to throw them off.

Once discovered, they moved fast. One created a distraction, pulling everyone's focus while the other made a break for it with Farrah. Smart move.

Janice lunged without hesitation, stretching toward Farrah.

But the intruder was ready. He tossed a cloud of lime powder into the air.

Janice reflexively closed her eyes, but that split second of darkness was all the intruders needed to make their move. When she blinked her eyes open again, the intruders were gone—Farrah along with them.

Aiden gave a sharp order. “Janice, Sloane, chase them! I’ll handle this guy!”

“On it!”

Without a second’s pause, Janice dashed out, Sloane following hot on her heels. Aiden’s stare turned glacial as he met the crew-cut man’s eyes head-on. From the man’s features and skin tone, it was obvious he wasn’t local.

“Who hired you?”

The man didn’t bother with a reply—he lunged straight at Aiden.

Aiden dodged fast, his fist coiling tight before throwing a hard punch toward the man’s face.

But the attacker was lightning-fast, his reflexes razor-sharp. He barely slipped past Aiden’s blow and retaliated with a strike of his own.

Aiden’s brows knit together in a hard frown. This was turning out to be far more complicated than he’d expected. The guy standing in front of him was no ordinary thug—he was elite of all the mercenary crews Aiden knew, only someone from Wolf Fang could fight like that.

The mercenary group, Wolf Fang, ranked third worldwide, led by Hades—a man feared for his merciless ways.

But did Wells seriously have the means to bring in people from Wolf Fang? While Aiden wrestled with the thought, the man's strikes came harder and faster, forcing him on the defensive.

Meanwhile, Janice and Sloane had managed to push the intruder out of the hotel. More guards, now on high alert, rushed in to join the pursuit. Still, the intruder was unnervingly skilled—despite hauling a hostage, he slipped through the security barrier without being caught.

In no time, he shoved Farrah into a black sedan. In a flash, he vaulted in, and the car tore off.

Janice's eyes narrowed sharply as she quickly surveyed the area. She noticed a man on a motorcycle nearby, distracted mid-phone call. Wasting no time, she seized the bike and peeled out after the getaway car.

The roads were choked with traffic, a mess of vehicles weaving in every direction. Janice cut through the chaos with razor-sharp precision, her hair streaming behind her as she gained ground on the black sedan.

Her sharp eyes locked firmly onto the car just ahead. Even with the madness on the road, she maneuvered cleanly, slipping through tight spaces and accelerating smoothly.

Chapter 1226:

Sloane had taken a bike too and was right on Janice's tail. As she saw Janice riding with such bold control, a flicker of surprise broke through Sloane's calm expression.

She hadn't expected the woman Aiden always protected to be so powerful in her own right. She had pegged Janice as brainy, but clearly, Janice had the brawn to match.

Right then, Sloane finally grasped why Aiden was so drawn to Janice. A woman with that mind and muscle? No wonder Aiden wouldn't look at anyone else.

With a mighty roar, Janice's motorcycle sprang to life, its front wheel lifting skyward as it vaulted over a car, slicing through the air with breathtaking grace. Onlookers stood frozen, jaws dropped, half-convinced they had stumbled onto a Hollywood set, their eyes darting for hidden cameras or a director barking orders.

Janice's brow furrowed, her instincts sharp—she sensed her opponent aiming for the bustling heart of the city.

The longer this cat-and-mouse game dragged on, the greater the peril, especially for Farrah, who teetered on the edge of danger.

Gripping the throttle with fierce resolve, Janice urged her bike forward, launching into another daring leap to outpace her foe.

She slammed the brakes, hoping to force the car to a halt, but the driver, unyielding, gunned the engine, barreling straight for her.

Janice's eyes widened in disbelief as she hurled herself forward, latching onto the enemy's vehicle while her motorcycle was sent flying.

The black sedan veered wildly, twisting like a beast trying to shake Janice from its back.

Yet Janice's gaze burned with unyielding focus, her fingers clamped like iron onto the roof's edge, refusing to be cast aside.

