

Wrath 521

Chapter 521:

“From what we know of him, it’s unlikely to be Leonidas,” Prescott began. “I just reviewed the surveillance footage, and there was someone in a mask messing with the chandelier. I’ll keep digging to find out who, but...”

Prescott’s expression hardened. “Even if he isn’t directly behind the attempt on Janice’s life, still—”

Before Prescott could finish, Costello delivered a powerful punch to Leonidas, the sound echoing through the room.

The impact knocked Leonidas backward, his chair crashing to the floor with him.

“Costello, I hadn’t finished speaking.”

“Go on, finish, and I’ll hit him again after,” Costello retorted, his tone rough.

Prescott sighed, shaking his head. “Janice just messaged to say one beating will suffice. If he’s looking for a game, she’s ready to play it to the end.”

He threw Leonidas a scornful look. “Janice has seen through his pathetic games and doesn’t regard him as a threat.”

“Janice is unbelievably arrogant,” Leonidas muttered, squinting despite the sting in his cheek. “But tell me—how did she pull it off? Who was on stage?”

“Curious, are you?” Prescott approached, crouching to meet Leonidas’s eye level. “With all your supposed smarts, shouldn’t you already have figured it out?”

Leonidas’s eyes narrowed, his gaze growing icy as Prescott’s words struck a nerve.

“For someone with your intellect, it’s a privilege that Janice even bothers to entertain you. Let’s not forget—you’ve never beaten her, not once.”

“Enough!” Leonidas spat through gritted teeth, his anger boiling over. He had endured countless trials abroad, believing he had finally become strong enough to face Janice.

But even now, after multiple confrontations, he still felt utterly powerless in her presence.

“Costello, Braylen, release him,” Prescott ordered calmly.

“Fine.”

With Stephen’s life hanging in Leonidas’ grasp, Janice knew she couldn’t get rid of him for now.

The only way to put an end to this chaos was to uncover the power backing Leonidas. Until then, they had no choice but to let him be. Exiting the backstage area, Leonidas found himself face-to-face with Alissa.

“Well, don’t you look pathetic?” Alissa remarked, crossing her arms and eyeing him with contempt. “Honestly, I thought you’d do better, but...” Her tone was laced with biting sarcasm.

Leonidas’s expression turned grim as he fixed a cold gaze on her. “Are you here just to throw insults?”

“I planned to confront you about the earlier incident. But it seems the scheme wasn’t yours after all.”

“You’re sharper than I expected,” Leonidas admitted, a flicker of surprise crossing his face as he studied her.

He had written her off as nothing more than a pampered airhead, yet here she was, piecing things together with surprising clarity.

Alissa stepped closer and tilted Leonidas' chin upward. "I'd like to officially discuss a collaboration with you."

Leonidas arched an eyebrow, shifted his head to one side, and brushed Alissa's hand away. "And how exactly do you propose we collaborate?"

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"I want your help to separate Aiden from Janice."

"Tsk, another lovesick fool."

"You've got it all wrong! I simply see Aiden as a fine man who'd make an excellent toy for me," Alissa scoffed. "And as for you, sure, you've got some skills, but they're minor. I can offer you far greater power."

Leonidas' lips curved into a grin as he unexpectedly extended his hand. "I'm eager to see where this collaboration leads."

In the end, Nolan's concert was abruptly called off.

Luckily, his sway was sufficient to contain the incident and stop it from escalating.

Once things were under control, Nolan wasted no time in calling Janice to express his apologies and offer compensation.

"Nolan, tonight's events aren't on you. I was the intended target. If anyone owes an apology, it's me to you."

"RAIN, please don't say that. If I hadn't asked you to come, none of this would've happened. The responsibility is mine."

Standing in the quiet hallway, Janice let out a soft, wry laugh. This back-and-forth was endless.
“Speaking of which, where’s Lancelot?”

“He’s looking for you. He should’ve arrived already.”

Janice noticed a familiar figure approaching from the corner of her eye.

