

Wrath 321

Chapter 321:

Kenneth's mind raced as he tried to piece everything together, the weight of the situation sinking in.

Finally, he stood up and ordered his assistant to ready a car.

He had to go, no matter the cost.

If Janice was really in danger, he would rescue her. If not, he had nothing to lose.

"Isn't today Green Group's shareholders' meeting?" Kenneth muttered, his suspicions growing. It all seemed like a plot to undermine Aiden's position.

But there was no time to lose. He was determined to reach the northern suburbs as fast as possible.

Meanwhile, Bart dressed in his sharpest suit, exuding the confidence of a man destined to take control. He slid into his Rolls-Royce Phantom, the engine purring as he drove toward Green Group's headquarters.

As the towering building came into view, a smug smile tugged at the corners of his mouth, the taste of victory already sweet on his lips.

"From today, I'll be the most powerful man in Efrery. I'll make everyone who once looked down on me regret it."

Kenneth reached the northern suburbs. Farmhouses dotted the landscape. Without a specific address to guide him, finding Janice felt like searching for a needle in a haystack.

He glanced at his phone again. The mysterious number had only sent that single message and then gone silent. The lack of updates gnawed at his patience.

He killed the engine and stepped out, letting the cool air and faint scent of hay ground him. Scanning the horizon, he picked a random direction and started walking.

The locals took notice immediately. Men paused their plowing; women glanced up from their chores, their curious eyes following the well-dressed stranger cutting through their quiet rural enclave. It wasn't every day something like this happened.

Suddenly, Kenneth stopped and waved at a man nearby.

"Me?" The man straightened, pointing a weathered hand to his chest.

Kenneth nodded and approached with a friendly smile. "Yes, sir. Sorry to bother you. I was hoping you could help me find someone."

The man frowned slightly but stepped closer. "Who are you looking for?"

"People from the city—like me. Have you seen anyone like that in the past few days?"

The man scratched his chin, mulling it over before shaking his head. "No."

Kenneth's shoulders sank under the weight of his disappointment. He'd assumed the locals would have noticed Janice's group—city people had a way of standing out in places like this. But the man's answer left him with nothing.

He thanked him anyway and looked at the cluster of houses ahead. The settlement wasn't large, but combing through it on foot could take hours, maybe longer.

"Wait, I might've seen them!" A woman approached. She wore a warm smile and seemed eager to help.

"You have?" Kenneth's eyes lit up, and he stepped closer. "Do you know where they are? They're my friends, and we were supposed to meet here. But my phone died, and I can't reach them."

They're staying at the second house near the entrance to the village. It's a small inn. People from the city use it when they come out here to relax. There were three of them—a girl and two men. They checked in a couple of days ago, but I haven't seen them leave.

Then her expression softened, turning concerned. "Is the girl with them your girlfriend? If you two had a fight, you should talk it out. Girls need reassurance, you know."

Kenneth forced a polite smile. "Thank you, ma'am. I'll sort it out."

Two men. Janice had two men with her! And they hadn't left the inn since checking in.

Without wasting another moment, Kenneth strode toward the inn.

The building was unremarkable: a modest three-story structure with clean white walls and a simple wooden sign.

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"Sir, are you looking for a room?" The receptionist, a young woman, greeted him with a bright smile. Her eyes widened in surprise; her heart skipped a beat.

She wasn't used to men like him. Most visitors were rugged farmers or city folks who barely stayed long enough to make an impression. But Kenneth, with his sharp features and tailored jacket, looked like he'd stepped out of a magazine.

"Actually, I'm looking for my friend," Kenneth said, maintaining his polite smile.

That dazzling smile of his just swept her off her feet. "Your friend? If you give me a name, I can check the guest log."

"We're online friends, actually. We planned to meet here, but she got here before me. My phone died on the way, so I've been asking around. Someone mentioned she might be staying here."

The receptionist tilted her head slightly, processing his words.

“She’s a young woman—long hair, really pretty. I think she was wearing a dress,” he added.

