

Wrath 1281

Chapter 1281:

Nina promised triple pay, spurring the team on to work tirelessly.

Meanwhile, Aiden was buried in his responsibilities at Green Group.

While he was gone, Colson had been managing things in his absence. Although Aiden had entrusted his trusted friend with the responsibility, much work had accumulated—tasks that only he could take care of.

Even as he tackled the accumulating tasks with his usual thoroughness, Aiden finally found a moment of respite after clearing the urgent matters.

“Colson, maybe I should just leave Forest Corp in your hands,” Aiden said, leaning back in his chair, his voice weary. “With everything piling up all at once, it’s enough to drive anyone mad.”

“Please don’t even think about it.” Colson shook his head, a wry smile tugging at his lips. “The only reason I can keep those men in line is because your reputation holds them back. If you handed me the company without standing behind me, those old sharks would tear me apart piece by piece.”

Laughing, Aiden dismissed his own suggestion. Handing over his responsibilities to Colson would surely unsettle Efrery.

The balance of the city hinged on his leadership; any disruption could invite chaos from those waiting for an opportunity.

“Bring in Braylen and Sloane, please,” Aiden instructed.

“Right away, sir!”

Shortly thereafter, Braylen and Sloane stepped into his office. “Mr. Green, did you need something?” Braylen asked, looking slightly confused.

“Have there been any recent disturbances in Efrery? What about any updates from Leonidas?” Aiden asked.

“Things have been quiet here lately,” Braylen responded. “Though there’s an influx of visitors, their backgrounds are clear—nothing unusual.”

Aiden felt a measure of relief at this news. However, the unresolved matter of Leonidas’ whereabouts still lingered in his thoughts, especially with the wedding fast approaching.

“Sloane, how are things looking internationally?” Aiden shifted his attention to Sloane.

“Internationally, the situation is also stable. No significant incidents,” Sloane replied, maintaining a composed demeanor.

Aiden massaged his temples. Despite the apparent calm, he sensed an underlying tension, a hidden current that seemed just beyond his grasp.

“Just remembered—the Mendoza family and Lambert family arrived in Efrery today with quite an entourage,” Braylen suddenly added.

“The Mendoza family and Lambert family?” Aiden raised an eyebrow. Given their alliance with the White family, he wondered about their intentions. “Anything unusual about their visit?”

“They seemed to be here in full force, likely to support your wedding preparations.”

“Got it.” Aiden acknowledged with a nod, dismissing further concern.

He then reached for his phone to call Janice.

As he dialed, a familiar ringtone echoed from the hallway.

Chapter 1282:

"Looking for me?" Janice entered, flashing her phone with a smile.

Surprised, Aiden brightened immediately. "What are you doing here?"

"And why were you calling?" Janice countered playfully, a mischievous glint in her eye, the kind she reserved for moments with Aiden. Noticing the moment, Braylen and Sloane discreetly exited the room.

"I've missed you," Aiden said as he approached and wrapped Janice in a gentle embrace. "Work has kept me away too much lately. Have you been upset with me for that?"

"I've missed you too, which is why I'm here." Janice caressed Aiden's cheek tenderly, her voice soft. "I would worry if you ever shirked your responsibilities just for love. I never want to be the reason you compromise your future."

"How could you ever be a problem?" Aiden responded, shaking his head firmly, his eyes locked on hers. "You're my motivation to push forward."

"Good, that's what I hoped to hear. Let's grab something to eat. You've been working nonstop for so long, I'm sure you haven't had a proper meal." Janice took Aiden's hand. Together, they left the office and made their way to a cozy little eatery.

Choosing a simple yet lively place known for hearty meals, they found themselves among easygoing diners enjoying the casual atmosphere.

The setting helped them unwind and feel more at ease.

"This all feels a bit like a dream, doesn't it?" Janice murmured.

"In what way?" Aiden asked, slightly puzzled.

