

Wrath 501

Chapter 501:

“Alright, eat the fried eggs and then get some rest. I don’t think there’ll be any activities tonight.”

“Okay.”

The door closed behind him, leaving Carlton alone with a soft smile lingering on his lips.

He couldn’t shake the image of Demi’s vulnerable appearance from his mind; it deeply moved him.

He began to think he might have found his soulmate.

Feeling a sense of duty as she seemed to rely on him, Carlton resolved to support her.

Inside, however, Demi’s expression was one of scorn.

“Tsk, such a pity he comes from a declining family. Otherwise, it might be fun to play along.”

She took a bite of the fried eggs and grimaced. “This is terrible! It looked okay, but tastes awful.”

Disappointed, she threw the rest into the trash.

She then picked up her phone, browsing for information on Aiden and Kenneth to better strategize her next moves.

Meanwhile, Kenneth and Maggie were at the pavilion.

Maggie looked troubled, feeling guilty for failing to help her brother earlier.

“Maggie, have some coffee.” Kenneth poured her a cup, attempting to lighten the mood. “Don’t frown so much; you’ll get wrinkles.”

Maggie sighed, her gaze meeting Kenneth’s. “Aren’t you worried? Janice invited Aiden on a date! Doesn’t that mean things between them might escalate quickly?”

Kenneth remained composed. “I know Janice. She probably invited Aiden just as a courtesy. Despite what’s happened, they were once married. Now that he’s come so far, it would look bad if she didn’t extend some gesture of respect.”

He spoke more to convince himself as well as Maggie.

“Is that really it?” Maggie’s frown deepened.

She was aware of Kenneth’s insights into Aiden and Janice’s complicated history. She hadn’t realized that their marriage, now ended in divorce, had been merely one of convenience.

“Why did you suddenly decide to come back and join the entertainment industry, by the way?” Kenneth asked.

Maggie’s surprise was noticeable when Kenneth unexpectedly brought up the subject. She nervously grabbed her coffee and took a sip. “I’ve never really been drawn to finance, despite Dad’s insistence. Going overseas gave me the freedom to switch my focus to music. Now, I’m determined to carve a place for myself in the entertainment sector and earn Dad’s respect.”

With a wry smile, Kenneth shook his head. “A little warning would have been nice. Still, it’s your life, so I’ll try not to meddle.”

“You’re not disappointed with my decision, are you?”

Kenneth playfully tapped Maggie’s nose with his hand. “Disappointed? Why would I be? If this makes you happy, you have my full support.”

“You’re amazing!”

“Don’t forget, Mom’s in your corner as well,” Kenneth said, taking a sip of his coffee. “She’s always been encouraging. The real obstacle is Dad. He’s incredibly stubborn and set in his ways. This live broadcast might expose your new career path to him sooner rather than later.”

Chapter 502:

“Oh no, what should I do?” Maggie’s face clouded with worry.

“Relax, Mom and I have got your back.”

Maggie felt a sense of relief after Kenneth’s reassurance. With that assurance, her anxiety began to ease.

Her mother’s influential status within the Delgado family made her a powerful ally in persuading her father. Indeed, her father, typically so strict and unyielding, often softened in her mother’s presence.

“Hmm?” Kenneth looked toward the villa’s exit and narrowed his eyes.

“Where is he going at this hour?”

It was Leonidas who had exited the villa.

Now that Janice and Aiden were on a date, Leonidas leaving the villa at this moment made Kenneth suspicious.

He could sense that this man harbored deep hostility toward Janice. Despite the last-minute nature of their date, the production team had meticulously planned every detail.

A luxury car, arranged by the crew, took Janice and Aiden to a stylish restaurant, perfect for a romantic evening.

To ensure they wouldn't be disturbed by other guests, the team had reserved the entire restaurant, creating a private setting just for Janice and Aiden.

Given the special arrangements, Janice had also taken the time to dress up for the occasion.