“I think I know who you’re talking about. A group of three—two men and a woman—checked in a few days ago.” She paused, her brows furrowing in thought. “But are you sure you’re friends with the woman?”

Kenneth let out a sigh. “If it’s a hassle, don’t worry about it. I’ll find a place to charge my phone and wait for her to call me back.”

“No, no! It’s no trouble at all,” the receptionist blurted, almost tripping over her words. There was no way she could deny someone so polite and charming. “They’re in Room 303.”

“Thank you.” Kenneth flashed her a grateful smile before turning to the stairs and taking them two at a time.

As he disappeared up the stairs, the receptionist leaned back slightly to catch her breath. “He’s the most handsome guy I’ve ever seen.” But the dreamy look in her eyes quickly faded as doubt began to creep in.

The three guests in Room 303 had barely left their room. Only one of the men came down now and then to grab food.

What if that pretty girl was a scammer? What if this ridiculously good-looking man was walking into a trap?

She shivered, remembering news reports of honey traps and dangerous setups—schemes targeting men just like him.

Kenneth stood outside Room 303.

He took a deep breath, willing his nerves to settle, but the dread clawing at his mind refused to let go. What if something had already happened to Janice?

“No, Janice isn’t just anyone. She’s stronger than that.”

Kenneth raised his hand and knocked lightly on the door, the sound echoing down the dim motel hallway.

“Who’s there?” answered a man from within.

Kenneth’s heart skipped a beat. His mind raced, but his voice stayed steady. “Motel staff here. It’s check-out time for this room. Would you like to extend your stay?”

“Check-out time? I booked this room for three nights. What’re you talking about?”

“Is that so? Would you mind opening the door so we can confirm it together?”

Kenneth’s pulse pounded so loudly he thought it might give him away. He wasn’t afraid of any danger he might encounter, but he feared the man might realize something was wrong and harm Janice.

Finally, the doorknob twisted.

The moment the door cracked open, Kenneth’s instincts took over. His eyes narrowed, and he moved in a blur. With a swift, powerful kick, his foot slammed into the door, sending it flying open with a deafening bang.

“Janice!” Kenneth’s voice echoed in the room as he stormed inside.

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But what greeted him stunned him.

“Andrew? What the hell are you doing here?” Kenneth asked in confusion.

Andrew sat slumped in a chair, his body battered, his face swollen, and his wrists tightly bound. His eyes widened with relief when he saw Kenneth, like a drowning man glimpsing a lifeline. He tried to shout, but the tape over his mouth reduced his cries to desperate, muffled sounds.

Kenneth’s mind reeled. If Janice wasn’t here, then where could she be?

“Andrew, where’s Janice?”

Andrew nodded frantically, his pleading gaze urging Kenneth to act quickly.

Kenneth moved to untie him, but a deep, menacing voice stopped him cold.

“Don’t do anything foolish, Mr. Delgado.”

A chill shot down Kenneth’s spine. He spun around, his gaze locking onto a towering figure standing in the doorway.

The man was massive, his broad shoulders filling the frame. His cold, calculating eyes bore into Kenneth, exuding an air of lethal precision.

“Who the hell are you?” Kenneth snapped, his fists clenching. “And why is Andrew tied up like this?”

“This is Janice’s plan. Out of respect for your connection with her, I’ll let this intrusion slide. But I’d advise you not to interfere with her arrangements.”

Kenneth’s head spun. If Janice was indeed behind this, then what was that text message about? The man before him exuded power, yet his deference to Janice struck a strange chord. Who was she really?

“Where is Janice right now?” Kenneth pressed, his voice steady despite the unease prickling at him.

Costello studied him for a moment, as if weighing his response. “If you return to Delgado Group, you’ll find your answer.”

Kenneth glanced at Andrew again. Although he couldn’t quite understand why Andrew was tied up here, it would be equally easy for this sturdy, strong man to keep him in this room as well. Yet he didn’t intend to do so. So it was Janice’s order to have Andrew tied up here.

“Alright, I’ll stay clear of what’s happening here.”

Kenneth turned to go, but Andrew’s muffled cries grew more frantic. He thrashed against the ropes, desperation etched into every strained movement. Kenneth was his last hope.

