

Wrath 311

Chapter 311:

Delilah said gratefully, "Dotson, you're always so good to me. I honestly don't know how to repay you."

Dotson offered a warm, reassuring smile. "We're family. No thanks needed. As long as you're happy, that's all that matters to me."

After the call ended, the smile on Delilah's face quickly vanished, replaced by a cold, calculating smirk. "Well, isn't this a good show? Janice, just wait. In a couple of days, you'll be drowning in the kind of hate the internet does best."

Delilah's fingers itched with anticipation, eager to spill the scandal involving Andrew and Janice. But she resisted the urge, knowing timing was everything.

Just then, her phone buzzed. A message from Andrew appeared: "Thank you, Miss Edwards. I've taken care of things and am now laying low."

A slow, satisfied smile curled across Delilah's lips as she typed her response.

"Good. Stay off the grid until I get in touch. When this is over, you'll be compensated generously—enough to leave Efrery behind for good."

"Thank you once again, Miss Edwards."

Meanwhile, Aiden sat in his car, his usual calm shattered by a wave of unease.

Braylen glanced over at him, concern evident. "Sir, should I go in alone?"

Aiden shook his head, his jaw tightening. "Tess came for me. If I don't show, she won't say a word."

“But—”

“Check on Janice,” Aiden interjected, his voice tight but controlled.

Braylen didn’t push back. He knew Aiden’s nerves were frayed over Janice’s safety. Without another word, he dialed the security team.

“How’s Mrs. Green?” he asked, his tone clipped.

“She’s fine. Everything’s under control,” one of the guards replied steadily.

Braylen let out a slow breath of relief and glanced back at Aiden. “She’s safe. No problems so far.”

Aiden gave a small nod, but the tension in his shoulders didn’t ease.

He had to wrap this up quickly. The uneasy feeling wouldn’t leave him until he saw Janice for himself.

“Sir, may I ask you something?” Braylen ventured hesitantly.

“What is it?” Aiden’s sharp gaze locked onto him.

“Do you have feelings for Mrs. Green?” Braylen held his breath, bracing for Aiden’s wrath.

But Aiden said nothing. Had he fallen for Janice? If not, why was he so tense about her safety? Was it really just business? And if he had feelings, where did that leave their arrangement? Their marriage was a contract, not based on emotions.

“Honestly, I think Mrs. Green is a perfect fit for you.” Noticing Aiden’s silence, Braylen—usually blunt and direct—felt something was off. “You’ve been on your own for so long. Maybe it’s time to—”

“Braylen.” Aiden’s voice cut through the air, cold and commanding.

“I apologize...” Braylen stammered, immediately straightening, his words trailing off into uneasy silence.

Aiden squeezed his eyes shut, trying to push aside the swirling thoughts crowding his mind. Now was not the time for distractions. One wrong move, and everything he had spent years carefully plotting could come crashing down.

In just two days, the Green Group shareholders’ meeting would decide everything.

And by then, it would all finally come to an end.

The neighborhood Tess called home was tucked away in a remote corner of the city, so much so that it took Braylen a full thirty minutes of driving to reach it. Aiden’s sharp gaze swept over the surroundings. The dim streetlights cast weak halos on the pavement, and the eerie absence of any people struck him immediately. Even in a secluded area like this, there should have been some signs of life. It wasn’t even that late—just a little past nine.

Chapter 312:

The oppressive silence made the air feel heavy, as though something unseen was watching. Braylen, sensing Aiden’s unease, stayed close, his eyes scanning the shadows for any hint of danger.

“Mr. Green, don’t you think this place is a little too out of the way?” Braylen frowned. “She’s a top-tier surgeon. Living closer to the hospital would make more sense, wouldn’t it?”

Aiden didn’t respond immediately. His eyes continued to sweep over the empty street, his sharp instincts on high alert.

“Watch out!” he barked.

From behind a nearby trash can, a shadow burst into view, lunging straight at Braylen with alarming speed.

Braylen's reflexes kicked in instantly. His hand shot out to intercept the attacker, years of training propelling him to neutralize and eliminate the threat as efficiently as possible.

