

Wrath 1321

Chapter 1321:

The realization hit her like a cold wave, but before she could process it further, the crowd outside sprang into motion, lunging toward her.

She twisted and ducked, her movements fluid and fast, like a child who'd spent hours at home perfecting her agility. She slipped between grasping hands, evading capture like a wisp of wind.

But there were too many of them. Worse still, burly figures blocked the main exit. If she wanted to escape, she'd have to get past both of them.

Her heart pounded in her chest like a war drum. She was only six. How was she supposed to overpower grown men?

Even if she tried fighting, her tiny fists would probably feel like tickles to them.

Then her gaze landed on a tall boy in one of the rooms. "Roland?" It was Roland Dury. The self-appointed ringleader of the orphanage kids—strong, towering, built like he'd been raised on thunder. If anyone could help her blast through the blockade, it was him.

And if he was here, could the other kids be too? A grim seriousness washed over Nancy. She couldn't abandon her friends here to get sold.

She had to get them out.

"Roland!" Nancy screamed, racing toward him. "Look over here!" Roland turned his head, and the moment his eyes found her, they lit up like a puppy spotting an old friend. "Nancy! You got kidnapped too?"

She nearly tripped. What kind of reaction was that? Was being kidnapped something to be happy about?

“Come over here! Quick!”

“But they won’t let me out,” Roland said, blinking as if he didn’t quite grasp the urgency.

Nancy gritted her teeth. Roland was strong, no doubt—but not the brightest bulb in the shed. Clearly, the traffickers had noticed that too and used it to their advantage.

“Roland! Knock that guy out! If anything goes wrong, I’ll take the blame!”

Something lit up in Roland’s face. He flashed a goofy grin that made the guard in front of him stiffen like a statue.

“Hey, don’t try anything stupid, kid,” the guard warned, shifting his stance. “You’ll regret it.”

“But Nancy said she’d take the blame if anything happened.” With that, Roland lunged forward like a battering ram. The skinny guard barely had time to yelp before Roland slammed into him, sending him flying backward.

“Nice!” Nancy whooped. Roland was a born fighter.

The guard lay sprawled on the floor, wheezing as though he’d been hit by a freight train.

By now, Roland had made it to her side. The others who’d been chasing Nancy had paused, warily circling the two kids.

It was an odd sight—one short, nimble girl and one tall, beefy boy, standing shoulder to shoulder, surrounded by a sea of adults. But while they hesitated, Nancy’s mind spun like a top.

“Roland, listen carefully. When I say ‘charge,’ knock down whoever’s in front of you. Got it?” Nancy instructed.

“But—”

Chapter 1322:

“I’ll take the blame if anything happens!!” she hissed.

That was all the assurance Roland needed. His goofy grin returned like clockwork.

“Argh!”

Roland charged in like a bowling ball, sending the pursuers flying with surprising force.

Though he was just a small kid, his strength was downright monstrous.

“Roland, now!” Nancy urged.

Roland set his sights on the guards blocking the path. He stomped on the floor and charged like a little tank.

The guards blinked in confusion at the sight of a chubby boy barreling at them, then were promptly flattened and tossed aside like bowling pins.

“Ow... my head’s spinning,” Roland mumbled, plopping down and rubbing his temples.

Nancy walked over and gave him a pat on the shoulder. “Nice work. Now, let’s...”

“We can’t go yet,” Roland interrupted, shaking his head and pointing to the closed rooms nearby.
“There are still kids in there.”

Nancy was taken aback and asked, “Roland, tell me honestly—how many of our friends did they take from the orphanage?”

Roland held out his hand and began counting one by one on his fingers, leaving Nancy completely stunned. It became painfully obvious that a shocking number of kids had been snatched from the orphanage. But she couldn’t make sense of it—the orphanage was supposed to be under solid protection.

It was located in the west district—her father’s territory. How did these traffickers manage to sneak in, grab the kids, and vanish without setting off any alarms?

“Enough games, brats,” one of the men growled, now standing tall again with a cruel smirk. “If you behave, this won’t have to get too painful.”

Nancy narrowed her eyes and called out, “Roland, let’s free them together.”

“Okay!” Roland grinned, dropping the counting. “Let’s save them so we can all play together later!”

“Go, go, go!” Nancy yelled, darting forward like a streak of lightning. Roland, charging behind her without any clear direction, barreled through anything—or anyone—that got in his way.

