

Wrath 211

Chapter 211:

“Don’t let this manipulative woman fool you. Her kind specializes in wrapping innocent girls like you around their finger. Keep your distance if you know what’s good for you,” one of the fanatics sneered, her voice dripping with condescension. “Say that one more—”

Time!” Sierra’s hands balled into fists, rage coursing through her veins like liquid fire as she fought the urge to launch herself at the speaker.

But Janice’s gentle touch anchored her in place. Rising with the fluid grace of a dancer, her posture remained deceptively relaxed. Yet there was something in her eyes—a glacial indifference that sent invisible shivers down spines, causing even the most vocal critics to retreat a step.

“I’m curious.” Janice’s voice drifted through the air like a nightingale’s song, deceptively gentle yet razor-sharp. “You claim I plagiarized your new song. Where’s your proof? Words are nothing but wind without substance behind them. If you can produce anything that predates the recording in this video, I’ll not only offer my immediate apology, but I’ll also grant you access to premium industry resources. Free of charge.”

Though barely above a whisper, her challenge struck Carman like a thunderbolt, making his blood run cold.

Evidence?

He had no evidence.

Every draft, every scribbled note betrayed him, their dates damning testimony to his deception.

“I was just experimenting with melodies back then. You must have caught fragments of it, stored them away, and twisted them into this piano piece.” The lie felt heavy on his tongue as cold sweat trickled down his spine, betraying his facade. Beads of moisture dotted his forehead like guilty tears.

“Carman, why do you seem so guilty?” Vernon’s voice cut through the tension with razor-sharp amusement. “Look at you! Drenched in sweat. Could it be there’s no evidence to back your grandiose claims?”

Doubt spread through the crowd like ink in water, seeping beyond the wall of devoted fanatics.

Critical minds began picking apart the holes in Carman’s narrative, each inconsistency widening the cracks in his carefully constructed facade.

If Carman had possessed this inspiration from the start, why had he lurked in the shadows until now? More telling still, his new song mirrored Janice’s piano piece with unmistakable precision.

The audience couldn’t deny what their ears told them; the piano piece resonated with greater beauty. Carman’s rendition, despite its polished effects, had stripped a pure melody of its soul, leaving behind something ordinary.

“I’m a music student, and it’s obvious Carman is lying. If he really had the framework of this piece, he wouldn’t have arranged it like this. It’s like trying to replicate a masterpiece and ending up with a cheap knockoff. How can the original be worse than the imitation?”

“Exactly! Carman’s song is decent, but after hearing the piano version, it’s clear he missed the essence of the original. His version feels shallow and lacks depth.”

As the controversy spread, musicians and critics joined the discussion, analyzing both Carman’s song and Janice’s piano composition.

Chapter 212:

Their verdict was unanimous: Carman’s song couldn’t hold a candle to Janice’s piece, and it bore all the signs of plagiarism.

“Carman, if you can’t produce evidence to back your claim...” Janice began, her voice calm but laced with subtle authority.

“Evidence?” Carman snapped, his jaw tight. “You’re asking me for evidence? Where’s yours, Janice? Can you prove that piece is actually yours?”

Janice shrugged, an amused smile flickering across her face. “That was an impromptu composition, Carman. The video of me playing it is all the evidence I need.”

“That’s ridiculous!” Carman’s voice rose, his anger boiling over. “You can’t just claim a video as proof. How do we even know this piece is original? For all I know, you copied it from somewhere else!”

Janice’s expression didn’t waver. “Even if that were the case, the date on my video predates your song’s release. And why don’t you go ahead and search the internet? If you can find even one other piece that matches it, I’ll concede.”

Carman faltered, his mind racing. The timestamp on Janice’s video was a glaring problem. If no similar composition existed online, her claim would be undeniable. Panic started to show in his eyes.

“Who says there isn’t another one?” Yvonne stormed in from backstage, her face set with determination and anger.

Carman’s face lit up with relief the moment Yvonne entered the room. “Yvonne! Do you have a plan? Please, tell me you’ve got something.”

Yvonne shot Carman a withering glare, her disappointment evident. She wanted to scold him for the mess he had dragged them into, but now wasn’t the time. Their fates were intertwined, and if the ship sank, neither of them would survive.

The crowd’s attention turned to Yvonne, and the tension in the room was palpable.

Everyone knew who she was: Yvonne Byrd, Carman’s shrewd manager.