“Shh!” Janice interrupted, raising a finger to her lips as she cast a quick glance at the hospital room nearby.

Picking up on her cue, Lancelot softened his tone. “How is Aiden holding up?”

“His injuries have been taken care of, and he’s doing fine. He’s resting now.”

“The sight of that chandelier falling was absolutely terrifying. I thought my heart was going to stop. Thankfully, Aiden acted quickly and managed to protect you in time.” Lancelot recalled the scene, still shaken by the memory. “If you need anything at all, just say the word. I’m here to help however I can.”

“Thank you,” Janice said with a small smile before turning her attention to the woman standing next to Lancelot.

The woman, who was about Janice’s height, was undeniably attractive but lacked a certain captivating presence.

“I truly appreciate your efforts in helping us pull this off,” Janice said with gratitude.

“RAIN, you flatter me. It’s an honor to assist someone as distinguished as you.” The woman offered a polite nod, her demeanor calm and poised. Her smile radiated an unexpectedly soothing warmth. Who would have guessed that this serene and graceful woman was none other than the internationally celebrated magician, Phia M?

“Good thing Nolan had the foresight to invite Phia. Without her, pulling off such a complicated sleight of hand would’ve been impossible,” Lancelot remarked with a sigh of relief.

Janice gave a faint smirk, silently agreeing.

Switching two people at the exact moment when the performance ended and the lights went out was no small task.

Thankfully, Phia’s unmatched expertise in intricate illusions ensured the switch went flawlessly. Even someone as sharp-eyed as Leonidas couldn’t detect a single misstep.

“Janice, how do you plan to show your appreciation?” Lancelot asked with a light but teasing tone, his gaze brimming with anticipation. “I remember your country has a tradition of treating someone to a meal as a thank-you. I’m quite hungry. How about we grab a meal?”

Chapter 523:

“A meal?” Janice blinked, momentarily taken aback, her brows knitting together. “Are you seriously thinking about food at this hour?” It was already past nine, and as a royal, Lancelot was known for his discipline. By now, he’d typically be preparing for bed, but here he was, suggesting a meal.

“Janice, I’m in your country now, so it’s only right I embrace the local customs. Royal traditions hold no weight here, don’t you think?” Lancelot replied smoothly.

“Alright, then.”

“I’m not so sure that’s a good idea.” Aiden emerged from the room, his expression cold, his eyes gleaming with unmistakable hostility as he stared down Lancelot.

“Aiden, did we cause you any disturbance?” Janice asked, startled by his sudden appearance.

“I heard some squeaking and thought I should come out to handle the mouse problem,” Aiden said, his words teetering on the edge of calling out Lancelot by name.

Unfazed, Lancelot chuckled. "You might want to address this hospital's hygiene issues. Imagine having mice running around freely." Aiden's glare darkened, but he held his composure when Lancelot ignored the provocation. He moved close to Janice and positioned himself as if asserting his claim. "Janice, I'm feeling a bit hungry. Could you get me something to eat?"

"Of course."

"Perfect. Janice and I were just about to head out. I'll make sure to bring something back for you," Lancelot said, unfazed by the anger flaring in Aiden's eyes, confirming he still intended to have that meal.

Sensing the rising hostility between the men, Phia gracefully intervened. "RAIN, I have matters to attend to, so I'll leave."

"Thank you, Phia. I'll find a way to thank you properly another day," Janice said.

"No need to rush." Phia smiled warmly before slipping out.

"You should get back to bed, Aiden. Your wound just stopped bleeding, and moving around might reopen it," Janice said gently.

"I'll do as you say," Aiden replied, his gaze tender as he looked at Janice. "But I'm still hungry. And after everything today, I'd worry if you were gone for too long."

Janice sighed, sensing Aiden's implication. "Lancelot, I'll treat you to a meal another day. Tonight, I need to stay with Aiden to make sure his wound doesn't get infected."

After all, Aiden had been injured saving her. The least she could do was indulge him this once.

"Of course. I'll wait for your call." With a final glance at Aiden, Lancelot left the hospital.

