

Wrath 251

Chapter 251:

"Miss, please don't make this difficult for us," one of the bodyguards implored. "If we don't bring you back, your mother will have our heads."

"What does this have to do with me? I've already made it clear to my mother that I won't return. Let go, or I swear, I'll bite you!" Sierra declared, her voice ringing with defiance. Yet, the bodyguards stood their ground, unmoved by her threats.

Moments later, Sierra opened her mouth wide and sank her teeth deeply into a bodyguard's hand.

"Ah!" The bodyguard cried out, the sharp pain catching him completely off guard. Sierra's bite was ferocious and unexpected. The bodyguard, taken aback, had never anticipated such a primal response from the heiress of the Ramirez family.

"I warned you, I'd bite!" Sierra exclaimed, seizing the moment of confusion to wrench herself free. She let out a fierce roar, akin to a lion asserting its might.

"Miss Ramirez, please, we must insist!" the bodyguard replied, his expression darkening with frustration.

"And please, don't force me!" Sierra shot back fiercely. "I've found peace in my life now, living joyfully every day. I refuse to return to that cage."

The bodyguards exchanged wary looks, realizing they needed to escalate their efforts if they hoped to bring her back.

"We apologize, Miss Ramirez." They tightened their circle around her, their gazes turning cold and resolute. Sierra's heart raced with a mix of fear and determination. Though petite and feisty, she was clearly outmatched by the imposing group of men before her.

"Now!"

As the bodyguards surged forward, a towering figure blurred into action beside her. With a single, devastating punch, he sent one of the bodyguards hurtling through the air.

The impact was monstrous, echoing the force of a runaway train.

“Ah!” The bodyguard’s scream sliced through the air as he was flung several meters back, crashing to the ground with a breathless gasp.

The remaining bodyguards paused, their expressions a mix of shock and fear, as they faced their new adversary. This man, with his buzz cut hair, weathered features, and piercing eyes, exuded the menace of a born predator. His cold, unyielding stare froze them in their tracks, sending a shiver of dread through their ranks.

“Go, all at once!” Despite their apprehension, they gathered their courage, aligning for a collective assault. Unmoved, Costello’s icy gaze never wavered. To him, these men were mere nuisances, as pathetic as worms squirming in the dirt.

With swift, brutal swings of his arms, which might as well have been wrought from iron, he dispatched the advancing bodyguards with ease, each blow sending them sprawling.

Overwhelmed by a mix of admiration and unease, Sierra watched Costello, captivated by his brutal intensity and the strange reassurance he offered.

As these emotions swirled within her, a tender touch graced her head.

“Sierra, lost in thought again?”

Chapter 252:

A soothing voice came that eased the tension in Sierra’s shoulders.

“Ah, Janice, it’s terrifying.” Sierra spun around and clung to Janice, seeking comfort.

Janice let out a light laugh. "You seemed so bold earlier. What's gotten into you now?"

"I was just faking my bravery." Sierra's face crumpled into a pout. "If I hadn't resisted, they would have surely taken me back."

"Don't worry," Janice assured her, her voice a steady, comforting presence. "They can't force you to go anywhere you don't want to."

At that moment, Costello, an unyielding force, had effortlessly subdued all the bodyguards.

Staring up at him in disbelief, the guards were visibly shaken. This was their first time encountering someone so formidable.

Despite never moving an inch, he had completely overwhelmed them all.

"Costello, come back."

At Janice's command, Costello instantly withdrew his intimidating presence, silently taking his place beside her.

Sierra found herself studying Costello with fascination. Despite his imposing height and fierce demeanor that radiated danger, she felt an unexpected sense of security in his presence.

The bodyguards, in contrast, had lost all their previous bravado, standing rigid with tension as if frozen in place. Their eyes now regarded Janice with a mixture of reverence and trepidation. After all, anyone who commanded the loyalty of such a formidable figure was clearly not to be underestimated.

