

Wrath 361

Chapter 361:

“You teamed up with Andrew to assault me, and you even embezzled from Edwards Group. Those two charges alone could land you in prison for life.”

“You’re lying!” Delilah’s heart skipped a beat. “I don’t even know who Andrew is, and there’s no embezzlement. It’s all made up—a complete lie.”

“I knew you’d deny it, so I came prepared with evidence,” Janice said, snapping her fingers.

Leah quickly handed over a thick document. “This contains Andrew’s testimony and all your financial transactions. It’s more than enough to prove your intent to harm. Plus, there’s a missing fund from Edwards Group, and our investigation shows it was funneled into your personal account.”

Delilah froze, her breath catching in her throat.

Before she could respond, Leah thrust the document at her.

Trembling, Delilah took the paper and scanned it quickly. Her eyes widened in horror as it detailed Andrew’s criminal actions and pointed directly to her as the mastermind.

What shocked her most was the missing Edwards Group fund.

On the surface, it seemed like a tactic Connor used to win Korbyn’s loyalty, but in truth, Delilah had taken it for herself.

“Did you honestly think Korbyn was arranged by Nellie?” Janice’s lips curved into a satisfied grin. “That was just bait. The moment you used Korbyn to grab that money from Connor, you walked right into our trap.”

Connor stared at Janice, his eyes wide with shock as the reality of the situation hit him. He realized with a jolt that Korbyn had been Janice's ally all along. His daughter was far more capable than he had ever imagined.

He had felt proud of himself for winning over Korbyn, but now all she was doing was watching him with amusement as he ran in circles.

"Dad, no! Connor, what is happening?" Delilah demanded, her face flushed with rage. "Wasn't the money yours?"

Connor shook his head, a mocking smile on his lips. "Delilah, did you honestly think I had that amount of money myself? I needed to secure Korbyn first. Once the project was rolling and funds came in, I planned to cover the difference. But you took the money for yourself. This is your consequence."

"No, that can't be true! That money was a personal gift from you, not something from public funds," Delilah said, stepping back, unable to believe what was happening. "I get it now. You must have planned this, tricking me into walking straight into your trap."

"Delilah, don't deceive yourself now." Janice's voice cut through the air, sharp and unforgiving. "I saw your greed from the start and planned accordingly. If you cared at all for the Edwards family, you wouldn't have walked right into this trap."

Delilah had always treated the Edwards family as tools to be used. Once they no longer served her, she showed no hesitation in discarding those who had treated her as family for two decades.

Delilah collapsed to her knees with a heavy thud.

"Are you okay, Delilah?" Daryl rushed to her side, panic rising in her voice. "You can't give up now! We still have a shot at this!"

"A shot?" Janice's voice was cold and final, like a sentence passed in court. Daryl froze, an involuntary chill running through her.

“The moment you switched those babies, you sealed your fate.”

“What are you saying? I don’t understand,” Daryl replied, feigning confusion.

“Deserting a child and encouraging your daughter’s criminal actions—how many years do you think you’ll be sentenced to?”

“You’re talking nonsense,” Daryl snapped, her voice defensive. “I was just rash when I swapped the babies.”

Janice’s sneer deepened. “You’re incredibly naive. It’s not for you to decide what you’re guilty of. The evidence will speak for itself.”

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“I’ll call the police then!” Daryl ground her teeth, stomping her foot in frustration. “I admit I swapped the babies, but that’s all! It’s just a slap on the wrist, not prison time!”

Janice shook her head, her voice steady. “First, Delilah’s embezzlement was all because of your influence. Second, the dean of the orphanage can testify to you deserting the child.”

Daryl was dumbfounded.

She had always worked behind the scenes, making it seem impossible to prove her influence over Delilah. But for Janice, the world’s top hacker, gathering evidence was effortless.

“Let’s see the big screen,” Janice said, her tone calm but firm. The screen lit up with screenshots of chat logs, clearly showing conversations between Daryl and Delilah.