Without another word, Andrew stepped out of the room, closing the door behind him. As soon as he turned, he found the front desk girl.

“What’s going on? I heard a loud bang upstairs!” She had followed him quietly upstairs out of worry and had heard the commotion.

“It’s nothing serious.” Kenneth flashed her a disarming smile, the kind that always seemed to make people drop their guard. “I had a bit of a disagreement with my friend, and he broke the door in a fit of anger. I’ll pay for the damage.”

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a thick stack of cash. “This should cover the damage. Is it enough?”

Her eyes widened, sparkling at the sight of the money. “This is more than enough.”

“Consider the extra a token of apology. And please, keep an eye on my friend. He’s having a rough day—heartbroken, you know how it is.”

“Of course! I’ll make sure he’s taken care of,” she replied, practically skipping back down the stairs.

Kenneth exhaled deeply, his chest heaving with the release of tension. He glanced back at the doorway, catching Costello’s subtle nod. Without another word, Kenneth strode away from the village. What was Janice up to?

Then it hit him—Green Group’s shareholders’ meeting. His expression darkened. There was no way this was a coincidence. Andrew’s predicament couldn’t be an isolated incident. His instincts screamed of a deeper, more tangled connection.

Chapter 324:

Meanwhile, Bart had arrived at the Green Group building. The headquarters of Green Group wasn’t just a corporate hub; it was a symbol of power, wealth, and influence—a monument to those who ruled Efrery’s elite.

Aiden had been the most powerful man in the city, but Bart would soon overtake his place.

His leather shoes clicked against the marble floor as he walked toward the CEO’s private elevator, amplified by the eight bodyguards flanking him.

“Apologies, but this elevator is for the CEO only. Unauthorized individuals aren’t permitted to use it,” the security guard said, stepping in front of Bart to block his path.

Bart lit a cigar, tilted his head up, and blew a puff of smoke straight at the guard’s face. “It used to be Aiden’s. Now it’s mine.”

“I don’t get what you’re saying. But if you’re here to stir up trouble, I suggest you leave right now,” the guard replied, frowning and standing his ground.

Bart’s smirk grew colder. In an instant, the eight bodyguards pushed the guard aside.

Bart straightened his collar, took another puff from his cigar, and walked into the private elevator like he was the one in charge.

The elevator ride ended on the 19th floor—the conference room.

The room was crowded, filled with the shareholders of Green Group.

Their faces were tight with worry. Aiden's long absence had everyone on edge, but no one dared to speak up about it.

Everyone present knew how ruthless Aiden could be. Anyone who crossed him would pay a steep price.

"George, where's Aiden? Why hasn't he shown up?" one of the shareholders asked, his brow furrowed.

George Parker, a middle-aged man with a bit of extra weight, looked uneasy. He dialed Aiden's number again, but it still went to voicemail.

"Please, everyone stay calm. I'm sure Aiden is just busy with something important. Let's give it a bit more time," George said with a strained smile.

As Aiden's trusted right-hand man and the company's vice president, George was the go-between for Aiden and the shareholders.

With George's reassurances, the others had no choice but to swallow their frustration and wait it out.

Suddenly, the doors to the conference room flew open with a loud crash.

Everyone turned instinctively, expecting Aiden to walk in, but froze in shock when they saw who had entered.

"Bart?" George frowned, recognizing him. "What are you doing here?"

Bart didn't reply. With a cigar hanging from his fingers, he confidently walked toward the head seat.

"Bart, stop!" George's voice grew sharp as he realized what Bart was up to. "This isn't the place for your nonsense."

Bart turned, his eyes sweeping over the room, taking in everyone present. Without a word, he sat in the head chair. Crossing his long legs, he placed them on the conference table, his posture dripping with arrogance and defiance.

"Get this troublemaker out of here!" George shouted.

"Save your breath, George," Bart replied with a mocking grin. "The people outside? My men took care of them. I'm in charge now."

"Bart, are you out of your mind? Once Aiden shows up, you're done for," George warned, his voice icy.

