

Wrath 1271

Chapter 1271:

Hearing his words, Janice nodded without a second thought, refilling his cup with steady hands. "I actually have some good news, Grandpa."

Raising an eyebrow, Orson looked intrigued. "Now that you've handled the Welch family, maybe it's time you started planning your wedding to Aiden?"

"Well, not exactly."

Frowning slightly, Orson leaned closer. "You're not telling me you've changed your mind about marrying him, are you? That young man adores you. I've seen enough people in my time to trust what I see. You'll regret it if you lose him."

A small laugh escaped Janice at Orson's earnestness. "Grandpa, you're way off. That's not what I meant at all."

"Oh? What is it then?" Orson asked, his curiosity piqued by Janice's playful demeanor.

With a subtle gesture, Janice produced a document and laid it on the table.

Orson felt his heart stutter, fearing the paper might contain grim news. He hesitantly reached for the document, his hands shaking as he read the contents. "You're expecting a child?"

"Yes, I've just received confirmation. The wonderful news is that you're going to be a great-grandfather."

A rush of color swept across Orson's cheeks as he grasped Janice's hands, his voice quivering with emotion. "This is fantastic news! The White family will continue."

“Indeed!” Janice beamed, her gaze dropping to her stomach, filled with warmth. “This child will uphold our name, ensuring our family’s legacy endures and such tragedies are never repeated.”

Orson’s eyes brimmed with tears. In his head, he silently spoke to his departed wife. “Gracie, do you see this? Our granddaughter is carrying the future. Our family’s story will go on, allowing you to rest peacefully.”

“Grandpa, please stay healthy. The baby and I will need you,” Janice pleaded, smiling softly.

“Absolutely, I will take good care of myself. I must at least be here to see your child,” Orson said, his somber mood lifting.

Janice let out a breath of relief, aware of the fragility of Orson’s health. He had been holding on, driven by a vow to her.

With the Welch family’s matter now concluded and her upcoming marriage to Aiden on her mind, she couldn’t shake the feeling of anxiety...

Sharing this joyous news with Orson was also a way to invigorate his will to live.

In a softly lit room, urns bearing the names of the White family stood in solemn rows. More than a hundred urns honored the departed of the White family.

Mateo and the others were imprisoned in this room, forced to kneel before the urns.

The guards watched them with an unyielding gaze, the air thick with tension. An earlier protest from one of the captives had been swiftly and brutally silenced.

The sound of a click echoed through the silence.

The door creaked open with a slow, deliberate motion.

All heads turned as Janice entered.

Chapter 1272:

Dressed somberly for mourning yet with an undisturbed demeanor, Janice regarded the Welch family as though they were mere ghosts of their former selves.

“Janice, I admit—you won.” Mateo’s voice was thick with anger. “We surrender to you. Now, please, can we end this? Perhaps there’s still a chance for peaceful coexistence.”

“Peaceful coexistence?” Janice scoffed, her gaze icy as she looked down at him. “The audacity of your request! When you eradicated the Whites, did you offer mercy?”

Mateo’s expression hardened; Janice’s words had struck a nerve.

“It’s useless to admit now, Mateo. The moment you targeted my family was the moment your fate was sealed.” Approaching the line of urns, Janice placed flowers in front of them. “Guys, I’ve finally avenged you. Your enemies stand before me today. Their blood will serve as reparation. May you rest in peace.”

Mateo felt a deep fear as he listened to her words. “You can’t possibly mean to execute us! We have ruled Cloverhill for ages. The authorities won’t ignore our disappearance!”

“That’s exactly it!” Calvin interjected desperately. “Janice, you’ve outmaneuvered us completely. We would leave Cloverhill and compensate you. Just let us go.”

“Dad, Calvin, what are you talking about?” Jensen interjected with a frigid tone. “Have you no dignity left? Do you truly believe groveling will change her mind?”

“Jensen, be quiet,” Mateo said, fixing a stern gaze on him. “I trust in Janice’s compassion. If we genuinely acknowledge our wrongs, she might forgive us.”

The others joined in, their praises attempting to sway Janice. However, the more they begged, the more repulsive and pitiful they seemed to her.

“Remember, Alissa got away without harm, right?” Mateo tried to appeal to Janice, forcing a hopeful smile.

