

Wrath 341

Chapter 341:

His smile was warm, his nod appreciative, sparking an even louder round of applause from the audience.

“Dotson’s so genuine and humble! It’s no surprise he’s so beloved.”

“He’s not just talented; he’s a literary marvel. Every book he crafts turns to gold!”

“Have there been any updates about the new book? Come on, share with us!”

With a teasing, enigmatic smile, Dotson leaned closer to the audience. “Indeed, part of why we’re here today is to unveil some thrilling updates about my upcoming book. The past few months have been brutal—stuck in a battle with relentless writer’s block, desperately trying to summon my inspiration. And now, I am here, reawakened, with my creativity shining brighter than ever.

“And there’s more. Let me take this moment to express my gratitude to someone who’s been my rock through everything.”

Dotson’s face betrayed a touch of sentiment as his eyes scanned the audience, as though seeking a specific figure.

“If it weren’t for her, I wouldn’t be here today. She has been my compass when I’ve felt lost, my pillar of strength during times of doubt. Thank you, Latonia! Your role in this journey has been indispensable. Half of this success is rightfully yours. Today, I step out from behind my stories to celebrate this triumph alongside you.”

Dotson’s declaration ignited a wave of excitement among the fans.

“Could this be a confession of love?”

“Unbelievable! I had no idea Dotson had a girlfriend. He really kept it under wraps!”

“It’s so romantic! You’ve been with me throughout my journey, and now I want to make it official. Oh, how I yearn for such a sweet romance myself.”

Hearing their animated chatter, Dotson felt a surge of secret delight warming his heart.

Indeed, the atmosphere was drenched in romance, as if it were a scene plucked from a cherished novel.

This day was proving exceptional. Not only could he see Latonia, but he would also announce his new book and declare his love—all during an extraordinary fan gathering.

Dotson gathered his composure and called out, “Latonia, are you among us? If you can hear my voice, please grace the stage with your presence.”

The fans immediately began a fervent search, eyes darting around in anticipation of spotting the enigmatic special guest.

Suddenly, a fan’s voice pierced the murmurs. “Over there! She must be Latonia.”

Every gaze converged on a figure cloaked in black, her identity veiled by a mask intricately decorated with a black rose design, as she gracefully emerged from the shadows.

“That’s Black Rose, the secretive alter ego of the heroine in Dotson’s second novel.”

“That has to be Latonia, the woman Dotson talked about. This is incredibly surreal. Dotson professed his love for all to hear, and there she was, dressed like the heroine from a novel. It’s as if we’re living in a dream.”

The fans naturally dispersed, forging a clear path for the star of the show to make her grand entrance onto the stage.

Dotson also adjusted his attire, placing one hand behind his back and the other over his chest, exuding the demeanor of a royal gentleman.

The Edwards family smiled at the scene.

"It seems Dotson has found his love," Delilah said. "Now, I'm eager to know what kind of lovely woman will become my sister-in-law."

"Hah! Maybe it's a man," Carman teased, eyes twinkling with mischief. "Who's to say she isn't in disguise?"

"Carman, stop talking such foolishness," Laurie retorted sharply, her glare piercing. "One glance is enough to see she's undoubtedly a woman. How could you mistake her for a man?"

Despite her certainty, she couldn't shake a nagging sense of familiarity about the woman.

Chapter 342:

"I never thought my third son would be the first to bring home a girlfriend. What a twist!" Connor laughed heartily. "Once they make it official, I'll spare no expense for their extravagant wedding."

By then, Black Rose was ascending the stage steps.

Her elegant silhouette, accentuated by sleek black high heels, moved with the regal grace of a nocturnal queen, casting a spellbinding charm over the audience.

Dotson's heart thrummed with exhilaration. He had envisioned Latonia in numerous ways—perhaps enchantingly lovely or strikingly plain, or she might have even been a man. However, as he saw her in person, all those fantasies dissipated, replaced by the thrilling reality that captivated his soul.

Even though Latonia's face was concealed behind a mask, Dotson felt an unwavering conviction that beneath it lay extraordinary beauty.