The chats exposed how Daryl had coached Delilah on deceiving the Edwards family, gaining their trust, and even encouraging her to steal shares from Edwards Group. The Edwards family froze as they read the messages, stunned into silence.

It was as if they were witnessing how Daryl had slowly transformed Delilah into the greedy, deceitful woman she had become.

They even saw how Daryl had taught Delilah to frame Janice—and remembered how, whenever there was trouble between the two, Daryl was always there, pointing the finger at Janice.

A heavy wave of regret crashed over them all at once, like a ton of bricks.

Connor gasped, rage overwhelming him, and spat out a mouthful of blood. “Dad! No!”

Carman and Dotson rushed forward, panic in their eyes, trying to support him.

“What have we done?” Connor dropped to his knees, staring at Janice with despair. “How did we push our own daughter to this point?”

Janice watched them with an emotionless expression, her gaze steady as the Edwards family crumbled.

Aiden gently took her hand, his touch warm against her cool skin. Beneath her calm exterior, he could feel the deep hurt she was trying to hide.

From this moment on, he would be the family she needed.

The words caught in his throat, too heavy to say aloud.

He knew that by tomorrow at nine, they would be saying goodbye. What right did he have to speak those words?

For the first time, he regretted his past choices. Why had he ever made that deal with Janice instead of simply following his grandfather’s plan to be together? Regret had no cure. He was stuck with the consequences of his own decisions.

“Guards!” Janice ordered, and a few bodyguards stepped forward to surround Daryl and Delilah.

“What are you doing? Help! Somebody, I’m being murdered!” Daryl screamed, throwing a fit and fighting back, but the guards were too strong for her to do anything.

“Take them to the police station,” Janice commanded coolly. “Daryl, Delilah, you’ll get to reunite in prison.”

“Ah! Janice Edwards, you villain!” Delilah yelled in frustration. “I had everything planned perfectly, so how did you slip away?”

“Everything was planned perfectly?” Janice laughed, shaking her head. “I knew about your scheme with Andrew from the very beginning. You really thought I wouldn’t notice? The wine Sierra gave me had something in it—but that didn’t do the trick. Then you had Cheryl stain my clothes, forcing me to head to the restroom. And in there, you lit incense, which by itself was harmless. But when combined, they made me hallucinate.”

Delilah’s eyes widened in disbelief as she looked at Janice, almost seeing her as some sort of monster. “How did you know? And if you knew, why did you still go along with it?”

Janice answered coolly, “If I hadn’t played along, how could I have witnessed this moment?”

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As Janice was being led to the suite, Costello had already swooped in and rescued her. He then delivered a detoxified Janice to Andrew.

Just when Andrew thought he had won, Janice snapped out of her stupor and showed him what real despair felt like.

Aiden felt a weight lift off his chest. He’d known Janice’s plan was risky, but he hadn’t expected her to handle it so smoothly—playing everyone like pawns without breaking a sweat.

“Janice!” Suddenly, Connor staggered toward Janice, rushing and stumbling as he went. “I was wrong. I was blind, mistaking fool’s gold for real gold, and all I did was cause you pain. Please forgive me. I’m begging you. I swear, I’ll do whatever it takes to make things right.”

Janice said nothing, her gaze cold and detached as she looked down at the pitiful figure of the man before her.

“Janice, please, I’m begging you. We’re family, connected by blood. This is a bond that no agreement can ever break.” In a sudden, desperate motion, Connor raised his hand and slapped himself hard. “I’m not even human. It was my ignorance that caused you all this pain.”

His hand came down again and again, each slap echoing in the tense silence.

Carman and Dotson watched, too stunned to intervene, and slowly sank to their knees beside him.

“Janice, we’re so sorry,” Carman whispered. “We were so wrong.”

“This is all our fault,” Dotson added. “We were blinded by Delilah. But we swear, from now on, we’ll treat you right. We’ll never make that mistake again.”