“Think about it—just a while back, I was ousted from the Edwards family. Then, suddenly, you and I got married,” Janice explained, her tone laced with nostalgia. “I couldn’t have pictured this then. Yet, looking back, it seems our paths were aligned since childhood. Perhaps it was always meant to be.”

Aiden’s expression softened with affection. “Indeed, our lives have been connected for ages. I’m committed to being with you for the rest of our days.”

Such a forthright commitment could overwhelm some, but Janice cherished it as a vow from the man she loved.

“I do have one complaint, though.”

“What’s that?” Aiden looked at her curiously.

Janice smiled playfully and flicked Aiden’s forehead. “You realized you wanted me only after our divorce. Now we have to remarry. Talk about going the long way around.”

Aiden paused, then chuckled ruefully. “You know my history. I was all about work, never much interested in romance. Yet, somehow, you captivated me gradually. Perhaps our shared childhood laid a foundation, quietly pulling me in before I even noticed.”

As he grew to know her better, resisting was futile; he was irrevocably in love.

Janice sighed. “Alright, I’ll let it go. But we’re agreeing now—this is our forever marriage, correct?”

“Absolutely. Just this one marriage for us. I’m here to stay, forever.”

Janice let out a laugh she couldn’t hold back. “Aiden, it’s endearing how out of character these love declarations are for you.”

Chapter 1283:

"I don't mind at all. If it makes you happy, I'll keep saying it," Aiden replied, his affection for Janice clear in his voice. "The more I say it, the sooner you'll get used to it."

"Oh, by the way, did you hear? The Mendoza family and the Lambert family arrived in Efrery today," he said, suddenly shifting the topic. "I heard they brought an entire crowd with them."

"Yes," Janice nodded. "They're our allies now. It makes sense they'd want to prove their worth at the wedding."

Aiden's brow creased slightly, concern evident in his tone. "I can't help but feel uneasy. Despite our alliance, our past tensions linger. I worry they might be plotting something."

"Don't worry over it!" Janice reassured him. "At the moment, the White family and those two families are allies. If anything happens to us, they'll be dragged down with us. As long as they don't act out of character, there's no way they'll turn against us."

Relieved by her confidence, Aiden sighed deeply, deciding not to dwell further on his concerns.

"Relax, Aiden. Our wedding will be spectacular, a day to remember for all time. It will be a celebration that generations will reminisce about."

"Understood."

At that moment, Conley was making his way into a prestigious club.

Guided by an employee, he was ushered into a VIP lounge.

Patton was already there, enjoying a drink. His face brightened as Conley approached. "Please, take a seat," he said warmly.

Conley settled into a chair, his face etched with resolve as he stared at Patton. "It seems you're quite prepared. Yet, have you considered all the potential repercussions?"

With a confident smile, Patton filled a glass of wine and offered it to Conley. "We're cut from the same cloth, Conley. Doubting our decisions now won't change our course."

Conley exhaled deeply and accepted the glass. "Then, we agree on the strategy?"

"Yes. The plan is straightforward—replace all the staff and guests at the wedding with our people," Patton said, his voice low and steady. "Once Aiden and Janice let their guard down, they won't have any chance to slip away."

With a half-hearted chuckle, Conley muttered, "Imagine the resources we're deploying—just to deal with the two of them."

"Yet, those two are important," Patton urged, his gaze growing more intense. "Those two are the backbone of their forces. Without them, the two forces will crumble and no longer be a threat."

"By the way, you and Delilah..." Conley trailed off, his eyes locking onto Patton with an unmistakable knowing look.

Patton's muscles tensed, the flicker of discomfort flashing across his face before he quickly lifted his glass and took a gulp.

"I didn't have a choice." Patton's voice was heavy with a sigh, laced with resignation. "She was just trying to see where we stood. But honestly, I think she's just lecherous."

Chapter 1284:

Conley's sigh was just as resigned, his voice low. "Forget it. Let's chalk it up to bad luck."