“Alissa was spared because she severed all ties with you and committed to serving at Generous Lives Orphanage for a lifetime,” Janice retorted, her tone dismissive. “Are you suggesting you’d do the same?”

“Alissa has cut ties with us?” Mateo’s face twisted in shock. “That ungrateful girl! How could she forsake her own family?”

“Should she not?” Janice mocked, her contempt clear. “Look at you, pleading like cowards. Any act of dignity you once claimed is now utterly meaningless.”

“Janice, I am ready to commit to volunteering at Generous Lives Orphanage indefinitely. Just please spare my life.”

“I will also sever all ties with the Welch family if it means you’ll release me.”

The once-proud Welch family began to disintegrate. They discarded their pride, desperately pleading with Janice for mercy.

Mateo watched in dark silence as his family chose survival over honor. Despite his fear of death, he, as the patriarch, refused to forsake his family.

“You have no shame! How can you so easily abandon the Welch family?” he shouted.

“And what right do you have to criticize us, Mateo? Without your actions against the White family, we wouldn’t be facing this disgrace,” one retorted.

“That’s right! Your insatiable greed and horrific acts have brought us to ruin. You’re the reason we’re all damned,” another added angrily.

Chapter 1273:

“Mateo, you knew the White family was connected to Orson, so you joined forces with Gilmore and Harlan to destroy them, fearing they would take the Welch family’s fortune,” someone said.

“You’ve brought this misery upon us all! Orson turned his back on us because he couldn’t stand your deeds,” another voice chimed in.

Mateo stood frozen, grappling with the harsh truths being hurled at him. But how could Orson prioritize his illegitimate children over his own son and the Welch family legacy?

“Enough!” Mateo exploded, his voice filled with rage. “None of you complained when times were good. Now, in fear, you betray me to save yourselves!”

Janice started clapping slowly, her smile laced with sarcasm. “What a spectacle, like dogs scrabbling for leftovers.”

The Welch family turned to Janice, their expressions a mix of fear and hope, seeking any sign of leniency.

“If you truly wish to live, I can offer one option,” Janice declared, her voice chillingly detached. “Kill Mateo and his sons. The last one standing will earn their freedom.”

“This is madness.” Mateo let out a sharp gasp, his eyes wide with disbelief as he fixed his gaze on her. “You expect us to turn on each other? The Welch family would never...”

His words trailed off as he felt a sinister shift in the room’s atmosphere. The glares directed at him by his own family bore a clear message—they were considering it.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing? Are you seriously going to let this bitch turn you against your own blood?” Mateo’s voice cracked with fear as his eyes darted wildly. “Even if you finish me off, karma will be right on your heels, and you’ll curse the day you were born.”

“Mateo, you’ve spent years riding high on the family’s name, reaping every last privilege. Now it’s time to pay the piper.”

One by one, the Welches closed in like wolves scenting blood. Calvin shrank behind Mateo, trembling, while Jensen stepped forward, protecting them.

“Come any closer, and I swear, I’ll take you down with me.”

The air was thick enough to cut with a knife, the crowd freezing for just a heartbeat—then all hell broke loose.

“You really think you can stand against all of us? You might’ve been a lion once, but now you’re just a broken dog, barely able to bare your teeth!”

Jensen’s jaw tightened. He was running on fumes, the last dregs of his strength, bluffing a fight he could no longer win.

But desperation made the Welches mad. Survival was their only thought now. They’d tear him to pieces without a second thought.

Janice watched, her face carved from stone. With a flick of her wrist, she gave a chilling order to her loyal guards. “Stand down and watch. If anyone so much as touches an urn, you’ll answer to me.”

“Yes, Ms. White.”

Without another glance, Janice turned and walked away, the door clicking shut behind her—and all hell broke loose inside.

Chapter 1274:

“Janice, let’s not hang around,” Aiden murmured, gently covering her ears. “This isn’t a scene fit for the baby.”

Janice smiled faintly. “Aiden, you’re going to make a wonderful father.”

He quirked an eyebrow. “And what about being a good husband?”

Janice faltered for a moment before throwing her arms around him. “I’ve avenged the White family. But why does it still feel like there’s a hole in my heart?”

He stroked her back slowly, his voice tender. “You spent so long chasing vengeance, Janice. Now that the storm’s passed, it’s only natural to feel adrift. It’s time to live for yourself—and for our baby.”