"Ha-ha." Bart's laugh was sharp. "Sorry to burst your bubble, but he isn't coming. He's dead."

His words dropped like a bomb, throwing the room into chaos.

"Aiden's dead? That can't be true!"

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"George, is this for real? Is Aiden really dead?"

Every eye turned to George, but he was just as shocked as they were. He didn't know how to answer.

"Everyone, stay calm. Don't let this illegitimate son get to you. Aiden is an extraordinary man. He can't be dead!"

“The fact that I’m standing here should say it all,” Bart said coldly, puffing out another cloud of smoke. “I’m here to take over my brother’s company and claim the head of the Green family.”

“This is absurd! An illegitimate son has no right to that position,” George snapped, his anger simmering. “I suggest you leave now, or you’ll regret it.”

“George, other than talking a big game, what else do you have?” Bart sneered, his voice thick with contempt. “Let me spell it out for you. The person who died in last night’s car accident was Aiden. And trust me, I’m not just sitting here relying on that.”

He pulled out a document and slammed it onto the table. “This is the share transfer agreement my father signed over to me. That means I now own the second-largest stake in the company, right after Aiden. And with him gone, I’m the rightful heir. Is that clear enough?”

George’s mind was spinning. How could Aiden be dead? But last night’s car accident had definitely seemed off. And with Aiden not showing up today, his growing unease only intensified.

“George, what are we going to do now?”

“Yeah! That share transfer contract looks real. If Aiden really...”

“Shut up!” George shot a cold glare at the panicking shareholders. “What he’s saying about Aiden’s death is nothing but empty words. And even if he has a share transfer contract, without official recognition, he has no right to be here.”

He turned back to Bart, his tone firm. “As vice president of Green Group, I have the authority to act in Aiden’s place. I’m ordering you to leave right now and stop causing a disruption.”

At his words, Bart began clapping slowly, a smug grin curling at the corners of his lips. “Just as expected from Aiden’s trusted right-hand man—confident, bold, and always quick to act. But the only reason I’m sitting here right now is because I came fully prepared.”

Bart slapped a stack of photos onto the table with a sharp thud. "See the license plate in these photos? That's the car Aiden was in during the accident. You can double-check it yourselves."

Everyone quickly reached for the photos. In them, Aiden was seen in a car with a young woman, and the license plate was clearly visible.

They quickly found the news report about the car accident and compared the license plate numbers. To their disbelief, it matched exactly.

George's mind went blank, his head spinning.

Could Aiden really be dead?

Three years ago, Aiden had survived the devastating car accident that left him disabled.

But this time, he hadn't been so lucky.

"Do you know why the media hasn't released the victim's identity? It's because I've been pulling the strings behind the scenes." Bart pressed both hands flat on the conference table. "To keep Green Group's stock from crashing, I suppressed the news. I waited for this shareholders' meeting to pick a successor. Only then will I expose the truth about the accident, limiting the damage. You should be thanking me. If it weren't for my actions, the shares you hold would have dropped by now."

The room buzzed with whispers. Everyone was stunned by Aiden's death, but there was a sense of relief that the news hadn't gone public, sparing Green Group from a financial disaster.

However, the idea of an illegitimate child of the Green family taking control of the company didn't sit well with them.

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"George, under the circumstances, don't you think it's time to announce the new CEO?" Bart smirked, his sharp eyes locked on George. "And while we're at it, you should hand over the shares my grandfather left to me. Once I'm head of the Green family, I'll elevate this company to new heights."

“Quite ambitious!” A cold, calm voice cut through the tension.

Bart stood frozen, his mind reeling. This couldn’t be happening!

Everyone turned to the door as a man in a wheelchair was wheeled into the room.

“Mr. Green?” The crowd gasped in shock, their fear and unease fading as if they had just found something to hold onto in the middle of the chaos.

Aiden sat in the wheelchair, calm and collected, his gaze casually resting on Bart. A small, almost amused smile played on his lips, as though mocking Bart’s lack of insight.

“That’s impossible!” Bart leaped to his feet, his eyes wide with disbelief as he stared at Aiden. “You were supposed to be dead!”

