

Wrath 511

Chapter 511:

Lancelot paused to reflect on Alissa's possible reactions. "It's within her character to react so dramatically."

"Janice, how did your manuscript end up on the market?" Aiden leaned forward, his action appearing casual. However, his true intent was to break into the conversation between Lancelot and Janice.

Janice rubbed her chin, thinking back briefly before she replied, "I must have tossed it out while I was tidying up, and some janitor must have found it."

Aiden chuckled at the announcement.

What Janice considered trash, others valued as a gem, costing a fortune and requiring connections to secure.

That janitor certainly struck gold.

"Hmm?" Janice's attention suddenly shifted as she noticed a man seated next to Alissa.

Despite his attempt to blend in, she sensed a hint of craziness in him.

"Janice, what's the matter?" Aiden noticed her alarmed look and turned to see for himself. He failed to recognize the man. "Do you know him?"

"Can't you tell who it is?" Janice asked, a devilish smile playing on her lips as she looked at Aiden.

Aiden just shook his head, still clueless.

“Leonidas.”

At the mention of the name, Aiden’s expression changed, and his eyes sharpened. “He’s really here.”

The man’s presence did indeed match that of Leonidas.

“He must be looking for me,” Janice narrowed her eyes, sensing the truth.

Aiden’s face took on a serious expression. “When you go on stage, Leonidas might just call you out on the spot. You won’t be able to fool everyone like you used to in this environment.”

“True.” Janice exhaled, feeling somewhat helpless. “Leonidas has nothing to gain from exposing me. Still, he always manages to find a way to go against me. The harder I try to stay hidden, the more determined he becomes to expose me.”

“Lancelot?”

“Yes. What do you need?” Lancelot approached with a smile. “I’m here to help.”

“Let’s drop the formalities. I’ll need to ask you for a favor later,” Janice whispered, leaning closer to share with Lancelot.

Observing their intimate conversation, Aiden’s hands clenched into fists. However, he realized this was not the moment to confront Lancelot and managed to hold back his anger.

“Consider it done,” Lancelot said as he stood, nodding respectfully before leaving.

“Janice, what did you whisper to him?” Aiden asked, his brow furrowing in confusion.

“Shh!” Janice motioned for everyone to be quiet. “You’ll find out soon enough.”

Her secrecy only made Aiden's curiosity grow deeper.

Meanwhile, Leonidas had begun engaging Alissa in conversation. "Miss Welch."

"Who are you?" Alissa's expression turned cold as she looked at Leonidas.

Wearing a fisherman's hat and a mask, Leonidas gave off a gloomy presence that made her uneasy. She wondered why someone with his somber demeanor would be invited to Nolan's concert, especially to sit in the front row.

Chapter 512:

"I'm here to assist you."

"What?"

Leonidas glanced in her direction, his intense gaze sending a chill through Alissa's spine. "You're probably wondering about the identities of those two individuals from earlier, aren't you?"

Alissa's expression changed as she hid her discomfort, locking eyes with Leonidas. "Do you know who they are?"

"Absolutely," Leonidas responded with a smirk. "Those two are no ordinary people. Either one has the potential to turn Efrery upside down."

"So what?" Alissa scoffed, brushing it off. "Efrery is just a tiny speck. Even those who cause trouble are still nothing in Cloverhill."

"You have a point! Cloverhill is the center of power, and Efrery doesn't compare to it. However, currently, you're in Efrery. If those two target you in this city, even as the Welch family heiress, you'd struggle to handle it."

“Would they really take that risk?”

Leonidas laughed. “Maybe not others, but they definitely would.”

Alissa’s eyes narrowed, her thoughts swirling with doubt.

She came from the powerful Welch family of Cloverhill. In her own city, even the wealthiest families showed her great respect. Who would dare challenge her?

Still, judging by the way those two acted, it was clear they didn’t think much of her.

Furthermore, with Lancelot and Nolan on their side, it was clear they had considerable influence. They might truly pose a threat to her.

“Tell me, who are they?” Alissa asked.

“The man in question is Aiden Green, the leader of the Green family,” Leonidas stated.

“What?” Alissa gasped, nearly springing out of her seat, her face frozen in utter disbelief. “He’s Aiden?”

“Yes,” Leonidas confirmed, his gaze unwavering.

Alissa’s expression was a whirlwind of emotions—frustration, indignation, and embarrassment.

“Is it possible you’re interested in Aiden?” Leonidas asked with a frown, his keen observation already piecing together some details from Alissa’s reaction.