But this wasn't some ordinary assailant. The figure twisted mid-air, slipping from Braylen's grasp like water through a sieve, and closed the distance in one fluid motion.

Braylen, now fully alert, squinted his eyes. This wasn't a street thug. This was someone trained, someone dangerous. He adjusted his stance and blocked the next attack in an instant.

The clash became fast and intense—blows exchanged in calculated attacks and counters.

Then, in a sudden, unpredictable move, the masked attacker crouched low, slipped past Braylen's side, and charged straight for Aiden.

"Not happening!" Braylen growled, reading the move. He pivoted sharply and delivered a crushing elbow strike to the attacker's back.

The impact drove the attacker forward, a stifled grunt escaping him as he staggered. But his reflexes were razor-sharp. Spinning around, he lashed out with a powerful kick, forcing Braylen to step back and regain his footing. The brief reprieve was all the attacker needed. He turned and bolted into the shadows.

"Braylen, bring him back!" Aiden ordered.

"Mr. Green..." Braylen hesitated. Leaving Aiden alone in such a precarious situation didn't sit right. Who knew what other threats might be lurking?

"Go! Now!" Aiden barked, leaving no room for argument.

Reluctantly, Braylen gritted his teeth and nodded. "Stay safe, Mr. Green." With that, he took off in pursuit of the fleeing attacker.

Left alone, Aiden sighed and wheeled himself forward. Not far ahead, he spotted a motionless figure sprawled on the ground and recognized Tess.

Her delicate frame was draped in a lace nightgown, the soft fabric catching the faint glow of the night, lending her an ethereal presence.

Aiden, however, remained composed. His sharp eyes focused entirely on her condition, unshaken by the scene's surreal beauty.

"Dr. Newman?" Aiden called out, but there was no response. He rolled closer, narrowing his gaze. "Can you hear me?"

Slowly, Tess's eyes fluttered open, and the moment they met Aiden's, tears welled up instantly. She threw herself toward him in a sudden burst of emotion.

But Aiden had anticipated it. With a swift turn of his wheelchair, he rolled back just in time, avoiding her grasp.

Tess tumbled forward and hit the ground with her awkwardly outstretched hands.

"Dr. Newman, behave yourself," Aiden warned, his tone flat as ever, his face a mask of indifference. "I have a wife. If anyone saw us like this, it could spark the wrong kind of gossip."

Tess drew a shaky breath, trying to steady her nerves. "I'm sorry if I overstepped. I was just terrified. That person tricked me into going out and knocked me unconscious. If you hadn't shown up when you did, who knows what would have happened? When I opened my eyes and saw you, I felt such relief. I didn't mean for things to seem improper."

Chapter 313:

Aiden's expression remained unyielding, as cold and impassive as ever.

His lack of response only deepened Tess's unease. "I apologize for troubling you. But I remembered something crucial—something that might help you uncover the truth about what happened back then."

"Go on," Aiden said, his voice measured.

"Huh?" Tess blinked, caught off guard by his response, then glanced around nervously. "Here? Now?"

"It's just us. Worried someone might eavesdrop? Also, given your credentials, isn't this area a bit too modest for someone like you?" Aiden replied calmly.

Tess's eyes flickered with unease. "You don't understand. Sure, I have a good job at Auburn Hospital, and the salary's decent, but I didn't grow up with a silver spoon in my mouth. I've worked tooth and nail for everything I have. I live frugally because I can't afford to take my success for granted. It could all vanish in the blink of an eye. This place? The rent's dirt cheap, that's all."

Her explanation was practical, even sensible. But Aiden's unflinching composure made her stomach knot.

Tess searched his face for any hint of emotion, but his expression remained a fortress—impenetrable and unreadable. The lack of reaction left her feeling adrift, unsure how to proceed with what she needed to say.

"Dr. Newman, you certainly know how to live within your means. But I'm short on time. Let's get to the point. What did you remember?"

Tess bit her lip, her frustration bubbling to the surface. "Are you always this detached? I took a huge risk to help you, but all you care about is the information. Don't you think I deserve a little compassion? I'm only human, you know. Even friends should show some concern when one of them is in distress."