His rapid ascent to stardom wasn’t just about his talent; it was the result of her strategic brilliance.

“Janice, that’s Yvonne Byrd, Carman’s manager. I’ve heard she’s incredibly clever. Who knows what kind of tricks she’ll pull?” Sierra said with worry.

“Let her try,” Janice remained composed, her voice calm and steady. “I promised to get justice for you, Sierra. There’s only one outcome here, and it won’t favor them.”

Sierra’s worry began to fade, replaced by admiration. She gazed at Janice, her eyes sparkling with awe.

Janice’s confidence was magnetic, the kind of unshakable poise that had drawn Sierra to her in the first place.

It was that very aura that had given Sierra the strength to defy her mother, inspired by Janice’s ability to face any challenge with effortless certainty.

Sierra let out a quiet sigh. For someone as extraordinary as Janice, it was heartbreaking to think about the sacrifices she had made for the Edwards family. She had willingly clipped her wings to accommodate them, all because of how much she valued her family.

Now, seeing Janice free from their grasp, Sierra could tell the experience had left deep scars. The pain Janice had endured was undeniable, and it made Sierra’s resentment towards the Edwards family burn even hotter.

Chapter 213:

Nearby, Vernon observed Janice’s calm and composed demeanor, his eyes glinting with admiration. He had been ready to intervene and confront Yvonne, but seeing Janice’s steady confidence, he realized it wasn’t necessary.

Janice wasn’t just stunning; her strength, intelligence, and poise made her genuinely formidable.

“Your piano piece is plagiarized,” Yvonne fixed her piercing gaze on Janice. “And the person you plagiarized from is none other than the legendary music icon, RAIN.”

The room erupted in murmurs, the mention of RAIN’s name shocking everyone into disbelief.

“Plagiarize from RAIN? That’s impossible!”

“RAIN is a legend, famously elusive, always performing in disguise. Even at the royal court banquet, she wore a mask to hide her identity.”

“Does she think RAIN’s mystery means she’s not popular? RAIN isn’t just a musician; she’s a symbol of perfection in the industry.”

Carman turned to Yvonne, his expression a mixture of confusion and surprise. He hadn’t imagined Janice’s name being tied to the legendary RAIN in any way.

“Don’t speak. Let me handle this,” Yvonne whispered in his ear. “You’ve been accused of plagiarism. Right now, the only way out of this mess is to shift the narrative. If we can redirect the fans’ and public’s anger onto Janice, you might still have a chance. Otherwise, your music career is over.”

Carman’s heart pounded as he nodded. “Fine...”

Yvonne turned to Janice with a sneer, her voice cold and commanding. “Janice, you’ve been hiding behind your so-called originality, but your piano piece bears a striking resemblance to the style of none other than RAIN.”

With a snap of her fingers, Yvonne signaled the backstage crew. Moments later, the room filled with the hauntingly beautiful melody of RAIN’s famous piece, “Redemption.”

The composition had been performed at a royal banquet, and its haunting melody was revered by musicians everywhere. Many tried to master it, admiring its intricate beauty.

As the music played, murmurs rippled through the audience. Upon closer listening, Janice’s piano piece did share certain similarities with “Redemption.” But to call it plagiarism was a stretch.

Sharing a style wasn’t enough to definitively prove theft, and most knew that.

However, Yvonne's intent wasn't to present concrete proof; it was to sway public opinion and solidify the accusation in people's minds.

"Janice, of all the people you could plagiarize, why did it have to be RAIN?" Carman said, his voice suddenly firm as he stepped forward. "She's not just a musician; she's an..." idol to all of us. Her musical genius is unparalleled, and even legends like Nolan Fletcher admire her. Plagiarizing her is more than theft; it's a slap in the face to our entire musical community.

Immediately, the narrative online turned against Janice. Musicians, fans, and critics alike began condemning her.

Even if her composition merely resembled RAIN's style and didn't qualify as outright plagiarism, the mere suggestion was enough to spark outrage. No one would tolerate such a violation of their idol.

Chapter 214:

"RAIN is a legend, a symbol of everything we strive for. I won't stand by and let anyone tarnish her legacy."

"This is beyond outrageous! Janice is taking on the entire music industry."

"I've compared both pieces again and again. Unless Janice is RAIN, which is ridiculous, this is obvious plagiarism."