Alissa didn’t respond directly to the question. Instead, she asked, “And what about the woman? Who is she?”

“Her name is Janice Edwards, the disowned daughter of the Edwards family.”

Upon hearing that Janice was an outcast from an obscure family, Alissa’s face twisted in disdain. “What’s the nature of their relationship?”

“They were once married, but they’re divorced now. Recently, though, Aiden has been trying to reconcile with her.”

“How could someone like her even catch Aiden’s attention?” Alissa’s eyes were sharp, clearly harboring ill intentions toward Janice. Her visit to Efrery was motivated in part by her desire to win Nolan over, but also by her interest in Aiden. Aiden’s powerful reputation had already stirred Cloverhill, with every prominent family taking note of him.

Three years ago, Aiden had been involved in a car accident and became paralyzed, but it was all part of an elaborate ruse to expose those with harmful intentions. As the conspirators revealed themselves, Aiden had shed his facade and eliminated them with ruthless precision.

The most astonishing part was that within just three years, Aiden had quietly built Forest Corp. Now, with the merger between Green Group and Forest Corp, their influence could rival that of some of Cloverhill’s most powerful families.

Chapter 513:

Of course, such an extraordinary man had captured Alissa’s heart.

“Janice is far more complex than she appears,” Leonidas scoffed. “Her true identity is much more than just an outcast of the Edwards family.”

Alissa’s frown deepened. “What other identity could she possibly have that would make her worthy of Aiden?”

“She is RAIN.”

The revelation hit Alissa like a thunderclap. “What did you say? She’s RAIN?”

“Exactly! Otherwise, why would Nolan go to such lengths to protect her?”

Leonidas’ words made Alissa pause, her doubt beginning to shift toward belief.

A mere outcast from the Edwards family wouldn’t be enough to catch Nolan’s attention or make him risk antagonizing the powerful Welch family. But if Janice were truly RAIN, it would explain Nolan’s unusual protectiveness.

“What proof do you have?” she demanded.

“Just wait! Janice will perform soon, and I’ll reveal her true identity then,” Leonidas said, his lips curling into a cold smile as he glanced at Janice. “Then, you’ll see for yourself whether I’m speaking the truth.”

Alissa narrowed her eyes, locking onto Leonidas with an intense gaze. “What’s your intention?”

“Of course, I’d like to establish a good relationship with you. You’re the heir to the Welch family, and your influence is undeniable. With your support, I’m confident I can soon gain control of all of Efrery.”

“Your ambition is quite grand indeed. But Aiden is the man I’ve chosen. Are you planning to take his place?”

“It seems you’ve misunderstood,” Leonidas replied casually. “You’ve already said that Aiden is the man you desire, so he will eventually make his way to Cloverhill. What does the king of Efrery have to do with that?”

Alissa arched an eyebrow, her expression softening as his words pleased her. “You certainly know how to speak.” But then, her gaze turned serious. “However, I still find it difficult to believe Janice is RAIN. RAIN has always been so elusive. If she could be uncovered so easily, wouldn’t that make a mockery of her years of secrecy?”

“Then, just watch closely.”

Alissa remained silent, her eyes locked on the stage ahead.

She clenched her fists in frustration, unwilling to accept the possibility that Janice could really be RAIN.

If Janice truly was RAIN, then the gift she had just given to Nolan would be nothing short of a mockery.

At that moment, Nolan made his grand entrance, impeccably dressed, and took his place at the piano to begin the concert.

Sitting at the piano, Nolan's posture was straight and precise, his slightly graying hair neatly styled. His half-closed eyes remained sharp and focused, and his entire presence exuded energy and vitality, as if he and the piano were one in perfect harmony.

As he pressed the first key, the audience fell into a deep, almost instinctive silence.

With every note that followed, a beautiful melody blossomed, washing over the crowd and soothing their souls.

"No wonder Nolan is so renowned; his piano playing is absolutely mesmerizing."

"I dare say, apart from RAIN, Nolan is the top master of the piano."

Chapter 514:

"I heard Nolan invited a mysterious guest to his concert. Do you think it could be RAIN?"

"Impossible! RAIN is incredibly elusive. It's rare for anyone to get her to perform. The last time she appeared was at a royal banquet a year ago."

As the audience murmured and listened, Nolan had already played four pieces.

“Everyone!” Suddenly, Nolan stood, smiling at the audience. “I’m thrilled you could make time out of your busy lives to attend my concert. I’m sure you’re all wondering why I chose Efrery as the venue for this event.”