Aiden let out a long sigh, settling back in his wheelchair. His languid posture gave the impression he had all the time in the world. Tess shifted uncomfortably under his steady gaze but clung to her determination.

“Why not come over to my place for a bit? I can’t seem to be at peace here.”

Her final words were tinged with unmistakable grievance, her eyes silently pleading for agreement.

Aiden leaned his head back slightly, his lids dropping halfway as he mulled it over. After a moment’s thought, he responded flatly, “Sorry, I’m pressed for time. If you’re not here to talk, I’ll have to leave.”

“Alright!” Tess’s voice rose with urgency, a flicker of panic crossing her face. “Am I really so unworthy in your eyes? Not even good enough to call a friend? After all, I did save your life. You can’t just brush me off like this!”

Aiden’s hands hovered over the rims of his wheelchair, pausing. He turned his gaze back to Tess, sharp and unyielding. “I’ve told you before, I’m grateful for what you did. I’ll make sure to repay your kindness. But it seems to me you’re not looking for gratitude. What you really want is to marry me.”

With that, he laid bare the emotions Tess had so carefully tried to veil.

Tess’s face turned ashen. She hadn’t anticipated Aiden’s bluntness. But now that things had reached this point, there was no reason to hide her intentions any longer.

“Yes, I want you to repay me with yourself,” Tess said, her voice low, teeth clenched in determination. “I don’t want anything else. I only want you.”

Aiden’s lips curled into a smirk, his eyes gleaming with amusement. “Isn’t that a bit contradictory? You claimed before that saving me was simply part of your duty as a doctor, with no expectation of anything in return. And now... you’re asking for quite a lot. Were you pretending back then? Is this the real you?”

Tess’s face flushed with embarrassment, then drained of color again. In that instant, it felt as though all her dignity had been stripped away.

She never imagined Aiden had seen through her act from the start, while she had foolishly tried to play it cool. But now, she had nothing to lose. What did she have to fear? If she could be with Aiden, she would have a life of luxury. Why would she need to stay a doctor?

Chapter 314:

“Yes, I was pretending!” Tess confessed, her voice almost frantic. “I acted aloof to get your attention! But my feelings are real. I fell for you the moment I saw you. You’re handsome, powerful, and perfect. What woman wouldn’t want a man like you?”

Her eyes turned downward, briefly glancing at his legs. “So what if you’re in a wheelchair? A man like you, even with that, will always be above everyone else.”

She gestured to herself. “I’m just an ordinary person. I saved your life. What’s wrong with asking for something in return? Or are you saying you’re unwilling to repay me for saving you?”

Despite the growing desperation in her words, Aiden remained unbothered. His thoughts were elsewhere. If there was a woman who could truly reject him, it had to be only Janice.

Their marriage had been a mere business arrangement. During their time together, she never made an effort to get close, never lingered when it wasn’t necessary.

Sure, she had once joked about making their charade something real, but it was nothing more than a joke. In her eyes, he had never seen the slightest hint of desire.

It was precisely her distant, impassive gaze that made him question himself. Had pretending to be disabled for so long stripped him of his appeal?

“Mr. Green!” Tess stepped closer, her eyes burning with determination. “I’m not asking for much. I simply want you. Is that truly so unreasonable? I’m not unattractive, and I’m a top surgeon. Am I really not worthy of you?”

Aiden’s cold, detached gaze met hers. “No, you’re not.”

Tess froze, her expression stiffening before she let out a bitter, hollow laugh. “You really are heartless. Even after I saved you, you can’t bring yourself to lower your standards?”

Aiden shook his head, his voice composed. "I think you're not thinking clearly. It's late. You should rest."

"You're not going anywhere!" Tess moved closer, gripping the handles of his wheelchair. "You're staying tonight. I said I want you, and I'll have you. I'll do whatever it takes."

Aiden narrowed his eyes, a dangerous gleam flashing in them. "Do you understand what you're doing?"