A spark returned to Janice’s eyes. “You’re right. It’s time I learned how to be a mother and a wife, too.”

Aiden cupped her cheek, his gaze burning with warmth. “Just be yourself. Leave the rest to me.”

Time seemed to stretch endlessly until, at last, silence blanketed the house like a shroud.

When Janice pushed open the door, the metallic stench of blood hit her like a punch to the gut.

Aiden moved swiftly, stepping in front of her to block the grisly scene, his body tense with worry that the sight would unsettle her.

Janice shook her head, the gruesome sight failing to rattle her. With steely determination, she moved forward, unshaken.

In the end, the core members of the Welch family were wiped out. Like wild beasts cornered in a trap, they attacked Mateo, their survival instincts driving them to madness.

As madness overtook them, their grip on reason slipped away. In the chaos, it wasn't just Mateo they attacked—anyone who crossed their path became a casualty.

Jensen took the worst of it, his body battered, but he stood tall, not taking a single step backward.

Even as his wounds deepened, his resolve held firm, an unbreakable wall in front of his father and brother.

In that moment, Janice couldn't help but find the irony biting.

The one branded as reckless was the one who stood unyielding, a shield for his family in the heat of battle.

And Calvin—the so-called golden heir—had hidden behind his father and brother like a coward, only to be torn apart anyway when chaos reigned.

“Give Jensen a proper burial,” Janice commanded quietly. “As for the rest—dump them in the river.”

“Yes, Ms. White.”

Janice turned back to the rows of urns, finally able to breathe freely.

Just then, a voice broke through the heavy air.

“Janice!”

Stephen and Wendy burst into the blood-soaked hall, their faces blanching at the slaughter.

Chapter 1275:

“Stephen, it’s over,” Janice said softly, giving him a tired but genuine smile. “Mom, Dad, and everyone from the White family... they can finally rest in peace.”

Stephen pulled her into a fierce hug. “Why did you bear this burden alone? Why didn’t you call me?”

“There was no need. This was something I had to do myself. From now on, you’re the head of the White family. It’s on you to rebuild our legacy and restore our name. Stephen, you’ll see to it that the White family’s name stands tall across this country, won’t you? We’ll achieve what Father never managed to.”

Stephen’s jaw tightened with resolve. “Yes, we will.”

With the Welch family crushed, Stephen should’ve known what was coming. But Janice’s swift action caught him off guard—she’d dragged Mateo and the core of the Welch family here to face judgment before the urns of the White family.

“Stephen, let the rest of the Welch family live,” Janice said gently. “Revenge is one thing, but we’re not monsters. We can’t lose our humanity like they did.”

“I understand.” Stephen nodded solemnly, before turning to Aiden. “Take her to rest. I’ll take it from here.”

Aiden simply nodded, wrapping an arm around Janice as they walked away.

After Aiden and Janice departed, Stephen’s gaze returned to the grim scene, sending a shiver of discomfort across his skin.

The enormity of what Janice had confronted weighed on him. How immense must the burden have been?

“Janice is tougher than you realize,” Wendy reassured him. “She has her reasons for keeping you out of these bloody affairs. You need to trust her decision. There’s plenty else that requires your attention.”

“I understand,” Stephen replied, a trace of bitterness in his tone. “But as her brother, I should be the one to protect her, not the other way around. I feel so powerless.”

“Stephen, you are still learning. Don’t be too hard on yourself,” Wendy advised, giving his shoulder a comforting pat. “Each person has their own duties to keep. Your current duty is to lead our family’s resurgence.”

Acknowledging her words, Stephen inhaled deeply, though the air reeked of blood, causing him to grimace.

Wendy then instructed the nearby guards, “Please escort Stephen outside and arrange for professionals to clean this area.”

Stephen appreciated Wendy’s presence, which had prevented many past errors. “With the Welch family defeated, it’s time we bury the White family’s ashes.”

“I’ll handle that,” Wendy assured.

The news of the Welch family’s collapse spread rapidly.

Shadowy figures who had been lying in wait quickly moved to claim the fallen family’s assets and lands.

Though the Welch family had endured great losses in their conflict with the White family, it had once stood as an empire. What remained was still a vast fortune.