The crowd murmured with curiosity, intrigued by this unexpected turn of events.

It was hard to believe that Nolan, a well-known name in the music scene, would opt for a small venue like Efrery over a grand international stage.

“I got lucky when I found out RAIN was coming to Efrery. I reached out to her, and after a few tries, she finally agreed to join my concert as a guest performer.”

The moment those words left his lips, the crowd erupted in exhilaration.

“Mr. Fletcher, are you telling us that RAIN will be performing here today?”

“No way! Am I dreaming? Two legends performing tonight? This is beyond amazing!”

“Mr. Fletcher, you’ve just stunned us with the surprise of a lifetime!”

The audience’s response was exactly what Nolan had expected. With a star like RAIN, a true music legend, her entrance would electrify the whole venue.

Leonidas smirked and turned to Alissa beside him. “Have you noticed if Janice is still around?”

Alissa looked over to where Janice had been sitting, only to realize that Janice had quietly slipped away at some point, probably to get ready for her performance.

What caught Alissa’s attention next was that Lancelot’s seat was empty as well.

“I’m starting to get excited about this,” Alissa muttered, her eyes narrowing. “Once people realize who RAIN is, things could get tricky with her fame. So, you’re hoping Janice gets swarmed by her fans?”

“You really get me,” Leonidas chuckled, a trace of madness in his tone. “But dealing with fans is just the bonus. I just love stirring the pot with Janice. She wants to keep her identity secret, so I’m going to expose it.”

“You’ve got a seriously warped sense of humor.” Alissa snorted, not hiding her disapproval of Leonidas’ unpleasant interests.

Of course, seeing Janice squirm would bring some satisfaction. Janice had been rude to her earlier and was close with Aiden. A little payback seemed fair.

“Ladies and gentlemen, no more waiting, please give a warm welcome to RAIN.”

As Nolan made the excited announcement, the lights dimmed, and a spotlight highlighted a figure stepping onto the stage.

She wore a black gown that exposed her bare shoulders, the fabric glittering with tiny diamonds under the spotlight, as if it were a piece of the night sky itself.

Her face was hidden behind a familiar golden mask, adorned with intricate, enigmatic patterns, making her appear like a captivating, otherworldly queen of the night.

“RAIN! It’s really her!”

“OMG! She’s breathtaking! RAIN must be a true beauty.”

“RAIN, I adore you! I’d do anything just for the chance to have dinner with you.”

Chapter 515:

The audience was in an uproar, utterly captivated by RAIN’s mesmerizing presence.

RAIN simply flashed a faint smile before striding in her black heels toward Nolan.

Without a word, she gave Nolan a subtle nod before seating herself at the piano.

“Now, please enjoy RAIN’s signature piece, ‘Redemption’!” Nolan announced, stepping aside to make way for RAIN.

Even before her fingers touched the keys, her presence at the piano was utterly hypnotic.

Aiden watched Janice on stage, completely captivated. In that moment, he realized that every version of her possessed its own unique allure. As a designer, she exuded confidence and poise; as a musician, she radiated mystery and grace. No matter the role, she held his heart in her hands.

He took out his phone and captured a photo of Janice on stage.

Without a second thought, he set the image as his new wallpaper.

He had never cared for flashy things, and his phone’s wallpaper had always been the default. But this time, he felt compelled to change it to a picture of Janice.

A single note from the piano rang out.

The audience fell into a hushed silence, closing their eyes to fully immerse themselves in the otherworldly melody.

If Nolan’s music had been the height of earthly beauty, then RAIN’s performance felt divine, as if it were a celestial gift, offering redemption to every soul in the room.

Suddenly, Janice’s playing shifted, becoming urgent like a cavalry charge, its intense rhythm stirring the hearts of everyone listening. “This doesn’t sound like ‘Redemption’.”

“It’s a variation! Incredible—such a seamless transition into this intense style. Truly a testament to RAIN’s talent.”

“Earlier, ‘Redemption’ felt like a cleansing of sins, but now, it’s like a general leading his army into battle.”

The melody soared higher, the stage lights shifting rapidly, creating a visual spectacle for the audience.

The final note reverberated through the hall.

Janice stood suddenly, raising her hand toward the sky as the stage lights dimmed around her.

Fireworks exploded in the air, illuminating RAIN’s figure once more, dazzling and flawless.

In the next instant, the audience erupted into thunderous applause, the sound so powerful it felt as though it could lift the very roof of the concert hall.