Janice said to the bodyguards, "Go back and tell Leonie Ramirez that any attempt to forcibly take Sierra back is futile. However, if she wishes to have a proper discussion about this matter, I'm open to dialogue."

“Tell my mother I’m staying with Janice. She can pretend as if she never had me as a daughter.” Sierra stepped forward, drawing strength from Janice’s protective presence.

The bodyguards exchanged uneasy glances before retreating with their pride in tatters.

When Leonie received the report, her rage exploded. In her fury, she fired every single bodyguard on the spot.

“That ungrateful girl! Does she actually believe Janice can shield her forever?” Leonie’s voice cut like ice, her expression even more glacial. “That woman is nothing—just an Edwards family reject surviving on the Green family’s influence. Absolutely nothing!”

“Mom, take a breath.” Nellie tried to calm her mother. “Sierra’s just being naive. She’ll come back once she realizes what a mistake she’s made.”

“Easy for you to say.” Leonie released a weary sigh, shaking her head. “I’ve already cut off all Sierra’s resources, but with Janice backing her, she’ll want for nothing.”

Nellie passed her mother a glass of water. “Why not deal with Janice then?”

Chapter 253:

“Deal with Janice?” Leonie’s eyebrow arched, suspicion dancing in her eyes. “Have you forgotten how fiercely protective Nina is of her? Not to mention Aiden’s obvious favoritism. If I make a move against Janice, I’ll face their combined wrath.”

A subtle smile played across Nellie’s lips. “What if Aiden lost his power?”

Leonie leaned forward, intrigued. “Go on.”

“Everything Nina and Aiden have stems from the Green family’s influence, correct? But what happens if Aiden’s no longer at the helm?” Nellie’s lips curved into a calculating smirk, ambition gleaming in her eyes. “Strip Aiden of his position as head of the Green family, and what’s left? Nothing but a powerless cripple. Without him, even if Nina maintains some connections, she’s no match for your influence.”

A spark of interest flickered in Leonie's eyes as she contemplated her daughter's words. "You're not giving Nina enough credit. Do you honestly believe the Green family is the sole source of her confidence?" she retorted.

"Isn't it?" Nellie's surprise was evident in her voice.

Leonie shook her head once more but chose to keep her thoughts to herself. "Nevertheless, your suggestion has potential. If we succeed in stripping Aiden of his position as head of the Green family, Janice's foundation will crumble alongside his. I assume you've already mapped out how to achieve this?"

"Of course. Green Group's shareholders' meeting is on the horizon. When it arrives, Aiden's reign ends." Once Aiden fell from grace, Nellie would emerge as his savior, extending a helping hand he couldn't possibly refuse. His gratitude would be inevitable.

"Nina!" As soon as Sierra saw Nina, she threw herself into the latter's arms.

Nina was startled at first, but she was instantly alarmed when she noticed Sierra's red-rimmed eyes. "Were you crying?"

"Her mother sent bodyguards to take her back by force," Janice explained on Sierra's behalf. "Luckily, I returned just in time to stop them. Otherwise, Sierra would have been taken back against her will."

"What?" Nina was furious. "Leonie actually dared to snatch someone right from my doorstep? Who does she think she is? Is she looking down on me?"

"Please don't get mad, Nina," Sierra tried to comfort her. "The important thing is that they failed in their plans. We can't have you frowning, you'll get wrinkles."

Nina was momentarily taken aback by Sierra's last comment, but sure enough, she found it hard to stay angry. "You naughty girl. Your mother went too far this time. If she really wanted you back, she could have at least talked to me first. Sending her men to my home is not only disrespectful to me, but it only highlights the fact that she doesn't treat you properly."

Sierra's gaze dimmed. Nina was right. How could a mother treat her own daughter this way? Perhaps Leonie had always seen her as nothing more than a commodity—a tool that the Ramirez family could use to forge alliances with another family and strengthen their power and influence.

