

Wrath 601

Chapter 601:

“Did you catch that? In Aiden’s eyes, it’s all about Janice. Alissa handed him a towel, and he didn’t even spare her a glance!”

“They’re perfect for each other!”

Under the soft folds of the towel, Janice found herself inches away from Aiden’s chiseled chest. Her gaze lingered, her throat dry as she swallowed.

The man’s physique was absolutely spellbinding.

From this close, every contour—the sculpted pecs, the carved abs—was irresistible. Her fingers itched to reach out.

Almost as if he could read Janice’s mind, Aiden teased, “Thinking about touching them?”

“What?” Janice blinked, startled. The meaning of Aiden’s words hit her like a lightning bolt, and a flush crept up her cheeks. “Don’t be ridiculous! Who would want to touch?”

Aiden leaned closer, whispering in her ear, “Then why’s your breathing so heavy? Feels like you’re tickling my abs.”

Janice felt her cheeks burn hotter. If not for the towel shielding her, she would’ve wanted to dig a hole and vanish into the earth.

“Ahem!” Kenneth, having regained his composure, cleared his throat with exaggerated purpose, effectively putting an end to their charged moment.

“Aiden, I’ll admit it. You’re strong, and I lost fair and square this time.” He struggled to keep his composure, but inside, a wave of bitter jealousy churned. He could tell that Janice’s feelings for Aiden were different—something deeper, something more.

The closeness Janice shared with Aiden was something Kenneth could never have, despite their friendship. She always maintained a polite distance from him, never letting their bond cross into anything more personal.

This stark difference in how Janice treated Aiden compared to him only stoked the flames of jealousy inside him.

Aiden straightened, casting Kenneth a glance that was equal parts mocking and dismissive. “Not good enough? Then work harder.”

Kenneth’s eyes narrowed, the bitterness creeping into his voice. “I may not beat you in sports, but in other ways...”

“You won’t beat me in those either,” Aiden interrupted smoothly, his tone indifferent but loaded with meaning.

He turned to Janice and removed the towel, revealing her now messy hair. Without hesitation, he smoothed it out.

The tenderness of the moment was so intimate that it sent their shippers into a frenzy, while Kenneth’s jealousy simmered, burning hotter with each passing second.

Kenneth’s gaze darkened, his eyes clouded with frustration. Aiden’s actions felt like an undeniable claim, a clear sign of possession.

It felt as if Aiden was making a silent declaration that he could never measure up, and Janice was his.

Kenneth’s fists tightened, his gaze turning icier. The blatant provocation stung, stripping him of any remaining sense of dignity.

Chapter 602:

What hurt him the most, though, was Janice's silence—her lack of refusal, as if she didn't mind Aiden's possessive behavior at all.

In that moment, Janice took the chance to rest her hands on Aiden's abs, giving in to the urge to feel the strength beneath her fingers.

"Is this the sweet treat fans have been waiting for? Janice was supposed to be with Kenneth, but now she's sharing this sweet moment with Aiden instead!"

"Who would've thought Aiden could be so clever? He dried Janice's hair just to rile up Kenneth and get even closer to her."

"Hold up! Didn't you notice Janice is using this moment to feel Aiden's abs?"

"I didn't even notice until you pointed it out! Those abs... I kinda want to touch them too!"

"Well, you can always go for Daniel. He's the one bragging about his muscles being big and hard enough!"

"Ha! Alright, alright, I'll stop—don't bite my head off!"

The viewers were absolutely losing it over this scene.

They never saw it coming—a sweet moment like this after the competition. The fans were stunned to realize that the usually stern and serious Aiden had such a soft, gentle side.

It felt like even the fiercest warrior had been struck by Cupid's arrow.

“Ladies and gentlemen, the swimming competition has wrapped up in style. Tonight’s romantic date goes to none other than Aiden and Alissa.”

“Now then, all guests are free to mingle, and the live broadcast will take a breather. One more thing—brace yourselves, there’s a surprise inspection scheduled for tonight. The time? Well, that’s a secret.”

“I was about to gripe about the stream ending so soon, but Devin’s curveball caught me off guard.”

“A surprise inspection, huh? How thrilling! Do you think they’ll sneak into the rooms, maybe catch the guests mid-snooze? Oh my gosh, I can’t wait!”

“Devin kept the timing under wraps. It’s bound to be a real shocker. No way I’m budging from this live stream tonight!”

The audience was buzzing with excitement, practically glued to their screens. After all, who wouldn’t want an unfiltered peek into their favorite idols’ nightly routines, especially when there was an air of mystery in the mix? The guests, on the other hand, wore sour expressions.

Daniel decided it might be time to ditch the covers and flaunt his chiseled physique.

Maggie, however, resolved to double-lock her door tonight. No way was she letting the crew bust in uninvited.

Demi saw opportunity in chaos. A little “accidental” exposure, she thought, might just revive her lagging popularity.