Seizing a fleeting chance as the driver shifted course, she rose swiftly, her boot crashing down on the window, splintering it with raw force.

"Ah!" Farrah, tucked in the back seat, gasped, her face lighting up with hope at the sight of Janice. "Help me!"

“Duck!” Janice shouted, channeling her strength to obliterate the window, then vaulting inside with fearless precision.

The driver, a hired mercenary, spun around, brandishing a knife.

Quick as lightning, Janice seized his wrist, twisting it with surgical accuracy, the joint popping under her expert touch.

Janice, a master surgeon, wielded her knowledge of the human body like a weapon, striking with pinpoint force to disable her foe.

The mercenary grimaced, grappling in agony, but the black sedan veered wildly, spinning out of control and slamming into a nearby car.

The impact flung Janice against the door, her head spinning from the blow. Thanks to Janice’s swift instincts, Farrah had crouched low, softening the crash’s blow and staying alert.

“Janice, are you alright?” Farrah rose, steadying Janice with gentle hands.

“I’m fine,” Janice replied, shaking off the daze before kicking the door wide. “Go—my team’s waiting.”

Chapter 1227:

Farrah glanced back, spotting Sloane closing in. “And you?”

“Watch out!” Janice shouted, catching the glint of the mercenary’s knife lunging again. She shielded Farrah, the blade slicing into her arm.

Pain seared through her, but Janice’s resolve held firm as she drove a fierce kick into the attacker, sending him reeling. “Go, now!”

Farrah nodded, her jaw set, and bolted from the car toward Sloane.

She knew lingering would only weigh Janice down—she was the prize they hunted.

With Farrah safe, Janice exhaled, her heart steadied by Sloane's presence. "Time to settle this," Janice declared, facing the mercenary with eyes blazing like a wakened beast, exuding a perilous aura.

The mercenary quailed under her lethal stare, a chill gripping him as he lunged forward.

But with Farrah gone, Janice fought unchained, her focus razor-sharp as she clamped her hand around the mercenary's throat, a lioness claiming her prey. The mercenary's eyes narrowed, baffled by Janice's lightning-fast move. He had been certain his strike had landed, yet in a blink, he was pinned, helpless. Janice hauled him up, striding from the car, and with a deft flick, sent him sprawling onto the pavement.

Traffic ground to a halt around them, a swelling crowd forming, their phones trained on Janice and the downed assailant.

Janice's brow creased, unease prickling her senses—something felt off, as if the scene was spiraling into a trap. Acting rashly now could give her enemies ammunition to smear her name.

"Who is behind this?" Janice demanded, her voice like steel, looming over the mercenary.

A sly grin curled the mercenary's lips as he tossed a phone her way.

Catching it deftly, Janice frowned, her pulse quickening as the phone erupted into a shrill ring.

"Who is this?"

"Janice, it's been too long."

The voice sent a chill through Janice, her eyes hardening. “Leonidas.”

“Indeed, it’s me.” Leonidas’ voice was deep and filled with madness. “That street chase you just gave me? Pure spectacle. I loved every second. Consider this call my little thank-you.”

“What is your game, Leonidas?” Janice shot back, ice in her words. “Are you colluding with Wells?”

“Colluding? What a harsh word! This is more about cooperation, a mutual gain,” Leonidas said deliberately. “Do you think Farrah is our target tonight?”

“What do you mean?” Janice’s chest tightened with a surge of unease.

“Oh, really? Can’t figure it out? Should I feel pleased or disappointed? You used to be so sharp, always reading my thoughts without fail. But now, with you like this, I’m really disappointed.”

Janice’s mind spun, her eyes suddenly landing on the mercenary sprawled on the ground. She seized him, rifling through his clothes until she found a badge—its design unmistakable, the Morpheus family crest.

Chapter 1228:

“Ah, so you’ve noticed,” Leonidas’ voice dripped with amusement. “Janice, the game’s only just begun. Enjoy the surprise I’ve planned for you.” Leonidas ended the call with a finality that echoed in the silence.

Just then, Janice’s phone buzzed—Aiden was calling.