But as these opportunists moved in, the Payne family intervened, halting their progress.

Minnie declared that all of the Welch family’s assets would be consolidated and donated. Anyone caught trying to take advantage of the chaos would be considered an enemy of the Payne family.

Chapter 1276:

This declaration made most factions retreat. Only a few dared to covertly pursue the Welch properties, but they were promptly handled. As the Welch family's power...

As the Welch family crumbled, the dynamics within Cloverhill were dramatically altered. The White family's sudden ascent positioned them alongside the influential Payne family.

New to the scene but heavily supported by JE Consortium and external allies, it was evident that the White family was poised to become the preeminent force.

Most importantly, as the Welch family crumbled, the city's most powerful figures remained eerily silent.

Their silence appeared to signal approval, or perhaps they had been waiting for a new family to rise to power for some time.

Efforts to locate Mateo yielded nothing, reinforcing the belief that the government had forsaken the Welch family in favor of the White family.

Simultaneously, another piece of news quickly circulated.

The upcoming wedding of Janice and Aiden was the talk of the town, with many prestigious families having received their invitations.

Now, in Cloverhill's high society, receiving a wedding invitation was seen as a badge of honor—a sign that the White family had acknowledged these people.

Suddenly, the scramble for wedding invitations intensified, with everyone leveraging their connections to secure one.

The constant flow of visitors had nearly worn out the Mendoza and Lambert families. Their longstanding positive ties with the White family were now paying dividends.

As a result, the two families had become key figures among Cloverhill's upper crust, with many seeking to leverage their connections to gain favor with the White family.

At that moment, Conley found himself overwhelmed by his sudden popularity. Just after bidding farewell to one group of family representatives, another set appeared on his doorstep.

Pleased yet weary, he remarked, "Dad, you'll need to step in. My face hurts from all the fake smiles. Everyone's here for Janice and Aiden's wedding, but those invites are hard to get."

Bain chuckled mischievously. "You're in charge now. It comes with the territory."

"Dad, maybe you should consider taking back the reins," Conley joked, managing a strained smile. "I miss my days on the racetrack."

"Not a chance. You handle this," Bain replied, making a quick exit. "I've got an appointment with Hank."

Conley resisted the urge to complain. After all, it was his father. He simply had to grin and bear it.

Now, the Mendoza family, much like the Lambert family, had become indispensable to the White family. Their influence had risen significantly, with the older generation having handed over leadership to their sons.

Patton likely faced a similar barrage of visitors, all eager for an invitation.

"Mr. Mendoza, it's been some time."

At that moment, a familiar voice echoed through the room. Startled from his thoughts, Conley turned to see a familiar figure.

Chapter 1277:

"It's you."

"Are you surprised to see me?" Delilah asked with a sly smile, though Conley detected a hint of menace.

"You're brave to show up here. Don't you know Janice might hear of it?" Conley said sharply. "You and Bart are blacklisted. There's a hefty reward for anyone who spots you."

"I'm aware," Delilah responded with a chilling laugh. "But I wouldn't be here if I didn't have information that could outweigh the risks."

Conley's forehead creased as he watched Delilah, whose mysterious smile failed to reveal her intentions.

Despite his better judgment urging him to dismiss her immediately, curiosity gnawed at him, pondering her true motives.

Unbothered by Conley's scrutinizing gaze, Delilah made herself at home on the couch. She casually picked up a coffee cup from the table, seemingly indifferent to its previous user, and sipped gracefully.

Conley instructed the butler, "Please bring a fresh cup of coffee for Miss Edwards."

With a raised eyebrow and a playful smile, Delilah responded, "I see you've decided to entertain my visit. I assure you, aligning with us will propel the Mendoza family to unprecedented heights."

Silently, Conley took a seat opposite her. "Continue. What is it that you're proposing?"

At that moment, the butler came back with a fresh pot of coffee and poured a cup for Delilah.

She picked up the cup and took a slow, deliberate sip, her calm, unhurried movements only adding to Conley's growing irritation.

“Miss Edwards?”

“Try to relax,” Delilah advised, setting her cup down and fixing him with a look of bemusement. “Good things come to those who wait.”

“My patience wears thin, especially with you,” Conley said, his gaze sharp, an icy tone edging his voice. “Remember, you’re on Janice’s blacklist. I could easily have security escort you out.”