Janice remained silent, her cold gaze sweeping over the Edwards family like a storm.

Carman and Dotson exchanged a look, their faces drained of color. With determined grit, they raised their hands and began slapping themselves as hard as they could. Their cheeks flushed red with each blow, but neither dared to stop.

They both understood this was their last chance at redemption. Whether they could salvage their lives now rested entirely on Janice’s decision.

Janice’s lips tugged into a slight smirk as her eyes shifted to Laurie. “What about you?”

Laurie flinched, her body trembling as if the weight of the decision before her was too much to bear. Slowly, she stepped forward, collapsing to her knees before Janice. “Janice, if you can find it in your heart to forgive us, I’ll do anything to make it right.”

“No! Don’t you dare forgive them!” Daryl’s voice sliced through the heavy silence. Still held by the guards, she screamed like a woman possessed. “If I’m going down, I’m dragging all of you with me!”

Janice raised an eyebrow, her face unreadable as she turned to Daryl. “You? Take them down? What do you think you’ve got on them?”

Daryl let out a laugh, her face contorting into something dark and twisted. “Because they are not your family!”

The room went completely still.

“What did you just say?” Janice asked, her voice tight, barely more than a whisper. “They’re not my family?”

“Liar!” Connor bellowed. “Janice is my daughter! Don’t you dare spread lies!”

His eyes burned with rage, as though he wanted to rip Daryl apart with his bare hands. Janice had become the family’s last hope, and if what Daryl said were true, that hope would be shattered in an instant.

“Shut up!” Aiden’s voice cut through the heavy silence. With a swift kick, he sent Connor crashing to the floor. His cold, deadly stare made Connor shiver with fear, causing him to quickly shut his mouth.

Aiden then turned to Daryl, his face stern. “Talk! Now.”

Daryl locked eyes with him, wild defiance burning in her gaze. “Years ago, I switched the babies. I took their daughter to an orphanage. But on the way there, I panicked so much that I tripped and fell—killing the baby. I was terrified, so I buried the body in a remote place and tried to cover it all up.”

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“You’re lying!” Laurie screamed, her voice breaking with raw desperation. “If my child died, then who is Janice?”

“How the hell would I know?” Daryl sneered, her voice dripping with scorn. She was certain her fate was sealed, but she wasn’t going down quietly. She needed to make sure the Edwards family suffered too.

“Years later, when Delilah refused to marry that cripple, she begged me to find that girl. So I picked some random girl from the orphanage, faked a DNA test, and passed her off as your daughter. You’re all idiots. If any of you had even a little common sense, you would’ve done a second DNA test to double-check. But no, you just trusted me. A nanny.”

The room fell into a heavy, suffocating silence.

No one could have imagined such a shocking twist.

After everything that had unfolded, it turned out Janice wasn’t even their daughter. The entire charade had collapsed into nothing but a farce.

“Janice, even if you’re not our biological daughter, we’ll still treat you like one. Please, I’m begging you—don’t turn your back on us. Give us another chance to make things right,” Connor said, his voice full of emotion.

“Get lost!” Leah shouted, stepping forward to stand protectively in front of Janice. “You’re not apologizing because you’re remorseful, but because you know everything’s slipping away. If Janice didn’t have the power, the position, and the influence she has now, do you honestly think you’d be here begging for forgiveness? No, you wouldn’t. Not a single one of you would. All of you are nothing but a group of selfish, greedy individuals, only out for yourselves.”

Aiden’s gaze turned to Janice, his concern evident as he saw the emptiness in her eyes. They were distant, unfocused, as if all the life had been drained from her. He reached out and grasped her hand firmly. “Let’s go. Don’t worry about this mess—it’ll be handled.”

Janice nodded and allowed him to guide her away.

“Leah, Janice is going to be okay, right?” Sierra asked, her voice tinged with worry as she snapped out of her daze.