Aiden watched him leave, frustration simmering beneath the surface. Lancelot had returned to his country to prepare for his wedding with Eleanor, but when he heard about Janice's divorce, he came rushing back.

Aiden thought that if the divorce were delayed a little longer, maybe he'd have one less rival to deal with.

"Janice, you don't have to take him out to thank him. A small gift would do just fine," Aiden said, breaking the silence.

Janice raised a brow, a mischievous glint in her eye. She stepped closer, backing Aiden against the wall. "Is that jealousy I'm sensing, Aiden?"

"Jealousy?" Aiden's voice faltered slightly as he turned his head, avoiding Janice's gaze.

Chapter 524:

"It's written all over your face," Janice quipped, stepping closer still, her hands casually clasped behind her back, forcing Aiden a step back. For a moment, Aiden looked like a boy caught red-handed, his expression a mix of embarrassment and defensiveness.

"Well, Lancelot is a prince, after all. His status and position are impeccable. Anyone who marries him would probably end up happy," Janice said thoughtfully.

Still flustered, Aiden immediately frowned and replied sharply, "So what if he's a prince? He's just a man like anyone else. Whatever he boasts, I have in abundance."

"But Lancelot's a prince," Janice said with a teasing smile.

"Then I'll buy a secluded island and build our own kingdom. You can be the empress, or whatever title you want," Aiden replied with a determined glint in his eyes.

Janice laughed aloud before looking up at Aiden, who seemed a bit on edge. "And yet, you claim you're not jealous? Buying an island and declaring yourself king says otherwise."

“You’re doing this on purpose.”

“Of course I did.” Tilting her head in playful defiance, Janice grinned at him. “I enjoy watching you get jealous. What’s your take on that?”

Aiden’s jaw tightened as his gaze bore into hers. Her unusually playful demeanor was doing things to his already unsteady heart.

“Don’t test me.”

“Oh, but I am. What now? Are you going to snap and bite my head off?”

Before she could say another word, Aiden leaned in and pressed his lips to hers.

Janice’s eyes widened in disbelief, her entire body stiffening at the suddenness of his action. She hadn’t anticipated Aiden would kiss her out of the blue.

His lips felt cool, trembling slightly, and somewhere between them, a strong, rhythmic heartbeat thundered, though she couldn’t tell if it was hers or his.

“You idiot, Aiden!” Janice blurted out, snapping out of her daze and pushing him away abruptly.

“Ouch!” Aiden grunted as his back collided with the wall from the force of her shove.

“I didn’t mean for that to happen,” Janice muttered, stepping forward in concern.

The force had reopened the wound on his back, and a trace of blood began to seep through.

“Come on, we need to get you back to the room so I can re-dress your wound,” Janice said urgently.

"Relax, it's nothing," Aiden said with a nonchalant smirk.

Janice's brows knitted in frustration at his cocky attitude. "Your wound's open again, and you're acting like it's no big deal?"

"Honestly, a kiss makes everything worth it for me."

Janice froze for a moment, then narrowed her eyes at Aiden. "Since when did you become this good at flirting? Why weren't you like this before?"

Aiden caught an odd note in her words, something that made him pause.

His brow furrowed. If he'd been more like this before, would she have stayed by his side?

Yet, he knew the answer. Back then, he'd been consumed by vengeance, completely blind to the emotions of those he should've cared for.

Chapter 525:

"Janice, I'm sorry," Aiden said as he suddenly wrapped his arms around her, holding her close. "I was so blind before, treating our marriage like it was just some deal. I see now how wrong I was. I don't want to lose you anymore, so please let me..."

"Hold it right there!" Janice cut him off and lightly pushed him back. "No more sweet talk, Aiden. Right now, your wound is the priority."

She paused for a moment, her eyes dropping slightly before her voice came out steady and resolute. "And above all else, my focus is on helping my brother and avenging the White family."

"But Janice..."

Before he could continue, Janice stopped him mid-sentence again. "I know what you're about to say. Let's save that discussion for another time."

