

Wrath 1251

Chapter 1251:

What an absurd notion.

Yet it was this very “absurd” principle that had led to his utter ruin.

“Escort Wells away and prepare for a public trial,” Elizabeth commanded.

“Wait.” Janice’s voice suddenly cut through, halting the guards. All eyes turned to her, puzzled. Was she about to intercede on Wells’ behalf?

“One matter remains unresolved,” she stated.

“Janice, you’ve already triumphed. What more do you seek?” Wells sneered.

With a sly smile, Janice nodded to Olynn. “I demand justice for Liliana.”

“She was bested, and that’s undeniable. Even with my downfall, that truth remains unaltered,” Wells retorted with a scoff. “Perhaps that’s the one triumph I claimed over you.”

“Oh, is that so?” Janice arched an eyebrow, her tone teasing. “Yet the truth is, Liliana emerged victorious.”

A wave of astonishment swept through the hall.

Everyone recalled the earlier piano duel between Olynn and Liliana. Olynn’s triumph had been unmistakable.

Was Janice now exploiting Wells' downfall to rewrite the outcome, bending the truth to salvage her reputation?

"Olynn, I used to beat you. Are you telling me you've improved this much in just a year?"

Janice's eyes locked onto Olynn's with an icy, unblinking intensity—so much so that Olynn's heart skipped a beat.

"Is it really that hard to believe I won?" Olynn bit her lip as she met Janice's cutting gaze. "Everyone gets lucky eventually. I just happened to cross paths with a musical genius who helped me skyrocket. What's wrong with that?"

Janice gave a dismissive shake of her head, clearly unconvinced. "If you won't tell the truth, then I'll go ahead and say it for you."

"What are you trying to prove, RAIN?" Olynn's composure cracked. "I beat your student. That's a fact. If you're so desperate to protect your reputation, then face me yourself. This is my chance to finally settle the score with you."

The crowd stirred like an orchestra tuning up, a low buzz of exhilaration spreading through the room. A duel between two master pianists—this wasn't just rare; it was legendary.

The guests, composed of refined lovers of music and the arts, leaned forward with gleaming eyes. A battle between a seasoned maestro and a rising star? This would be a performance for the ages.

"Alright." Janice accepted the challenge without hesitation.

Aiden looked worried sick as he turned to Janice, but she gave a small nod, calm and unshaken, as though this duel were nothing more than routine.

“Aiden, do you really think Janice can pull this off?” Nina whispered. “Olynn just bested Liliana, and you know Liliana’s almost on Janice’s level. This could go badly.”

“Don’t worry, Mom. Janice never takes on a challenge unless she knows she can win.”

Chapter 1252:

Nina went quiet. It was true. Janice’s history spoke for itself.

She had a way of pulling off the impossible when it mattered most—turning the tide when no one thought it could turn, always one step ahead when the world thought she was cornered. She always left her rivals in the dust.

“Well then, if no one objects, I approve.” Elizabeth stood, her voice laced with excitement. “To make things easier, you’ll both perform now. The stage is yours for a piano duel.”

Olynn took a deep breath, bowed respectfully to Elizabeth, and walked toward the piano.

Janice, unhurried and elegant as ever, murmured a few words to Liliana before making her way to the opposite piano.

There were no rigid rules for this impromptu face-off—no time limits or categories. It was a pure, unfiltered battle of artistry. Whoever could stir the hearts of the audience and outshine the other would claim victory.

Wells had been instructed to stay and watch, a silent reminder that Elizabeth wanted him to witness the weight of his defeat firsthand. Leonidas, meanwhile, remained composed and serene. Yet behind his calm exterior, he was worried to the bone.

He knew Janice better than anyone. If she’d accepted the challenge, it meant she held an ace up her sleeve.

But Olynn’s technique had been flawless—her fingers had blurred across the keys like lightning, pushing the very limits of human dexterity. Could Janice truly surpass that?

“Ladies, you may begin,” Elizabeth announced, settling into her seat with regal grace. Nolan, the judge, would preside once more.

The audience hushed, breath held, as all eyes fixed on the two women poised at their pianos. This wasn’t just a performance—it was a clash of titans. A reigning legend versus a meteoric prodigy. The thought alone was thrilling.

Even Nolan, seasoned and stoic, felt his pulse quicken. At his age, he had resigned himself to never witnessing Janice in a duel again. Yet here she was—and this moment felt almost too incredible to be real.