“That was incredible! This performance is something we’ll never forget! RAIN never fails to impress. This was the most breathtaking concert I’ve ever seen—or even heard.”

“I’m completely overwhelmed. I might just shed tears.”

“Let’s hear another thunderous round of applause for RAIN’s spectacular performance!”

Taking center stage, Nolan led the audience in a standing ovation for RAIN, their enthusiasm infectious and electric.

The thunderous applause reverberated through the venue, a testament to RAIN’s mesmerizing presence.

“RAIN, thank you for gracing us with such an extraordinary performance tonight. Now, please head backstage to rest—”

Chapter 516:

“Wait a moment!” Like a phantom materializing from the shadows, Leonidas emerged from backstage.

With aristocratic arrogance and a predatory glint in his eyes, he declared, “I believe everyone’s enthusiasm has peaked. Let’s elevate this atmosphere even further.”

Nolan’s brow furrowed, detecting the underlying malice in Leonidas’s gaze. “Who are you? I don’t recall extending an invitation to this concert.”

“Mr. Fletcher, don’t be alarmed.” Leonidas smiled, glancing at RAIN.

“I’m a friend of RAIN.”

“Friend?”

Before Nolan could complete his thought, Leonidas deftly snatched the microphone from his grasp.

“Security, quickly remove this man.”

Nolan’s command fell flat as his security team stood helpless, blocked by Alissa’s imposing bodyguards.

Leonidas advanced toward RAIN, his eyes swimming with mockery and contempt. “Surprised? That I’d make my entrance at this precise moment?”

RAIN regarded Leonidas with tranquil composure, her eyes behind the golden mask steady and unperturbed by this dramatic interruption.

Leonidas' eyebrow arched upward, a calculating smirk dancing across his features. "You're quite composed. Well, you've concealed your identity all these years. Allow me to finally unveil your secret tonight." He turned to face the eager crowd, his voice rising with theatrical flair. "Everyone! Aren't you all burning with curiosity about RAIN's true identity?"

A collective gasp rippled through the audience.

"Is he actually going to reveal RAIN's identity?"

"This is unbelievable! RAIN's identity has remained an impenetrable mystery for years, eluding even the most persistent reporters. Could this man truly unveil the secret today?"

"I'm dying to know who RAIN really is!"

Feeding off the crowd's mounting excitement, Leonidas' lips curved into a cruel sneer as he pointed at RAIN. "RAIN's true identity is none other than the Edwards family's estranged daughter, Janice."

"That's enough!" Nolan's voice thundered with rage as he glared at Leonidas. "RAIN is my honored guest. Stop spreading these baseless accusations."

"Baseless?" Leonidas scoffed, shooting Nolan a dismissive glance. "We'll soon see just how baseless they are."

The crowd was in an uproar.

"The Edwards family's estranged daughter? Isn't that the same Edwards family that recently faced bankruptcy?"

"Indeed, I recall that scandal. Their eldest son took over the restructuring process, and they're barely keeping afloat now. They've lost their standing among the elite families."

"But if Janice is truly RAIN, wouldn't that mean the Edwards family missed out on a fortune?"

Everyone present understood RAIN's immense value. Despite the Edwards family's fall from grace as one of the four major families, RAIN's influence alone could resurrect their former glory—if she were willing.

Chapter 517:

But could such a revelation be true?

Alissa observed RAIN on stage, her arms crossed and expression radiating superiority.

That woman must be unraveling inside.

Yet frustratingly, between the mask and the distance, RAIN's true reaction remained hidden.

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to settle once and for all whether your beloved RAIN is indeed Janice." Leonidas advanced toward RAIN with predatory grace, and as the space between them diminished, he caught a glimpse of the eyes behind the golden mask.

A flicker of panic danced in those eyes, feeding Leonidas' growing smugness.

Perfect!

He would methodically strip away each layer of Janice's carefully constructed facades.

His masterful plan would leave Janice without sanctuary, demolishing the peaceful existence she'd built for herself.

The more precious something was to Janice, the more thoroughly he would devastate it, until she had no choice but to grovel at his feet, begging for mercy.

"What are you talking about?"

A crystalline voice cut through his thoughts.

Leonidas froze. Why did that voice strike such a familiar chord?

He whirled towards the audience, his composure cracking.

Simultaneously, Alissa's gaze darted to the same spot, recognizing the figure rising from the audience.

"Janice? How is this possible?" Leonidas' pupils dilated in shock, his mind reeling from the incomprehensible scene before him.