Suddenly, a man stepped in front of Nancy, grinning wickedly as he reached out to grab her. But with a quick twist of her body, Nancy slipped past him with ease. The man’s hand clutched at nothing but air, his eyes wide with disbelief. “What kind of kid moves like that?”

“Nice try! My dad taught me how to deal with creeps like you,” Nancy taunted, sticking out her tongue. She darted into the nearest room, giving the door a hard kick, but it bounced back, forcing her to stumble a few steps.

“Uh... it opens outward,” the guy behind her muttered.

Nancy rolled her eyes, grabbed the handle, and yanked it open instead. Her heart sank the moment she spotted the child inside—another one from the orphanage.

“Come on! We’re busting everyone out!”

“Yeah!”

Nancy had a good reputation with the other children. The moment the kid saw her, his worried face broke into a relieved smile.

Chapter 1323:

“This isn’t playtime!” Nancy snapped. “Let’s go!”

“Right behind you!”

“Go help Roland. Without someone to guide him, he’ll just keep ramming into walls.”

“Got it.”

Nancy let out a quiet sigh. Were those kids really just innocent, or were they just plain stupid? How could they still be smiling at a time like this? She couldn’t afford to relax. She had to stay sharp and make sure every one of them got out safely. Their opponents were adults, and that meant the strength gap was huge. Strategy was the only card she had.

Outside, Roland was still in full bulldozer mode, fighting blindly. At first, he just kept charging forward, but the longer he fought, the more drained he felt.

Fortunately, the kid Nancy had just saved ran up to help and started giving Roland directions, keeping him from wasting his energy. Still, from the way he looked now, Roland didn’t have much left in the tank.

Not wanting to waste another second, Nancy gritted her teeth and dashed into another room.

Thanks to her speed and quick thinking, Nancy managed to rescue another child.

“Nancy! I knew you’d come for me!”

“Jacob? You were taken too?”

Nancy blinked in surprise. It was strange—every kid she found was someone she usually played with.

“Yeah. They tossed a sack over my head and dragged me here,” Jacob said with a carefree grin.

Nancy lightly flicked his forehead. “Why aren’t you scared?”

“Nope. Because I knew you’d come save us.”

Nancy froze for a second, unsure whether to call that kind of faith sweet or foolish.

“Go help Roland, will you?”

“On it!”

With no time to spare, she moved quickly from room to room.

Before long, she had managed to free all the kids from the orphanage. At the same time, Roland had finished fighting. Several adults lay unconscious on the floor, clearly taken down by his brute strength.

“Roland, is everyone accounted for?” Nancy asked.

“Yup,” Roland replied with a goofy grin. “We’re all here. We can head out now.”

Nancy let out a breath of relief, but something didn't sit right. She glanced back at the group of tied-up adults and frowned. It was odd. Even with Roland's strength, there was no way he should've been able to take down that many grown men so easily. The traffickers seemed unusually weak—as if they hadn't even tried to fight back.

"Alright, let's move—"

"Nancy, I'm starving." Roland looked up at her, pouting. "Can we eat something first?"

Nancy blinked at him, speechless. Seriously? After everything, he was thinking about food?

Chapter 1324:

But then again, Roland had burned a lot of energy fighting earlier. Without something to refuel, they might not make it through whatever came next.

"Does anyone have snacks?"

"I do! I brought chocolate!"

"I've got lollipops!"

One by one, the kids pulled snacks from their pockets and held them out to Nancy.

She stared at the pile in her hands, completely bewildered. Even after being kidnapped, they still had snacks stashed away, as if they were on a field trip. Was this some kind of bizarre picnic?

"Alright, Roland, eat up. Once you're good, we'll head out."

"Yay!"

To keep everyone safe, Nancy assigned two kids to stand watch outside. Their task was simple—if any adults showed up, they were to alert her immediately.

She also had a few more kids keeping an eye on the captured traffickers, even though they were already tightly bound. She wasn't about to take any chances.

Meanwhile, Roland sat off to the side, happily eating his meal, completely carefree. The tempting smell of his food made the other kids' mouths water.

"I'm hungry too."

"Then grab something."

"Let's all eat. We'll need the energy to get out of here fast."

And just like that, the kids sat down and started snacking together, fueling up for whatever came next.

Nancy was taken aback when she saw her friends beginning to eat the snacks, their faces full of joy.

"Hey! What do you all think you're doing?" Her voice was filled with disbelief. "Does this look like a picnic spot to you?"

The children glanced up at her, their faces wide with innocence, as if her question puzzled them.