"Nina, will my stay here cause you trouble?" Sierra suddenly asked.

Nina ruffled her hair affectionately, fully understanding the younger woman's concern. "What are you talking about? If something this minor is enough to trouble me, then no one would take the Green family seriously. Although it isn't right for me to meddle in your family's business, I shall make an exception because I like you. Don't worry, sweetheart. As long as you don't want to leave, no one can take you away under my watch."

Chapter 254:

Sierra was moved by the certainty and fondness in Nina's voice. Her eyes welled up again. Although she wasn't really having much interaction with Nina, Nina was always kind to her. In contrast, her biological mother's actions were truly disheartening.

Sierra dissolved into another bout of crying.

"Why are you crying again?" Nina asked, a little flustered as she rubbed Sierra's back. "If you have any grievances, don't hesitate to tell me. I'll take care of it for you."

"Why can't you be my mother instead?" Sierra sobbed, catching Nina off guard yet again and putting her in an awkward spot. "In my eyes, you are the best mother in the world."

She didn't forget to praise Janice either. "Janice, too! She's the best sister anyone could ever ask for." Sierra couldn't help but think of her real sister, who, much like her mother, only brought her sorrow.

Janice and Nina exchanged a glance, feeling sorry for the weeping girl.

Sierra might have been born into a wealthy family and grew up in luxury and comfort, but it was clear that she had never felt the warmth of familial love. Her future had been planned since her birth, and her family expected her to devote her entire life to the family's legacy.

It took some time, but Sierra finally calmed down. "By the way, where is Aiden?" she asked, her eyes still teary as she looked around.

"Aiden went out earlier," Nina replied. "But he should be back anytime soon."

Something about Aiden's behavior nagged at Janice's intuition.

Aiden had left the restaurant a long time ago. Even considering urgent matters, surely they should have been resolved by now.

As if summoned by her thoughts, Aiden appeared through the entrance, Braylen dutifully pushing his wheelchair. He maintained his characteristic air of nonchalance, his expression a carefully crafted mask of indifference.

But Janice's keen eye caught what others missed—a subtle swelling at the corner of his lips, tinged with an incriminating shade of red.

"Aiden, what perfect timing! We were just discussing you," Nina chirped brightly, oblivious to the telltale mark marring her son's features. "Where did you go?"

"Just had some matters that needed my attention," Aiden responded smoothly, his fingers unconsciously drifting to his lips, betraying his attempt to conceal whatever had transpired. "Mom, I'm a bit tired. I'll head back to my room first."

"Alright, you go ahead," Nina replied absently, already turning back to her animated discussion with Sierra, missing the undercurrent of tension in her son's demeanor.

Janice's gaze sharpened as Aiden wheeled past her, maintaining an elaborate charade of normalcy.

Just as he approached the elevator, Alcott strode in from outside, his timing peculiar.

“Nina!”

Nina frowned, realizing he too had broken his usual routine today. “Where have you been?”

Her voice carried two distinct tones—honey-sweet when addressing her son, but razor-sharp for her husband. “Don’t tell me you’ve been gallivanting around with another woman?”

Chapter 255:

Alcott’s smile crumbled like a sandcastle at high tide. “Nina, you’ve got it all wrong! The company matters kept me longer than expected.”

Nina’s frown deepened. “What are you up to?”

Alcott’s expression softened. “It’s been far too long since we’ve had time just for us. I want to take a few days off, whisk you away somewhere abroad.”

“Travel abroad?” Nina’s eyes widened, disbelief dancing in their depths. “Have you changed your mind? Every time I’ve mentioned traveling, you’ve buried yourself deeper in work.”

Alcott’s tender expression wavered, replaced by an awkward grin as he rubbed the back of his neck. “I suppose guilt finally caught up with me after all those times I’ve disappointed you. This time, I’m putting us first, work second. Remember how you mentioned wanting to visit Aerith? Well, I’ve already secured our tickets and booked our accommodation. We could leave as soon as tomorrow.”