"Bad luck? That's a good one. She sticks to me like bad luck. I just can't shake her off, no matter how hard I try. After I slept with her, I still felt dirty."

Conley shifted uncomfortably. “Ahem, let’s not talk about her. Here’s to the battle we’ve got ahead of us tomorrow.”

With that, Conley and Patton abandoned the topic, their glasses clinking as they let go of the tension, sinking into the night’s indulgence.

What neither of them realized was that Delilah, lurking in the shadows, had overheard every word.

Bart sneered, letting out a harsh, mocking laugh. “Delilah, you threw yourself at them, and they couldn’t stomach it. What a humiliation!”

“Shut up!” Delilah snapped, her voice icy and cold as her eyes narrowed. “You remember how I used to serve you, don’t you?”

Bart stiffened, his expression darkening. The mention of their past left a bitter taste in his mouth.

“Alright, alright. No more jabs. We’re in this together, for better or worse. And whether we can flip the script—it all hinges on this one shot.”

Delilah nodded, her eyes blazing. “This is it. This time, we’ll settle scores with Janice and Aiden once and for all.”

Her act of seduction had been nothing but a ruse, a cover to plant a listening device.

She had to be certain they were truly with her, not plotting behind her back.

From their conversation, she could tell their loyalty was real—even their disgust at sleeping with her couldn’t extinguish their burning ambition.

Today was the wedding day of Janice and Aiden.

The air in Efrery was electric with excitement, whispers buzzing about the unprecedented spectacle this wedding would be.

Though most couldn't be there, millions watched the live broadcast, sending their congratulations from afar.

Janice, with her endless aliases and secret identities, had reached an almost mythical status. Her livestream had shattered records, drawing tens of millions of viewers, even eclipsing A-list celebrities. The Bengal Hotel's banquet hall was filled to the brim, guests arriving and settling into their seats, the air thick with anticipation.

"What's with the masks today?" one guest whispered, glancing around. "I heard it's to make the bride and groom stand out. We're all stuck wearing plain white masks, but theirs will be one of a kind. Basically, we're just here to fade into the background."

The guests followed the instructions without question. After all, this was no ordinary wedding.

The most powerful figures in Efrery were in attendance, and nobody wanted to risk offending them.

The emcee took the stage, his white mask as unremarkable as the rest of the crowd's.

"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for joining us today to celebrate the union of Janice White and Aiden Green. They prefer brevity, so the ceremony begins now."

Chapter 1285:

A regal, somber melody filled the room.

All eyes turned to the stage.

A tall man, confident and poised, stepped forward, his golden mask gleaming under the lights, the epitome of luxury.

As the spotlight swept across the room, every head turned. At the entrance stood a stunning woman, her alluring figure impossible to ignore, her face concealed behind an exquisitely carved silver mask.

Gold and silver, standing side by side, mirrored each other in flawless harmony. Against the sea of white-masked guests and emcee, the bride's and groom's masks blazed like stars in the dark.

Amid the crowd, two masked figures fixed their burning gazes on the couple standing on stage, their eyes sharp with unspoken intent. They were grateful for the mask rule—it allowed them to sit in plain view without fear of recognition.

"Bart, is this the moment we've been waiting for all along?" Delilah could barely contain her excitement, her breath quickening. "Is tonight the night we finally make them pay for everything?"

"Yes." Bart raised his glass of red wine, clinking it against hers. "The day we settle the score has come."

"Something doesn't feel right." Delilah's smile faltered, her brows furrowing. "Doesn't this all seem too smooth?"

"It's normal that things are going smoothly," Bart said casually. "Now that Janice and Aiden are in power, this is exactly when they're most likely to let their guard down. With the Mendoza family and the Lambert family switching sides, Janice and Aiden wouldn't notice anything unusual. Most of the guests here are our people, yet they haven't sensed a thing."

"You're right." Delilah, absorbing Bart's words, felt a wave of relief wash over her.

Meanwhile, the ceremony proceeded without a hitch, each step unfolding with precision.