“Bart, your plan had potential, but it lacked a certain finesse,” Aiden said, his voice steady and unbothered. “Using Tess to lure me into your trap and attempting to take me out—that was clever. But you misjudged me.”

Bart shook his head frantically, unable to accept the reality in front of him.

He had checked with those responsible for the accident, who assured him that Aiden died on the spot. So how was this possible? Had they deceived him?

“Still confused?” Aiden clicked his tongue in mock amusement. “Once I saw through your plan, I made sure to be ready for it. Does that clear things up?”

“How did you see through my plan?” Bart snarled, crushing his cigar between his fingers. “You’re too sentimental. Tess saved your life, so of course, you’d repay her kindness.”

“Unfortunately, she never saved my life,” Aiden replied with indifference.

Bart's expression changed. "How could you possibly know?"

Aiden looked down at the bracelet on his wrist, absentmindedly rubbing it. "At first, I had my doubts about Tess being the one who saved me. But when she described the accident in too much detail, I realized she wasn't the one."

"Why do you think that?"

"Because she knew too much, almost as if someone had put the ideas in her head," Aiden said, his eyes narrowing as he fixed a cold stare on Bart. "That's when I realized you were behind her. It's almost amusing, really. What you thought was a perfect plan just came off as sloppy and full of flaws to me. People like you will never amount to anything. Just like your illegitimate birth, you'll never be acknowledged."

"Aiden!" Bart roared, his face twisted with anger and humiliation as he slammed his fist onto the conference table. "You think you've won? Think again. You may have made it out alive this time, but that doesn't change the fact that you've lost your right to lead the Green family."

Bart smirked, settling back into his chair, crossing his legs, and resting them on the table. "Honestly, I'm glad you're still breathing. Now, all the cards I've been holding can finally come into play."

"Well then, go ahead. Show me what you've got." Aiden raised an eyebrow, his expression steady and composed.

Bart snapped his fingers, and instantly, several shareholders who had been silently observing stood up in unison.

"I think it's clear that Bart is the right person to lead the Green family," one shareholder said boldly. "Aiden, you should step aside and let him take control."

"Exactly, step down!" others quickly echoed, adding their voices to the growing chorus.

at the traitors, his voice filled with fury. "You've been hiding your true intentions all this time! From the very beginning, you decided to betray Aiden, acting like you cared while secretly conspiring behind our backs!"

"Why not support Bart, George? Aiden's just disabled. We don't want to follow someone like him."

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"Exactly! What good is someone like that? Just the thought of him attending events in a wheelchair is absurd!" The traitors sneered, their words dripping with contempt for Aiden.

The words hit George so hard, he felt like he might pass out from the fury rushing through him. "You're really testing how much I can take!" His rage flared to the point where he longed to rip these people apart just to protect Aiden.

"George, relax," Aiden advised, his gaze cold toward the traitors. "I've known about their betrayal from the beginning. This time, I'll handle everyone who's turned against us."

Bart let out a mocking laugh, holding his stomach as he leaned back. "Ha! Aiden, are you still playing tough? Do you honestly have no idea what's happening?"

The traitors laughed along, their eyes filled with mockery as they stared at Aiden.

"Aiden, over half the shareholders are backing me now. And with the shares I got from Alcott, I own more than you do!" Bart's stare turned cold as he leaned forward, his eyes locked on Aiden. "What can you do to stop me?"

Aiden stared at Bart, his face calm and unshaken, showing no sign of fear.

A sense of unease washed over Bart as he watched Aiden remain completely composed. Why was Aiden so calm? Was there something he was hiding, some secret move up his sleeve? But the odds were clearly in his favor. How could Aiden possibly turn this around?

“Aiden, if you step down as head of the Green family now, I might let you live a peaceful life.” Bart relaxed into his chair, snapping his fingers sharply. A bodyguard stepped up immediately and lit his cigar for him.

He took a long drag from his cigar, glaring at Aiden with a look of disdain, as if he were some stray animal.

Despite Bart’s threat, Aiden remained completely unfazed, which only seemed to irritate Bart more.