“Janice, this is a trap,” Aiden’s voice carried a serious weight. “I found the Morpheus family crest on the mercenary. Do you realize what this means?”

Janice let out a bitter laugh. “It seems Morpheus is likely dead.”

The tables had turned in an instant. What they thought was an attack on Farrah was now revealed to be a clever ruse to frame them for Morpheus' murder. At that moment, the mercenary's eyes shot wide open, black blood spilling from his lips before he succumbed to death.

"Aiden, you need to find Lancelot and explain everything to him," Janice said, her expression grave. "I'll take all the blame this time."

"Janice..."

"Aiden, I know what you're thinking, but there's no other option."

Aiden fell silent, and after a long pause, he gave in. "I understand. Stay hidden and don't get caught."

By now, Janice saw several police officers approaching. She exchanged a quick glance with Sloane before dashing into a nearby alley, vanishing from view.

The police had arrived. As they saw Janice disappear into the alley, they rushed after her.

"Sloane, what's going on?" Farrah asked, her confusion evident as she watched the chaos unfold. "Weren't they after me? Why is Janice suddenly a fugitive?"

"We need to return and regroup with Mr. Green," Sloane said, her brow furrowed. A message from Aiden had just come through, urgently urging her to get back as soon as possible. Additionally, she had to safeguard Farrah, keeping strangers at bay—clearly, things had escalated far beyond their expectations.

Meanwhile, Leonidas lounged in Wells' reception room, savoring a glass of potent whiskey, a devilish smile playing at his lips. "Janice, you must be scurrying around like a rat now. It's a shame I couldn't see it all unfold myself."

“Leonidas, we couldn’t have cornered her without you,” Wells said, raising his glass with a satisfied smile. “Originally, I planned to eliminate Farrah, driving Morpheus into madness, igniting a mutual destruction with RAIN. But unexpectedly, simply changing the target has led to such remarkable results.”

“Your original plan was solid, but Janice would’ve seen right through it. So, as an observer, I made a small tweak, catching them off guard,” Leonidas said smoothly. “Now that Morpheus is dead and Farrah’s in Janice’s hands, the queen will believe Janice did all this to solidify Lancelot’s position.”

“Exactly! With Janice openly hunting down and killing a Morpheus family member, it’s undeniable. Even if my mother has her doubts, she can’t sway the public, especially with so many witnesses. Next, at her birthday banquet, with RAIN missing and branded a fugitive, even if my mother favors Lancelot, the public pressure will be too much,” Wells said, growing more animated. He had originally believed RAIN’s presence would hinder his rise to power, but now it had turned into a stepping stone.

“Here’s to you, Leonidas,” Wells said, a smile curling at his lips.

Chapter 1229:

Leonidas raised his glass to Wells, the two of them sharing a brief clink before he tossed back his whiskey in one smooth motion.

His eyes glinted with cold indifference, but he was certain Janice wouldn’t let this go unanswered. He had no doubt she’d come up with a plan, for if she didn’t, this whole game would lose its appeal.

In the dim alley, bathed in the faint glow of a flickering streetlamp, a handful of stray cats scurried through the scattered refuse.

Out of nowhere, a figure emerged from the shadows. Beneath the weak light, her pale face was a mask of exhaustion.

Janice swept her gaze over the surroundings, ensuring no officers were in sight, then pulled out her phone to dial Aiden.

The line buzzed as the call connected.

Janice remained quiet, her breath steady, until Aiden's voice finally broke the silence.

"It's safe now. Go ahead."

Janice exhaled deeply, her voice steady but tinged with urgency. "Aiden, are you with Lancelot?"

"Yes!" Aiden replied quickly, his eyes flicking to Lancelot and Farrah, who were standing nearby. His voice stayed even as he added, "Janice, give me an update."

"I managed to lose a few cops, so I'm safe for now. But I can't come to you. I'm sure Wells has laid a trap, just waiting for me to walk right into it." Janice leaned back against the cool wall, the weariness creeping into her voice. "What's the situation with Morpheus?"

Aiden glanced at Farrah before muting the phone's microphone to whisper, "He's dead. Only Lancelot and I know right now. It's too complicated, so we haven't told Farrah."