Leah let out a deep sigh. “I think she’ll be okay. Honestly, maybe it’s for the best. At least now she’s free from all the weight they kept putting on her.”

Cheryl blinked, taking a moment to let Leah’s words sink in before nodding. Her eyes flicked back to the Edwards family, disgust curling her features. They were truly shameless, willing to throw away any sense of dignity for their own gain.

The Edwards family stood still, their faces drained of color. Laurie’s eyes remained fixed on Janice as she walked away, her lips twisting into a bitter, self-deprecating smile.

How had she not seen this coming?

If only she had been willing to set aside her pride. If only she had been a bit more clear-headed, a little more open to what could have been. She could have had a daughter admired by everyone.

But instead, she stubbornly held on to her pride, making one poor decision after another—until she lost even the chance of having a real mother-daughter bond.

The memories of her past choices rushed back, and all she saw was ignorance, foolishness, and nothing but regret.

“Mom? Mom, what’s happening?” Lowell hurried to her side, only to see Laurie’s smile falter. She swayed for a moment before collapsing to the floor.

Even though he had come to his senses, even though he was disgusted by his family’s actions, they were still his family.

And just like that, the final act of this tragic farce came to an end.

Janice sat quietly in the car, her eyes staring out the window as time seemed to stretch on. Then, suddenly, a smile appeared on her face.

She let out a deep breath and murmured, "You know, it actually feels good."

"What?" Aiden frowned, watching her closely. "Are you really okay?"

Janice nodded. "I'm good—actually, better than good. This whole mess? It might have seemed like a joke, but it taught me something important."

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"And what's that?"

"I'm just relieved that my real family isn't them."

Aiden let out a soft chuckle. "You truly are extraordinary. Do the Edwards family even deserve to call you one of theirs?"

Janice stayed quiet, her eyes fixed on the scenery beyond the window, lost in the depths of her thoughts.

Catching the flicker of sorrow in her eyes, Aiden felt a twinge of guilt pierce through him. No matter the outcome, she had poured her heart and soul into the Edwards family over the past year, only to be repaid with nothing but betrayal. Though they had faced the consequences of their actions, the scars they left on her wouldn't fade easily. It seemed she no longer dared to hope for anything from her family.

"Janice, I'll help you." Aiden reached out but stopped when his hand was about to touch hers. He wanted to say they shouldn't divorce tomorrow, but the words refused to escape his lips.

He was frustrated with himself for being so indecisive, which was so unlike him.

“Thank you, Aiden,” Janice said, turning back with a faint smile. “But I have no intention of finding my family. Maybe I was never meant to be part of the family. Otherwise, why would they have deserted me?”

“Janice...”

“Aiden, our deal is over. It’s better if we limit our interactions from now on.”

Her words hit Aiden like a blow to the chest.

Had the time they spent together meant nothing to her? Was he truly just a business partner in her eyes? Did she really feel nothing for him?

Clenching his fists, Aiden said in a cold voice, “If that’s how you feel, then I won’t bother you anymore. But...”

“Hmm?”

“Nothing,” Aiden said with a shake of his head and fell silent.

The question burned in his chest. Did she really feel nothing for him? Was their relationship destined to remain a business arrangement?

Yet, voicing it felt absurd, especially when he had always insisted they were merely partners, nothing more.

Who could have predicted that in the midst of their fake relationship, he’d find himself falling for her?

Fragments of their time together replayed in his mind—her playful teasing, the way she once suggested they make their relationship real.

Thinking of it now, Aiden felt the urge to slap himself. If only he hadn't been so firm back then, perhaps things wouldn't be so strained now.

When he came back to his senses, Janice was already out of the car. He watched her figure disappear into the distance, a hollow ache settling in his chest.

"Mrs. Green... Janice isn't returning home tonight, is she?" Braylen's voice broke the silence.

Aiden's sharp glare made Braylen flinch. "You've adjusted how you address her rather quickly."