"But we were starving. Those traffickers never fed us."

"You had snacks with you, didn't you?" Nancy felt a dull ache forming at her temples. It was hard enough being six years old, but trying to reason with kids her own age? That was a whole different challenge.

"We did, but those are emergency rations. We only eat those if we're about to die."

The solemnity in their tone nearly knocked the sarcasm right out of Nancy. She blinked, momentarily speechless. How were they even managing to joke in a situation like this?

“Nancy.”

She snapped back to reality, only to have a snack shoved into her mouth.

She was ready to scold the person, but after a bite, she found it surprisingly delicious.

The first bite cracked through her restraint like glass. Suddenly, the ache in her stomach roared to life, no longer content with being ignored.

“Told you it was tasty. I swiped a whole stash behind the director’s back,” Jacob said with a cheeky grin.

Nancy let out a small sigh. “It’s alright, I guess. Still no match for my mom’s cooking. That’s the real deal.”

Chapter 1325:

The moment the words slipped from her mouth, guilt clenched her chest like a vice. She had run away from home. Her own childish stubbornness had led her to this nightmare.

If her parents found out she had been kidnapped, they must be out of their minds with worry.

“Nancy?” Jacob leaned closer, frowning. “Are you crying because it’s that good?”

“Get lost.” She wiped the tears roughly from her cheeks, trying to pull herself together. Her voice wobbled anyway. “I just miss my mom and dad.”

The laughter stopped. Every child in the room turned to look at her. Their smiles dimmed. The silence grew heavy.

“What? Why are you all staring at me like that?” Nancy shifted uncomfortably under their gaze, her stomach twisting again—not from hunger this time.

Jacob gave her a soft smile, though something hollow lingered in his eyes. “You’re lucky, Nancy. Your parents give you everything. They love you. We don’t even remember what our parents look like.”

Her heart sank like a stone. “I’m sorry,” she whispered.

“It’s alright,” said a small girl, shaking her head, her pigtails bobbing. “We don’t have parents, but we’ve got each other. That makes us a family too.”

Nancy blinked back fresh tears. These kids, who had lost everything, still managed to smile. Meanwhile, she had the most precious thing in the world and had thrown it all away because she thought the rules were too hard to follow.

Now she was in such a mess. Her parents must be super worried. She really was a bad child.

“Why are you crying even more now?” Jacob wrapped his arms around her in a clumsy hug.

The others followed, crawling over like a small, makeshift shield around her.

“Thank you,” she whispered, hugging them back tightly. “If I go home, will my parents still want me?”

“Of course they will!” Jacob pulled back just enough to meet her eyes. “They love you. They would never hate you. Ever.”

Even as a toddler, if she so much as pointed at a toy, her parents made sure she had it. They never let her cry for long. Their love had been relentless, comforting, pure.

But somewhere along the way, she had stopped seeing it. Discipline had started to feel like chains.

She had mistaken protection for control. All she wanted was freedom, but she had not realized that outside their arms, the world was jagged and merciless.

It was their love that shielded her. Their patience that kept her path lit. And now, she understood what that love truly meant.

The guilt hit her like a wave, and this time, she did not hold back. Her sobs spilled into the room, loud and unrestrained. "Dad... Mom... I am so sorry. I do not want to fight you anymore. I want to be your good girl again..."

Suddenly, Nancy noticed something and stared blankly at the two kids in front of her. "What are you doing here?"

"To comfort you," one of them replied simply.

"But weren't you supposed to be on lookout?"

Chapter 1326:

Nancy quickly glanced toward the door and saw several people walking in. Their fierce expressions made all the children look fearful. Among the crowd of strangers, Nancy's gaze locked onto a face she would never forget—Khloe. The same woman who had drugged her, the one who had dragged her into this nightmare.

"Regretting your choices now?" Khloe strolled forward with a smirk curling on her lips. She clicked her tongue, her voice thick with mockery. "Too late. Everyone brought here ends up sold—shipped off to some forgotten village or smuggled across borders. Nancy, you will never see your parents again. Maybe when they can't find you, they'll just give up and have another child."

That last line hit like a slap. Nancy barely flinched at the mention of being trafficked, but the thought of her parents giving up and having another child ignited something white-hot in her chest.

Her fists clenched. “I will fight you!” she screamed, lunging at Khloe with wild force. “What are you all standing around for? Fight them! Roland, hurry and get over here! Help us take these guys down!”