Clang!

Olynn struck first.

Her fingers blurred over the keys, summoning a storm of sound that painted a battlefield in the minds of all who listened.

It was music steeped in war—an unflinching portrait of carnage and courage, where shattered armor and lifeless bodies lay strewn across blood-soaked earth. A mournful melody rose from the heart of it all, led by a sweeping refrain so powerful it hit like a fist to the chest.

“Olynn’s emotion and precision are flawless,” someone whispered in awe.

“Absolutely! I think she might’ve surpassed RAIN.”

“Is this it? Could this really be the end of her reign?”

The audience was torn between admiration and dread. They were witnessing something extraordinary—but it came with a heavy weight. Could the legend of RAIN truly be crumbling before their eyes?

Chapter 1253:

For years, Janice had stood at the pinnacle of the music world, weaving miracle after miracle with the flick of her fingers. She had become more than a virtuoso—she was a symbol, a myth made real. To see her fall now was like watching a star plummet from the heavens.

And yet, she sat there with eyes closed, unmoving, as though absorbing the very soul of Olynn's performance. Not reacting—just listening. Deeply. Intently. As if beneath the thunder and grief, she sought a fissure, a fault, a single opening.

Olynn cast a sidelong glance at Janice, the faintest smile tugging at the corner of her lips. RAIN's time had passed. This was her era.

But just then, Janice's eyes flew open. And at the very moment Olynn's piece shifted, right at the edge of its next crescendo, she pressed a single note.

It landed like it had always belonged there, sliding seamlessly into the heart of Olynn's melody. And in an instant, the entire rhythm faltered, realigned—reclaimed. The tide had turned.

Olynn's face paled the moment the interruption hit. Thrown off balance, she had no choice but to match the new pace just to stay in the game. Janice was in control now, and Olynn could only chase after the tempo she set. Pulled along with no room to push back, she began to realize there was no chance she could turn this piano duel in her favor.

The two grand pianos suddenly exploded into a sound that felt less like music and more like mourning.

Notes twisted into cries—echoes of fallen warriors and lingering spirits, trapped between life and death, colliding again and again on some cursed battleground.

"This is terrifying! What kind of piece is this? I feel like I'm watching ghosts fight a war!"

“Right? Olynn’s playing is sweeping and noble, like an epic saga. But RAIN is dragging us into something darker, something otherworldly.”

“It’s wild! Their styles shouldn’t mix, but somehow they do! It’s like a lone hero fighting the king of the underworld, with human legions clashing against demons!”

But this was just the start.

Janice played with her eyes barely open, her form melting into the instrument as if the two were made to be one. Every ounce of her focus and strength poured into the melody, her mind fully consumed by the rhythm she commanded.

She moved like a battlefield commander driving her forces into combat, unleashing a fierce assault on Olynn without holding back. Whatever lead Olynn once had vanished. Now, backed into a corner, she had no choice but to brace herself and react.

Janice only played faster, her momentum spiraling upward. The energy built into something untamed and wild, like a storm bearing down without mercy.

“You can feel it now! This isn’t just technique—it’s speed and survival!”

“Olynn’s chasing her! She’s pushing harder, faster! This is unreal!”

The audience could barely contain themselves. This wasn’t a performance anymore. It was a battle—a myth brought to life.

Olynn’s forehead beaded with sweat. Her fingers strained as she tried to match Janice’s fury. But the gap only grew wider. Janice’s hands were a blur—quicker than anyone imagined possible. Faster even than Olynn had managed in her legendary clash with Liliana.

Chapter 1254:

“How is she doing this? I needed that thing to even come close to this speed, but she...”

No, she wasn’t human. She was a monster.

At that moment, there was only one word Olynn could use to describe Janice.

She had always believed she might be a genius—but Janice was something else entirely. “Monster” was the only word that came close.

“I won’t lose!” Olynn’s eyes blazed with reckless determination. “I’ve already tasted defeat once. I even relied on that thing just to claw my way back. If I still can’t win now, I’d rather die.”

Out of nowhere, her fingers surged with a fury that seemed to break the limits of human speed.

Finally, Janice fell behind in tempo. A confident smile began to form on Olynn’s lips. The thought of winning now felt closer than ever.

But then her eyes widened in disbelief. A sharp pain tore through her chest. Blood spilled from her mouth before she could play another note.

Clang!

The music hadn’t reached its end, but the duel had.