"Oh, of course I do," Tess purred, her lips curling into a provocative smile. "Mr. Green, I have so many male colleagues at the hospital after me, but I pay them no attention. They're simply not worthy of my time. It's only men like you—successful ones—that I find intriguing."

She knelt down, bringing herself closer to Aiden's face. "Let's not overthink this. It's nothing to feel pressured about. Consider it a small way of repaying the favor I did by saving your life."

"Huh!" Aiden let out a chuckle, his laughter laced with a dangerous undertone. His eyes flickered with a cold warning as he looked at Tess. "Dr. Newman, if you turn around now and head back to where you came from, I'll pretend nothing happened. But if you think my condition makes me an easy target for your actions, I'll show you just how ruthless I can be."

Tess stood tall, looking down at Aiden with a sense of superiority, as if she were a queen holding power over everything. Even though the man before her was the heir to the Green family, she was certain that he, like everyone else, would eventually bow to her.

"Your bodyguard won't be returning," Tess murmured, her voice low and calculating. "Do you have any idea why I called you here?"

"Why?" Aiden asked, his expression indifferent and calm, which only served to annoy Tess further.

She couldn't understand why Aiden remained so composed in such a vulnerable position. But deep down, this was the very image of the domineering CEO she had always fantasized about.

In novels, CEOs always appeared to have every detail under control, and Aiden's poise struck just the right chord with her.

Chapter 315:

“Because this isn’t my home,” Tess sneered, her gaze narrowing in playful contempt. “This place is just a distraction to throw you off. Now, I’m going to take you somewhere else. You will love it there. But that’s only if you play nice. If you don’t, you’ll regret it.”

She moved toward Aiden with a syringe in her hand. Suddenly, she lunged forward, aiming the syringe at Aiden’s thigh.

Aiden tried to stop Tess, but she quickly swatted his hand away. In the blink of an eye, she drove the syringe into his leg, and he couldn’t do a thing to stop it. Aiden’s pupils dilated in shock, staring at Tess with wide-eyed disbelief.

“When you wake up, you’ll belong to me. How could you ever walk away from me then?” Tess said with a twisted grin.

Her thoughts raced with scenes from the novels she adored, where powerful CEOs always ended up falling for the heroines.

The CEOs in those stories were only drawn to women who stood out in extraordinary ways. With how special she believed herself to be, Tess was certain that once Aiden regained consciousness, he would fall madly in love with her.

That thought stirred a wave of excitement within Tess, causing her entire body to tremble with anticipation.

In a rush, she shoved Aiden into the nearest car before quickly sliding in beside him.

The engine roared to life as Tess sped away, leaving the run-down neighborhood behind. Just as the car shot down the road, a shadowy figure appeared in the darkness. It was Bart.

“Aiden, I hope you take a fast trip to hell,” Bart sneered, his eyes full of cold malice. “Tess, I’ve helped you get what you wanted. If you die now, you’ll have no regrets.”

As the car sped down the road, Tess's eyes gleamed with wild excitement.

But her smile faded instantly when she pressed the brakes, only to find they weren't working.

A chilling thought flashed through her mind, instantly erasing her smile and replacing it with pure, unfiltered fear.

"The brakes are not working!"

"How can this be happening? Why would the brakes fail?" Tess's voice cracked as she stomped on the brake pedal, her panic bubbling into full-blown terror.

Over and over, she pressed it to the floor, but the car ignored her entirely. It barreled forward with speed as if mocking her desperation.

The road ahead was eerily quiet for now, but the next turn would merge onto the city's main thoroughfare—a street teeming with cars.

She was barely a competent driver under normal circumstances. She knew she wouldn't stand a chance at this speed. Catastrophe was inevitable.

"No, no, no! Why is this happening? Why would the brakes stop working?"

"Still can't figure it out?"

The deep, unruffled voice cut through her panic like a knife. Tess jolted, yanking the wheel sharply. The car swerved, narrowly missing a utility pole before careening back onto the road.

"You're awake?" she gasped, her eyes darting to the rearview mirror, where she saw Aiden wide awake. Her stomach dropped. She'd drugged him—given him enough sedative to keep him unconscious until morning. Yet there he was, fully alert.