Braylen was unsure what to say. Their arrangement had ended, and with the divorce tomorrow, wasn't it time to call her something else? Or maybe...

"Mr. Green, if you love her, why not just confess it to her?"

"That's enough, Braylen," Aiden snapped, pressing his temples as if trying to massage away his frustration.

He wanted to, but confessing felt impossible. It wasn't like him to wear his heart on his sleeve.

"Take me home."

"Yes, sir."

Chapter 366:

The night passed uneventfully.

The next morning, Aiden woke to a message from Janice.

“Aiden, I’m at court. How much longer will you be?”

He scowled, tossed his phone aside with a frustrated sigh, then ran a hand over his face before reaching for it again.

“Soon,” he replied.

Was she really in such a hurry?

Aiden sighed, realizing he’d been sighing a lot lately, all because of Janice.

Janice had disrupted his carefully constructed peace of mind.

“Perhaps it’s all in my head,” he muttered. “I’m just not used to this, or maybe Janice really is different—someone I admire more than anyone else.”

His phone chimed again.

Snatching it up, he was disappointed to find the message wasn’t from Janice, but Nina.

“Aiden, your dad and I have had enough fun in Aerith. We’ll be back in a few days. You and Janice should come pick us up. I’ve missed Janice so much!”

Aiden stared at the screen, silent.

If Nina learned about the divorce, her fury would be unparalleled.

Thankfully, he had ensured no one informed her of the mess at home. His parents were still in the dark about Bart being imprisoned, and Alcott was likely clinging to the hope that Bart would secure Green Group and transfer the power to him.

Aiden couldn't help but shake his head in disbelief. For a man of high intelligence, how could his father be so blind to such a transparent scheme?

Aiden sent a casual reply to Nina's message, then got dressed and headed out.

Aiden and Janice emerged from the courthouse, side by side, their footsteps almost in sync.

The scene felt eerily familiar, like a haunting echo of the day they had registered their marriage.

But this time, they got a divorce.

The sensation was surreal for Aiden, yet the sting in his chest was unmistakable. It was as though something had been ripped away, leaving a painful void in its place. His heart felt heavy, suffocating, as if every breath had been stolen from him.

"Aiden, goodbye," Janice said, her beautiful face breaking into a smile.

Aiden stiffened, feeling the burn even more. "Janice, are you really that relieved to end things between us?"

Janice blinked, confused. "Isn't this what you wanted?"

"I..." Aiden's voice faltered. It was what he had wanted in the past. But now, he didn't want this.

Janice stepped closer, her hand finding his shoulder in an almost comforting pat. "I get it. After everything we've been through, it's hard to walk away without feeling something. But hey, we can still be friends."

The first part of her sentence made Aiden's heart race, a flicker of hope igniting. But the second half sank it right back down into the pit of his stomach.

“Friends?”

“Yeah.” Janice shrugged, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. “Don’t you want that? Then again, you’ve always preferred to be alone. Why would you want friends now? Guess we might not see each other again anyway.”

Aiden’s heart sank to his boots. “Where are you going?”

“Going abroad for a while. I need a change of scenery. Been under so much stress here; it’s time to unwind.” Janice stretched lazily, like she was talking about something trivial.

Aiden clenched his jaw, his fists balling instinctively. He wanted to say something, anything, but before the words could form, Janice wrapped her arms around him in a brief hug.

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“Goodbye, my ex-husband.”

The warmth of her touch lingered even after she pulled away, the faint scent of her perfume clouding his senses.

By the time he snapped out of the daze, Janice was already inside the car, driving away, leaving him standing alone in the street.

His eyes dropped to the divorce certificate still clutched in his hand, his grip tightening until his knuckles turned white. For the first time, he truly understood the pain of loss.

Not even the car accident he’d survived, when he thought his life was about to end, could compare to the pain of this moment.