"You're right." Janice sighed, the weight of realization settling in. "This was all Leonidas' move. He used reverse psychology, playing on his knowledge of me to set the trap. Killing Farrah would only push Morpheus into a desperate struggle, but it wouldn't shift the balance of the situation. Now they've taken out Morpheus and sent two mercenaries to impersonate his family. Add to that the fact that we have Farrah, and the accusation that we murdered Morpheus is irrefutable. Morpheus was Wells' ally, and with our ties to Lancelot, we had a clear motive to kill him."

Janice had connected the dots, but it was all too late to stop what had already been set in motion.

"Tomorrow is the queen's birthday. I can't be there. Our only hope now lies in one person."

"Janice, tell me you've got something in mind?" Aiden's voice brightened with urgency. "Tell me what you need, and I'll handle everything."

At Aiden's reassuring words, Janice felt a wave of relief and trust that he would manage things. She then explained her plan to him, carefully laying out the details.

To avoid any complications, she entrusted the secret solely to Aiden—Lancelot remained completely unaware.

She had also made it clear: if anyone questioned Morpheus' death, Aiden was to take the blame for everything. It was the only way the plan could unfold without a hitch.

Chapter 1230:

Janice ended the call and stared at the moon, its light veiled by drifting clouds.

Aside from that key individual, Farrah would also be crucial in tipping the balance.

On the queen's birthday, Aerith came alive with vibrant celebrations. Live broadcasts filled every screen, spreading festive cheer across the city and uniting its people in shared joy.

That morning, Alcott and Nina arrived in Aerith via private jet. Aiden and Sloane picked them up and brought them back to their hotel.

"Aiden, where's Janice?" Nina asked, a flicker of concern in her voice. "Why didn't she come?"

Aiden offered a calm smile. "Janice was invited to perform for the queen, so she had to go early for rehearsals. She couldn't come greet you. But she did prepare several gowns just for you and even tailored them herself."

"Really?" Nina's eyes lit up with joy. "Janice is always so thoughtful."

"Mom, let me grab the dresses so you can pick one." With a subtle nod to Sloane, Aiden headed toward the wardrobe. The two of them returned moments later with the gowns Janice had selected.

Just then, a mysterious woman donning a golden mask stepped forward, carefully collecting the gowns and presenting them to Nina.

“Weren’t you on our flight? How come you’re here too?” Nina asked, startled.

The woman, her mouth the only visible feature beneath the golden mask, offered a gentle smile. “Janice asked me to assist you. She was concerned you might not be used to royal customs and wanted me to help guide you.”

Nina’s face warmed with a smile. “Janice really is thoughtful. She even considered the smallest details. I can’t wait to see her.”

“You will. Janice is going to steal the spotlight tonight.”

“Yes, I believe that too,” Nina said, her voice filled with trust in Janice. As a star at the pinnacle of the music world, RAIN was a major draw—many guests were coming just to catch a glimpse of her.

After slipping into a few dresses, Nina settled on a star-studded blue gown. It carried a timeless elegance with a dignified charm, perfectly echoing her grace.

Alcott blinked in...

Alcott was taken aback when he saw her. “Janice knows you well. The tailoring is flawless—completely your style.”

“You’re looking quite sharp yourself,” Nina said with a smile. “The suit may be simple, but it’s cut well. Given your build, you look great.”

Alcott chuckled, slightly embarrassed. “Come on, I’m already old. I don’t care about my build anymore. Comfort is what matters.”

“Alright, Aiden’s waiting. Let’s not keep him,” Nina said, slipping her arm through Alcott’s as they exited the hotel, the masked woman trailing quietly behind.

The queen’s birthday banquet unfolded within the majestic halls of the palace, a setting worthy of royalty’s finest hour.

The hall was a brilliant tapestry of opulence, and as guests crossed its threshold, they were instantly engulfed by the festive exuberance. Ribbons and balloons swirled in every corner, while the floor bloomed with a vivid sea of flowers, making it feel like stepping into a fairytale itself.