“Latonia, to finally meet you in person is a dream come true.” Dotson extended his hand, eager to grasp her fingers, but she sidestepped gracefully, positioning herself on the opposite side of the stage.

Dotson, momentarily stunned, stared after her in disbelief. He soon recognized that his approach might have seemed too forward.

Indeed, meeting someone from online does come with its initial awkwardness. Through more interaction and familiarity, he hoped they could dissolve the initial strangeness and reconnect as seamlessly as they had in the digital world.

“Everyone, Latonia is just a bit reserved today. Let’s be patient and give her the space to warm up,” Dotson said, cleverly covering for his own hasty gesture while shifting the fans’ focus. “Now, I must address another issue—calling out my troublemaking sister, Janice. Despite the posts I’ve shared about her recently, she remains silent. Today, I openly challenge her. Janice, come out of hiding! Acknowledge your errors and seek forgiveness. If you can hear me, make your way to the fan gathering and publicly apologize to your family. Perhaps then, we might still forgive you.”

“Dotson, do you really see yourself as the judge?”

A voice sliced through the tension, stopping Dotson in his tracks.

Gal n o v e l s . c o m is your destination for fiction

He scanned the fans, searching for the challenger, only to find every gaze directed toward Latonia.

A flicker of unease stirred within Dotson as he turned, his expression tinged with apprehension. “Was that you speaking?”

Latonia strode forward, stopping mere inches from Dotson. A mocking smile curled beneath her mask. “You called for me, didn’t you? Well, here I am.”

Dotson’s smile wavered, turning into a puzzled grimace. “What do you mean, Latonia? I’m somewhat confused.”

With a dramatic flair, Latonia lifted her hand and peeled off her mask, unveiling a strikingly beautiful visage.

When Dotson caught sight of that strikingly familiar figure, he froze in absolute astonishment.

Meanwhile, the members of the Edwards family were equally stunned, their expressions etched with utter disbelief upon recognizing the figure dominating the stage.

It was Janice.

Delilah was the most taken aback.

She stared, eyes wide and incredulous. Why on earth was Janice here? Wasn't she supposed to be securely confined by Andrew? By this time, Bart was expected to have disseminated her compromising photographs, condemning her completely.

Yet the unfolding scene was wildly contrary to expectations.

Delilah whipped out her phone and hastily typed a message to Bart, seeking clarity.

"Delilah?" Connor inquired, narrowing his eyes at her.

Reading the skepticism in his tone, Delilah responded, "Dad, I'm as clueless as you are. I've just texted Bart, but he's yet to respond."

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Connor clenched his jaw and murmured, "It appears Janice has duped us all."

Previously, Andrew had assured them via text that all was proceeding without a hitch. It now seemed probable that Janice had taken over Andrew's phone, sending them deceitful updates instead.

They had intentionally severed ties with Andrew to avoid Aiden and Leah's probing eyes. Once Bart had cemented his role as head of the Green family, their next move was to publicly reveal that Janice had been raped.

Armed with Bart's support, they would face Leah's backlash without hesitation.

Yet Janice's unexpected arrival had thrown their meticulously crafted plans into disarray.

"What's our next move, Dad?" Delilah asked, her voice laced with panic, the dread she felt toward Janice palpable. Janice had a knack for dodging their traps and turning the tables, always twisting the narrative to her favor.

"Stay calm! Janice showing up unharmed doesn't necessarily spell disaster; it doesn't mean anything's happened to Bart," Connor assured, his voice a deep, steady rumble as he tried to suppress his own anxiety.

"We'll wait for Bart's word."

"All right."

Meanwhile, excitement rippled through the fans, all eyes glued to Janice's mesmerizing allure.

"Isn't that Janice? I've seen her up close before. She's even more radiant in person."

"Hold on! I'm lost. Wasn't she Latonia? When did she become Janice?"

"Maybe Latonia and Janice are one and the same? If that's really the case, things are about to take a fascinating turn."

The air was thick with confusion and disbelief as the fans watched the surreal drama unfold before them.

Everyone had anticipated a romantic climax between Dotson and Latonia, yet they found themselves caught in an utterly bizarre twist. Dotson's long-admired beloved turned out to be his younger sister, a revelation he was compelled to reject.