Alcott turned to look at Aiden. “This is strictly a romantic getaway for your mother and me. You’re not coming with us.”

A frost-laden chuckle escaped Aiden’s lips, but he held his tongue.

Nina found herself caught in a whirlwind of disbelief. The idea of Alcott willingly setting aside his precious work commitments seemed as unlikely as snow in summer. Yet there he stood, his expression bearing no trace of jest.

“You’re absolutely certain about this?” Nina probed, suspicion furrowing her brow. “The shareholders’ meeting is just around the corner. If you leave with me now...”

Her voice trailed off as her gaze drifted back to Aiden, and suddenly, pieces began clicking into place. “This wouldn’t be some elaborate scheme of yours, would it?”

Alcott’s hands flew up in protest. “How could you think such a thing? My only intention is to make amends for lost time. Besides, now that Aiden’s married, he’s eligible to receive my father’s shares at the shareholders’ meeting.”

His gaze grew distant, weighted with years of unspoken struggles. “I admit, I once harbored selfish ambitions, desperately trying to prove my worth. But after years of striving, I’ve finally accepted that I cannot change my father’s decision. It’s time to let go.”

Alcott’s eyes found Aiden, filled with a storm of conflicting emotions. “Whatever our past differences, Aiden remains my son. Passing Green Group into his hands is the right thing.”

“Only now you’ve realized this?” Nina rolled her eyes, her irritation plain as day. “I never understood why you were butting heads with your son to begin with. As far as I’m concerned, as long as someone strengthens the Green family, it doesn’t matter who’s calling the shots. Besides, I trust your father’s instincts.”

Her words carried weight, and with her power to veto, it was crystal clear she’d stand by her son.

“Yes, yes!” Alcott replied eagerly. “So, how about taking a trip abroad with me? Think of it as my way of making amends.”

“Nina, I really think you’ve done more than enough for this family. You deserve a breather,” Janice interjected, walking over to take Nina’s hand in hers. “Things have settled down now; there’s no need for you to stress anymore.”

Chapter 256:

"I agree," Aiden added as he rolled closer in his wheelchair, joining the circle. "You should take some time to relax with Dad. You've always worried about leaving me on my own, but now..."

He cast a glance at Janice, a faint smile playing on his lips. "I've got Janice here with me."

At last, Nina's expression softened, and a warm smile spread across her face. "Seeing you two together puts my heart at ease. Alright then, since everyone insists, I'll take this chance to go on a little getaway with your father. Honestly, it's been ages since I've traveled."

Aiden's heart sank a little as guilt flickered across his face. For three years, Nina had been his rock, staying by his side after the car accident that confined him to a wheelchair. She had sacrificed so much without a second thought.

And yet, the truth he was keeping from her weighed heavily on his conscience. The life he showed her was a carefully crafted facade.

But if he wanted to root out the lurking threats, he had no choice but to keep the act going.

"I've visited Aerith more times than I can count. I'd be happy to recommend some amazing spots to check out," Sierra chimed in, her voice bright and enthusiastic.

"Why not?" Nina's eyes lit up. "I've been there before, but it's been years. I'm sure the place has changed a lot. I'd love to hear all about it."

"Of course!"

Sierra grinned, already brimming with ideas. She and Nina sat down together, launching into a lively chat about Aerith's culture, must-see attractions, and hidden gems.

Alcott went back to his room with an excitement that was hard to miss, his steps almost bouncing with energy. Janice and Aiden, catching wind of his mood, shared a knowing glance before making their way to their room.

“It seems Bart is ready to make his move,” Janice said, her tone grave.

Aiden, lounging in his wheelchair, looked utterly unfazed. “Exactly as I predicted. The upcoming shareholders’ meeting will be Bart’s golden opportunity to grab power.”