She chose an elegant black dress, its simplicity enhanced by tasteful lace details that highlighted her natural grace and beauty. Aiden dressed sharply in a white suit, forming a perfect visual contrast with Janice's dark ensemble, much to the admiration of everyone around.

Together, they appeared as if destined for each other.

As they sat opposite one another, their demeanor was as regal and polite as royalty, an awe-inspiring sight.

"Is tonight our official first date?" Janice lifted her wine glass, its contents a rich burgundy that caught the light and sparkled mysteriously.

With a nostalgic smile, full of wistful remorse, Aiden responded, "Looking back, I realize how much I've missed. There were so many opportunities, but I failed to appreciate them."

With a knowing lift of her brow, Janice replied, "The past is past, and often, our lessons come from the opportunities we've lost."

Aiden gazed into Janice's eyes, feeling the sting of her words in his soul.

His realization of his feelings for her had come too late, a bitter consequence he felt he deserved.

"Let's not dwell on what was," Janice suggested, swirling her wine with a playful smile. "I brought us here to savor the present."

“Indeed, as you wish,” Aiden agreed, taking a deep breath to soothe his rough thoughts, and raised his glass to toast with Janice.

As they enjoyed their wine and meal, the ambiance around them softened into a more pleasant harmony.

The wine seemed to loosen Aiden’s tongue, and he found himself speaking freely, admiring the warm glow on Janice’s cheeks, his gaze softening like the light around them. “I half-expected you to bring Stephen along tonight.”

With a sip of her wine, Janice chuckled and replied, “A date with my brother would hardly be appropriate.”

Chapter 503:

Aiden paused, taken aback, then his laughter spilled out, easy and genuine. “Indeed, that would be rather strange.”

Did this selection suggest that she saw him as more than just a friend? Was she gradually warming up to the idea of him as a partner?

“Out of everyone, you’re the one I’m most at ease with. That’s why I need you to step in for me at the concert later. You’re the only one I trust for this,” Janice added.

“A concert? You need me to cover for you?” Aiden felt a twinge of disappointment dampen his spirits.

Was this the reason she had picked him—to leverage their familiarity because she needed a favor?

“Exactly! I’ve committed to being a special guest at Nolan’s concert. To ensure it goes smoothly, I need your help.”

“Janice, did you invite me just to cover for you?” Aiden realized he might have been overthinking it; Janice hadn’t changed at all, and she clearly had no intention of accepting his feelings.

“What’s the matter? Don’t you want to?” Janice looked at Aiden with wide, innocent eyes. “We’re good buddies, right? You wouldn’t abandon me like this.”

Good buddies? Aiden felt like he was about to lose his patience — even stay buddies after a divorce?

Despite his feelings, he couldn’t turn down Janice’s request. He inhaled deeply and managed a smile. “Of course, I’ll help!”

Janice’s eyebrows lifted as she gave a proud smile. “I knew I could count on you.”

But something seemed off. Why did he look a bit upset?

“Oh no, we’re running late. We have to hurry.” Janice checked her watch; it was nearly time for Nolan’s concert. She took Aiden’s arm and pulled him out of the restaurant.

Aiden noticed Janice holding his hand. Any bitterness he had felt melted away.

Forget it. People often said he was emotionally clueless, but perhaps there was someone even more unaware than him. Taking things slow seemed like the wisest choice.

The more valuable something was, the more it deserved careful and gradual nurturing.

Aiden watched Janice walking ahead, a faint smile crossing his face.

He was determined to make her acknowledge his feelings someday.

“Hey, hey, don’t miss this perfect moment!”

The camera crew with them jumped into action.

The image of Janice leading Aiden was a sight to behold.

They were both remarkably attractive, their perfect figures matching the timeless charm of the restaurant. The scene felt like it could have come straight out of a romantic movie.

“Hold on a second! Isn’t it usually the guy who leads the girl?” This time, it was Janice pulling Aiden, adding an unexpected twist to the scene.

Suddenly, Aiden seemed to realize something. He quickly stepped in front of Janice and began to lead her instead.

That felt much more appropriate!