"Alright, I get it." Aiden let out a long breath, his emotions torn between relief and frustration.

Even if she wasn't ready to hear it all now, at least she hadn't shut him down completely.

"I'm going to help you," he said firmly. "And don't even think about saying no, because I'm doing it whether you like it or not."

"Don't worry, I had no intention of saying no." Janice sighed. "When you make up your mind, there's no point arguing. I'd rather save my energy. And honestly, your help will make this easier for me."

Once they were back in the room, Aiden stretched out and sank onto the bed with a sigh.

"Ah!"

The moment he lay back, his wound flared up, drawing a sharp gasp and a stifled groan.

"Serves you right!" Janice laughed, clearly amused.

Aiden had this knack for being completely serious one moment and utterly ridiculous the next.

Just then, the sound of her phone vibrating broke the moment. It was Kenneth calling.

Janice glanced at Aiden, and he didn't need her to say a word. His face darkened the moment he realized who it was.

"Kenneth, is something the matter?" she asked as she picked up the call.

“Janice, are you okay?” Kenneth’s voice was filled with worry. “I heard there was an accident at the concert. Devin also mentioned you and Aiden won’t be filming for tomorrow’s episode.”

“There was a little incident, but it’s all sorted out now,” Janice reassured him.

Kenneth exhaled in relief at her words, but before he could respond, Aiden’s voice broke through.

“Janice, my wound’s itching. Can you take care of it?”

That was Aiden’s voice. So, he was the one hurt.

Feeling relieved that Janice wasn’t injured, Kenneth let out a quiet breath, but his calm didn’t last long as his nerves tightened once more.

Aiden was injured and in the hospital, and Janice would probably stay overnight to look after him. That meant they’d have plenty of time alone together, didn’t it?

“Kenneth, there’s really not much going on here, so there’s no need to worry,” Janice said, trying to sound reassuring. “If things settle down by tomorrow, Aiden and I should be able to head back to the villa and recover there.”

“Glad to hear it,” Kenneth replied, his tone betraying none of the bitterness gnawing at him as he ended the call.

Chapter 526:

Maggie, lounging nearby and crunching into an apple, shot him a quizzical look. “Hey, what’s with the long face? Is Janice okay?”

Kenneth blinked, pulling himself from his thoughts. “Janice is fine. It’s Aiden who got hurt.”

“Aiden?” Maggie’s eyes widened as her apple slipped from her grasp, thudding to the floor. “What happened? Is he hurt badly? He’s not in serious danger, is he?”

Kenneth tilted his head, surprised by Maggie's sudden concern. "You're awfully worried about Aiden. Aren't you usually scared stiff of the guy? Shouldn't you be glad that he's injured?"

Maggie hesitated, rubbing her nose awkwardly. "Well, it's just that we're all on the same show, you know? If something happens to him, it's bound to mess with the recording schedule. That could be a real headache for my career."

She puffed herself up, her confidence suddenly blooming.

"Is that so?" Kenneth arched a skeptical brow, his eyes narrowing slightly.

"Of course! Why are you giving me that look? It's not like I've got feelings for him or anything. He's been the villain of my nightmares for as long as I can remember. I avoid him like the plague!"

"Fair point," Kenneth admitted with a nod. For years, Maggie had been petrified of Aiden, often waking in cold sweats after dreaming about him. There was no way she harbored any feelings towards the man.

"I'm sure Aiden will pull through," Kenneth said thoughtfully, recalling the strength in Aiden's voice during his earlier phone conversation with Janice. The guy practically broadcasted his resilience. No one sounding that robust could be in serious peril.

Maggie relaxed, retrieving her fallen apple from the floor. A quick rinse, and it would be good as new. Any other heiress might have tossed it, but not Maggie.

"By the way, it's only nine-thirty. Where is everyone else?" Maggie asked, glancing around the quiet room.

"Probably calling it an early night," Kenneth replied offhandedly. Then a thought struck him.

Earlier, a cleaning lady had come in to tidy up, but now that he thought about it, he hadn't seen her leave. "Maggie, did you notice that cleaning lady from earlier?"