Roland wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and gave his belly a satisfied pat. “Just ate my fill.”

The other kids followed Nancy, charging at the adults.

Khloe only laughed. With a lazy wave of her hand, her men stepped in—grim-faced and broad-shouldered, forming a wall of muscle and menace. It was like hitting a brick fortress.

Nancy’s momentum faltered. These men were not like the ones from before. Something about the way they stood—their silent confidence—set alarm bells off in her head. These were professionals.

“Move aside!” Roland shouted, charging straight into the line like a cannonball.

Nancy’s heart skipped. If he could punch through, she could dart through the opening. She was small, quick—slippery.

But that hope shattered in the next heartbeat. One of the men caught Roland mid-charge as though he weighed nothing. The boy kicked, twisted, and thrashed in the man’s iron grip.

“Let go of me!” he yelled, his voice cracking with effort. The man did not even flinch.

Nancy’s breath caught. Her stomach turned cold. This was bad. This was really, really bad.

The remaining children were rounded up, and Khloe had freed the adults who had been bound. The captives’ last hopes of escape quietly withered under the tightening grip of their reality.

“Still scheming your grand escape?” Khloe folded her arms, her eyes narrowing playfully as she studied Nancy.

“No!” Nancy threw her hands up in surrender, her voice tinged with dramatic exasperation. “We are just a bunch of kids. We never stood a chance against you guys. So how about we sit down like civilized people and talk terms?”

“Terms?” Khloe arched a curious brow. “And what sort of terms do you think you are in a position to negotiate?”

“I stay. You let the others go,” Nancy said, her voice steady, eyes sharp with conviction. “They’re orphans. No one will pay ransom for them. But me? I am your golden ticket. My parents would pay more than you can imagine.”

“Are you out of your mind? We leave together, or we do not leave at all!” Jacob burst out, stepping forward, his tone laced with panic.

Chapter 1327:

Nancy rolled her eyes. “You have watched way too many action movies. This is not about bravery; it is about survival. If I stay, the rest of you might actually make it out.”

“I am bigger than you. I am worth more,” Roland chimed in suddenly.

Nancy dragged a hand down her face, groaning inwardly. Roland was living proof that muscles could exist without much mental company. If she hadn’t seen his average intelligence scores herself, she would have sworn he was functioning purely on instinct.

Of course, he was strong—stronger than any of them. But smart? That was still up for debate.

“It is settled. I stay. You go,” Nancy said briskly, brushing Roland’s suggestion aside.

But Khloe was not buying it. A cold glint sharpened her gaze as she stepped closer. “Are you misunderstanding something here?” Her voice dropped, chilling. “I am the one setting the rules.”

Nancy raised her brows, letting out a soft chuckle. “And yet, money calls the shots, does it not? You captured all these kids for money, didn’t you? I can help you get more. Isn’t that great?”

Khloe paused, her smirk fading into a thoughtful silence. “And how, exactly, do you plan to help?”

“I will talk to my parents myself,” Nancy said, sounding far more confident than she felt. “If the request comes from me, they will not hesitate. They will pay anything.”

Khloe scoffed, clearly unimpressed. “Do you seriously believe that? You are a kidnapped minor. The moment you show up asking for money, your parents will have every security agency on high alert. You think they will just hand over cash like this is some charity fundraiser?”

Nancy paused, realizing Khloe wasn’t easy to fool. Still, she tried to negotiate. “You are worrying about the wrong things. As long as I cooperate, they will not come after you. My parents are not reckless—they are desperate for my safety. They will prioritize my life over vengeance.”

She spread her arms as if it were obvious, her expression calm, but her pulse told another story. The children chimed in together, declaring that Nancy was Janice and Aiden’s only child—the kind they would bend over backward for.

Nancy’s eyelid twitched. She wanted to throttle every last one of them. Their over-the-top declarations were going to make the whole act sound like a bad script.

Khloe stared at the girl—still trembling beneath the surface but holding herself like a seasoned negotiator—and smiled faintly. “I refuse.”

“What? But I just told you—I will cooperate!” Nancy’s voice rose in frustration, her fists tightening at her sides.

Khloe casually stepped forward and pinched Nancy’s cheek with mock affection. “Because watching you get flustered is far more entertaining. We already know how much ransom we are asking for. No need to get fancy. All of you are still assets, not individuals.”

Nancy slapped Khloe’s hand away, her eyes narrowing as she studied the woman’s heavily painted face. There was something oddly familiar about her.