“But you haven’t, have you?” Delilah said with a smile. “You’re a clever and ambitious man. The simple fact that you haven’t kicked me out and even offered me coffee shows you’re not content with how things are.”

Conley shifted uncomfortably, her words resonating uncomfortably true.

“Mr. Mendoza, we’ve devised a strategy to eliminate Janice and Aiden,” Delilah said, her eyes glinting with resolve. “Your family’s support, along with the Lambert family’s, is crucial.”

“The Lambert family is on board?” Conley asked, surprise flashing across his face before settling into a sly smile. “Now, you’ve piqued my interest. What’s your plan?”

Delilah wagged her finger playfully. “This scheme involves high stakes. If it leaks, it will be disastrous for everyone involved. There will be no chance for redemption for any of us.”

“I need to be certain of your loyalty.”

Chapter 1278:

After a brief pause, Conley asked, “What exactly do you want from me?”

“I need you.”

Conley stood abruptly, his expression turning stern. “You think I’d stoop so low? You should get out of here! You think I’m the kind of man who’d sleep with just any woman?”

Delilah remained unbothered, her expression one of teasing curiosity. "If such a minor concession is beyond you, how do you expect to collaborate with us and ascend to new heights?"

Conley scoffed, his laughter tinged with disbelief. "You've yet to provide details, yet you demand such significant compromises. Alright, I'll entertain your proposal, but can you deliver on these grand plans?"

"Janice and Aiden's wedding will take place in Efrery. All the elites from Efrery, along with the top families from Cloverhill, will be attending. That means their security will be stretched thin. Imagine what could happen if, among all those guests, we slipped in a few of our own. Or better yet... if the host of the wedding turned out to be one of us."

Conley's eyes narrowed, processing the implications. If Delilah's claims were accurate, Janice would be in the midst of potential threats, unsure of whom to trust.

"Are you capable of circumventing their security, positioning us that close without detection?" he asked.

"That detail is not your concern. Yours and the Lambert family's responsibility is merely to facilitate our access. Provided that, our strategy will execute seamlessly."

Delilah then resumed drinking her coffee in silence.

Conley's face was a mask of contemplation, his mind racing with thoughts. Abruptly, he approached and firmly held Delilah's chin. "So, do you prefer to seal this here, or..."

Delilah smirked, pulling him closer by his tie until their gazes intertwined, the air crackling with tension. "Let's add a little excitement."

"What?" Caught off guard, Conley stiffened as Delilah suddenly bit his lower lip sharply.

The pain jolted him, his instinct to push her away, but she withdrew first, only to kiss his neck softly. "Sleep with me, and we will become allies."

“Agreed.”

In Efrery, Leah and Janice entered a bridal boutique owned by Freak Design.

Leah unveiled the wedding gown she had spent months designing. Janice’s eyes lit up, emotion constricting her voice. “Leah, you poured your soul into this, didn’t you?”

“So, do you love it?” Leah watched Janice eagerly, her expression radiant with hope.

Janice nodded and pulled Leah into a tight hug. “I absolutely love it. Thank you so much.”

Leah froze, her body stiffening as a wave of emotion rushed over her, tears filling her eyes. “Janice, I still can’t believe this is happening. It feels like a dream. Tell me—is this real? Are you really getting married?”

“It’s real,” Janice said with a gentle smile, lifting her hand to brush away Leah’s tears. “When the time comes, I’ll step into the wedding dress you made with your own hands, walk down the aisle, and, surrounded by everyone’s blessings, begin a new life by Aiden’s side.”

Chapter 1279:

“Janice...” Leah suddenly broke down, sobbing into Janice’s shoulder. “Before, I didn’t feel much, maybe even a little excited. But now, holding the dress I made for you with my own hands, knowing it’s real, I feel like Aiden has stolen you from me.”

Janice hugged her tighter, her hand patting Leah’s back in comfort. “I get it. Aiden and I are just having a formal ceremony. Nothing between us will really change. And I have a little secret to tell you.”

“What secret?” Leah, nose red and eyes brimming, looked up with a mix of curiosity and desperation.

“I’m pregnant.”

For a second, Leah's jaw dropped, then she erupted into laughter and tears at once, looking utterly ridiculous and utterly adorable. "What? When did this happen? Aiden didn't waste any time, did he?"