The adjustment made the scene feel complete.

Meanwhile, back at the villa’s recording studio, Leah received a phone call demanding her return to the office for urgent matters. She had been looking forward to Nolan’s concert, but work commitments were now keeping her from attending.

Chapter 504:

“Prescott, Costello, keep an eye on Leonidas. Don’t let him cause trouble for Janice.”

“Got it.”

Leonidas had left the villa, and his current location was unknown, but Leah suspected he might be on his way to the concert.

Given his unpredictable nature, he would likely cause some trouble at the event, putting Janice at risk. Leah trusted Prescott and Costello to watch Leonidas and ensure Janice's safety.

"Huh? What's this?" Leah muttered as she picked up her bag to put away her phone and discovered an envelope.

"A concert invitation?"

Leah's heart fluttered. Nolan had sent the invitation for her to give to Janice.

Caught up in the live stream, she had forgotten to pass it along. It seemed too late now.

She thought for a moment and murmured, "I'm sure Janice's skills will help her get in, even without this, right?"

With that, Leah passed the invitation to Prescott and Costello.

At the entrance to Nolan's concert, Janice and Aiden were stopped by two security guards.

They had put on sunglasses and face masks after leaving the restaurant to keep a low profile, which made it hard for the guards to identify them.

"No invitation or ticket, no entry," the guards said firmly, their arms crossed as if they were bouncers at a nightclub.

Aiden turned to Janice and lowered his voice. "Didn't Nolan invite you? Didn't he send an invitation?"

Janice shook her head, looking somewhat hopeless. "If there was an invitation, I should have gotten it by now, but I haven't received anything."

"Leave this to me." Aiden took out his phone and called Braylen, hoping to secure a couple of tickets.

Unfortunately, Braylen had some disappointing news: securing tickets had become nearly impossible. On top of that, the tickets were personalized with the attendees' real names, which meant that tickets bought from scalpers were no longer an option.

"Concerts are this exclusive now? Even scalpers can't operate?" Aiden was stunned. It seemed ridiculous that someone of his influence couldn't get his hands on tickets. It was somewhat humiliating.

"Nolan is strict about his rules, so tickets have to be registered under real names. I'll take care of it." Janice then took her phone and dialed Nolan.

However, Nolan's phone just kept ringing without an answer. Janice's expression turned into a frown. Nolan was too busy to check his phone.

She then typed out a message and sent it to Nolan.

"If you don't have tickets, step aside and stop blocking the entrance," the security guard said sharply, his patience wearing thin as he noticed Janice and Aiden lingering without presenting a ticket or invitation.

"You two in front, move along now. Don't block the way for others."

As Janice and Aiden reluctantly moved aside, a frosty voice rang out from behind.

Janice turned and noticed a group of bodyguards lining up to clear the path.

Chapter 505:

Moments later, a woman adorned in sparkling jewelry and confidently walking in high-end designer heels made her way forward, her movements deliberate and self-assured.

Large sunglasses covered her eyes, her chin tilted upward, exuding an air of authority as if the path was hers alone.

She paused at the entrance, casting a quick glance toward Janice and Aiden.

“All dressed up like that—do you think you’re celebrities? How tiresome,” she remarked dismissively, pulling an invitation from her bag and handing it to the security guard with nonchalance.

The guard’s demeanor changed as he examined the invitation. Straightening up, he said with deference, “Miss Welch, welcome. Please proceed inside.”

Adjusting her sunglasses, Alissa Welch was about to step through when she threw another glance at Aiden and Janice. “If you can’t afford it, don’t pretend. It’s embarrassing.”

With those parting words, she strutted into the venue, her bodyguards trailing behind her like shadows.

Janice narrowed her eyes, her gaze fixed on Alissa’s retreating figure. Aiden caught the expression on her face, a sudden sense of unease washing over him.

“Janice, do you think...?”

“Exactly! I’m certain she is from that Welch family.”

Years ago, the forces that had destroyed the White family left behind a single clue: the name “Welch.”