This level of melodrama was off the charts, surpassing even the most outlandish television scripts.

"No, this can't be true!" Dotson exclaimed, shaking his head in denial. "Where is the real Latonia?"

"I am Latonia," Janice declared, a mischievous grin curling her lips. "Did you honestly believe someone would simply let you plagiarize their work without a motive?"

"You're a fraud! Bring out the real Latonia now, or else..." Dotson shot back.

"Or else what?" Janice covered her mouth, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "What will you do, Dotson? Lose your composure?"

"You're fabricating this entire story!" Dotson burst out, fists clenched at his sides, breaths coming in ragged gasps. "Latonia is gentle and compassionate, not cruel and deceitful like you! This is all a deception."

"Indeed, it is a deception."

Dotson's features softened momentarily in relief, only to twist in confusion as she continued, "A friendship, a confidant? All deception. Out of pity for your lackluster talents and to safeguard your fragile ego, I invented Latonia. If I hadn't offered my work for you to steal, your fame would be non-existent."

"Shut up, Janice!" Dotson pointed an accusing finger at her.

"Cease your cruel charade this instant!"

“Exactly! Shut your mouth!”

The Edwards family stormed onto the stage, their urgency palpable.

Carman locked eyes with Janice, his voice thick with contempt. “You’ve already ruined me, and now you aim to destroy my brother as well. I will not allow it.”

Chapter 344:

“Janice, I assumed disowning you would keep you away. Yet here you are, stirring up trouble again. What is it? Do you crave our attention?” Connor exhaled wearily, a note of helplessness in his tone. “Naturally. If you sincerely apologize, perhaps I might consider allowing you to return.”

“Janice...” Laurie’s voice faltered, and she ultimately chose silence, her lips pressed into a tight line.

Delilah shot Laurie a bewildered look. Why was this foolish woman behaving this way? In recent days, Laurie’s demeanor had been one of inner turmoil and conflict.

“Janice, I know you’re doing all this to catch our family’s eye, hoping we’ll draw you back in. Really, you needn’t go to such lengths.” Delilah’s lips curled into a sorrowful smile. “Once I leave this family, everything will be all right, won’t it?”

Delilah’s words resonated deeply, stirring a wave of sympathy.

The Edwards family glared at Janice, their eyes seething with enmity, as if they saw in her the very embodiment of a foe they were eager to defeat.

Janice couldn’t help but chuckle at their foolishness. Even now, their perceptions remained clouded.

Swayed by Delilah’s seemingly fragile demeanor, the crowd’s indignation grew palpable.

“Janice is simply dreadful! Look at Delilah—her generosity knows no bounds, even prepared to leave her home to preserve peace after two decades of memories there. Can you imagine the sacrifice?”

“Janice, it’s time to apologize!”

“Janice, better you vanish from our sight!”

Their voices escalated, an uproar of condemnation filling the air.

Yet Janice stood her ground, her face a mask of serenity, impervious to the growing turmoil.

A sly smirk played at the corners of Delilah’s mouth as she took refuge behind Laurie, keeping her glee hidden from prying eyes.

Even without confirmation from Bart, Delilah sensed victory. With the crowd firmly on her side, Janice’s plight under the crushing weight of their scorn was almost palpable.

“Really, Delilah? Is that all you’ve got?” Janice’s tone dripped with sarcasm, echoing through the chaos. “Play the victim, act like a saint, and beg for everyone’s sympathy? Pathetic.”

“What are you saying, Janice? I don’t understand.” Tears brimmed in Delilah’s eyes. She clung to Laurie desperately, like a drowning woman clutching a lifeline.

The crowd roared in outrage, their voices rising like a furious tide against Janice’s cruel words.

But Janice stood tall, unmoved by their protests. To her, their anger was nothing more than a storm crashing against a cliff—loud and relentless, but utterly powerless to touch her.

“Delilah, don’t you wonder why I’m standing here in front of you?” Janice asked meaningfully.

Delilah flinched as though struck, her face pale and drawn. She took another step back, retreating behind Laurie.