“Nope,” Maggie said, shaking her head. “She sort of vanished after showing up. Maybe she slipped out, and we just missed it.”

Kenneth frowned, his gut telling him something wasn’t adding up. He’d been in the living room the whole time. If she’d left, he should have noticed.

“Devin, what happened with that cleaning lady earlier?” Kenneth called Devin to dig for answers.

“The cleaning lady? She left just now.”

“Left?” Kenneth asked, his unease deepening.

“Yeah, I just paid her. Is there a problem?”

“No. Just making sure everything’s in order,” Kenneth said, his tone neutral despite the nagging suspicion growing in his chest.

“Kenny, you’re overthinking this. It’s just a cleaning lady. There’s nothing valuable here except us. She couldn’t possibly be trouble, right?” Maggie said with a playful tug on his hand, her grin lighting up the room.

“Maybe you’re right. Guess my mind’s running wild.” Kenneth let out a weary sigh, patting Maggie’s head. “Let’s call it a night.”

“Sure.”

Chapter 527:

In Stephen’s room on the second floor, the lights were off, shrouding the room in darkness.

A streak of moonlight slipped through the windows, casting a glow on the large bed.

Lounging half-reclined against the pillows was a woman whose very presence seemed to intoxicate the air. Her right hand propped up her chin, while one leg crossed lazily over the other. Her silhouette was as enticing as it was enigmatic—a dangerous kind of beauty.

Stephen stood before her like a statue, his head bowed low, his shoulders stiff as if the weight of her gaze was too much to bear.

“Still afraid of me after all these years, Stephen?” Her voice was a velvet caress, rich with allure and the faintest hint of danger, curling through the room like smoke.

Stephen shook his head, his voice quiet and measured. “I wouldn’t dare offend you, Mrs. Chadwick.”

The playful curl of her lips vanished in an instant. Wendy sat up with icy precision, the seductive spell shattered. “Have you forgotten my rules? What do you call me when we’re alone?”

Stephen stiffened, his fists clenching tightly at his sides.

“Look at me,” Wendy demanded, her tone brooking no argument.

Reluctantly, Stephen raised his gaze to meet hers.

“Say it. What should you call me?”

“My queen.”

“That’s better.”

Wendy’s expression softened, the coldness melting into a satisfied smile.

She extended her hand in an almost regal gesture. “Come here, Stephen. You’ve no idea how much I’ve missed you these past few days.”

Stephen moved to stand in front of Wendy.

Wendy lifted Stephen's chin, her eyes glowing with admiration for his remarkable beauty.

"You never cease to amaze me," she said, her fingers delicately tracing his jawline. "Each time I see your face, I find myself filled with excitement. You feel that spark too, don't you?"

"Yes!" Stephen replied, his teeth clenched tightly together.

Suddenly, Wendy's hand struck Stephen's cheek, the slap resonating in the shadowy room.

Despite the dim lighting, the mark on Stephen's cheek was clear.

"Stephen, are you alright?" Wendy asked, rising from the bed to cradle his face in her hands, her eyes brimming with concern. "My feelings for you are so strong that sometimes, I simply lose control. You love me as well, right?"

Stephen raised his head, his eyes empty as he gazed at Wendy. "I love you. It's just that I'm feeling a bit tired today."

"Tired?" Wendy paused, her confusion evident, then shook her head. "I made a huge effort to disguise myself as a cleaning lady and sneak into the villa, not to hear you say this. To fulfill my desire, I've brought along some toys for us to experiment with today."

She then grabbed a bag, turned it over, and spilled its contents onto the bed.

Stephen's face turned pale upon seeing the varied items, his eyes darting nervously, his hands clenching into fists.

Chapter 528:

“Stephen, which should we try first?” Wendy asked, lifting his chin with a whip and smiling slyly. “We have all night. Let’s enjoy each one.”

Stephen briefly closed his eyes, then offered a strained smile. “As you wish.”