Frozen in horror, Olynn stared at the crimson drops splattered across the keys. A second wave of blood followed, soaking the piano beneath her hands.

“The outcome is obvious now.” Janice stood slowly, her voice calm, her expression unreadable. “This is the cost of chasing victory too far.”

“RAIN, what just happened?” Elizabeth asked, leaning forward with a furrowed brow.

“Your Majesty, to be honest, Olynn is nothing extraordinary. What brought her to the international stage was relentless effort. She’s already pushed herself as far as she can go.” Janice let out a quiet sigh, her voice carrying a trace of sorrow. “I truly respect her for that.” She turned to Olynn, whose face had gone ghostly white. “A person who earns their place on the world stage through sheer determination is already someone countless others can look up to. It’s only unfortunate that, consumed by obsession, she walked down a dangerous path with no chance of turning around.”

Murmurs of confusion rippled through the crowd at her unexpected words.

Could it be true? That Olynn—whose skills had always seemed unremarkable—had gained such power by taking a path with no return?

What sort of path could have granted her such remarkable skill?

“She used some performance-enhancing drug.”

Gasps erupted from the audience, the revelation sinking in like a shockwave.

“What? Are you serious? Olynn took something like that? But what kind of drug could make someone play like that?”

“This world’s full of bizarre things. Honestly, I’m not surprised something like that exists.”

“It explains the blood. It must’ve been a side effect kicking in.” The realization struck hard. Olynn hadn’t improved by talent or grit alone—she’d cheated. This was no different from athletes who used banned substances to gain an unfair edge.

Chapter 1255:

Now, Janice's earlier words made perfect sense—Liliana had won their match because her opponent's power wasn't earned.

In any official sport, doping led to disqualification, no matter how breathtaking the performance.

"I didn't take anything," Olynn retorted. "RAIN, you're lying. You're just trying to ruin me."

Janice arched an eyebrow. "Am I?"

At that moment, the doors opened again—Liliana stepped forward, accompanied by someone else.

As soon as Olynn recognized the person beside her, panic flickered across her face like a crack in glass.

"Olynn, don't tell me this man's a stranger to you," Liliana scoffed. "He's your personal physician—his job is to monitor your health. And the reason he's doing that is because he's worried about the side effects from the drug you took."

"I don't know him," Olynn insisted, shaking her head in frantic denial. But the panic flickering in her eyes betrayed her. Anyone watching could see the truth—she and the doctor knew each other.

"Whether you admit it or not, it doesn't matter now. He already told us everything," Janice said, stepping forward with quiet composure. "Olynn, Gilmore hired you to bring me down. And the drug you took? He gave it to you."

There was no longer any use pretending at that point.

"Yes, I took the drugs. So what?" Olynn snapped. "I'm willing to gamble everything—my future, even my life—just to defeat you."

Janice stared at her, a sigh slipping from her lips like a tired breeze. There were no words for the depth of Olynn's obsession.

“Olynn, you’ve already proven yourself. You’re talented enough to stand at the summit of the music world. Why fixate on me?” Janice looked at Olynn with a hint of pity. “All the glory that could’ve been yours, and yet, you let it pass you by.”

Olynn blinked, stunned into stillness by that bittersweet truth. Had she really lost so much?

“She’s right,” Nolan said quietly, stepping out from the crowd, his voice lined with remorse. “I rose to fame before you, Olynn. I’ve stood on the same stage as RAIN, competed with her, lost to her—and learned from her.”

He offered Janice a fond glance before turning back to Olynn. “RAIN’s not just a rival. She’s my mentor. My friend. Every time I stood beside her, I came away better. Stronger. If you had looked beyond your need to win, maybe you’d be ahead of me by now.”

Olynn stood frozen, her gaze sweeping over the crowd. For the first time, she truly saw them—faces filled with sympathy, not scorn.

Admiration, not pity.

Had they always looked at her this way?

She had never realized how many people had been watching. This stage—this dream—it hadn’t belonged to Janice alone.

It could’ve been theirs. Together. All this time, she’d chased a solitary victory, blind to the applause that had always been within reach. She had fought so hard to defeat Janice, she’d forgotten what it meant to shine beside her.

Chapter 1256:

Her lips trembled before curling into a faint smile—soft, real, the first honest one in a long time. “So this is what it feels like to be at the top.” And just like that, the tension bled from her. The fight left her eyes.