“Mr. Green...” Braylen’s voice broke through his thoughts, hesitant as he approached. “The company restructuring today requires your presence.”

“Take me to Generous Lives Orphanage.”

Braylen blinked, taken aback by the sudden shift. “But the company...”

“Didn’t you hear me?”

“Yes, sir.” Braylen didn’t waste another second. He jumped into the driver’s seat and headed straight for the orphanage.

Generous Lives Orphanage wasn’t a grand, polished institution like others. Instead, it had a humble charm—simple in its design.

That alone showed it genuinely cared for the children, rather than exploiting their tragic circumstances for sympathy and profit.

“Are you here to adopt?” A staff member approached, her eyes scanning the two men with curiosity.

Aiden and Braylen carried themselves with an aura that set them apart from the usual visitors. If they were here to adopt, the child would undoubtedly have a better life. She couldn’t help but feel happy for the child who might be chosen.

“No,” Aiden said. “We’re here to see Glenn Haynes.”

“The director?” she asked, her brow furrowing in mild disappointment before letting them in.

As they stepped into the orphanage, Aiden was immediately drawn to the scene before him—children laughing and playing heartily on the grass and swings. He wanted to find traces of Janice’s past here.

Suddenly, he froze, his gaze locking onto something on the far wall.

There, sprawled across the surface, was vibrant graffiti of a radiant angel, its halo of light shining outward as though bestowing blessings upon the world.

“This masterpiece was done by a brilliant soul who used to live here,” the staff member explained. “They say her IQ was off the charts. She learned everything quickly, no guidance needed, and created this angel all on her own. I heard her family came for her. I wonder how she’s doing now.”

Aiden squinted his eyes, a wave of emotion rising within him. He took a step forward, drawn to the image.

Up close, the angel was even more striking—its glow seemed almost tangible, conveying an unspoken yearning, a longing for something just out of reach.

He reached out, gently pressing his palm against the wall, trying to connect with the emotions Janice might have felt as she poured her soul into this creation.

She had no clear picture of her family, no memories of what they looked like—but in this angel, she had found a symbol, something universal. Angels, after all, were thought to watch over the world, embracing every soul with warmth and care, as a mother might. Janice had poured her soul into this image.

A small voice interrupted his reverie, and Aiden turned to see a little boy rushing toward him. The child’s hand shot out, grabbing Aiden’s wrist.

“Hey, what are you doing?” Braylen, who had been following behind, frowned and took a step forward, ready to pull the child away. But Aiden stopped him with a glance.

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“Sir, could you be my dad?” the boy asked, his eyes wide and filled with an aching desire for family. “I promise I’ll be good. I won’t cause trouble.”

“Freddy, come here now.” The staff member took the boy’s hand. “This gentleman isn’t here to adopt anyone. He’s here to speak with the director.”

Freddy's eyes welled up with tears, but he gripped Aiden's hand tightly, refusing to let go. The yearning for family and love pulsed through him. "You look too young to have children, sir. Please, take me with you."

For a moment, Aiden was caught off guard, his mind drifting to a memory of a younger Janice, whose face seemed to blend with Freddy's.

He wondered if she, too, had looked at adults with such a sad, pleading expression, just like this boy.

"Freddy, come over here!" The staff member gave Aiden a look of regret, silently apologizing for the situation.

She couldn't fault Freddy. After all, she had been with these kids since they were small, watching them grow and understanding the emotional pull they felt.

These kids often saw their friends taken by adults to start new lives with families.

In that kind of situation, their desire for family became really strong. That was probably why Freddy went up to Aiden and asked him to take him away.

"No, I want to stay with him," Freddy insisted.

In his desperate pull, he accidentally snapped the bracelet on Aiden's wrist.

The beads flew in all directions, scattering across the floor. Freddy froze, panic washing over him as he realized what had happened, unsure of what to do next.

Aiden's heart tightened as he watched the bracelet break. A sharp pain hit his chest, reminding him of the moment Janice left.