The idea of Janice being RAIN, the most enigmatic figure in the music world, was laughable to them. How could someone so mysterious, so untouchable, possibly be standing in this room?

As the hostility mounted, Yvonne and Carman exchanged a victorious glance, their plan to redirect the blame successfully in motion. But just as their triumph settled in, a soft chuckle broke the tension.

Janice let out a quiet sigh, brushing a strand of hair behind her ear. "What if I told you I am RAIN?"

Her words landed like a thunderclap, plunging the room into stunned silence.

“Impossible!” The word exploded from Carman’s lips, his face contorted with unbridled fury. “How could a worthless nobody like you be RAIN? Since RAIN is known for being mysterious and avoiding the spotlight, you thought you could just slip into her identity, didn’t you?”

A cruel smile played across his lips as he savored his own perceived cleverness. “Janice, your behavior is truly disgusting. But impersonating RAIN, of all people? You’re practically begging for consequences.”

His words sparked a wildfire through the crowd, and soon a chorus of accusations engulfed Janice.

“She must be completely deranged to pretend to be RAIN! And the way she carried herself so confidently... I almost fell for her act.”

“Everyone knows RAIN is Carman’s idol. His work is filled with tributes to her. No wonder he’s livid.”

“If you’re really RAIN, where’s your proof?”

The atmosphere grew thick with contempt as the crowd’s collective gaze bore into Janice.

To them, RAIN was more than just a name; she was a legend, an untouchable icon that no ordinary person could dare to emulate. Yet amidst the storm of scorn, Janice stood unwavering, a portrait of serenity. To her, their reactions were nothing more than a passing amusement.

After all, people had a peculiar way of clinging to their chosen beliefs.

“Nothing to say for yourself, Janice?” Carman pressed, her silence only reinforcing his conviction. “You, a disgraced exile from the Edwards family, think you could pass as RAIN? It’s beyond delusional. RAIN isn’t just precious to countless others; she was my first true mentor in music.”

As the last words left his lips, Carman’s eyes grew distant, lost in the corridors of memory.

He saw himself back in high school, a timid soul who shrank from the world around him.

Though born as the Edwards family's second son, a position that should have commanded respect, Carman's timid nature made him an easy target.

Chapter 215:

His world changed one afternoon during yet another encounter with his tormentors. Through the hallways, a piano melody seemed to ignite a spark within him, awakening... him instantly. In that moment, everything changed. The fear that had ruled him melted away.

Inspired by the lingering notes of that soul-stirring piece, he finally found the courage to stand up for himself. His bullies, caught off guard by this unexpected resistance, soon found themselves defeated.

He stood there, a smile crossing his face, not of malice, but of newfound strength.

That pivotal moment set his course. Music became his guiding star, his purpose. He vowed to reach the heights of the music world, knowing it was the only way to draw closer to the source of his salvation.

"Janice, are you really RAIN?" Sierra's voice cut through the tension, her eyes filled with uncertainty.

"Do you believe me?" Janice turned to her with a gentle smile.

Sierra paused for a moment, then nodded with pure conviction. "If you say it, then I believe you."

Gazing at Sierra's innocent face, Janice reached out and gently ruffled her hair. "Sierra, you are simply precious."

A rosy blush painted Sierra's cheeks at the compliment. "It's just because you have such a kind heart, Janice. Everyone else always saw me as nothing more than a spoiled, unreasonable girl."

Janice's heart softened, knowing full well how remarkable it was that Sierra had preserved such purity of spirit within the stifling confines of the Ramirez family. "To me, you're a brave soul who dares to chase her dreams."

"Janice..." Sierra's eyes welled with emotion.

The words struck deep. She'd grown accustomed to harsh reprimands from her family, constantly labeled as defiant and troublesome.

But here, with Janice, she was celebrated for her courage, her spirit praised rather than condemned. This acknowledgment, the first of its kind she'd ever received, only strengthened her conviction. Breaking free from the gilded cage of the Ramirez family had indeed been the right choice.

"Why aren't you saying anything, Janice? Are you ashamed that your little scheme didn't work? Ha! Just wait until RAIN's fans start attacking you." Carman's face twisted into a sneer of utter disdain.

Yvonne, who had been standing to the side, seized the opportunity and added fuel to the fire. "I have no idea why you pretended to be RAIN, but none of your reasons change the fact that you plagiarized RAIN's work. The public's outrage is more than justified. I hope you do the right thing and apologize to RAIN's fans and the online community in general."