“Why are you staring at me like that?” Khloe asked.

Without warning, Nancy lunged forward and wrapped her arms tightly around Khloe. “Run!” she shouted.

For a heartbeat, the kids froze, startled by the sudden outburst—then chaos erupted.

Chapter 1328:

They scattered like startled birds, dashing in every direction while the adults stood stunned, unsure whether to chase or reel in disbelief at Nancy’s bold move. Clinging to Khloe, Nancy grabbed a fistful of her hair and yanked with everything she had.

“Ahhh!” Khloe shrieked, but to Nancy’s surprise, made no attempt to push her away.

Tears threatened to spill, but Nancy bit them back, her voice shaking. “Dad... Mom... I am sorry. If there is a next life, I still want to be your daughter.”

“Cut!” The voice sliced through the chaos like a blade.

The room fell dead silent—everyone frozen in place—except Nancy, who was still locked onto Khloe’s head like a bulldog on a mission.

A large hand reached in and gently held her by the forehead.

Nancy blinked, dazed, and turned slowly. “Dad?”

Aiden stood there, looking torn between guilt and amusement. “Nancy, sweetheart, if you keep pulling like that, Molly is going to need a wig.”

“What?” Nancy blinked again, confused. She glanced over at Khloe, who now wore a sheepish smile and eyes full of apology.

“Nancy, I am really sorry. I said some pretty harsh things earlier. But it was all for the scene, I promise,” Molly said, rubbing her sore scalp.

“What exactly is going on?” Nancy’s mind raced, each scattered detail snapping into place like shards of a broken mirror suddenly mending. The kids—none of them looked afraid. In fact, they stood off to the side munching on snacks, chatting animatedly like it was some sort of backstage party.

“Actually, this was all a play.” From behind the shadows, Stephen stepped forward, his smile warm and disarming.

Nancy blinked. “Uncle Stephen?” Her voice shot up, a blend of disbelief and confusion. “You mean... from the moment I was taken, all of this was staged?”

That explained so much.

If they had really been traffickers, would they have been more ruthless? Sure, they had barked threats and played rough, but not once had anyone laid a hand on her. And if they truly meant harm, controlling a bunch of kids would have been effortless. Yet no one got hurt. Not even close.

“Yes,” Stephen nodded, a sigh escaping his lips. “The entire thing was your mother’s idea. She believes you are too spoiled. She wanted to show you what the world could really be like. So, she pitched the idea, and I directed it.”

He turned to the woman who claimed to be Khloe. “This is Molly—she played the villain. But in real life, she is a friend. We have worked together before.”

Nancy studied Molly’s face with fresh eyes. A slow gasp slipped from her lips. “So you are Molly? The one who used to run scenes with Uncle Stephen? Your makeup skills are insane. I would never have guessed.”

"If you figured it out, how could we keep the act going?" Molly groaned, rubbing the sore spot where her hair had been yanked a little too hard.

Nancy glanced at Molly's tousled strands and the faint scratches lining her cheek. Guilt crept up her spine like an unwelcome chill. "Sorry, Molly. I got a bit too into it."

"It's just acting." Molly offered a crooked grin, brushing off the apology. "I'm a professional, remember? These little scrapes are nothing compared to the stunts I've pulled off before."

Chapter 1329:

"Dad, this is just a scene, right? Not some dream I'll wake up from?" Nancy looked at Aiden with some trepidation, suddenly afraid that everything was only a dream.

"Feeling scared now, sweetheart?" A familiar voice came, making Nancy's eyes well up and her nose tingle, almost bringing her to tears. She turned her head and saw her mother approaching.

Janice was dressed in a long, flowing white gown. Her hair spilled over her shoulders, catching the light with every step. Her cool, composed gaze melted as it met Nancy's, overflowing with concern and tenderness.

"Mom!" Nancy slipped free from Aiden's arms and bolted toward Janice.

Aiden watched quietly, the corners of his mouth tugging downward. That bond between them was unshakable. Janice had been the steady presence all those years.

Janice lifted Nancy effortlessly. A playful smile curved on her lips. "Still planning to run away from home?"

Nancy shook her head with fierce determination. "No!"

"This scene was cruel, you know." Janice's smile faltered slightly, shadows brushing the edges of her eyes. "You are only six. A child your age should be chasing butterflies. But being our daughter means your world may not always be peaceful."