This was the sting of losing something precious.

"I'm so sorry, sir! I didn't mean to do that." Freddy quickly apologized. He crouched down, trying to gather the beads.

The tiny beads had scattered so widely it felt impossible to collect them all, no matter how hard he tried.

"It's okay," Aiden replied, letting out a soft sigh. He reached out to ruffle Freddy's hair, giving him a comforting smile. "I understand what you're feeling. But I'm not here to adopt. You're a wonderful kid, and I'm sure someone will take you home soon."

"You're not angry with me?" Freddy asked in a small voice, looking up at Aiden with uncertainty.

Aiden shook his head and then turned to the staff member. "Please take care of him. I'll go find Glenn now."

"I truly apologize, sir," the staff member said, her voice filled with regret. "How much did your bracelet cost? I'll make sure to pay you back."

"There's no need," Aiden replied, his gaze drifting back to the beads scattered across the floor. "Maybe this is life's way of reminding me that some things, once lost, can never be brought back."

Braylen stared at Aiden, taken aback by his response. The man standing before him felt unfamiliar, almost as if he were someone entirely new.

Braylen had never seen Aiden display such gentleness toward a boy before. That bracelet had been a part of him for years, something he fidgeted with whenever he was troubled. It had become second nature to him.

But now, Aiden was letting it go, as if it held no meaning at all.

Could it be that Janice leaving him had affected him so deeply that it completely changed who he was?

A short while later, Aiden reached the director's office. He told Braylen to stand guard outside and entered alone.

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"Who are you?" Glenn asked, his gaze lifting to the unexpected visitor, confusion crossing his face.

"My name is Aiden Green. I'm Janice's ex-husband," Aiden said, unsure of how to introduce himself, so he went with the simplest explanation.

Glenn seemed taken aback, a look of surprise on his face. "You're Janice's ex-husband? She was married? And divorced?"

Aiden's spirits sank a little. It appeared Janice hadn't mentioned their marriage to Glenn, possibly because she viewed it as nothing more than a formal arrangement, too trivial to share with him.

"Please, take a seat," Glenn said. "Tell me, how did you two end up together, and what caused your divorce?"

Aiden didn't feel comfortable explaining the truth, so he quickly made up a story. "We were married through an arrangement made by our families when we were children. But due to certain circumstances, we ended up divorced."

"Really?" Glenn asked, his brow furrowing as he tried to make sense of it. "But the Edwards family is well-known. It's not surprising for them to arrange marriages with another family."

He glanced over at Aiden. "So, now that everything's happened, you regret it? Is that why you're here?"

Aiden froze for a moment, taken aback by Glenn's sharp understanding.

Glenn let out a light laugh. "I'm getting older, and I've learned to see things more clearly. If you didn't love Janice, why would you be here?"

Aiden stayed silent for a beat, then a wave of relief washed over him. “You’re right. I do have feelings for her. I just can’t seem to tell her.”

“It’s not that you can’t; you’re just scared,” Glenn said, hitting the nail on the head. “You’re scared of being rejected. Someone like you, who grew up with so much pride and self-respect, can’t bring yourself to open up about your feelings, even if you’re head over heels in love. You hold everything in, letting it build up until it drives you mad.”

Glenn paused for a moment, taking a sip of his coffee before continuing, “Look, don’t let your pride and ego control you. You need to realize that it’s you who gives those things power. If you can’t even manage your own emotions, how are you ever going to be truly strong?”

Aiden felt as though a revelation had lifted the weight from his heart in an instant.

For reasons he couldn’t explain, being with Glenn—especially hearing his wisdom—reminded Aiden of his grandfather.

Glenn and Kristopher shared a rare wisdom and a life guided by clarity and understanding. Otherwise, Kristopher wouldn’t have overlooked Alcott and chosen him to lead the Green family.

“Thank you for your advice, Mr. Haynes,” Aiden said as he rose and bowed. “Your words have shown me the way forward.”