“RAIN, I lost. I lost fair and square,” Olynn said, her voice low and stripped of all pretense. “It’s just a shame I no longer have the chance to stand at the top with you.”

Her knees buckled, and before anyone could catch her, she collapsed to the floor.

“Help her!” Janice cried out, turning to the doctor opposite her.

The drug coursing through Olynn’s veins was a potent stimulant that heightened her senses, stretched her reflexes, and hurled her body past its natural limits.

But every surge came at a steep price. Her lifespan shortened with each spike of power, and Janice knew it. She’d deliberately accelerated the pace of the duel, forcing Olynn to keep up—baiting her toward the cliff edge where the drug would turn on her and trigger its side effects.

Elizabeth’s birthday banquet ended in dramatic fashion.

The day etched itself into the annals of history. Wells, the traitor, was in chains. In three days, he’d stand trial before the eyes of the nation. His allies and supporters now scrambled to disown him—each hoping the queen’s mercy would spare them. To solidify Lancelot’s claim, Elizabeth handed him the reins: he would personally oversee the purge of the disloyal.

With that, Lancelot’s position as crown prince was no longer a question—it was law.

On the rooftop helipad, Leonidas smoked like a man burning his last minutes. The wind tossed his coat and hair while his eyes gleamed with reckless intensity.

Janice stepped into view. She didn’t speak at first. Just stared. Cold. Unshaken.

“You got here fast, Janice,” Leonidas said, turning to her with a twisted grin. “But if it’s just you, I doubt you’ve got what it takes to hold me here.”

“What about with me?” Aiden approached from the opposite direction, his gaze dark and loaded with lethal intent.

Leonidas’ eyes flicked to movement on the flanks—Liliana, Sloane, and Samson fanning out, closing the circle.

“Well, look at this—a whole damn welcoming party. Janice, this isn’t like you. I thought you preferred the lone wolf routine. Now you’ve brought the pack. Should I feel flattered? Or are you just not as confident as you used to be?”

Janice didn’t flinch. Her voice came cool and calm, like steel sliding from a sheath. “I’m not here to impress you. I’m here to stop you. No matter what it takes.”

The grin on Leonidas’ face drained away. “How unfair! I gave you chance after chance. You wouldn’t give me a single one.”

“Leonidas, haven’t I given you enough chances already? But you crossed a line.” Janice’s voice was stern and resolute. “If I ever want to sleep soundly again, I have to end this.”

Leonidas laughed aloud, his roaring laughter echoing through the air. Yet, in the depths of his eyes, the wildness had vanished, leaving only a profound sadness behind. “How can you be so cold? After all these years of passion and conflict, you just dismiss everything. You’ve... disappointed me deeply, Janice.”

Chapter 1257:

“I’m sorry, Leonidas, but there was never any passion between you and Janice,” Aiden cut in, his voice devoid of warmth. “Are you prepared to die? It’s time.”

With his arms outstretched, Leonidas said, “You think you’ve planned for everything. If you believe that will keep me here, you’re mistaken.”

“Oh, are you referring to your insiders in Aerith?” Samson interjected, scratching his head. “When Janice was added to the wanted list, she directed me to eliminate your men in Aerith. Protecting her was my real job, not this chaos. But you threatened her safety, so I had to call in the elite squad, hunt down your agents, and remove them one by one.”

For the first time, Leonidas panicked. He was caught off guard, not expecting Janice to have prepared so meticulously in his absence. She hadn’t just focused on Wells; she had uncovered every one of his secrets. Moving quickly, she took down his entire network.

“I surrender,” Leonidas declared, discarding his cigarette and stomping it out.

The extinguished cigarette mirrored the fate he felt awaited him—a life snuffed out prematurely.

“There’s something I’ve been wanting to tell you,” Leonidas said, raising his head and fixing his intense gaze on Janice, the formidable woman before him. “I’ve loved you since the moment we first met.”

The revelation left everyone speechless; it was unexpected for Leonidas to confess his feelings so suddenly.

Just then, Leonidas smiled cunningly and seized the opportunity to jump.

The night was dark, the moon shining brightly. As the dust settled, Leonidas’ face, usually marked by defiance, now appeared tragically beautiful.

In an instant, Leonidas plunged downward, his fall seeming like a reunion of his body with a soul long lost to the abyss.

“Did he just jump?” Aiden asked, puzzled. He had anticipated a final confrontation, not a sudden suicide.