The moment Janice heard Alissa’s surname, the old clue sprang to mind.

“The surname ‘Welch’ is uncommon, yet there’s a Welch family right here in Cloverhill. That can’t be a coincidence,” Janice said, her eyes hardening with determination. Her mind raced as she began to form a plan. Alissa could very well be the key to unraveling the secrets buried in the past.

Aiden let out a sigh, trying to steady his thoughts. “We need to figure out how to get in. The concert’s about to begin.”

“Janice?” A cheerful voice suddenly called out, breaking the moment. Startled, Janice turned to find a handsome man with blond hair and piercing blue eyes walking toward her.

The moment Aiden saw the man, his expression turned stormy. “It’s him,” he muttered.

“Lancelot? What brings you here?” Janice asked, her surprise evident as she looked at him.

Lancelot’s smile was dazzling. “I came for Nolan’s concert. What a pleasant surprise to run into you here.”

With his hands stuffed in his pockets, Aiden stepped forward, cutting off Lancelot’s path. “Weren’t you supposed to go back and marry Eleanor?”

Lancelot shot Aiden a calm look, meeting the unspoken hostility in his eyes. He didn’t mind and maintained his smile. “That was the idea, but after hearing about your divorce from Janice, I decided otherwise.”

“So, Lancelot, backing out on your word now, are you?” Aiden’s eyes narrowed, a sharp edge gleaming in them.

“Not at all!” Lancelot waved his hands in mock protest. “I stayed away while you two were married. But now that she’s free and you’re out of the picture, why shouldn’t I pursue her?”

Chapter 506:

Aiden’s lips tightened, a wave of regret washing over him for the choices he had made.

Dealing with Kenneth was already challenging, and now, with Lancelot’s arrival, it felt like he was trapped in an impossible situation.

“Janice, why aren’t you inside yet? Don’t tell me you forgot your invitation,” Lancelot asked with a playful lilt.

"I left it behind," Janice admitted with a helpless shrug.

Aiden cast a glance at her. Why wasn't she responding to Lancelot's bold remarks? Was she silently agreeing to his advances?

Janice, however, had grown accustomed to Lancelot's antics and didn't deem them worth a reply.

"Perfect," Lancelot exclaimed, his eyes gleaming as he pulled out his invitation. "This lets me bring a lady companion."

He cast a challenging look at Aiden. "You wouldn't let her miss the concert, would you? Surely, as a gentleman, you'd let her go in."

Aiden's expression darkened as he pulled out his phone and dialed Braylen. "I don't care how you do it. Get me an invitation. Now."

The sharp tone in Aiden's voice left no doubt in Braylen's mind—he was furious. Wasting no time, Braylen scrambled to pull every string he could to secure an invitation.

Luckily, the invitations weren't tied to specific names. After some effort and expense, Braylen managed to get one for Aiden. "Mr. Green, here's an invitation for you."

Conveniently, a business partner was nearby, and upon receiving Braylen's request, handed over his own invitation to Aiden without hesitation.

Aiden took the invitation and glanced at Lancelot. "We have an invitation now, so there's no need for your help." With that, he led Janice through the security.

Lancelot watched them go, disappointment clouding his features briefly before his spirits lifted. After all, Janice was single; he hadn't lost his chance yet.

"You didn't need to go through all this trouble for an invitation," Lancelot said with a sigh.

“It was no trouble at all,” Aiden responded.

Securing the invitation had been effortless for Aiden, a small price for the executive to curry favor with Green Group, promising far greater rewards than just attending a concert.

“I’m just here to perform and then leave. You can wait outside; it won’t take long,” Janice said.

“But I value every moment spent with you,” Aiden replied, stopping to look back at her intently.

Taken aback by his intensity, Janice said, “Let’s get going.”

Just then, Nolan finally responded to her earlier message. “RAIN, where are you? I’ll have someone pick you up. Sorry for the delay; I was caught up with arrangements.”

Janice, unbothered, smiled softly and texted back. “I’m inside already. What’s the order for my performance?”