“Your obedience is something I really admire,” Wendy said, as she lowered the whip, tugging at Stephen’s clothes. “No matter what unfolds, I remain the queen, and you’re my slave, right?”

“Right!”

“I adore seeing you like this,” Wendy said, her eyes shining with an intense glimmer, her breath quickening. “I can’t hold back any longer. Let’s begin with this one.”

“Stephen!” Janice gasped, jolting awake, her forehead slick with sweat, panting. She had endured a nightmare where Stephen was subjected to inhuman torment.

Janice steadied her emotions, sensing an unusual connection. Despite her limited interactions with Stephen, the bond seemed profound. Why else would he appear in her dreams? Was this the sensation of a blood bond?

Just then, a figure appeared before her.

Janice was mildly taken aback and glanced up, her eyes locking with Aiden’s concerned gaze.

“Experiencing a bad dream?” he asked with concern.

Janice gave a nod. “Did I disturb your sleep?”

“No,” Aiden answered with a gentle look in his eyes, keeping to himself that he hadn’t slept at all, having spent the night watching her instead.

As Janice's brows furrowed during her nightmare, anxiety swelled in his heart. Had he not been worried about startling her, he might have dashed over to embrace her.

"Stephen appeared in my dream just now," Janice said as she brushed her hair back. "When the Edwards family welcomed me back, I never once had a dream about any of them. It's strange that after just a few meetings with Stephen, he's already appearing in my dreams."

Aiden passed her a glass of water and set it down in front of her.

"Drink some water. Take a moment to relax."

"Thank you," Janice said as she accepted the water, observing the ripples in the glass before breaking into a smile. "Why does it feel like I'm the patient here being looked after?"

Aiden drew up a chair and gave her a gentle smile. "Sometimes, nightmares can also be a type of condition."

Janice rolled her eyes, but her expression quickly turned solemn. "I'm genuinely interested in what Stephen has experienced over the years. There always seems to be something not quite right when he interacts with Wendy."

"The Chadwick family is secretive. Unraveling their mysteries is challenging," Aiden said.

"How about we begin with Daniel?"

Aiden furrowed his brow and said doubtfully, "To be honest, given the current situation, Daniel seems quite clueless. Seeking information from him might not prove very useful."

"That's not necessarily the case," Janice countered with a crafty smile. "Daniel may seem somewhat foolish, but his family dotes on him excessively. If we approach this cleverly, he could be our pathway into the Chadwick family's closest circle."

Aiden was briefly surprised but soon grasped the essence of Janice's strategy. "Are you thinking of using Daniel as a ladder?"

Chapter 529:

"Precisely!"

At that moment, Janice's phone vibrated with a new message.

It was Prescott calling.

Janice's expression darkened. Prescott's call at this hour could only mean news about the concert incident. "What's happening, Prescott?" she asked.

"Janice, you're still awake?" Prescott sounded surprised, not expecting Janice to answer his call so quickly.

"Yes. Continue," Janice urged.

"I've been reviewing surveillance footage from the area and managed to catch a glimpse of the perpetrator's face." Prescott's voice took on a mysterious tone. "The identity of this person might surprise you."

"Who is it?"

"Delilah."

Janice paused, exchanging a glance with Aiden. Delilah was the last person she expected.

"Wasn't she incarcerated? How did she get out?" Janice questioned.

"I've looked into it. Someone pulled strings to shift all of Delilah's charges onto Daryl," Prescott explained.

Janice's expression turned icy. Someone with significant power must be involved to get Delilah out of prison so stealthily, likely with high-level connections in Efrery.

"After confirming it was Delilah, I sent a team to catch her. But by the time they arrived, she was already gone," Prescott continued.

"I understand."

"What's our next move? It's evident you're being targeted, and Delilah might be just the start."

"Don't worry. I have a plan. Also, keep an eye on Leonidas and the rest of the Edwards family. Let me know immediately of any developments."

After hanging up, Janice sat in contemplative silence.

Aiden remained beside her, offering silent support.