First the brakes, then this? It was too much for her to handle.

Aiden leaned back, his expression as calm as ever, in stark contrast to the chaos unfolding around them.

“Dr. Newman, shouldn’t you focus on stopping the car rather than gawking at me?”

“The brakes aren’t working! What am I supposed to do?” Suddenly, Tess’s eyes lit up. “You’re so calm—you must have a plan, right? You wouldn’t let yourself die like this! You’re the heir of the Green family. Your life’s too valuable!”

Chapter 316:

Her words tumbled out in a frantic stream. “If you can stop this car, I’ll tell you everything. I swear!”

Aiden’s cold gaze didn’t waver. “Then start talking. Who’s behind this?”

Tess froze. The confession lodged in her throat for a moment before she gritted her teeth and spat it out. “It’s Bart—your brother.”

There was no shock on Aiden’s face. If anything, her words confirmed what he had already suspected.

“Now can you help us? We’re seconds away from merging onto the main road! If we don’t stop, we’re dead!” Tess asked frantically.

Aiden remained silent, sharply analyzing her every move.

“I’m begging you! I don’t want to die!” Tess sobbed, her grip on the steering wheel tightening until her knuckles turned white. She could already see the crowded intersection looming ahead, a deadly tapestry of cars waiting to collide with her.

“You seem to be forgetting something.” Aiden sighed before delivering his response with biting sarcasm. “I’m a cripple. How exactly do you expect me to save you?”

Tess’s mind went blank. Right. How could she have forgotten Aiden’s situation? He couldn’t take control of the car even if he wanted to.

Despair crushed her like a tidal wave. This was it. There was no escape.

“It wasn’t supposed to be like this. I didn’t even do anything wrong. Why am I the one being punished?”

“Because you’re an idiot!” Aiden replied coldly, cutting through her breakdown. “You were stupid enough to trust Bart. He only sees you as a disposable pawn.”

Tess’s breath hitched as the puzzle pieces fell into place. Of course. That was why Bart had insisted on such an isolated location.

It was the perfect stage for a “clean” accident. With faulty brakes, all it would take was a nudge—a convenient mishap wrapped up in plausible deniability. Here, in the middle of nowhere, the truth could vanish into the shadows of conjecture.

“There’s something I need to ask. Were you really the one who saved me back then?” Aiden asked.

Tess froze, then let out a bitter laugh. “So you never believed me.”

“I didn’t. Never,” Aiden admitted. “I played along because I needed Bart to take the bait. Now that he has, this little game is almost over.”

Tess’s stomach dropped. Being a pawn in Bart’s schemes had been humiliating enough. But this? Realizing Aiden had seen through her charade all along? That was a new kind of devastation.

She had thought she had leverage. But no. He had been the one pulling the strings, letting her think she was part of the game while orchestrating the final act to trap Bart.

A laugh bubbled out of her, jagged and wild. “You’re all the same! You rich people treat the rest of us like playthings—something to use and toss aside. Do you even see us as human beings?”

“Tess Newman, face the truth. If it weren’t for the desire in your heart, would Bart have been able to manipulate you so easily?” Aiden’s voice cut through the air, sharp and unforgiving, piercing Tess’ fragile defenses. Her facade crumbled. In Aiden’s gaze, she was completely unmasked—every secret, every weakness laid bare.

Then, she laughed—a wild, defiant laugh that echoed in the confined space. “So what? We’re both dying. Do you think your judgment matters now? If anything, dying beside someone like you is an honor.”

The junction loomed five hundred meters ahead.

Tess’ eyes burned with reckless determination as she gripped the wheel tighter. She pressed the accelerator harder, the engine roaring in response.

If this was the end, she would meet it on her terms—with Aiden by her side.

But then, Aiden’s cool, steady hand wrapped over hers, stopping her descent into oblivion.

Chapter 317:

“It’s time.”

Tess turned to face him, the weight of his words forcing her to look beyond her anger. What she saw froze her.