Nolan quickly sent the schedule. Janice saw her name right in the middle, a spotlight moment seemingly prepared for her.

“I’ve reserved two front-row seats for you—seats 3 and 4. Head straight there.”

These seats, prime spots at the concert, underscored Nolan’s respect for them.

Chapter 507:

“Aiden, let’s go.”

“Hold on.” Aiden hooked his arm and looked at Janice with affection. “We’re on a date, so let’s make it feel like one, shall we?”

Janice looked at his arm, then linked hers with his, smiling. "With an invitation like that, how could I say no?"

Their smiles bright as they entered the venue together, even their disguised faces couldn't hide their presence from the prying eyes of the crowd.

The audience turned their attention to them, their curious glances unmistakable.

"Wow, they're heading to the front row. They must have been personally invited by Nolan, right?"

"Nolan's invitations usually go to well-known figures, like Miss Welch. But who are these two?"

"Look, they're not just in the front row; they're in seats 3 and 4. They must be very close to Nolan."

The crowd murmured in surprise as Janice and Aiden took their places.

"Is it really you two?" A familiar voice came from nearby.

Janice turned, slightly startled, to face the haughty woman they had encountered earlier.

Alissa's gaze was cold, her disdain palpable. To see those she had dismissed earlier not only attending but also in premier seats felt like a direct affront.

"Why would you think you deserve these seats?" Alissa sneered, drawing attention. "You must be mistaken about your seating, aren't you?"

Suddenly, the eyes of the surrounding audience turned to them.

Recognized as leading figures, the onlookers knew Alissa well. With Janice's and Aiden's faces concealed, the crowd assumed they were up to no good.

"These are the seats for Nolan's most distinguished guests. Please relocate to your assigned seats," a stern middle-aged man said.

"Really, the lack of manners! This concert is not for those ignorant of proper etiquette," a woman added critically.

Alissa folded her arms, her stare icy. "Hear that? Those who lack decorum shouldn't be here. If security won't manage, I will ensure you don't disrupt the event."

"Are you foolish?" Janice laughed, her composure unfazed. "You don't even know us, yet you're causing such a commotion. What do you really know about decorum? You're all show with no substance, just spewing nonsense."

"What did you just say?" Alissa snapped, rising to confront her. "Calling me foolish? Are you stirring trouble?"

"I am not the one stirring trouble. You are the troublemaker here."

"Darling," Aiden said with a smirk, patting Janice's hand lightly. "Did you forget? She's foolish. Don't expect her to stop talking nonsense."

"You're right. It's unrealistic to expect anything different from her."

Together, Aiden and Janice acted in perfect sync, leaving Alissa trembling with fury.

Onlookers exchanged knowing glances, some even smirking discreetly, quietly pitying the duo for the storm they were surely inviting by provoking Alissa.

“Guards, arrest these two immediately,” Alissa barked, her gaze sharp with venomous contempt. “They need to learn the cost of defying—”

“What’s going on here, Miss Welch?” Just then, Lancelot appeared, his usual confident smile playing on his lips as he addressed Alissa.

Chapter 508:

Alissa’s brows furrowed, confused by his interruption. “Mr. Marquez, these two have blatantly disregarded the rules, taken seats they don’t deserve, and had the audacity to insult me. I’m ensuring they face the consequences. Is there an issue with that?”

Lancelot cast a calm glance at Janice and Aiden before shaking his head. “These are, in fact, their assigned seats.”

“What did you just say?” Alissa’s shock quickly turned to derision. “You’re clearly mistaken. These seats are reserved for Nolan’s closest friends, and they don’t exactly fit the description. Besides, they dared to insult me and need to face the consequences.”

“I’m afraid you lack the authority to do so,” Lancelot replied, stepping protectively in front of Janice and Aiden. The warmth in his expression vanished, replaced by a piercing coldness.

The shift in Lancelot’s demeanor wasn’t lost on the crowd. It was clear he was not pleased.