“Great!” Glenn nodded, his expression brimming with satisfaction as he looked at Aiden. “If you genuinely love Janice, pursue her boldly. See the past as flawed, and now, rebuild from a clean slate.”

Aiden’s eyes lit up with newfound clarity.

Glenn had hit the mark.

His relationship with Janice had been flawed from the start—a mix of engagement and transaction. Continuing it that way was never ideal.

The divorce marked not an end, but a fresh beginning.

“Is there something else you’d like to ask?” Glenn inquired unexpectedly.

“Your insight is remarkable. To notice I have more than one question,” Aiden responded with admiration.

Glenn waved it off. “With age, clarity in seeing through things becomes second nature.”

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After a moment’s thought, Aiden asked, “Can you recall the circumstances when you first took Janice in?”

Glenn frowned slightly, taken aback. “That day, I was playing with the children when I suddenly heard the cry of a baby. I went to the door and found little Janice lying on the ground. She was tiny, rosy, and more delicate and beautiful than any child I’d ever seen. I couldn’t fathom how anyone could be so cruel as to desert such a precious baby.”

“Other than that, was there anything else unusual?” Aiden asked, urgency evident in his frown.

Glenn sensed something was wrong. “Aiden, are you suggesting something about Janice?”

“Yes,” Aiden confirmed with a nod. “The Edwards family isn’t Janice’s real family.”

Glenn’s expression changed momentarily before settling into a calm, serene smile.

“Doesn’t this upset you?” Aiden asked, his curiosity evident. “Janice thought she had a family, only to discover they aren’t her real one.”

“Honestly, when the Edwards family came to take Janice, I wasn’t happy about it,” Glenn admitted with a sigh. “They didn’t seem like good people from the start. But they showed a DNA test proving Janice

was theirs. What choice did I have? Hearing now that they aren't her real family brings me relief. Someone as pure as Janice deserves better."

Aiden couldn't help but admire Glenn. He seemed like a wellspring of wisdom, discerning the Edwards family's faults with a single glance.

"Unfortunately, my knowledge of Janice's background is quite limited," Glenn said with a resigned sigh. "When she was left there, she had no tokens or clues. Finding her true family won't be simple."

Glenn suddenly paused, a frown crossing his face. "But I've always felt that Janice's background isn't ordinary."

Not ordinary?

It made sense. Someone as brilliant as Janice couldn't have come from a regular family.

Aiden finally had a direction. The task wouldn't be easy, but he was determined to help Janice uncover her true origins.

Just then, a knock at the door broke the conversation.

"Come in," Glenn called.

The staff member from earlier stepped inside. "Mr. Haynes, Freddy accidentally broke this gentleman's bracelet," she explained, holding a handful of beads. "We searched extensively but could only find these few. The rest might have rolled into corners."

"It's fine," Aiden replied calmly. "The bracelet..."

"We'll compensate you," Glenn interjected, retrieving a box and handing it over carefully. "This is the first bracelet Janice ever made. I believe it's a fitting replacement."

Aiden was about to decline, but the revelation that it was Janice's first creation left him stunned.

With growing anticipation, he accepted the box and opened it.

Inside was a beautiful bracelet.

The moment Aiden recognized the bracelet's design, he froze, as if struck by lightning.

Wasn't this the bracelet worn by the person who had saved his life?

"This bracelet is unique—one of a kind," Glenn said thoughtfully. "Perhaps it's fate that your old one broke today."

"Does Janice have medical expertise?" Aiden asked eagerly, turning to Glenn.

Amused by Aiden's excitement, as though he'd uncovered a treasure, Glenn smiled. "Yes. She's a renowned surgeon, famously known as MO."

Aiden's lips curved into a relieved smile, and though he rarely cried, tears welled in his eyes.

"Janice, you've hidden your secrets so well. How many more identities do you have?" he murmured.