"We're more than thirty floors above the ground. If he falls from here, I fear..." Liliana remarked, her eyebrow raised. The likelihood of Leonidas surviving was almost nil. Still, she felt uneasy—things had gone too smoothly to be real.

Approaching Janice, Aiden placed his hands gently on her shoulders. "Are you okay?"

Looking into Aiden's eyes, Janice asked, "Will Leonidas really die this time?"

"He's gone," Aiden said. "He won't be a problem anymore. And now, the Welch family will finally collapse."

"No," Janice declared, shaking her head. Her eyes, dark and intense, betrayed her disbelief. "Leonidas wouldn't choose such a silent method to end his life."

Leonidas was famous for his love of drama. His final moments would be a grand spectacle, not a quiet or undignified departure.

In a rush, Janice approached the ledge and peered below. The ground was desolately empty, and her expression changed instantly. "He's escaped once more!"

"What?" Everyone was taken aback.

The group hurried to the edge and confirmed the absence of a body. Yet, they had all witnessed Leonidas' leap. How could his body just vanish?

Chapter 1258:

"A wingsuit!" Janice realized aloud, understanding Leonidas' earlier presence on the rooftop. He hadn't been waiting for a helicopter; he needed the space for a wingsuit deployment. "Leonidas must have known about the death of his men in Aerith. His calm demeanor and his words were a ruse to catch us off guard."

She groaned, realizing too late that Leonidas had escaped.

Had she been quicker, she might have thwarted Leonidas' escape. But distracted, they had lost him to the night.

"How does Leonidas always manage to escape?" Samson muttered. "To eradicate his people, I enlisted highly confidential operatives. This could lead to a diplomatic debacle."

"Don't worry. I'll handle the explanations with Lancelot," Janice assured him. "Right now, our primary concern is that Leonidas is at large, and that spells more trouble."

Leonidas was a persistent nuisance, always slipping through their grasp.

The Welch family was crumbling. With Gilmore's schemes unraveled, Janice could now charge him with illicit drug activities and jeopardizing diplomatic ties.

With only Mateo left, the Welch family's collapse was imminent.

"Let's go." Janice sighed, a wave of fatigue washing over her. "I'll have Prescott pursue Leonidas. I'll chase him to the ends of the earth if necessary."

"Janice, such determination makes me jealous," Aiden teased.

Janice turned to Aiden, her face a mix of confusion and distress. Aiden, realizing his mistake, quickly added, "I was only joking. Don't give me that look."

Before she could respond, Janice's vision blurred, and she collapsed.

"Janice!" Aiden caught her, his expression filled with concern. "You mustn't frighten me like this."

At the Royal Hospital, Janice gradually regained consciousness.

Aiden was the first face she saw when her eyes fluttered open.

Noticing both concern and relief on his face, she smiled instinctively. “What’s with that expression?” Janice teased. “Don’t tell me you’ve got both good and bad news waiting.”

Aiden blinked, caught off guard. “How did you know?”

Janice raised an eyebrow at his reaction. “I was kidding, yet I was right?”

“Yes.” Aiden gave a small nod, then carefully helped her sit up, tucking a pillow behind her back so she could rest against the headboard. “Alright, which one do you want first?”

“Bad news first.” Janice sighed. There was a quiet trace of resignation in her tone. “I’d rather deal with the hard part up front.”

Aiden gently brushed a hand over her forehead. “From now on, I swear it’s only good news.”

Janice lifted an eyebrow, her curiosity deepening about what could’ve happened while she was out that left Aiden this emotional.

“The doctor said you’ve been pushing yourself too hard lately, and that’s what caused you to pass out. You need to rest for a while and take it easy.”

“That’s it?” Janice frowned, clearly annoyed. “I was bracing for something serious—like some incurable disease. But it’s just burnout? How is that bad news?”

Chapter 1259:

Aiden gave her forehead a playful tap. “Don’t say something like that. You’ve got to stay well—we still have the whole world to see together.”

“Okay, okay, I take it back. I swear I’ll take care of myself.” Janice stuck out her tongue playfully. With Aiden, it was easy to relax and be her lighthearted self.

Still, she couldn’t deny how draining the last few days had been.

She hadn’t even recovered from the jet lag after arriving in Aerith when she was swept into the royal family’s political chaos. Already in a difficult situation, she was then mistaken for a fugitive, forced to go into hiding while searching for the truth.

With everything going on, even someone unstoppable would’ve hit their limit.