Aiden wasn’t just sitting anymore; he leaned forward, a towering force of control. His narrowed eyes gleamed with predatory focus, an unrelenting fire radiating from him like an unstoppable storm. “Your legs... they’re fine?”

Without looking at her, Aiden's hand shot out, gripping the steering wheel and turning sharply. The car pitched violently, threatening to overturn.

However, it soon stabilized and veered off toward a side opening.

"Ah!" Tess screamed, feeling a sense of weightlessness. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw another car of the same model dart from their previous position, merging onto the main road.

Before she could process it, a jolt struck her, and her head slammed into the steering wheel, knocking her unconscious.

Bart had been waiting for news.

By now, Tess and Aiden's car should have entered the main road.

Tess wouldn't stand a chance. A brakeless car weaving through speeding traffic? The odds were stacked against her.

It was inevitable. A crash, fiery and final, was all but guaranteed.

"Three... two... one... and boom!"

Bart smirked, spreading his arms as if welcoming the dawn of a new era.

Immediately, a loud explosion erupted behind him. The sound of a car colliding was followed by flames erupting into a blazing inferno.

Bart laughed uncontrollably. "Aiden, the invincible, reduced to rubble! Tess, the disposable fool, burned out of existence. And now, Green Group is mine!"

Just then, his phone buzzed with a message.

“Sir, it’s done. Everything went exactly as planned.”

Bart leaned back in his chair, lips curling into a slow, venomous smile as he read the message.

Three years ago, Aiden had defied death, walking away from a crash that should have buried him. But this time, Bart had sealed every possible escape.

“The car exploded. No visual confirmation of the occupants.”

Bart’s fingers hovered over the screen before he typed back, “If you’re certain it was Tess’s car, there’s no need for confirmation. No one survives that kind of blaze.”

He didn’t believe anyone could survive a car engulfed in flames; they’d be consumed by the fire.

“What about the final payment, sir?”

Bart’s laugh deepened, cold and condescending. “Patience. When I’m seated as head of the Green family, your payment will arrive. Every penny.”

Tucking the phone away, Bart composed a quick message to his closest allies before starting his car.

On the main road, the inferno raged, licking the night sky with fiery tendrils. Gasps, cries, and shouts filled the air. One man, braver than most, dashed forward with a fire extinguisher, but the effort was hopeless. The flames were unrelenting, a force too wild to tame.

In the shadow of the chaos, two men lingered, blending seamlessly into the crowd. One leaned close to the other, his voice a whisper against the roar of the fire.

“Our task is done. Any word on when we get paid?”

“Don’t worry. Once our client finishes his business, he’ll pay.”

Experts in staging “accidents,” they had built a reputation for making murders vanish behind veils of misfortune. As such, their services didn’t come cheap. This job, meticulously executed, was worth every bit of its hundred-million-dollar price tag.

Chapter 318:

“Why didn’t we tell him about the surveillance feed dropping for a few seconds? It was only a few seconds, sure, but—”

“Silence! Do you want to kiss that final payment goodbye? We’re professionals. A slip like that getting back to the client would tarnish our reputation. Do you understand what that means?”

It was only a few seconds. A tiny blip. No one could have done anything in that time, let alone swap cars.

In the opulent VIP suite of the Bengal Hotel, Delilah, Nellie, and Bart sat together. They toasted with an air of triumph, smiles stretched wide across their faces.

“A toast to our partnership.” Bart lifted his glass high, the crystal catching the light before he tipped it back and emptied it in one brisk motion.

Delilah did the same, a faint smile betraying a touch of mischief as the champagne slid down her throat, leaving a fiery, intoxicating trace.

“Congratulations!” Delilah teased. “With Aiden gone, the Green family is yours for the taking. From here on, you’ll be untouchable in Efrery.”

Bart smirked, his expression revealing how much he relished Delilah’s flattery.

But his attention soon shifted to Nellie, whose glass remained untouched, her fingers absently twirling its stem.

“Nellie, what’s wrong? Aren’t you joining in the celebration?”

Nellie’s hand stilled, and her lips curled into a frosty chuckle. “Do you really think I’d be in the mood to celebrate right now?”