Janice raised a brow, a sly smile tugging at her lips. “So, you’ve been keeping tabs on Bart’s schemes all these years while playing the role of a cripple.”

Aiden met her gaze, his own smile cold and calculating. “What choice did I have? If I didn’t make myself seem harmless, all these years of playing possum would have been for nothing. The weaker I appear, the bolder they get. From the moment Bart was taken in, he’s been meeting with Green Group’s shareholders in secret. As of now, he’s swayed about sixty percent of them.”

“Sixty percent?” Janice’s brows knitted together, her mind racing. Bart had always seemed unassuming, but to win over so many shareholders? It was an accomplishment she hadn’t expected.

“Sixty percent alone isn’t nearly enough to wrest control of Green Group,” Aiden remarked, his eyes narrowing, a dangerous glint flickering within them. “After all, my mother wields the veto power. His scheme to persuade Alcott to take my mother abroad is likely an attempt to sideline that veto.”

“Bart must be orchestrating something significant in the days ahead. I wonder if he’ll succeed in catching me off guard this time. If it turns out to be another staged accident like three years ago, my disappointment would be beyond measure,” said Aiden.

Chapter 257:

Janice rolled her eyes and moved to the cabinet beside her, extracting a first-aid kit.

Her sudden movement caught Aiden visibly off guard, and before he could respond, she had already crossed the distance between them, kit in hand.

Aiden tilted his head, finding himself lost in Janice's beautiful eyes. "You..."

"Your confidence is admirable, Aiden. But when it ventures into excess, even the most perfect plans reveal their inherent flaws." Janice retrieved a can of balm from the kit. "I don't know what scheme you're plotting, but caution would serve you well."

A gentle warmth stirred in Aiden's heart, only to be replaced by a sharp sting as Janice applied the balm to the corner of his lips.

The pungent medicinal scent, combined with the throbbing from his wound, drew a slight frown from his features.

He expected her to question his injury, but she remained silent, meticulously tending to the wound.

Silvery moonlight spilled through the window, bathing Janice's profile in an ethereal glow that accentuated her features, casting her in an almost otherworldly radiance.

"Not going to ask about it?" Aiden's voice emerged rough and low, as if wrestling with emotions he struggled to contain.

Janice paused briefly, a soft chuckle escaping her lips. "When the answer lies so clearly before me, what remains to ask? Though I must admit, I'm intrigued about your choice to duel Lancelot."

Aiden sighed inwardly. She saw right through him.

Her perception never ceased to amaze him; he could keep secrets from his own mother, but Janice read him like an open book.

"What else could drive a man but the defense of his dignity?" Aiden responded, averting his gaze from hers. A dangerous heat stirred within him; meeting those eyes any longer might unleash something he wasn't prepared to face.

Janice finished tending to his wound and rose gracefully, her lips curving into a subtle smile. "The dignity of a man? That's certainly a compelling reason. Or..."

"Or what?" Aiden whirled around, his eyes searching hers with sudden intensity.

"Don't tell me it's actually for me?" Janice's lips curved into an enchanting smile, her eyes sparkling with such mesmerizing intensity that Aiden found himself breathless, afraid the slightest movement might shatter this precious moment.

"Aiden."

"Hmm?"

Her soft voice pulled him from his trance, and he realized she was already at the door. "Good night."

After making sure no one noticed, Janice vanished from his room, returning to her own.

This secret ritual had become their nightly dance. If Nina saw this, she would surely insist they share a room. After all, what logic was there in husband and wife sleeping apart?

The solitude of the room enveloped Aiden, yet Janice's perfume still lingered in the air, wrapping him in a gentle daze. For her? Was that really it?

Chapter 258:

His gaze fell to his wrist as he found himself absently tracing the bracelet, a habitual gesture to soothe his racing heart.

The sudden chime of his phone pierced the quiet, announcing a message. Tess' name illuminated the screen.