As the moment to exchange rings arrived, the emcee directed the couple to present and place the wedding bands on each other's fingers.

"May these rings bind you together for a lifetime. Let's extend our warmest congratulations to the newlyweds!" the emcee announced. However, his next action was unforeseen—he drew a pistol and pointed it at the couple.

A collective gasp of disbelief rippled through the audience.

“Aiden, Janice, today marks both your union and your demise,” the emcee declared, his face contorting with evil intent. “Be grateful that I allowed your ceremony to conclude. This way, you’ll be dying as a married couple.”

“Who are you?” Janice demanded, her gaze cold as she looked at the emcee. Beneath his mask, only his hate-filled eyes were visible.

“The one to end your lives,” the emcee sneered, ripping off his mask to reveal his wrath-twisted face.

Upon recognizing him, Janice stiffened, taken aback.

“Oliver? This is unbelievable. Do you comprehend the repercussions of your actions?” Aiden’s voice cut through the tension, frosty and sharp. “You’re on the brink of ruining the Payne family.”

Chapter 1286:

Oliver’s laughter was bitter and biting. “What does it matter? They discarded me to the military, ensuring I’d never reclaim my place in the family. They’ve forsaken me. Why should I care for those who’ve shown no concern for me? From now on, my allegiance is to myself alone.”

Aiden, arching an eyebrow, replied sarcastically, “So you claim that your vendetta bears no relation to the Payne family?”

“Exactly,” Oliver retorted. “With your demise, I’ll seize control of your empire and subsequently wage war against the Payne family. I intend to reclaim all that was taken from me.”

Oliver had clearly lost all sense of reason.

He had forsaken his Payne heritage, choosing a path from which there was no turning back.

Minnie had offered him redemption, but he had strayed irreversibly.

“Do you actually believe you can defeat Aiden and me alone?” Janice asked, her voice steady and dismissive. “We orchestrated every aspect of this wedding meticulously, including triple the normal security presence. You’re living in a fantasy if you think you can make a move today.”

“Is that so?” Oliver retorted, a sneer forming as he snapped his fingers. At his signal, many guards previously concealed throughout the venue converged, encircling the hall.

“All these guards are under your command?” A tone of disbelief crept into Janice’s voice as she fixed her gaze on Oliver. “This isn’t just your doing, then. There are others in on this scheme.”

Gradually, Bart and Delilah began clapping, their expressions filled with smug satisfaction. They rose to their feet and looked towards Janice on the stage, their eyes filled with scorn.

“Count us in as well.” Bart and Delilah then removed their masks, revealing faces marred by malice.

Janice’s expression hardened as she faced Bart and Delilah, her eyes icy and lethal. “Let’s end this conflict today, once and for all,” Bart suggested in a subdued tone.

“Indeed, the time has come,” Janice responded, her hand rising to slowly peel away her mask.

As she removed her mask, the revelation of her face left the room in silent shock.

Underneath, her features were exquisite and unfamiliar, not at all those of Janice.

Simultaneously, Aiden removed his mask beside her, showing a face unknown to the others.

“Sloane? Braylen?” Bart exclaimed, recognizing them instantly. “How could it be you?”

“Why not?” Braylen responded coolly. “We devised this intricate ruse specifically to draw you out. However...”

He turned to look at Oliver, his expression one of cold surprise. “Your presence here was also unexpected. Minnie kept your escape from military custody a secret. We all believed you had fled overseas for a quiet existence. Yet, here you are, brimming with aspirations, collaborating with Bart and Delilah in your scheme to target Mr. Green and his spouse. Unfortunately, your cunning was insufficient against Mr. Green and his wife.”

Chapter 1287:

“Curse it! Curse it all!” Bart erupted in fury, his anger evident as the realization of their deception dawned on him. “Where are Aiden and Janice, then?”