“Do you even realize how bad things are for you?”

Aiden folded his hands in front of him, his expression calm. “I think you’re the one who doesn’t understand. Do you honestly believe that winning their support means you can pull off a coup?”

“Isn’t that true?” Bart scanned the room, eyes darting from one person to another. “Even if you get the backing of other neutral shareholders, there’s no way you’ll outdo me.” He then shot a hard look at the neutral shareholders, his tone turning cold. “Are you blind to the situation? If you choose to support me, your positions will be safe. If not...” The threat in his voice made the neutral shareholders uneasy.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t afford to lose everything I’ve worked for,” one shareholder said, his voice laced with hesitation as he reluctantly aligned himself with Bart.

“Same here! I’ve got too much debt, and that year-end bonus is my only hope.” Another shareholder stepped forward, choosing his side.

Bart raised an eyebrow, clearly pleased. “Smart move. As long as you stand by me, I’ll make sure you’re well taken care of.”

The remaining neutral shareholders were still unsure.

Bart had the upper hand now, but Aiden hadn’t responded with anything solid. What should they do? They knew Aiden’s strength, which kept them silent, waiting to see how things played out.

But with Bart being so aggressive, they couldn't sit on the sidelines any longer.

"Bart, you lowlife! You're nothing but an illegitimate son, and you think you can lead the Green family? I won't back you, no matter what." A shareholder stood up, glaring at Bart. "Aiden is Kristopher's chosen heir. No matter what Alcott says, that won't change, and certainly not because of you."

Aiden raised an eyebrow and glanced at the speaker. He recognized the man as Ian Rivera, one of Green Group's old-timers.

Ian had been one of the key figures who helped Kristopher build the empire, making crucial contributions along the way. Now, even in such a tough spot without Kristopher, he remained firmly loyal to Aiden.

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"Since you've spoken, Ian, I won't hold back either," another shareholder said, standing up. "Bart, you bastard, I've put up with you long enough. Don't think a few new followers give you the right to run things here. We veterans haven't said our piece yet."

"Kristopher built this group, and as long as we old comrades are around, you'll never take control." With these loyal voices rising, more of the old shareholders began to stand with Aiden.

They were the people who had fought beside Kristopher in the early days.

Bart's gaze darkened, a sharp edge glinting in his eyes before his lips curled into a calculated smile. "I knew you wouldn't let me claim this position without putting up a fight."

"Bart, so what if you've managed to gather support from some shareholders?" Connor's voice was steady and firm. "We control the majority of shares, and together, ours outweigh all the rest. As long as we stand behind Aiden, there's no chance for you to take the lead."

He then turned to Aiden with a regretful look. "Aiden, I owe you an apology for not declaring my stance sooner."

"I get it," Aiden said with a faint smile, his tone steady and free of reproach. "You held back, waiting to see if I had a strategy to navigate through this mess. Now that you've finally spoken, am I to assume you've found your answer?"

Connor exchanged a knowing look with the other shareholders. That was precisely what they'd been considering. In the midst of Green Group's most significant challenge, if Aiden could stand firm, he would undoubtedly prove himself capable of leading them to new heights.

While Aiden didn't seem to hold many cards right now, they could feel that Kristopher's chosen successor was crafting a masterful plan. He was like a sheathed blade, hiding its edge until the right moment to strike with precision.

"From this point on, Aiden, you have my full support," Connor declared without hesitation.

One by one, the other old shareholders stepped forward to pledge their allegiance. "Aiden, we have faith in Kristopher's decision. You can count on our unwavering support."

Aiden's expression softened into a relieved smile. Thankfully, Kristopher's trusted allies had remained loyal. Otherwise, handling them would have been a far greater challenge.

"Well, Bart, it looks like the tide has turned," Aiden remarked with a playful glint in his eyes.

Bart, however, stayed composed. Taking a slow drag from his cigarette, he said, "I offered you all a way out, but you chose not to take it. Now, I won't be holding back. Leonie, the floor is yours."

Just as Bart finished, the sharp click of high heels echoed through the hall.