It was all the incitement the crowd needed. They proceeded to raise their fists and chant the word "apologize" over and over again.

Vernon was at a loss. The situation was rapidly spiraling out of control. What could he do to resolve this misunderstanding? For his part, he firmly believed that Janice was RAIN. He had heard from Leah that Janice was a polymath with remarkable accomplishments in almost every field imaginable.

He had no reason to doubt her claim to be RAIN.

Besides, given Janice's status, why would she stoop to such a lowly level and impersonate another person? If she said she was RAIN, then it must be true.

Chapter 216:

But how should he deal with the current problem? Carman's fans could be alarmingly obsessive, and times like this tend to send them into a frenzy.

Out of nowhere, a voice called out and broke through the chaos. "I can prove it!"

Everyone turned in the direction of the voice, and they were greeted by the sight of Nolan walking over, looking dapper and debonair in his tailored black suit.

"Nolan Fletcher!" Yvonne's brows furrowed in obvious bewilderment. "What is he doing here?"

"Is this your doing, Yvonne?" Carman asked in a low voice. "I refused to collaborate with Nolan last time. Did he come here to settle the score?"

Yvonne shook her head, her expression grim. "No, I didn't invite Nolan at all. I wasn't expecting him to attend the event."

Carman was taken aback by her answer, then a look of panic crossed his face. "Did Janice invite him to back her up? He did just say he can prove that she is RAIN!"

"Be quiet and let me handle this." Yvonne took a deep breath and plastered a smile on her face before stepping forward to greet Nolan. "Mr. Fletcher! What a surprise."

"What brings you here? Is it about the collaboration proposal with Carman?"

"Nonsense!" Nolan snapped and sneered at her. "Why would I want to collaborate with a plagiarist?"

His minor outburst upset not only Yvonne but also Carman's fans.

"What's with that old man? Did he come all the way here just to insult Carman? He's stirring up trouble!"

“Where is security, anyway? Someone, call the guards and get him out of here before he causes another ruckus!”

“Are you all out of your minds? This is Nolan Fletcher, the internationally renowned composer. He collaborated with Carman at the Castle Shopping Center event.” Someone from the audience recognized Nolan and quickly educated the others about his credentials.

This was understandably met with a gasp of shock, followed by a long moment of stunned silence.

Nolan approached Carman with his hands clasped behind his back. “I used to think that you had a gift, but it turns out you were projecting someone else’s talent. Do you have nothing original to offer besides the works you copied?”

All the color drained from Carman’s face. “Aren’t you being a bit much, Mr. Fletcher? What do you mean by calling me a plagiarist? You have no evidence to support your accusations.” He turned to Janice and pointed at her. “She is the plagiarist here. She copied something of RAIN’s, of all people! Mr. Fletcher, you’re a fan of RAIN, aren’t you? Why are you defending her when she has disrespected your idol like this?”

Nolan glanced over at Janice and gave her a polite smile. There was a kind of muted reverence in his gaze as he nodded slightly at her.

Janice raised her eyebrows. Had the old man recognized her? Why else would he be treating her this way?

She was still mulling over this possibility when Nolan spoke again.

Chapter 217:

“I understand the situation. Neither of you has any solid proof that the other has plagiarized someone else’s work. Why don’t we do this instead? As a neutral party, I will be overseeing things. I suggest that you two have a showdown right here, right now.”

The crowd buzzed with excitement at the suggestion, their voices overlapping in a wave of enthusiasm.

“Amazing! A showdown! I love it!”

“This is thrilling! Finally, we’ll see who the real copycat is.”

“Carman, just say yes and teach this shameless woman a lesson!”

The fans’ energy surged as they cheered Carman, urging him to accept the challenge.

But beneath their excitement, Carman resisted the idea, both mentally and physically.

It was as if he instinctively knew he couldn’t outshine Janice. Or perhaps, deep down, he had already admitted to himself that his past successes owed more to her guidance than he cared to admit.

“Fine. I’ll accept for Carman,” Yvonne suddenly said.

“Yvonne?” Carman spun around, his heart sinking. It felt like she had just pushed him straight into the fire.

Yvonne gave him a sharp look and whispered firmly, “This is your chance. If you beat Janice, you’ll bury the plagiarism rumors and take your fame to the next level.”

Carman pressed his lips tightly, a strong sense of rejection rising within him.