Laurie frowned, her gaze flickering between Janice and Delilah. Her instincts told her something wasn't right. Janice wasn't here without a reason—something bigger was at play.

"Relax, Delilah. You're not my target today." Janice tilted her head, her smile sharp enough to cut. "My real business is with Dotson. And believe me, by the time I'm done, he'll finally understand what it means to be an utter failure."

Dotson's body went rigid, his face twisting with rage as he stepped forward. "Janice! Shut up! Security! Get her off this stage! She's here to stir up trouble!"

But before his threats could land, the massive screen on the stage flickered to life, revealing a series of screenshots. One by one, Dotson's private messages with Latonia scrolled across the screen, filled with desperate, pleading words and confessions of longing. Dotson's face flushed a deep, angry crimson.

Chapter 345:

A hush swept over the crowd, their shock painted on every face.

The messages depicted Dotson as an obsessed fool, desperately seeking Latonia's favor.

Throughout Latonia's prolonged absence, which spanned over a hundred days, his messages grew increasingly desperate, cluttered with incessant entreaties for just a single reply. This was a stark contrast to the composed, sophisticated image he maintained on stage.

"How did you get those? What have you done to Latonia?" Dotson turned to the backstage crew, panic edging his command. "Shut it down! Turn off the screen, now!"

"Sorry, that's not possible." Sierra emerged, her stance bold and her smirk pronounced. "Your tech crew? They're under our thumb now. This stage? We own it."

Dotson's complexion turned ashen. He lunged toward the screen, intent on turning it off himself, but a formidable presence blocked his path.

Costello didn't even need to gesture; a piercing gaze from him was sufficient to immobilize Dotson.

“Feeling a bit flustered, are we? Why, though?” Janice taunted, her arms folded, her gaze piercing as she observed his discomfort. “Weren’t you just proclaiming your role here to pass judgment? Let’s see how you fare under the scrutiny of the spotlight.”

“Enough!” Connor erupted, his eyes blazing with fury as he fixed his stare on Janice. “This has escalated beyond reason. Whatever mistakes Dotson may have committed, he remains your brother.”

“Enough!” Janice retorted sharply, her voice cutting through the air like a knife. “How many times must I clarify? I am no longer a member of this family. The papers were signed; it’s final.”

Her piercing gaze swept defiantly across the assembled crowd. “Wasn’t it Dotson who demanded my public judgment? Very well then. Let the proceedings commence, but it is he who will find himself under scrutiny.”

Abruptly, a spotlight snapped into place above Dotson.

He winced, attempting to dodge the relentless beam, yet it pursued him doggedly, casting his expressions of panic and humiliation for everyone to witness.

“Dotson, perhaps it’s time you disclose the truth to your fans—that the three bestseller novels you so proudly claim were actually stolen from me?” Janice taunted.

“What’s going on? Dotson plagiarized? Seriously?”

“Hold on, you’re saying Janice, who claims Dotson stole her work, is actually Latonia? That Dotson plagiarized from...?”

“I don’t understand. What’s really happening here?”

The harsh spotlight bore down on Dotson as the audience held their collective breath, hungry for his response.

“Absolute nonsense!” Dotson’s voice cracked like thin ice, jaw clenched in barely contained fury. “I’ve never plagiarized anything in my life. Now you’re masquerading as Latonia to destroy my reputation? What are you really—”

“Still living in denial, are we?” A serpentine smile played across Janice’s lips as she snapped her fingers. Sierra caught the signal, flashing a quick “OK” before vanishing backstage.

Moments later, a massive projection flickered to life.

With deliberate grace, Janice raised her phone for everyone to see. “Ladies and gentlemen, what you’re seeing is my personal device, broadcast live for complete transparency. Now...”

Her fingers danced across the screen as she opened her email app and logged in with practiced ease.

The audience watched, transfixed, as she entered her password and completed the facial recognition scan. The realization of what she was proving dawned on them slowly.

There, in crisp digital clarity, was her inbox—and at the top, the name that changed everything: Latonia.

Chapter 346:

Email threads between her and Dotson filled the screen, each one another nail in the coffin of his denials.