All heads turned to the doorway, where a poised and elegant woman, flanked by bodyguards, made her entrance.

"Leonie?" Connor exclaimed in surprise upon seeing the woman. "You're part of the Ramirez family. What business do you have here at Green Group?"

Leonie chuckled icily as she gracefully took a seat next to Bart. Resting her hands neatly on her lap, she radiated an air of authority. "I'm here to back Bart in claiming the position of the Green family's leader."

"Don't you think it's out of line for an outsider like you to interfere in Green Group's affairs?" Connor asked sharply, his expression hardening. "Or are you implying that the Ramirez family is challenging Green Group?"

The tension in the room became palpable, as what was once an internal conflict now carried the weight of an external threat as well.

"Bart, are you out of your mind?" George exclaimed, unable to hold back. "You're actually working with the Ramirez family against your own blood?"

"I'm simply making the most of the situation," Bart said casually, brushing ash off his cigar with a flick. "Leonie saw the potential here and agreed to fund my efforts. With her help, I've managed to buy up scattered shares of Green Group that were available on the market. And now, I've gained just one percent more than Aiden. I know it doesn't sound like much, but trust me, that small difference is enough to tip the balance in my favor and put Aiden in second place."

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His eyes narrowed as he slowly rose from his seat, his expression hardening with anger. He leaned over the conference table, staring at Aiden.

"Shocked, huh? Here you are, the rightful heir to the Green family, and yet, you're being outplayed by me, an illegitimate son. You've had quite the streak of good luck, haven't you? Surviving not one, but two car accidents. But what's the point of that? Luck can only take you so far. In the end, I'll always be one step ahead of you. No amount of luck will ever be enough to beat me."

Bart's tone was aggressive, almost biting, as he spoke.

He was looking for a reaction, hoping to see Aiden panic, maybe even struggle to find a way out of this. But as he watched, he felt a wave of disappointment.

Aiden wasn't the least bit rattled. His face remained perfectly calm, as if nothing Bart had said had any effect on him. In fact, a brief flash of mockery danced in his eyes.

Bart's frown deepened as he watched him. Why was Aiden still so unshaken? The situation was in his favor now—he was on the verge of taking control of Green Group. What could Aiden possibly do to stop him now?

"Bart, are you insane or what?" George's voice cut through the tension with a scoff. "Aiden still holds Kristopher's ten percent of the shares. With that, he's got nine percent more than you. So you're not even close to being in control."

Bart arched a brow and let out a derisive chuckle. "Ah, so that's your source of confidence—the ten percent."

Aiden didn't respond, his indifferent gaze fixed on Bart.

"To claim those ten percent shares from Kristopher, Aiden needs to meet specific conditions," Bart continued with a frosty smile, drawing out his words. "He needs to get married and maintain a happy marriage for at least a month."

"Exactly." George lifted his chin. "Aiden's already married Janice, and anyone who's been paying attention can see how strong their bond has been over the past month. It's pretty obvious to everyone."

of calculation in his eyes. "To outsiders, Aiden and Bart look like a loving couple. However..."

A sinister light flickered in his gaze as he raised his voice pointedly. "What if Janice was engaged in scandalous activities, tarnishing the Green family name?"

"What are you getting at?" George responded, his expression crinkling with worry.

"I mean precisely that." Bart locked his eyes on Aiden. "Imagine, George, the chaos that would follow if it came to light that Aiden's wife was unfaithful, shattering the Green family's reputation?"

George's heart skipped, anxiety clawing at him. He glanced desperately at Aiden, whose composed nod offered a semblance of solace.

"Aiden would undoubtedly be ousted from his role as the head of the family, and his ten percent shareholding would get redistributed among the senior board members like us," George explained.

"But that's impossible! Janice would never betray Aiden."

Bart erupted into a mocking cackle, his laughter echoing mockingly as he wiped away a fake tear. "Prepare yourselves for a shock. She has been shamelessly unfaithful—just think how many times she might have strayed from Aiden."

He turned a provoking stare towards Aiden. "Aiden, wouldn't you be intrigued to uncover just how scandalous your wife can be behind closed doors?"