Yvonne’s voice dropped further, tinged with a challenge. “What’s wrong? Are you scared? Or is it that you can’t create anything without someone else’s help?”

“How is that even possible?” Carman snapped, irritation crackling in his voice. “It’s just a showdown. I’ll accept it.” He turned sharply to Janice. “Do you dare?”

Janice rolled her eyes, her tone heavy with sarcasm. “Carman, are you seriously challenging me? Do you honestly believe you’re some musical prodigy?”

Carman’s face paled, but he forced a reply. “Whether I’m a genius isn’t for you to decide. Just say it. Are you in or out?”

“Alright, I’ll play,” Janice said with a casual shrug, her agreement effortless. She then threw Nolan a pointed glance. Nolan awkwardly rubbed his nose, avoiding her gaze. It was clear his little plan had been exposed.

He was supposed to confirm Janice’s identity directly, but instead, he had stirred up this drama just to see Janice—or rather, RAIN—perform live.

The last time he met Janice, she had granted him permission to perform “Reborn,” which he eagerly studied as soon as he returned.

After endless comparisons and careful observations, Nolan was absolutely certain now—Janice was RAIN.

His original plan was to meet the legend privately, but the news of her confrontation with Carman changed everything. He dashed over, determined to back her up.

The showdown was a last-minute decision, as hearing RAIN improvise live was a rare opportunity.

Chapter 218:

“Go, Janice! Show Carman what real genius looks like!” Sierra cheered, her fists pumping the air, unable to contain her excitement.

Janice gave a cool nod and walked towards the stage with unwavering confidence.

Vernon's heart pounded in his chest as she passed. Up close, her beauty and commanding aura were breathtaking.

While Vernon was thrilled, Carman was a bundle of nerves, his thoughts a jumbled mess of panic and doubt.

Suddenly, Yvonne gripped his hand with urgency, her sharp gaze locking onto his. "Carman, this is your moment. Own it, or we're both finished. Seriously, isn't she just a nobody? Stop overthinking. Give it your all, and you'll crush her."

Carman's eyes lit up as he steeled himself for the challenge. Janice was just a failure, a piece of trash cast out by the Edwards family.

On the other hand, he had produced many hit songs on his own over the years.

He was more than capable. What was there to fear?

"I can do this," Carman muttered, peppering himself up, and his gaze hardened. "I'll give it my all."

The showdown between Carman and Janice took the concert's excitement to a whole new level. Fans and musicians alike rushed to the live stream.

The brands that threatened to drop Carman were also watching the outcome of the showdown, as it would determine their next move.

If Carman won and disproved the accusations against him, he wouldn't lose their support. Otherwise, he'd lose everything. The showdown, to say the least, could either make or break him.

Shortly after, a piano was brought to the stage.

Carman and Janice locked eyes as they stood beside it, the air heavy with tension.

But between the two, Carman was the only one who looked nervous. Janice, on the other hand, stood confidently and didn't seem pressured at all.

"Why are you doing this, Janice?" Carman hissed, shooting her a side-eye. "How pathetic of you to use such underhanded tactics to get back at me. Where's your dignity?"

Janice glanced over her shoulder at him and sneered. "Tell me, Carman. When did you start thinking of yourself as a genius? Was it when you racked your brain for a new song and conveniently heard a melody nearby, or during those restless nights when a tune suddenly came to you?"

The color drained from Carman's face, and he retorted with a shake of his head, "Shut up! Know your place, Janice. You're nothing but a pitiful outcast. If you admit defeat and leave, I'll let your arrogance slide. I might even give you some money."

Ignoring his lofty proposal, Janice brushed her fingers over the piano keys and raised an eyebrow at him. "Will you go first, or shall I?"

Before Carman could respond, she continued, "Oh, right! If I don't play first and demonstrate it for you, you won't have a reference for your performance, will you?"

Carman's jaw clenched. Not wanting to be belittled, he declared, "I'll go first."

"Well then, please do us the honor," Janice said with a goading smile, gesturing to the stool.

Chapter 219:

The cameras and the audience were all focused on Carman as he sat before the piano.

Despite the cold sweat beading on his forehead and dripping down his spine, he had to prove himself under everyone's watch.

"You can do it, Carman! Give her a slap in the face with your performance!"

"I can't believe I'm about to witness Carman's impromptu performance. I'm so lucky!"