The evidence was irrefutable. Janice and Latonia were one and the same.

Dotson’s knees buckled beneath him, and only Carman’s quick reflexes kept him from hitting the floor.

“How could this be? All this time, the person I’ve looked up to has been Janice? No way!”

Panic coursed through Dotson's veins as his worldview shattered like fragile glass. The foundation of his beliefs crumbled beneath him.

The audience's mocking laughter cut through the air like razor blades.

"This is hilarious! To think his idol—the person he's admired all this time—turns out to be his sister. How utterly ridiculous!"

"Imagine Dotson pouring his heart out in those emails. All that sincerity directed at his own sister. There's something deeply unsettling about that."

"Humph! Shouldn't we be concerned about Dotson's plagiarism? If Janice is bold enough to make such claims, she must have solid proof."

Like a flock of birds changing direction mid-flight, the crowd's attention shifted from the scandalous revelation to the more serious allegation at hand.

"Dotson, do you still want to deny it?" Janice advanced. The air around her seemed to grow heavy, pressing down on everyone present.

"Why? Why did you do this?" Dotson roared, humiliation and rage burning in his chest. "Do you enjoy tormenting me like this?"

"Blame yourself for being such a failure." Janice lifted her chin, her glacial gaze sweeping across the Edwards family like a blade. "When I first returned, I worked tirelessly to earn your approval."

The Edwards family's faces darkened like storm clouds.

Janice's eyes locked onto Dotson. "A talentless hack like you, dreaming of becoming a great writer. To protect your fragile ego, I became your online confidante, endlessly encouraging you, sharing my drafts. I expected you to draw inspiration. Instead, you copied everything word for word. Though it disgusted me, I was desperate for your approval, so I stayed silent. After all, we were family."

“You’re lying.” Dotson’s face flamed with desperation. “Those novels were my creation. This is all just another scheme to destroy us, isn’t it? First Mom, then Delilah, and Lowell and Carman. Are you planning to pick us off one by one?”

Janice met his accusations with arctic indifference.

“You’re truly wicked!” Carman’s voice joined the fray. “You’ve already ruined me—I’m done fighting. But Dotson is one book away from the platinum writer, and you choose now to destroy him?”

“Platinum writer?” Janice’s lips curled in derision. “Someone who can’t even get a draft approved, becoming a platinum writer? Do you know why his new book hasn’t made any progress?”

She let her gaze drift across the sea of expectant faces. The fans stood frozen, confusion etched across their features as they waited for her next revelation.

“Because I’m not around, so he has nothing to copy.” Her words crashed through Dotson’s last shred of dignity like a wrecking ball. “Today, he announced news about his new book because he knew I had returned. He thought I would provide fresh material for him to plagiarize.”

A collective gasp rippled through the crowd.

“I wondered about his sudden burst of inspiration. He must have thought Latonia’s return meant a new well to drink from.”

“I read some of Dotson’s early short stories. They were amateur work, worlds apart from those three novels. I chalked it up to different genres, but now it’s clear he’s nothing but a fraud.”

“Holy shit! Have I been idolizing a plagiarist all these years?”

Chapter 347:

The crowd turned on Dotson like a pack of wolves scenting blood.

As devoted literary enthusiasts, nothing stirred their contempt more than theft of the written word. With Dotson's deception laid bare, their adoration turned into venom.

"No, that's not true!" Dotson denied. "While I did seek Latonia's advice previously, I never copied her work. It was more about drawing inspiration from her ideas."

Janice, unconvinced, snapped her fingers dismissively. "Just so you can't claim there's no proof, I've come fully prepared."

The screen lit up with several documents.

"Behold the evidence of your theft."

The crowd, primarily filled with Dotson's devoted followers, recognized the works immediately.

Silence fell over the crowd as Janice's documents flashed onscreen, followed by a wave of outrage.

"Unbelievable, he has replicated the text exactly, even down to the letter."

"And look here, he didn't even correct the known typo—calling this 'inspiration' is absurd!"

As the damning evidence mounted against him, Dotson sank to the floor. His world crumbled around him. The figure he had revered, who was none other than Janice in disguise, had now unveiled his plagiarism.