"I just found out about a month ago," Janice admitted, chuckling at the absurdity. "Honestly, it blindsided me too. It only happened once, and boom—here we are."

"Talk about hitting the jackpot on the first try! Aiden's got some serious firepower in those genes," Leah exclaimed, wiping her nose with the back of her hand.

Janice shook her head with a smile, staring at the woman who could switch moods faster than flipping a coin.

"Wait!" Leah suddenly shrieked, her eyes darting toward the dress.

"You're pregnant—the dress might not fit! I need to tweak it!"

"No need," Janice said quickly, grabbing her hand before Leah could dash off. "I'm only barely pregnant. My figure hasn't changed yet."

"No way! I have to make sure every measurement is perfect. It can't be tight on you or the baby," Leah said, her face full of serious determination.

Janice burst out laughing, unable to hold it back. "You're fussing more than I am, and I'm the one who's pregnant!"

"You're my best friend. Of course I'm going to fuss!" Without wasting a second, Leah waved over a few assistants, quickly giving out instructions to start adjusting the dress.

Knowing there was no winning against Leah when she had her mind set, Janice let her do as she pleased.

Watching Leah work, she felt a lump rise in her throat—every shimmering crystal, every thread of embroidery was stitched with love and care. It was a masterpiece born not just of talent but of true, heartfelt devotion.

“Janice!” Just then, Sierra came sprinting over, grabbing Janice’s hand in a rush. “Nina needs you at the hotel!”

“What happened?” Janice asked, blinking in confusion. “Is there a problem with the banquet?”

Sierra shook her head, a little breathless. “There is no problem. She’s just throwing a fit over the decorations and needs your opinion.”

“Got it.” Janice let out a soft laugh. “Leah, I’m off to the hotel.”

“Go ahead, don’t worry about me!” Leah waved her away, already deep in the world of sequins and stitches.

Chapter 1280:

Outside, Janice was stunned to see Sierra sliding into the driver’s seat. “Wait, since when did you get your driver’s license?”

“While you all had your hands full,” Sierra said with a proud grin. “You guys have always treated me like a little princess, but I want to pull my own weight too. I might not be a business whiz, but at least I can drive you around.”

She glanced at Janice, her eyes shining with determination. “Janice, let me be your chauffeur on your wedding day, okay?”

“Of course,” Janice replied warmly. “Actually, you could always step in and help your sister run the company.”

Sierra let out an awkward laugh. “I tried... But, well...”

Janice understood instantly. Sierra's heart was too soft, too gentle for the cutthroat world of business.

"It's alright. Follow what lights you up inside. As long as you're happy, that's all that matters."

"I will."

Before long, they pulled up to the Bengal Hotel.

It was decorated, its walls and halls infused with a wedding theme that blended timeless elegance with a touch of modern flair, making the entire place feel like a scene pulled straight from a dream.

Janice sensed the dedication that had gone into setting up the venue.

However, Nina, the lead designer, wasn't entirely pleased. She believed further enhancements were necessary and paused the team's efforts to discuss possible improvements.

"Is something troubling you, Nina?" Janice approached and gently took Nina's hand.

"What's your impression of the decor?" Nina asked, her expression showing her unease. "Though the team has adhered to all the specifications, it feels as if we're still lacking something essential."

Janice scanned the venue once more. The meticulous attention to detail was evident; there was little to fault.

Envisioning herself in her bridal gown, walking towards Aiden in this beautifully orchestrated setting, she felt overwhelmed by its near perfection. "To me, it's already ideal."

"Really?"

Janice smiled reassuringly. “You’re striving for absolute perfection for our wedding, pushing yourself too hard. But I believe that as long as Aiden and I love each other, even the simplest setting can become the most beautiful.”

Those words brightened Nina’s demeanor instantly. “Janice, you always know the right thing to say. You’re right. I shouldn’t get caught up in the little things or overthink it. I just need to decorate it the way I envision, and that will be the best design. I said we lacked something essential—now I realize it’s you and Aiden. Only when the two of you stand here in your wedding attire will everything finally feel complete.”

Motivated by Janice’s feedback, Nina reinvigorated her team, and they resumed work with renewed vigor.

With the wedding scheduled in just two days, time was of the essence.