Bart arched a brow, clicking his tongue in feigned pity. “Don’t tell me you actually fell for Aiden? A cripple like him? His death is practically doing the world a favor.”

Suddenly, Nellie hurled her glass to the floor. The shards scattered as cold liquid splashed onto her face, dampening stray locks of hair. It gave her a wild, ferocious look.

“Bart, you swore to me you wouldn’t kill him,” she said, her icy glare cutting through him. “Yet you broke your promise. You killed him.”

The room grew stifling; the tension was palpable. Delilah instinctively shrank back, her voice silenced by the weight of the moment.

Even she hadn't expected Aiden's death. Originally, Nellie and Bart had plotted to ruin Aiden by luring him into a scandal with Tess—compromising photos intended to tarnish his reputation.

Once that happened, Aiden would lose his claim to the shares his grandfather had left behind.

They had meticulously crafted multiple backup plans, Janice being a pivotal piece of their scheme.

If Aiden somehow escaped the initial trap, they would reveal Janice's assault at Andrew's hands, ensuring his complete downfall.

But they hadn't expected that Bart would go further, quietly adding a lethal twist to their plans—he had Aiden killed.

Bart appeared utterly unfazed, his smirk unwavering as he sipped his drink.

"Why so dramatic? Aiden never liked you. Why keep forcing something that was never there?"

"That's none of your business," Nellie shot back, her voice sharp and unwavering.

Bart wagged a finger, his expression cool and calculating. "Ah, but it is. With Aiden gone, I've eliminated the only threat to my plans. The dead don't fight back."

"You're insane!" Nellie exploded, lunging at him with unrestrained fury.

But Bart had anticipated her outburst. A snap of his fingers summoned his bodyguards, who restrained her with effortless precision.

Leisurely, Bart approached, tilting her chin with unsettling calmness as he leaned close, his gaze locking onto hers.

Chapter 319:

"You know, you might consider me instead. Once I control the Green family, I'll be the most influential man in Efrery. Surely, I'm a better choice than Aiden, don't you think?"

"Bah!" Nellie spat, her sneer venomous. "You? You'll never measure up to Aiden."

"Is that so?" Bart's eyes darkened, a sinister smirk creeping across his lips. "Then tonight, I'll show you just how wrong you are."

Panic flickered in Nellie's eyes as his words sank in.

“What do you mean? Bart, if you lay a finger on me, I swear you’ll regret it.”

Bart remained unfazed by her threats. They were bound by their shared guilt, and Nellie understood all too well that exposing him would only seal her own downfall. She wasn’t reckless enough to take that gamble.

Unmoved, Bart gestured to his bodyguards, who dragged Nellie upstairs to the presidential suite.

His eyes gleamed with twisted satisfaction. He wouldn’t just claim Aiden’s legacy—he’d conquer every woman who had admired him.

Janice, however, was a lost cause; he’d handed her over to Andrew. He was only interested in virgins.

“Bart, you promised...” Delilah began carefully, her voice tinged with unease.

She had clearly misjudged the extent of Bart’s ruthlessness.

The partnership she had thought solid now revealed her as nothing more than another expendable pawn in Bart’s game.

“Don’t worry; I’ll keep my word,” Bart said, glancing at her with a fleeting smile. “And relax. I have no interest in you. I’m very selective.”

Delilah's face darkened, the sting of humiliation coursing through her, though she dared not let it show.

"By the way, tell Andrew to keep a low profile," Bart continued, sipping leisurely. "Even with Aiden gone, the forces backing Janice are not to be underestimated. If they discover what happened to her, we'll face serious consequences."

Delilah frowned, unease growing in her chest. "Are you saying that even after taking over the Green family, you'll still fear the people backing Janice?"

Bart chuckled. "You clearly don't know JE. That woman is mysterious and heads one of the world's top financial empires. If she learns her best friend was raped, what do you think she'll do?"

Delilah's expression shifted just slightly. She had clearly underestimated the reach of JE's power.

She had assumed JE was merely a top fashion designer, but little did she know she was also running a global financial empire.