His career seemed doomed, likely to face ostracism within the literary community.

Should the industry overlook his misdeeds, his fans certainly would not forgive him.

"Thief! Plagiarist!" the fans shouted, their former admiration turning to scorn. In a frenzy, the audience started throwing whatever they could grab at Dotson on stage.

The onslaught was relentless, like a fierce tide threatening to drag him under.

The Edwards family reacted quickly, forming a protective barrier around Dotson.

Delilah moved to shield him, only to be yanked back by Carman. "Stay back, Delilah. It's not safe."

"But Dotson needs help..."

"Leave that to me and our parents. We'll handle this. But you must stay safe; we couldn't bear to see you hurt," Carman insisted.

"Carman..." Delilah let tears escape, staying behind him cautiously.

She sighed inwardly. The Edwards family was useless. If it weren't for the fact that she hadn't secured their assets yet, she would have separated herself from these fools quite some time ago.

With a quick glance at Daryl, who had been pushed away by Connor, Delilah called out, "Daryl, I'm frightened. Could you come and stay close to me?"

"Right away," Daryl responded, quickly rejoining Delilah.

Laurie frowned, finding it odd that Delilah seemed more concerned about Daryl than her. She was standing in front, being hit with drinks and eggs. Yet, Daryl's hair was only slightly unkempt.

"Mom, join us here too," Delilah called out suddenly, catching Laurie's look. "Don't worry; Dad and Carman will keep us safe."

Any suspicions Laurie harbored melted away. How could she doubt Delilah? Such a compassionate soul could surely mean no harm to their family.

“Enough, or I’ll have to call the police!” Connor shouted, his authority temporarily quelling the chaos among the fans. Now splattered with various substances, he bore little resemblance to the dignified family leader he was.

Carman’s appearance was hardly better; a shoe had struck his face, leaving a vivid mark.

Dotson, the focus of the audience’s fury, bore the brunt of the assault. A barrage of items had left him a far cry from his once dignified self. He now resembled discarded refuse in a trash pile.

Chapter 348:

“Janice, are you pleased with yourself?” Connor’s voice was thick with bitterness. “The Edwards family, once a prestigious name among Efrery’s elite, revered by many, is now reduced to this by your actions. You ought to be ashamed!”

Janice responded, “A prestigious name? Really, can the Edwards family truly claim such a status now? Without my intervention, Edwards Group would have been floundering.”

“Absurd! Edwards Group secured its status under my direction.” Connor retorted sharply. “What role could you possibly have in that? Even though we face obstacles now, our upcoming agreement with Korbyn Mendoza will reaffirm our elite status.”

“Such self-delusion.” Janice shook her head in mock disappointment. “Have you really forgotten the Patterson family’s project?”

Connor was taken aback for a moment, then realization dawned. He recollected how Edwards Group had maneuvered to take over a vital project from the Patterson family.

That project had been pivotal for the Patterson family to secure their standing among the top families. With its loss to Edwards Group, however, their status had significantly deteriorated.

“Back then, that project seemed insignificant to you. Who was it that unveiled its potential?” Janice’s tone was calm, yet her words resonated deeply, piercing his illusions.

Back then, the Patterson family, one of the top four influential families, had teetered on the brink of financial ruin due to a disrupted funding chain.

Faced with the prospect of overwhelming debt, they had crafted a strategy that attracted several investors' interest. Yet, through undisclosed means, the Edwards family had gotten wind of this confidential strategy and crafted an even more compelling proposal, ultimately capturing the crucial investments.

This maneuver had led to the Patterson family's inability to maintain their business operations, causing their stock values to crash and pushing their once-formidable empire into severe financial distress.

As a result, the Edwards family had ascended rapidly, replacing the Patterson family among the elite four families.

Connor's stature in the business community had soared as he was praised for his awareness. He always attributed the swift ascent of Edwards Group to his own strategic foresight and wisdom.

However, he conveniently ignored a pivotal detail.

Without Janice placing that strategic proposal on his desk, Connor's so-called success might never have materialized.