"This is exciting! I wonder what impromptu piece he'll play for us."

Anticipation buzzed in the crowd.

But Carman's hands remained at his sides as he sat before the piano, uneasiness written across his face.

"What's going on? Why isn't he playing? Is improvisation really that hard?"

"Of course. Improvisation is harder than playing a finished piece. Give him some time."

"But he's been sitting on that stool for a while now. He's running out of time. We'll be waiting half a day if he doesn't come up with anything soon."

Doubtful and concerned murmurs rippled through the crowd.

As pressure permeated the concert hall, Carman's fingers hovered over the keys, his expression tense as the first notes filled the room.

"What kind of nonsense is that?"

After a moment, the initially thrilled faces of the fans began to stiffen.

Though they were dedicated followers of Carman, they were not without wisdom. The piece Carman played on the piano began to sound eerily familiar. Upon closer inspection, it was a medley comprised of his previous hits.

Essentially, he had taken segments from each of his popular songs and stitched them together into the piece he was now performing.

“Is this supposed to be original?”

“Isn’t this just a musical collage?”

“Oh my God! Is Carman really just an entertainer and not a true composer?”

Doubts crept in among many fans, their expressions clouded with confusion.

They started to question what they had been admiring all these years.

“It’s beautiful!”

Despite the circumstances, there were still fans cheering for Carman, loyally and without question.

“Carman, your music is magnificent! Even if it resembles your earlier work, it’s still a product of your creativity, right?”

“Absolutely! Carman is incredible. This is artistic improvisation. It requires talent to blend your own hits like this.”

Sierra was dumbstruck by the unwavering loyalty of these fans. “This is absurd! Are they calling this improvisation? Why not have him play RAIN’s composition instead?”

Vernon also taunted, looking at Carman with hate. “So, this is the extent of your talent?”

He then turned to Yvonne, whose expression was one of intense irritation. “Really? This is the leading original artist your label is pushing. Ha, it feels more like you’ve been marketing a joke.”

Chapter 220:

Yvonne's frustration was noticeable, veins throbbing in her neck, yet she managed to keep her anger in check. "Mr. Lopez, do you see an issue with Carman's performance? If Janice doesn't improve her performance, it will prove that she plagiarized."

Suddenly, a spark returned to Carman's otherwise dull eyes. "Exactly! I'll admit that my improvisation skills are only average, but that doesn't mean I'm not the one who created those hit songs."

Holding firmly to this stance ensured his invincibility.

Even amidst controversy, it wouldn't be enough to ruin his reputation completely.

"Carman, are you still deceiving yourself?" Janice approached, radiating a regal presence that took Carman aback.

"Janice, you're the real loser here! If you're so skilled, why don't you perform for us?" Carman said.

Janice simply shook her head and gracefully seated herself at the piano. Casting a dismissive glance at Carman, she said, "Very well. Let me demonstrate what a true performance is." With that, Janice lifted her hands and then let them drop onto the black and white keys.

A cascade of powerful notes resonated, capturing the room's attention.

All eyes watched as Janice's nimble fingers flew over the keys, incorporating a complex tapestry of sound.

The music that emerged was intense and electrifying, sweeping through the room like a raging flood.

Nolan was visibly moved, his voice trembling as he spoke. "This is RAIN's technique, emotions as the base, the piano as the tool, channeling her deepest feelings into the music."

He shut his eyes, immersed in the music that surged with both fury and thrill as if a lion roaring against the world's wrongs. Carman's earlier skeptics were now utterly dumbfounded by Janice's mastery.

Even his most determined supporters found themselves at a loss for words.

That was what true talent looked like.

Reluctantly, they had to admit.

With overwhelming strength, she had rendered them all speechless.

Viewers around the world held their collective breath as they watched the live stream, eager not to miss even a single note. At the same time, Aiden, confined to his wheelchair, watched Janice's performance on his smartphone. His eyes shimmered with emotion, and without realizing it, a subtle smile graced his lips.

The woman at the piano dominated the scene like a queen ruling over her court. Each note she struck seemed to obey her commands, creating an enchanting melody.

Her graceful movements and expressions, enhanced by the music, took on a nearly divine aura.

Aiden found himself fidgeting with his worry beads, an attempt to soothe the surge of feelings within him.

He had come to realize that the more he discovered about Janice, the deeper and more mysterious she became. Previously, Braylen had looked into three individuals closely associated with Janice.