If Janice stood among the audience, then who commanded the stage?

"Leonidas, don't you find this offensive?" Janice's voice carried a note of disappointment as she addressed him. "RAIN's golden mask has become her iconic symbol, a cornerstone of her mystique. For us fans, it represents something sacred. We've chosen to honor her privacy, respecting the boundary she's drawn. Yet here you are, attempting to forcibly unmask her before the world, betraying the very trust that binds her to her admirers. To strip away RAIN's mask isn't just an invasion of her privacy—it's a test of our unwavering loyalty as her devoted fans."

Upon hearing these words, the fans quickly became incensed.

"This woman is right! We recognize RAIN by her golden mask; it's what defines her. Removing it strips away everything we believe in."

"We strongly oppose revealing RAIN's true identity."

"That's right! It's a slap in the face to our values! Please leave!"

"Get out!"

Stirred by Janice, the crowd grew increasingly hostile, united in their condemnation of Leonidas.

Leonidas' expression darkened. He had intended to unveil RAIN's identity to everyone after her performance.

However, with Janice's unexpected appearance among the audience, his plans were thrown into disarray.

"Security, escort him out immediately. Additionally, I'm considering legal action."

Chapter 518:

At Nolan's command, the security team, finally free from interference by Alissa's bodyguards, hurried to remove Leonidas from the scene.

Alissa watched Janice with suspicion and resentment.

She couldn't believe Leonidas was merely playing games; there had to be more to the situation. How had Janice orchestrated this?

The performance had been unmistakably RAIN's, yet here was Janice, clearly in the audience, while RAIN continued on stage. Could Janice really be in two places at once?

Aiden, too, was puzzled by Janice's actions.

She had excused herself to get ready for her performance, and now, though RAIN was still on the stage, Janice had returned.

"Janice..." Aiden was about to ask about the mystery when he noticed a chandelier above swaying dangerously. "Look out!" he yelled, yanking Janice to safety.

The chandelier crashed down, hitting the spot with a thunderous bang, scattering shards everywhere, some lodging in Aiden's back.

"Are you alright?" Janice asked, worry creasing her brow.

"I'm fine," Aiden replied with a strained smile, though his sweat-drenched forehead spoke of his pain.

Ignoring his protest, Janice pushed him slightly to inspect his back. Glass had pierced his coat, embedding into his skin, and blood was beginning to show.

"You're not fine." Wincing at the sight, Janice helped him to his feet. "We need to get you to a hospital now."

Braylen hurried over from the crowd.

"Secure Leonidas. Make sure he doesn't get away," Aiden instructed firmly, his gaze fixed on Leonidas onstage.

"Right away!" Braylen responded without hesitation and darted toward the stage.

Janice supported Aiden, and with the help of the staff, they made their way to the hospital.

Alissa watched them leave, her fists clenched in frustration.

She hadn't anticipated Leonidas being so harsh, not only attempting to unveil RAIN's identity but also possibly orchestrating the accident. Had Janice been the one injured, Alissa might not have cared, but it pained her to see Aiden hurt.

"Come with me to the backstage," she said to someone nearby.

Once Aiden was admitted to the hospital, Janice asked everyone to leave the room.

As a surgical genius known simply as MO, there were few at the hospital more adept at handling such injuries than her.

“I’m going to remove the glass now. It might hurt, so try to bear with it,” Janice said.

The glass shards had penetrated the outer clothing and embedded deeply into the flesh, causing severe wounds. Removing them would likely cause most people to wince in pain. Yet, Aiden remained silent. Janice admired his toughness as she worked. Enduring so many glass shards was no minor feat.

“Are you okay?” she asked.

Aiden managed a smile. “Do I look like I’m not?”

“You do!” Janice responded, half-amused, half-exasperated. “You don’t have to pretend it doesn’t hurt. It’s okay to express it.”

Aiden shook his head, his expression serene. “I’ve been through worse. This isn’t much.”

Chapter 519:

Janice was taken aback, unsure of what Aiden meant by his statement. But then it clicked—Aiden’s past as a mercenary abroad. He likely had endured many injuries during that time.

“Leonidas is more dangerous than we thought,” Janice said, her expression turning steely. “He wants me gone.”

Initially, she had believed Leonidas’ actions were part of some elaborate ploy to expose her identity.

But now, the attempt on her life suggested something more sinister.

The identity exposure might have been just a diversion.

"It's not him," Aiden suddenly said.