As his eyes swept over the text's contents, his pupils constricted in shock.

"Mr. Green, you sought answers about that car accident, didn't you? I'm ready to share them now. I held back before because I didn't want our friendship to be anchored solely in the past. Nor did I wish you to think I was using it to curry favor. What I want is genuine friendship with you. You were in a Maybach that day, dressed in a white shirt and jeans, covered in blood. Suspecting spinal trauma, I administered emergency first aid. These are all the details I can recall with certainty. Do you believe me now?"

Moonlight caressed Aiden's sharp features as he narrowed his eyes, an aura of untouchable elegance emanating from his restrained demeanor. In one fluid motion, he rose and approached the floor-to-ceiling window, his gaze drawn to the luminous full moon suspended in the night sky.

"Interesting," he murmured.

Turning away from the ethereal view, he retrieved his phone and composed his response to Tess.

"Dr. Newman, please accept my apologies if my persistence has caused you any discomfort. If you're amenable, I'd like to extend another dinner invitation—both to properly express my gratitude and offer a sincere apology."

After sending the message, Tess paced her room. Would Aiden believe it? Bart's assurances echoed in her thoughts—everything aligned perfectly with the past narrative. As long as Aiden's memories matched, there should be no room for doubt.

Yet the waiting proved excruciating. Each moment stretched into infinity, and the temptation to call him clawed at her resolve.

No. Her rational mind prevailed. Making that call now, with her nerves dancing on a knife's edge, would only betray her anxiety and lead to costly missteps.

Ding!

The notification jolted her from her spiral of thoughts.

With trembling anticipation, Tess lunged for her phone. Her heart hammered against her ribs as Aiden's name appeared on the screen, and as she absorbed his response, relief flooded through her body, painting her features with triumph.

"He believed it! He actually believed it!" Exhilaration coursed through her veins, her eyes gleaming with possibility. This solidified her position as his savior, and surely such a connection would only deepen their relationship?

A smile of victory bloomed across her lips. The title of Aiden's wife seemed tantalizingly within reach, almost close enough to grasp.

Drawn to the full-length mirror, Tess studied her reflection with calculating appreciation. A confident woman gazed back at her. While she might not command immediate attention when entering a room, her appeal was like a slow-burning flame—subtle at first, but increasingly magnetic over time.

Combined with curves that stood out refreshingly in her professional field, she considered herself quite the catch. Satisfied with her assessment, she retrieved her phone and fired off a concise message to Bart.

Chapter 259:

"He believed me."

His response arrived with telling speed. "Good work. I guess it won't be long before you get what you want."

A smirk played across her lips as she lifted her chin, ambition gleaming in her eyes. Though she wasn't Aiden's wife yet, she believed it was merely a matter of time.

The collaborative exhibition between Delgado Jewelry and Freak Design was gaining momentum. The design team poured their creativity into perfecting each piece, coordinating with partners, and turning the exhibition space into something extraordinary. As Stella's right hands, Janice and Delilah shouldered substantial responsibilities. Beyond polishing their own innovative designs, they served as liaisons with

Freak Design's team, presenting creative concepts and aligning promotional strategies to ensure a seamless collaboration.

That morning, when Janice stepped into the office, all eyes naturally gravitated towards her presence. Her athletic-chic outfit, paired perfectly with a touch of light makeup, created an effortless look that turned heads without trying. There was something magnetic about her understated elegance that made it impossible not to notice.

"Janice, do you feel it?" Sierra leaned in with a playful whisper.

Janice cast her a sidelong glance. "Feel what?"

"Come on—the stares!" Sierra grinned, subtly nodding toward their male colleagues who weren't even trying to hide their admiration. "I know I'm not bad to look at, but next to you? I might as well be invisible."

Janice rolled her eyes. "What are you talking about? Just connect with Freak Design about the exhibition specifics and draft a proposal."

"On it," Sierra quipped with a playful smirk, retreating to her workstation.