"It's the Welch family," Janice finally spoke. "Only they could have orchestrated Delilah's release without tipping off our people. They have the influence in Cloverhill to manipulate events here in Efrery."

"I had the same thought." Aiden nodded. "But I have another theory."

"What?" Janice turned to him, curiosity in her eyes.

"If the Welch family managed to extract Delilah so discreetly, they're likely not ready to move openly against you. Delilah's actions tonight seem erratic, like she was acting alone. It's possible she's now being restrained by them."

Janice considered his words, gaining a clearer perspective.

If it really was the Welch family, they wouldn't act without caution. Delilah's haphazard scheme tonight suggested it wasn't a Welch-orchestrated operation.

"Have I been exposed?" Janice pondered, bewildered. "I just discovered Stephen is my brother, and now I'm already marked as a descendant of the White family?"

Aiden shook his head, his expression grave. "Don't overlook the fact that Leonidas is aware of your connection to Stephen. He's likely in cahoots with the Welch family, using their influence to spring Delilah from jail as a strategic move against you. Plus, I suspect his dealings with the Welch family are clandestine. Otherwise, Alissa would surely know."

Chapter 530:

Janice's eyes sparkled with realization. "It's highly probable that Leonidas was groomed by the Welch family overseas as a mercenary," she speculated.

Aiden reached out, his hands enveloping hers, his eyes laden with concern. As they unraveled the layers, the gravity of Janice's situation became clearer, heightening his worry.

"Although I'd prefer you stay out of this turmoil, I know you'll do as you see fit. Just know I'll support and protect you to the best of my ability," he declared.

Janice's expression softened into a wry smile. "You know what I'm capable of. The Welch family alone isn't a match for me. They can't dictate my fate," she asserted confidently.

Aiden felt a wave of relief at her assertiveness.

The Welch family, a centuries-old dynasty in Cloverhill, had deep roots and extensive connections nationally. In contrast, the Green family, despite merging with Forest Corp to lead in Efrery, didn't have such an entrenched history.

Moreover, while Janice's JE Consortium was formidable globally, its reach into local matters was inherently limited.

"Aiden, thank you."

"Hmm?" Aiden looked puzzled, his eyes searching Janice's.

"Even though you can be a bit overbearing at times, your presence has been invaluable these past days."

Aiden began to respond, but Janice pressed a finger to his lips, silencing him.

The simple gesture heightened the intimacy of the moment, sealing his words without the need for them to be spoken.

"No need for more words. I understand. Now, you should rest unless you plan on delaying your recovery," she teased.

"Alright," Aiden conceded, standing reluctantly.

His gaze lingered on Janice, pondering whether she truly grasped the depth of his concerns.

In a wealthy neighborhood in Efrery, one villa towered over the others, its grandeur amplified under the dark night sky. Its lights gleamed brighter than the rest, and stern-faced bodyguards stood vigilant at every corner.

Inside, the silence of its opulent halls was shattered by the sharp crack of a slap reverberating off the high walls.

Delilah fell to her knees, clutching her throbbing cheek, her terror-stricken eyes fixed on the woman before her. "I'm sorry. Please don't kill me," she pleaded, her voice shaking.

“How dare you put Aiden’s life at risk? He’s mine! You deserve to die!” Alissa spat, her eyes filled with nothing but contempt as she looked down at Delilah.

A chill ran down Delilah’s spine at seeing the infernal rage in her eyes. “I never intended to harm Aiden. I only wanted to kill Janice. Please...”

“But he still got hurt!” Seeing red, Alissa grabbed the ashtray from the nearby coffee table. “You’re going to pay for it!”

“Wait.” Leonidas stepped forward, positioning himself in front of Delilah.

Alissa’s deathly glare turned to him. “What are you doing? Are you stepping in to protect her?”

“I was the one who got her out of prison,” Leonidas confessed, putting his hands up as if to show allegiance.

“What?” Her anger flaring, Alissa hurled the ashtray toward Leonidas’ face.

But Leonidas caught her wrist, stopping her attack. “Calm down. Let me explain.”