“Aiden and Janice are tied up with the wedding ceremony right now—no time for you. And trust me, you won’t get the chance to see them again.” A cold, lethal gleam flickered in Braylen’s eyes, his bloodlust rising.

“You might think you’re tough, but we’ve got the numbers on our side!” Bart sneered, brimming with cocky confidence. But in the blink of an eye, that bravado crumbled.

“Who said you outnumber us?” Braylen’s voice cut through the tension, and in an instant, the security guards flipped their loyalties, now glaring at Bart and his crew.

Bart’s mind raced, his mouth hanging open in disbelief. “What’s going on? Don’t tell me...”

Spinning around in panic, Bart’s eyes locked onto Patton and Conley. “Did you two betray us?”

With slow, deliberate steps, Conley and Patton approached, peeling off their masks with mocking grins. “We were never on your side. Betray you? How could we when we’ve always been loyal to Janice from the start?”

“That’s inconceivable!” Delilah’s eyes burned with fiery disbelief. “You both were in my bed, pretending to be on my team, and I even planted bugs on you. Not a single hint of betrayal, so how...”

“You’ve got some guts!” Conley spat to the floor, disgust flooding his voice. “If I hadn’t needed to get your plans, do you think I would have gone that far? And did you honestly believe we didn’t know about your little bugs? We knew all along, so we used hand signals to warn Janice in secret.”

At those words, Delilah staggered, the weight of them crushing her spirit. “So, you were deceiving me from the beginning? Don’t you crave—”

“Why would I desire such a thing?” Conley sneered, contempt in every line of his face. “The top is a cold, lonely place; I have no interest in it. I’d rather stay a simple guy and avoid all this endless power play.”

Patton clapped Conley’s shoulder, understanding his sentiment without a word. He, too, had no desire for the ruthless climb. “Janice is the pillar of the Lambert family. Without her, I’d never have had the chance to avenge my brother. Do you really think I’d betray someone who gave me that?”

With this unexpected twist, Conley and Patton blindsided Bart and Delilah, leaving them reeling.

They thought their offer was irresistible, but it was nothing compared to the fact that Conley and Patton lacked ambition and remained fiercely loyal to Janice—even willing to sleep with Delilah to deceive her.

“This isn’t right! I won’t accept it! I can’t accept this!” Oliver, his mind unraveling, suddenly raised his gun, aiming it at Braylen and Sloane. “If I’m going down, I’ll drag you down with me!”

But before he could squeeze the trigger, a gunshot echoed through the air, freezing everyone in shock.

They turned toward the noise and saw a figure crouching in the corner.

His cold, razor-sharp features made him unmistakable.

It was Samson.

Chapter 1288:

In that instant, everyone stood in stunned silence. Who could have predicted that Oliver would die at the hands of his own uncle?

Samson exhaled a heavy sigh, a shadow of sadness flickering in his eyes. But had he not acted, the rift between the Payne family and Janice would have torn even wider, jeopardizing the fragile friendship between them.

“Minnie, it’s done.” Samson called Minnie and told her the development, his voice carrying the weight of the moment.

Silence stretched on the other end before Minnie’s voice finally broke through. “Thank you, Uncle Samson.”

At that moment, Minnie sat alone on a beach, watching the newlyweds. Her gaze was a cocktail of longing and envy.

Oliver’s tragic fate unfolded before her. She had once believed that a little kindness might change him, but who could have foreseen that he would nearly tear the Payne family apart for good?

Finally, the entire charade had come to a close.

The ocean breeze swept over the vast shoreline. There were no lavish decorations, only simple, humble arrangements. Friends and family stood by, their faces glowing with joy as they watched the couple before them, united in love.

Janice was draped in a wedding dress, lovingly hand-stitched by Leah. As the breeze caught it, her gown fluttered like the wings of a mythical creature, making her a figure from a fairy tale.

Aiden stood firm, his posture strong like a loyal knight, swearing an eternal vow to shield her from all harm.

Eyes locked, they saw only each other, the intensity of their bond so palpable it seemed to crackle through the very air.