As Janice scanned the office, her commanding presence sent the male colleagues diving back into their work. Delilah observed this power play from afar, a mysterious smile dancing across her features.

In the break room, Andrew Walsh from the design department stood brooding over his coffee.

"Andrew, why the long face? Did anyone die?" his colleague jabbed.

Andrew shot him a dark look. "Don't tempt fate."

"Ha, sorry!" The male colleague scratched his head awkwardly. "Just worried about you looking so down."

Andrew's brow furrowed as a troubling thought surfaced, pulling a heavy sigh from his chest. "Is it madness to pursue someone who's already married?"

His colleague's face fell as realization dawned. Lowering his voice to barely above a whisper, he ventured, "Please tell me this isn't about Janice?"

A flush crept across Andrew's face. "Am I really that transparent?"

His colleague leaned in. "It's not about being obvious. When you mention married women, there's only one person who could've captured your attention like this. Janice stands alone in that category."

His expression hardened with concern. "Listen, she's a Green now. That's not just a name, it's a dynasty. What could possibly compete with that?"

Chapter 260:

Andrew's lips twisted into a self-deprecating smile. "That's exactly what's eating at me! Logic tells me it's impossible, but my heart won't listen to reason." His colleague squeezed his shoulder sympathetically. "Trust me, I get it. Every man in this office has fallen under her spell at some point. But we know where to draw the line—some dreams are better left as just that. So, just keep it to yourself."

Andrew responded only with a hollow smile, prompting his colleague to retreat from the break room. Left alone, Andrew returned to his coffee, shoulders heavy with resignation.

"Actually, you might have a chance."

"Hmm?" Andrew whirled around, his heart skipping a beat as he found Delilah lounging in the doorway, a cryptic smile playing on her lips.

"I don't follow," he stammered, guilt written across his features like an open book.

Delilah glided towards the coffee machine, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "No need to play dumb. I caught every word. Janice and Aiden? They have a marriage of convenience."

"Marriage of convenience?"

"Indeed. Once Aiden claims his grandfather's shares, they'll go their separate ways." Delilah's eyes glittered with mischief, her voice smooth as honey but laced with something darker. "When Janice is free again, who knows what could happen?"

"Are you serious?" Andrew blurted, then quickly hushed himself. "Delilah, don't trick me!"

Delilah's smile remained soft, disarming. "I won't. Your feelings for Janice are genuine. That's precisely why I'm letting you in on this secret."

Hope blazed in Andrew's eyes. "You mean I actually have a shot?"

"Of course." A touch of melancholy crept into Delilah's voice. "Despite our misunderstandings, I want nothing but happiness for Janice. And if you're the one to give her that happiness? Well, who am I to stand in the way?" Her words carried the weight of a blessing, as if passing a sacred torch.

Andrew's spirits soared, his earlier gloom evaporating like morning mist. "Delilah, I swear I'll be everything she deserves and more."

Janice's fingers glided over the keyboard effortlessly. With each keystroke, her fingers moved as if playing a symphony on a piano. Nearby, Sierra couldn't peel her eyes away, mesmerized by the fluid motion of her hands, which seemed to weave a spell of silent music.

Janice's hands were so beautiful! Sierra thought, admiring Janice's flawless grace. How could someone be so perfect? Not only was Janice stunningly gorgeous, but every part of her seemed like a masterpiece. And to top it all off, she could actually play the piano and was also the legendary RAIN.

Sierra wished she were a man so that she could chase after Janice.

Suddenly, her train of thought was interrupted by the arrival of a steaming cup of coffee. Blinking in astonishment, Sierra noticed Andrew, who appeared somewhat shy as he presented the coffee to Janice.

Janice stopped typing and looked up with a mix of curiosity and confusion. When their eyes met, Andrew's embarrassment intensified. Gathering his courage, he managed to say, "I thought you might need coffee since you've been putting in so much effort lately."