Onlookers were baffled as to why someone of Lancelot’s stature would bother defending these two. It seemed beneath him.

Lancelot glanced back at Aiden, his eyes alight with challenge, silently declaring, “I’m Janice’s knight. Watch and learn.”

Aiden’s eyes narrowed slightly. Despite his irritation, he knew this wasn’t the right moment for a head-on clash with Alissa.

They needed to keep a low profile to follow the thread Alissa might lead them to regarding the White family's history in Cloverhill. If they revealed their cards now, she would undoubtedly become alert.

"Surely you won't let this injustice stand. You have to defend us," Aiden said, playing along and shrewdly passing the problem into Lancelot's hands.

Lancelot's brow furrowed, expecting Aiden to snap and take charge, but instead, he had passed the entire problem onto him.

"Of course," Lancelot said with a smile, then fixed Alissa with a serious look. "It's no secret that I'm friends with Nolan. I'm well acquainted with the people he associates with, and these two are certainly among his close friends."

"Impossible!" Alissa snapped, her disbelief evident. "You claim that, but how can you be certain they aren't impostors? I'll have them detained and interrogated."

"Don't even think about it!" Lancelot's voice grew firm with anger. He had already stressed time and again that Janice and Aiden were Nolan's friends, yet this woman was stubbornly determined to have them arrested, showing utter disrespect for his royal standing. "I'm trying to reason with you out of respect for the Welch family. But if you continue to be so obstinate, don't blame me for asking you to leave on Nolan's behalf."

"Ask me to leave?" Alissa laughed dismissively. "Nolan is just a musician, at best, he knows a few people. I'm doing him a favor by being here, and now you want me to leave?"

She clapped her hands, and in an instant, her bodyguards closed in, surrounding them. "Lancelot, so what if you're royalty? This isn't your country. You can't just throw your weight around here."

Alissa's eyes narrowed with icy resolve as she glared at Janice and Aiden. "I will take them with me today, and no one will stop me."

The uproar had already attracted the attention of those nearby. The crowd, intrigued, wondered who would dare challenge Alissa.

The Welch family had stood for generations, and anyone of high standing present knew they had to show respect to Alissa. Yet, here was someone daring to oppose her—a move that could only lead to trouble.

Chapter 509:

“Miss Welch, it seems my concert is no place for someone of your stature.” Just then, Nolan stepped out from backstage, impeccably dressed in formal attire.

His face was set, his gaze intense and unwavering, a clear sign he would not bow to Alissa’s demands.

“What exactly are you implying?” Alissa asked, her face showing suspicion as she looked at Nolan. “Are you telling me to leave?”

“I invited you to my concert as a guest, not to cause any problems,” Nolan replied calmly, his eyes flicking towards Janice and Aiden. “And yes, they are my close friends.”

Alissa turned her attention to Janice and Aiden, her confusion growing. She couldn’t understand why these two were receiving such protection from both Lancelot and Nolan. What made them so important?

Alissa took a moment to study Janice more carefully.

Though her face was partially hidden behind sunglasses and a mask, there was no hiding the refined aura she carried. Her calm and composed demeanor made her stand out effortlessly, even in a room filled with influential figures. Every small movement she made seemed graceful, hinting at someone far from ordinary.

Then there was Aiden, whose strong and commanding presence couldn’t be ignored. He had a way of filling the space around him, radiating confidence and authority that naturally drew attention. It was clear that years of moving through powerful circles, along with his immense self-confidence, had shaped him into someone with a unique, magnetic charisma.

Together, they were far from being mere commoners.

Alissa finally recognized her mistake—she had underestimated them both.

Taking a slow breath, she addressed Nolan. “Since you’re vouching for them, I must extend this courtesy to you.”

Janice arched an eyebrow, quietly impressed by Alissa’s ability to read the room.

She had expected Alissa to be as reckless as Delilah, relying on her status to act without considering consequences. But when confronted with the combined pressure of Lancelot and Nolan, Alissa surprised her by holding back and showing restraint. She had underestimated Alissa.