“I’ve waited an eternity for this moment,” Nina cried, her tears cascading down her cheeks. “Even though our decorations were for nothing, Janice was right—when love is real, any place can become a paradise.”

“Nina, perhaps we should redo our wedding?” Alcott joked with a playful grin.

“Oh, come on! We’ve been married forever; that kind of drama is so over-the-top.” Nina shot Alcott a playful glare, though her heart swelled with affection despite her teasing.

Alcott had been through so much and had truly changed. His devotion to her was now unshakable, his love as steadfast as Aiden’s for Janice.

“I think it’s a wonderful idea,” Sierra chimed in, her face lighting up with a wide grin. “When the time comes, I’ll happily be your chauffeur on your special day!”

“Sierra, don’t encourage his whimsical idea!” Nina said, feigning annoyance but with a spark of amusement in her eyes.

Almost everyone in the crowd was a close family member or cherished friend of Janice and Aiden. Leah, Prescott, Costello, Stephen, Wendy, Colson... They were all here to witness the sacred union of the couple.

“Janice, Aiden, please exchange your rings,” Nellie announced, taking her place as the ceremony’s officiant. Her eyes glistened with emotion and relief, thankful she had come to her senses in time to witness this perfect moment. Otherwise, she might have found herself on a much darker path, like Delilah, facing her own reckoning.

At that moment, Sierra felt a piercing gaze upon her. She glanced up and found herself caught in Kenneth’s eyes.

Chapter 1289:

Their gazes locked, and in that fleeting moment, two hearts that had never stirred before suddenly skipped a beat.

In that moment, Aiden tenderly took Janice's hand, slipping a ring onto her finger with the gentlest of touches. "Janice, you are the only one I'll ever love."

Janice's smile softened, her lips curving tenderly as she took Aiden's hand and slid a ring onto his finger. "Aiden, you're the only one I'll ever love, too."

The crowd began chanting for a kiss, urging the couple to seal their vows with love.

Janice's smile was peaceful, her gaze soft and dreamy. Her eyes spoke without words, brimming with a silent longing for Aiden.

He leaned down, pressing his lips softly against hers. Just then, a breeze from the sea swept through, lifting her hair as a beam of sunlight broke through, bathing them in its glow, making the moment feel like a dream.

Glenn and Orson watched the newlyweds, a deep sense of contentment settling in their hearts.

"At our age, to witness the joy of the kids like this... there's nothing more we could ever ask for."

"Absolutely!" Orson agreed with a chuckle. "Now, my only wish is to see their child."

"You took the words right out of my mouth." Glenn chuckled, nodding in agreement.

The two exchanged a knowing glance before bursting into a hearty laugh, their faces glowing with genuine joy.

Janice and Aiden's wedding was livestreamed, connecting their friends and family from all corners of the globe.

Delilah and Bart, watching the joyous couple on the livestream, were consumed with resentment. Their intricate schemes had crumbled into a mere spectacle, a bitter farce.

“Your time has run out,” Braylen said coldly, his voice final as he sealed their fate.

“Aiden, Janice, I curse you both! May happiness forever slip through your grasp!”

“I wish for you to lose everything you hold dear. May you be consumed by endless regret and hatred!”

Delilah and Bart howled their curses at the screen, their voices thick with venom, their fury palpable.

Without a second’s pause, Sloane drew his knife with deadly precision, slashing their throats.

Blood sprayed, and their eyes widened in shock as they crumpled to the floor, disbelief etched on their faces as life slipped away in an instant.

“At last, it’s over.” Conley sighed in relief, but his brow furrowed in confusion. “Wait... did we miss something?”

“It’s Leonidas,” Patton said with a somber expression. “I had suspected Leonidas was the mastermind, but now it seems this whole plan was Bart and Delilah’s desperate retaliation. With Leonidas, things are never that straightforward. So, should I feel relieved—or disappointed?”