"What do you mean?" Janice looked at him, puzzled.

Aiden said, "Leonidas may be unpredictable, even a bit insane, but he enjoys the process more than the outcome. He won't just take you out; he likes to dig into your secrets and watch you squirm. And from his reaction earlier, it's clear he didn't expect you to show up in the audience, which makes it likely this wasn't his plan."

Janice found his explanation reasonable. Thinking about Leonidas' past actions, she realized this didn't feel like his style. "If it wasn't him, then who else could it be?"

By this point, Janice had nearly finished picking the glass shards out of Aiden's back. She would remove the rest of his clothes to treat his wounds properly.

"I've asked Braylen to look into it. But even if this wasn't Leonidas' doing, I'll make sure he faces consequences," Aiden said.

"In fact, my people should have already dealt with him," said Janice. In these situations, Prescott and Costello would be the first to deal with Leonidas.

Despite Leonidas' recklessness, he stood no chance against Costello, especially with Braylen in the mix.

"I'm going to remove your clothes now," Janice said.

"Okay," Aiden murmured.

Janice gently removed Aiden's clothes, one piece at a time.

The dried blood had clung to the fabric, making each movement agonizing for Aiden.

Yet, he bore it in silence, his discomfort only betrayed by the beads of sweat on his forehead.

When she removed the last of Aiden's clothing, her eyes landed on his back. Her pupils widened in shock.

Aiden's back was marked with scars of all sizes, some from knives, others from bullets.

These scars seemed to tell a story of a past Janice had never known.

"You've been so hard on yourself." Janice's voice caught in her throat. For some reason, seeing Aiden's scarred back stirred a deep ache in her heart.

Aiden paused for a moment, then understood the weight of her words. "If I hadn't pushed myself, how would I have gotten where I am today? The leader of the Green family doesn't give up. It's only through enduring the toughest trials that one can surpass everyone else."

Janice lifted her hand and traced the scars on Aiden's back.

Maybe this was where Kenneth and Aiden truly differed. Aiden had already set himself on a path that few could match.

Chapter 520:

Despite Kenneth's desperate attempts to catch up, their paths were so different that real competition was out of the question.

"Are you worried about me?" Aiden asked.

The warmth from Janice's hand eased the pain in his back, making him feel noticeably better.

"You're overthinking it. I just find these wounds a hassle to treat." Janice steadied herself and patted Aiden's back.

"Ouch!" Aiden gasped in surprise.

"I didn't mean to. You..."

Aiden quickly turned to face Janice, taking her hand in his and staring at her with a piercing look. "And you still say you're not worried?"

Janice looked away and quickly withdrew her hand from his grip. "Are you going to let me treat your wounds, or do I need to call someone else?"

Aiden smirked. "I'd rather have you do it. If another doctor comes in, I'd rather endure the pain."

Janice rolled her eyes, unable to find words. "How did I not realize you're such a flirt?"

"I didn't realize I'd like you this much either."

Janice was taken by surprise at Aiden's sudden confession.

He stared at her with intense eyes, his fiery gaze capable of melting even the coldest of hearts.

Despite her usual self-control, Janice found it difficult to ignore Aiden's open display of affection.

"Ouch!" Aiden cried out.

Janice had given him a sharp pinch.

Aiden looked at her with a touch of grievance in his eyes.

“We need to treat your wounds right away, or they’ll get infected,” Janice insisted.

Though she didn’t respond, Aiden couldn’t help but feel a sense of accomplishment when he saw her cheeks flush slightly. At least she wasn’t entirely indifferent to him anymore.

The production team had already been informed about Aiden’s injury. As a result, tomorrow’s program couldn’t go ahead as planned, and the content would need to be adjusted for the time being.

Instead of returning to the villa, Janice stayed at the hospital to care for Aiden.

As for Leonidas, the trouble he caused at the concert was not going unnoticed. Braylen and Costello were making sure he faced the consequences.

With a loud thud, Costello landed a heavy punch on Leonidas, sending him stumbling back.

The punch was so forceful that Leonidas’ cheek swelled up, and a thin trickle of blood dripped from the corner of his mouth.

“Was the chandelier incident your doing?” Braylen asked, his face hard with anger.

Leonidas sneered, pressing his tongue against his cheek, showing no fear or hesitation. Instead, a wild, unsettling smile spread across his face. “If I told you it wasn’t, would you believe me?”

Braylen cast a look at Prescott, who casually adjusted his glasses and gave a subtle nod.