That damned Janice! How did she end up with such an amazing best friend? And as if that wasn't enough, Leah was another powerhouse.

With both of them backing her, Janice was set for a life of ease and security.

Luckily, Janice was now in Andrew's grasp. With her pride, it was only a matter of time before she cracked.

"Aiden's out of the picture now, so there's no need to keep using Janice. But for now, it's smarter to keep her out of sight. Once I've got control, I'll make Andrew the scapegoat."

Delilah's eyes gleamed as she gave Bart an approving thumbs-up. "You're a genius! Aiden was doomed from the start—he was too naive."

Bart smiled smugly, his lips curling. "Keep going. I could listen to this all day."

Delilah's lips twitched. Though clearly reluctant, she added a few more flattering words, making Bart glow with pride. He had always known he was superior to Aiden.

From the moment he discovered he was Alcott's illegitimate son, jealousy consumed him.

Aiden had always been the one who stood out, admired by everyone, while Bart was left in the shadows—ignored and looked down upon like a creature stuck in the mud. Driven to replace Aiden, Bart began worming his way into their gullible father's favor, slowly weaving a web of connections.

Chapter 320:

It was then that he set his first trap for Aiden: a car accident. If Aiden were gone, Bart would finally have the chance to return to the Green family and claim his rightful position as the sole heir.

However, fate had other plans, and Aiden miraculously survived, though badly injured.

But Bart didn't relent. With his silver tongue, he played on Alcott's jealousy of Aiden, making Alcott begin to doubt his own son.

Bart had also assured Alcott that once he took control of the Green family, he would share power with him. It was a promise that, deep down, he never intended to keep, but it was enough to secure his position within the family and give him the chance to bring Aiden down personally.

Bart had already won Nina's trust. With her support—and the veto power she held—he felt confident he would soon take the lead of the family.

Everything seemed to be falling into place. But then, out of nowhere, Janice appeared.

Bart couldn't figure out how she had managed to gain Nina's favor. Her presence seemed to grow stronger by the day, and before he could make his next move, Nina completely turned against him. With Janice's influence, Nina cast him out of the Green family.

Bart gripped his wine glass so tightly that his knuckles turned white, a cold, menacing aura surrounding him. Seeing the fury in his eyes, Delilah hastily made an excuse and left the room.

Bart sank into his chair, letting out a long breath. His eyes narrowed, a cold glint flashing across them as he muttered to himself, "Aiden, it's actually better this way. You being dead means I won't have to play my final card against you after all."

The following day was uneventful.

News of the car accident spread, but the body was too burned to identify. To prevent any impact on Green Group's stock, Bart quickly moved to cover up the details. Most people assumed Aiden and Janice were simply vacationing abroad.

Kenneth, however, found the situation strange. The day after the celebration, Janice had sent him her resignation email.

She had just achieved something major and was about to become Stella's assistant. Why would she suddenly resign? It didn't add up.

What made it even more suspicious was that Andrew had resigned at the same time. Their simultaneous departures didn't seem like a coincidence; it suggested something was wrong.

Kenneth had tried calling both of them countless times, but there was no answer.

Rubbing his temples in frustration, Kenneth dialed Janice's number once more, but it went to voicemail. He still couldn't reach her.

Frustrated, he switched to calling Aiden. But before he could dial, a message from an unknown number appeared on his screen.

Kenneth squinted at the message and, on impulse, opened it. The words inside made his heart race. "Janice is being held in the northern suburbs."

Kenneth's eyes narrowed, his mind racing to assess the truth of the message.

Given the odd events of the past few days, the message seemed disturbingly believable.

But why had they reached out to him? If Janice was in danger, shouldn't they have contacted Aiden instead?

"Could it be...?" Kenneth murmured, his worry deepening as he quickly dialed Aiden's number.

As expected, the same automated voice greeted him.

Neither Aiden nor Janice was answering.

A sinking feeling settled in Kenneth's chest. Something was wrong—both Aiden and Janice were in danger.

The person who sent the message must have known exactly what was going on. That was why they had contacted him. Were they counting on him to save Janice?