“Disappointed about what?” Patton shot Conley a sharp glance. “Don’t say anything foolish.”

“What’s on your mind? I’m just disappointed we didn’t get to finish Leonidas as well.” Conley sighed, his face darkening with concern. “Now that he’s disappeared, who knows when he’ll reappear to cause chaos for us?”

For a moment, an uneasy silence blanketed the room.

They all knew Leonidas was a madman, his next move a complete mystery. Even Janice, with all her strength, would struggle to handle someone like him.

“Let’s not dwell on that now. We should clear this mess and get the wedding banquet underway.”

“Got it!”

Before long, the Bengal Hotel’s banquet hall was reset, its grandeur restored to its pristine, untouched state.

Janice and Aiden wrapped up their beachside wedding before heading back to the Bengal Hotel. The guests, smiles wide, were unshaken by the chaos that had preceded the celebration.

No one mentioned the events that had just unfolded; it was as if Delilah, Bart, and Oliver had never existed at all.

Their deaths were eclipsed by the joy of the celebration, fading into the background and eventually forgotten.

Yet amid all the celebration, a pair of eyes watched the newlyweds from the crowd, seething with venomous hatred.

Chapter 1290:

The wedding unfolded flawlessly. Despite a few minor hiccups, nothing could dampen the immense happiness that filled the air. Every guest showered Aiden and Janice with warm wishes, and the livestream was flooded with congratulatory messages. Even Trenton, who was in Cloverhill, sent a special gift to the couple.

Stephen sat at his table, watching as Janice and Aiden gracefully made their rounds, raising their glasses to guests. His gaze was filled with love and pride.

"I'm sure Mom and Dad are looking down on us, and they'd be overjoyed to see this," he said softly.

"They are." Wendy placed her hand over his and smiled warmly. "What do you say we have a wedding of our own?"

Stephen's eyes widened in surprise. "Wendy, are you serious?"

A radiant smile blossomed on Wendy's face. She reached out and gently tapped Stephen's nose with her finger. "You know I'd never joke about something like this. I used to dismiss the idea of a wedding or even a marriage certificate. I thought being together, free and unbound, was enough. But seeing Janice and Aiden so blissfully happy today, something changed inside me."

A spark of eagerness lit Wendy's eyes. When her gaze met Stephen's, it was filled with unspoken passion. "To some, the ceremony and that little piece of paper might seem like mere constraints. But now, I see it differently. It's the most profound promise we can make to one another. With a grand wedding, we get to show the world just how happy we are."

As Wendy spoke, Stephen's eyes softened with affection. He gently took her hands in his. "I'll support whatever you decide, Wendy. Truth be told, I've always wanted to give you the wedding you deserve. I want the entire world to know you're my wife, my lifelong partner."

A wave of warmth washed over Wendy's heart. She hadn't truly understood the power of such a promise until now. But now, as she felt the weight of Stephen's words, she was filled with an overwhelming sense of fulfillment and security.

Stephen felt equally moved. Wendy's life had been anything but ordinary, yet deep down, she was still a woman who longed to be loved and cherished.

Reflecting on everything they had endured—their battles, misunderstandings, and love—they knew those memories would stay with them forever. Their love story was uniquely theirs, and it would always remain that way. Everything from their past, though touched by chaos, was theirs to keep.

The night descended softly.

After bidding farewell to the last guest, Janice finally made her way back to their room. Aiden, ever considerate, poured her a glass of water. "Janice, have some water and unwind."

Janice took the glass, sipping slowly. "Getting married is exhausting. It's even more tiring than managing JE Consortium."

Aiden stepped behind her, his hands resting gently on her shoulders as he began to massage them. "You've never been one for crowds. Small talk isn't exactly your thing."

"You really do understand me," Janice said, her smile warm. "That's why I only want one wedding."

"Absolutely." Aiden leaned in close to her ear, his voice a soft whisper. "I won't be foolish enough to let you leave me again. I'm keeping you by my side for the rest of my life."