“As a gesture of apology, I’ve prepared a small gift for you.” Alissa snapped her fingers, and a bodyguard brought forward a beautifully crafted box.

Nolan eyed the box with a frown and replied, “I can’t accept such a lavish gift. I’m just a musician, after all, and can’t afford anything this extravagant.”

Alissa’s face froze for a moment. She silently cursed Nolan for his pettiness, annoyed that he would cling to a comment she had made in a moment of frustration. It wasn’t as if she truly meant it, but here he was, making a point of it.

Even as a musician, Nolan had built a reputation that linked him to powerful figures, especially on the international stage.

If the Welch family had any hopes of expanding globally, they knew they couldn’t do it without Nolan’s support.

“Sony, I spoke out of anger earlier and might have said something offensive. I hope you can forgive me,” Alissa said, softening her tone and forcing a smile. Her sudden shift in demeanor left everyone around surprised.

She perfectly embodied the balance of nobility, understanding when to stand firm and when to step back.

“This gift is from my father. If you refuse it, I’ll be in serious trouble when I return.” Alissa feigned a troubled look before turning to Janice and Aiden. “I was simply concerned that Nolan’s concert might be disrupted, and in my haste, I acted rashly. I hope you can understand.”

Chapter 510:

A chill ran down Janice’s spine as she came to the realization that Alissa was not to be underestimated. With someone like Delilah, Janice wouldn’t be concerned, but it was those who could think and adapt that were the real threat.

Nolan found himself in a tricky situation.

Given how much Alissa had already humbled herself, rejecting her gift would only invite unnecessary criticism.

He glanced at Janice, who gave a subtle nod, silently urging him to accept the gift.

Alissa paused, a flicker of surprise crossing her face as she noticed the quiet exchange, reinforcing her suspicion that Janice’s true identity was anything but ordinary.

But who in Efrery could command such deference from Nolan?

“Well, since you put it like that, it would be rude of me to continue declining. Thank you, Miss Welch.” Nolan graciously accepted the box, carefully unwrapping it.

“This is the manuscript of RAIN’s song, ‘Paradise.’ My father acquired it at great cost, knowing your admiration for RAIN. He wanted to offer this as a gift,” Alissa explained with pride.

“RAIN’s manuscript? The Welch family certainly doesn’t hold back when it comes to making a grand gesture.”

"It's said that RAIN's manuscripts are both priceless and rare. To secure the manuscript of 'Paradise' really shows how committed the head of the Welch family is."

"Absolutely. He's certainly gone all out to win Nolan's favor."

A collective gasp swept through the crowd as everyone recognized the immense value of RAIN's manuscript.

RAIN was a legendary figure in the music world, and even someone as accomplished as Nolan had often spoken of RAIN's musical genius, claiming it surpassed his own.

Yet, RAIN's true identity remained a secret, known only to a handful of people, which only deepened the intrigue surrounding their reputation in the music industry.

Nolan's expression changed slightly as his gaze flicked to Janice, who wore a knowing, amused smile. It was certainly intriguing to see her manuscript being presented to Nolan right before her eyes.

"Don't you like it?" Alissa asked, sensing the awkward pause in Nolan's response.

"I truly appreciate it," Nolan replied with a smile. "The Welch family has been very considerate. I'll accept the gift. The concert is about to begin. Please take your seat."

Alissa nodded and cast one last glance at Janice and Aiden before settling into her seat.

Lancelot sat down next to Janice, his gaze fixed and intense, making it hard to look away. Aiden, sitting across from them, couldn't hide his irritation at the sight.

However, surrounded by so many people, Aiden couldn't make a scene and instead shot Lancelot a cold, piercing glare.

Lancelot stood his ground against Aiden's piercing look and said, "I've heard the Welch family went to great lengths and spared no expense to acquire your manuscript. What would Alissa's face look like if she realized the person she just scoffed at is actually RAIN?"

Janice shook her head, her tone tinged with speculation. "Who knows? Perhaps she would rip it to shreds in a fit of fury."