"That's not the case!" Connor protested, his complexion ashen, his demeanor rattled yet defiant. "I secured the Patterson family's project through my own insight and strategic planning, independent of any outside help. My vision shaped the rise of Edwards Group."

"Dad, it's time to face reality." The voice came unexpectedly from the crowd.

"Lowell?"

His appearance took the Edwards family by surprise. Their reactions mixed, tinged with annoyance, as Lowell's presence and alignment clearly supported Janice.

Today, Lowell presented a stark contrast to his past disheveled self. Clad in neat attire with his beard meticulously groomed, he had reclaimed his sophisticated, gentlemanly aura.

His gaze, though intense, was dimmed by deep-seated fatigue and guilt.

“Is this Lowell Edwards?”

“He’s quite handsome, like all the Edwards brothers.”

“Looks aside, what good does it do? Didn’t all three brothers get caught plagiarizing?”

Exactly.

Lowell stole Janice’s business proposals, Carman mimicked her original songs, and Dotson lifted her novels.

Their father rose to prominence by exploiting Janice’s business strategies. Laurie and Delilah were not innocent either, having been revealed as plagiarists themselves.

Chapter 349:

In essence, the Edwards family was a dynasty of copycats. Their prominence was a direct result of Janice’s brilliance, underscoring her exceptional capabilities.

She stood alone, a singular force of unmatched talent.

As Lowell approached the stage, his eyes met Connor’s with a mix of pity. “Do you still refuse to see the truth? Can’t you acknowledge that without Janice, we amount to nothing?”

“Lowell, if you’ve lost your mind, take it somewhere else!” Carman retorted sharply, his stare fierce. “How can you say we’re nothing without Janice? The Edwards family would thrive even more without her.”

Lowell scoffed, his laugh tinged with bitterness. "Carman, do you really forget that we never made it to the top? Would we really have ascended to one of the four major families within a year if Janice hadn't come back?"

The stark reminder resonated within the Edwards family. They were forced to remember that their rise coincided precisely with Janice's return.

Without the advantageous marriage to the Green family, they could hardly have claimed a place among the elite.

"Carman, before Janice's return, you were barely known as an online singer. Yet after her arrival, your rise to fame was rapid, wasn't it?" Lowell scoffed. "All because you copied her music. How can you brazenly parade that as your own work?"

Lowell's blunt accusation rendered Carman speechless, his cheeks burning with shame. To this day, he remained unable to confess his plagiarism.

Indeed, except for Lowell, none of the Edwards family could acknowledge that their stature was derived from Janice's brilliance.

"Carman, you pose as a genuine artist, but you're nothing but a charlatan," Lowell added.

His tone, though not loud, carried a weight that left Carman both infuriated and deeply humiliated, his body shaking with the impact.

Janice watched Lowell, taken aback by his assertive intervention. His unexpected defense was a welcome turn, easing her burden significantly.

"Lowell, why would you say such things about Carman?" Delilah intervened, her voice tinged with feigned sorrow.

“Enough!” Lowell snapped, his gaze piercing as he faced Delilah with intense scorn. “Delilah, you are the catalyst of our family’s downfall.”

“Lowell, you must put an end to this immediately,” Connor said, his voice firm. “Do you realize the extent of Delilah’s sacrifices for our family? Without her, Edwards Group would have crumbled into bankruptcy. Without her efforts, your mother’s project would never have moved forward smoothly.”

“Dad, please calm down,” Delilah said softly, clasping Connor’s hand. “It’s possible Lowell was influenced by Janice’s misleading words, thus his harsh comments. We should avoid turning on each other; it’s exactly what she wants.”

Connor glanced at Delilah, a hint of regret in his eyes. “Lowell, are you seeing this? Even now, Delilah is standing up for you. Do you really think you deserve the kindness she’s showing?”

Lowell’s laugh was tinged with bitterness. “Yes, it’s all too clear now. She’s manipulating everyone, making us look like fools. Think about it—every time Janice and she clashed, Delilah always seemed so pitiful, so innocent. And we jumped to blame Janice after a few words from Delilah. The truth is, we didn’t have any solid proof that it was Janice behind it. Does feeling sorry for yourself make you innocent?”