“So, what’s the good news?” Janice asked, not expecting anything too dramatic.

“You’re going to be a mom.”

“What?” Janice, who had been quietly bored moments ago, froze at his words and stared at Aiden in shock. “What did you just say?” Even Janice, usually so calm, couldn’t mask her surprise.

“Janice, you’re going to be a mom. You’re pregnant—that’s the other reason you fainted.”

“I’m pregnant?” Janice repeated, her mind spinning. She recalled they’d only been intimate once. Who would’ve thought it would lead to this?

“What’s wrong? You’re not happy?” Aiden asked, his nerves kicking in at her unreadable expression. “Are you feeling sick? Or is it...”

“No, it’s okay,” Janice said, shaking her head as she tried to gather her thoughts. “It’s just too sudden. I need a minute to take it in.”

“I really am happy about this baby,” Janice said, lifting her eyes to meet his. “This is our first child. Maybe this is a sign—something about the life we’re meant to have.”

“What kind of future are you picturing?”

“Something simple. Peaceful. Just the three of us living a happy life as a family.”

Aiden’s eyes lit up at her words. That picture alone made him want to run home and start planning the wedding on the spot.

He didn’t want to waste a single second—he wanted Janice to be the most stunning bride the world had ever seen, especially before her baby bump began to show.

At that moment, Nina and Alcott entered the room.

“Janice, you’re awake!” Nina cried, rushing to her side and nudging Aiden out of the way.

Aiden frowned, clearly not thrilled, but what could he do? She was his mom, after all.

He caught Alcott’s eye, both silently acknowledging just how much Janice meant to Nina. No point in saying anything.

“Nina, I’m really sorry for making you worry,” Janice said with an apologetic look.

“Don’t say that. What matters most is that you’re safe,” Nina replied, warmth softening her features. “And now you’re expecting! Why didn’t you tell me sooner? You’ve been dashing around nonstop lately—it’s far too risky. If something had happened to you or the baby, how would I even handle that?”

Chapter 1260:

“I only just found out,” Janice replied, glancing at Aiden. Who would’ve guessed she’d get pregnant just after being intimate with him once? “And I’m not that fragile.”

"I've been through it myself—pregnancy isn't easy, and I know exactly what lies ahead. From this moment on, you're putting all work aside and focusing entirely on yourself."

"Health and the baby," Nina said, her grip on Janice's hand firm and her tone unwavering.

Janice turned to Aiden, eyes pleading for backup.

"Don't look at him," Nina said sharply. "He's a man. What would he know about pregnancy? Right now, nothing matters more than you and that little one."

"Janice, since my mom has already spoken, we might as well go along with her wishes." Aiden held Janice's hand. "On this point, I completely stand with her. Besides, I'll take care of everything back in Cloverhill for you."

Janice mulled it over for a moment. With the major storm now behind them, only a few loose threads remained. And with Aiden stepping in, there'd be little reason for concern.

The Welch family was already on its last leg. Their reign was crumbling fast. With the White family breathing down their neck and pressure closing in from all corners, their once-mighty empire in Cloverhill was shrinking like a puddle under the sun. Their cash flow was teetering on the edge of collapse.

If their finances hit rock bottom, they'd be buried under an avalanche of debt. Bankruptcy would be inevitable.

Cloverhill's underworld belonged to Aiden now. He ruled it with an iron fist, showing no mercy. Anyone suspected of betrayal vanished without a trace—quick, clean, and silent.

His methods were brutal, but those in authority turned a blind eye. They knew better than to intervene. After all, Cloverhill had lived through chaos for too long.

Now, they needed the right person to grab the reins and take control before everything spiraled beyond saving.

Without a shadow of a doubt, Aiden was the best candidate.

After a few days of rest in the hospital, Janice heard that the royal family's situation had begun to settle.

As for her pregnancy, only a tight circle was in the know. The news hadn't spread.

After all, with Leonidas still off the grid, there was no telling what reckless stunt he might pull if he discovered she was expecting.

Today, Janice was discharged from the hospital—only to be summoned by Elizabeth.

The queen sat in the garden, a serene figure cloaked in solitude. She gazed out over the flowers and lush greenery, a cup of coffee in her hand. The scene around her was peaceful, but her presence carried the weight of time and tragedy.

Wells had already faced justice. Elizabeth herself had delivered the verdict. For the sake of royal order, she had sentenced him to life imprisonment and had his allies rounded up.