"I understand, Mom," Nancy whispered, curling closer into her arms. "I used to think everything was safe. I never imagined things could go wrong. But now I get it. I had the freedom to play, to be wild, to dream... only because you and Dad stood guard behind the scenes. I thought I was trapped, but you were shielding me all along. I am so sorry."

Tears brimmed in her eyes, glistening like morning dew. In that moment, the weight of understanding settled on her small shoulders. Freedom was not free—it was borrowed, guarded, and gifted. And this scene—thankfully—had only been a performance. Had it been real, she might not have had the chance to say these words at all.

"Aiden," Janice called as she passed Nancy back into his arms. He patted her back with a steady hand. "If you're tired, you can rest on my back."

"Okay."

After all the commotion, Nancy was indeed tired. Aiden carried her on his back, his broad and sturdy frame giving her a sense of security. Within moments, she was fast asleep, her small breaths slow and even.

"Thank you all for your patience. My daughter's little rebellion made you step out of your routines and into this charade with us. I am truly grateful." Janice turned to the gathered group, her tone gracious. "As appreciation, White Whale Entertainment will prioritize each of you in future projects."

That got their attention. Eyes lit up. Whispers of disbelief rippled across the room.

They had expected a fun acting gig, maybe some exposure—but preferential treatment from White Whale Entertainment? A golden ticket.

White Whale was not just a company anymore—it was an empire. Under Stephen's direction, it had propelled Maggie and Molly into stardom like rockets fired into the stratosphere. Now it was their turn to dream bigger.

"Please coordinate the follow-up." Janice turned to Stephen.

Stephen gave a slight nod, his eyes lingering on the sleeping Nancy.

“After this, I doubt she will be as defiant.”

Chapter 1330: (END)

“Let us hope,” Janice murmured, her voice softening.

Aiden caught the dip in her mood and reached for her hand, lacing his fingers with hers. “I know what you’re thinking. But if we keep her shielded from everything, she will crumble the moment life gets harsh. It’s better she understands a little now—even if it hurts.”

“Aiden, what if we disappeared for a while?” Janice looked up at him, a thought clearly tugging at her. “We have laid the groundwork. The businesses are running fine without us. Why not give Nancy a few years of peace—pure, untouched childhood?”

“If that is what you want, then I will make it happen.” Aiden understood where Janice was coming from.

She had grown up with nothing—no mother, no father. Just cold nights and colder silences.

She had always dreamed of giving her child what she never had: a home steeped in warmth and filled with love. But the Green and White families carried long histories—and enemies with longer memories. Even when their watchful eyes stayed hidden, Nancy had sensed it. She had felt the invisible walls. And like any bird born in a gilded cage, she had longed to fly.

Janice understood that yearning all too well. That was what had made orchestrating this entire scene so painful—but so necessary.

And slowly, as time wore on, Nancy stirred.

When she opened her eyes and saw Janice and Aiden standing by her side, a radiant smile broke across her face. “Mom! Dad!”

Janice reached out and gently brushed a hand over Nancy's hair. "How was your nap, sweetheart?"

Nancy gave an eager nod, her face still glowing. "It was good! I even had a dream that you and Dad took me to an amusement park. Roland and Jacob were there too, and it was so much fun."

Janice shared a glance with Aiden. He smiled warmly, then bent down and swept Nancy into his arms. "Well then, I will take you to the amusement park right now."

"What?" Nancy blinked, her smile faltering. A pout tugged at her lips. "Is it that same old amusement park next to the orphanage again?"

Aiden chuckled, shifting her so she could ride on his shoulders. "Look around. Where do you think we are?"

Nancy lifted her head, her gaze drifting ahead. Then her eyes widened, lips parting in astonishment. "This is the Ocean Kingdom! Is this real? Am I dreaming?"

"It is real!" Aiden replied, his voice full of warmth.

"But the Ocean Kingdom is in Florida..."

Janice stepped beside them, her hand resting gently on Nancy's back. "Yes. And we are in Florida now. We will be living here for a long time."

Nancy froze. She stared at both of them, then slowly, she pinched her cheek—hard. "Ow! Okay, it's not a dream. But how did I end up in Florida after just one nap?"

"Don't overthink it. Let's go have some fun!" Aiden laughed and started running, Nancy bouncing lightly on his shoulders as he took off.

Janice stood still for a moment, watching them disappear into the shimmering sunlight. The warm glow bathed her face, and her eyes softened with emotion. In that moment, she saw a glimpse of the angel she had once drawn as a child, enveloping her new family in a golden embrace.

Finally, she had a family.

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The end.