Lowell’s sharp critique resonated deeply with the Edwards family, forcing them to confront uncomfortable truths.

Laurie’s anxiety surged, her mind flashing back to past disputes between Janice and Delilah. True to Lowell’s observations, they had always sided with Delilah, swayed by her woeful demeanor, regardless of the actual facts.

But Janice had done nothing.

Even when presented with proof, they had ignored it, blinded by Delilah’s seemingly innocent and pitiful presence.

Chapter 350:

“Enough! I can’t take this anymore!” Laurie exclaimed, overwhelmed by despair, her hands cradling her head as if Lowell had unveiled a truth she wished remained buried, her panic palpable.

Carman’s and Dotson’s faces drained of color. They, too, sensed the gravity of the situation but feared digging deeper, anxious that their cherished beliefs might crumble into absurdity.

Delilah’s expression grew tense, especially as she saw their faces twist with panic and desperation. She realized that if this kept going, they would soon be forced to confront the truth.

“I’m sorry, Janice.” Lowell inhaled sharply, tears brimming as he faced her. “I was naive to trust only Delilah’s side of the story, and in doing so, I caused you a great deal of distress. I’m not asking for your forgiveness, but I will take on the responsibility as a brother and make sure you’re never hurt again.”

Janice stayed composed, letting out a sigh. “This is really quite ridiculous. You’re the only one in the Edwards family who has come to realize the truth. As for the rest, even if they sense something isn’t right, they’ll keep deceiving themselves, willingly letting that two-faced girl manipulate them.”

Lowell’s smile was tinged with sorrow.

Blindness and arrogance had plagued the Edwards family. Their conceit barred them from accepting the truth, a realization that haunted Lowell through many restless nights.

“Don’t listen to Lowell’s absurd claims,” Daryl blurted out suddenly. “Having raised Delilah from childhood, I’m intimately familiar with her true nature. The Edwards family’s bright light and good fortune has always been Delilah. It wasn’t until Janice returned, driven by jealousy of everything Delilah had, that the family ended up in its current situation. I have no idea what Janice told Lowell to make him act so irrationally. However, I won’t allow Delilah to be treated unfairly like this.”

Daryl’s words gave the Edwards family a renewed sense of energy.

Their initial confusion faded, replaced by belief in Daryl’s assertions. How could Delilah, known for her kindness, be capable of such manipulation?

Janice was the one to blame for everything.

The family's harmony began to unravel the moment Janice returned.

"Lowell, you're being irrational," Connor said sternly, squinting in disapproval. "If you have any respect left for me as your father, leave this instant and stop this chaos."

"Dad, are you still going to be so stubborn? Fine. But tell me, do you have the nerve to swear that the plan was entirely your idea?"

Connor attempted to respond, but his voice failed him.

Lowell sneered at his hesitation. "You can't, can you? You know very well that the plan was actually given to you by Janice. For the sake of your pride and dignity, you chose to overlook the truth and took credit for something that wasn't yours."

Lowell's face grew darker as he continued, "I was just as blind, not believing Janice could have come up with such a brilliant plan. Like you, I thought it was just a coincidence. But now, I've realized the truth. It was her initiative all along. Our entire family has been thriving because of Janice's hard work, gradually improving over time. In the meantime, we've acted like parasites, showing no gratitude, only focused on taking, without considering her well-being at all. Dad, we are the ones who pushed Janice away and brought down Edwards Group with our own hands."

"Enough!" Connor shouted, his face contorted in rage, his temples throbbing visibly. "The success of Edwards Group has never depended on Janice. Without her, our family will prosper. The mess we're in right now—it's all because of her. She's been manipulating things behind the scenes to bring us down."

"Lowell, please, come back to reality!" Laurie pleaded, her voice trembling with desperation. "Don't let Janice deceive you again. She's always been set on destroying our family."

"Mom, how can you still be so unaware?" Lowell exclaimed, disbelief straining his voice as he fixed his gaze on Laurie. "Deep inside, you know the true asset to our family. Why won't you acknowledge it?"