"Bart, you're truly a disgrace." Aiden exhaled heavily, his tone laced with clear disappointment. "I had hoped you'd be bold enough to confront me directly. Yet here you are, sinking to new lows by targeting a woman. It's only cowards who resort to using women as leverage."

"Bullshit!" Bart retorted, his face contorted in fury. "I'll use any means necessary to bring you down, even if that includes involving women in my schemes."

Chapter 330:

His eyes flicked to the clock, a malicious grin spreading across his features. "Finally. Your wife should be arriving any moment now."

"Bart, how could you have known I'd be here?" A sharp, distinct voice cut through the tension, halting Bart in his tracks. His smirk wavered as fear and shock overtook him.

In the doorway stood a woman, poised and imposing.

Her crimson lips curled into a subtle, assured smile, her eyes captivating, capturing the attention of everyone with just a glance.

She overlooked the rest of the room, focusing only on a solitary figure in a wheelchair, to whom she offered a tender smile. "Aiden, it's been ages."

At Janice's entrance, Aiden's heart skipped a beat. The anxiety that had gripped him for days melted away instantly. While he had faith in her skills, his concern was relentless.

Unbeknownst to him, he had developed a profound care for a woman for the very first time.

"It's been ages," Aiden whispered, his voice a gravelly whisper that was surprisingly gentle.

Braylen, observing from just behind him, felt an unexpected pang of emotion. Aiden was undeniably smitten with this woman. Even Braylen, with his rugged demeanor and lack of understanding about love, couldn't miss the connection the two shared.

"No way! What are you doing here?" Bart gasped, staggering back as though struck. "Andrew was meant to be the one to walk through that door, not you!"

"Bart, weren't you the one who insisted I should be here? What's the problem now? So the moment I show up, you think I shouldn't be here? Tsk, you're so inconsistent," Janice retorted with a smirk, gliding effortlessly to Aiden's side, her presence a soothing balm to his tumultuous spirits.

"No, this is all wrong!" Bart's voice cracked, his face twisting in rage as his eyes sparked with fury. "Andrew was supposed to rape you! He was meant to come here today, flaunting photographs of you to disgrace Aiden! But you..."

"And yet, here I stand, unscathed and destroying your cruel plot," Janice declared, her voice low yet piercing, cutting through the tension like a knife. Her words sent a cold shudder down Bart's spine.

"Bart, pull yourself together," Leonie commanded sharply, her expression stern as she eyed his crumbling demeanor. "If this is truly the extent of your efforts, I may well need to withdraw my support."

Bart shot a sharp look at Leonie, her eyes blazing with indignation, a sight that jolted him into a clearer state of mind.

Yet, frustration still simmered in his chest. His plan had been impeccable; how on earth had Janice slipped through unscathed?

“How did you manage to slip away?” he demanded, his tone thick with disbelief.

Janice allowed a slow, knowing smirk to curl her lips. She propped her elbow on the table, her chin resting thoughtfully on her palm as she gazed at Bart with mocking amusement. “Ask nicely, and maybe I’ll tell.”

“Don’t tempt fate, Janice,” Bart retorted sharply, his voice rough like gravel, his eyes shrinking to furious slits. “Do you truly believe you’ve won? Have you even glanced at the tidal wave of public disdain crashing over you online? The moment you leave this room, the press will tear you apart. To them, you’re just a disgrace—a woman who betrayed her family, hurt her brother, and used others for your own gain.”

Aiden watched this exchange with a keen eye, acutely conscious of the vicious smear campaign orchestrated by Dotson.

With Janice remaining out of sight and silent, the lies had taken on a life of their own.

Originally, Aiden had toyed with the idea of stepping forward to defend her, but a cautious text from Leah had stayed his hand, suggesting that Janice was more than aware and perhaps even prepared.

Now, with everything unfolding, Aiden’s interest was piqued. How would Janice turn these dire straits to her advantage?

“Bart, my online reputation is none of your concern,” Janice said, her tone measured and calm. “What you should focus on now is figuring out how to deal with the mess you’ve created.”