While the others schemed and plotted, Aiden’s focus was elsewhere. His gaze lingered on Janice, his brow furrowed with concern. “I’m not going on that date with Alissa,” he murmured.

“Why are you telling me this?” Janice asked, her eyes sparkling as a playful smile curved her lips. “You’re single. You can date anyone you want.”

Chapter 603:

“Janice.” Aiden’s voice carried a hint of frustration. Why wasn’t she even a little jealous? Did she really think so little of him? Or was he nothing more than a friend in her eyes? But if that were true, why hadn’t she pulled away from his lingering touches or quiet advances? What on earth was going through her mind?

“Aiden, we’re all adults here. There’s no need to hold back. Do whatever makes you happy, and I’ll support you.”

Aiden let out a short, disbelieving laugh at her words.

“Even if I date another woman, you’d support me?”

His eyes locked onto hers, searching desperately for any flicker of emotion—a crack in that composed exterior, a hint of jealousy or reluctance. But nothing.

Janice’s expression stayed perfectly neutral, her eyes steady and unreadable. “Of course! Whoever you like, I’ll back you up. Whoever you want to pursue, you’ve got my support.”

“Alright then. With your blessing, I’m sure tonight’s date will be absolutely fantastic.”

“Wait!”

Aiden was about to walk away when Janice called after him, the sound of her voice bringing a smirk to his lips mid-step.

So, she wasn’t as nonchalant as she pretended to be.

“What?” Aiden turned slowly, and without ceremony, Janice draped the towel over his back.

“The concealer on your back is coming off. You should change your clothes right away. If people see all those scars, there’ll be even more gossip.” Aiden had put a lot of effort into covering his scars, using the

best waterproof concealer money could buy. But even the best products couldn't hold up after a long, exhausting day.

Aiden held her gaze, his voice low as he asked, "Is that all you wanted to say?"

"Why?" Janice blinked, tilting her head slightly as if puzzled by his question. "Did you want me to say something?"

Aiden's anger reignited, simmering just beneath the surface. People often accused him of being emotionally dense, but compared to Janice, he was practically an open book.

She was the true amateur when it came to understanding hearts.

With a frosty expression, Aiden tugged the towel snugly around his shoulders and strode off to change.

Janice watched him retreat, a playful smile curling her lips.

For someone who usually exuded the icy calm of an unshakable iceberg, Aiden was downright entertaining in his moments of childlike petulance and restlessness around her.

Her gaze shifted to Stephen, and she noticed he looked a bit flustered. Janice's brows furrowed slightly. What was that about? Why did Stephen look so uneasy?

During the swimming competition earlier, Stephen had kept his usual calm and collected demeanor. But the moment Devin mentioned a surprise inspection tonight, a flicker of unease broke through his composure.

Chapter 604:

Janice's gaze darkened as her mind drifted to the memory of the scars she'd seen on his back.

The scars were from being whipped. Some were faint and faded with time, while others were fresh and angry, clear signs of recurring abuse.

The sight had been even more harrowing than Aiden's scars, carrying a weight that told a story of relentless pain.

Had someone slipped into the villa last night and hurt him again? The idea sent a chill down her spine. Yet Stephen hadn't said a word about who was behind it, as if he had accepted this cruelty as a normal part of his life.

The thought left Janice breathless, her chest heavy with anger and sorrow. What kind of torment had Stephen endured to make him so numb to such inhumanity?

Janice drew a deep breath, steadying the storm of emotions swirling within her. Determination flickered in her eyes—she'd uncover the truth behind her brother's suffering and ensure the perpetrator faced every ounce of the pain they'd inflicted.

The live broadcast cut to a break, giving the guests a moment of freedom. Phones were handed back by the production team.

The moment Janice retrieved her phone, it buzzed with an incoming call. "Leah, what's going on?"

"Janice, the big shot from Cloverhill has found Glenn!"

Janice's brow furrowed. Her identity as MO was shrouded in secrecy—it shouldn't have led anyone to Glenn.

If someone had found Glenn, it could only mean her whereabouts had been leaked. The list of people privy to that information was small: Leah, Prescott, and Costello. Who could have let it slip?

"I'm on my way," Janice said as she headed back to the villa to change before making her next move.

Going in the opposite direction was Alissa, who had already changed and was talking with someone on the phone.

“Prepare some gifts and wait for me. We must get MO’s whereabouts from that old man no matter what.”

“Copy, Ms. Welch.”

Moments later, at the Generous Lives Orphanage, a line of sleek, luxury cars came to a stop at the entrance, drawing the curious gaze of the children inside. They rushed out, eyes wide and filled with eager hope, wishing the visitors might be there to adopt them.

The door to one of the cars creaked open, and a poised figure stepped out. Alissa, dressed in a high-end designer dress that screamed opulence, made her entrance.

She removed her sunglasses, her gaze sweeping across the orphanage grounds, a frown quickly forming on her face. “This place is a dump. Is this really where the old man who knows MO is hiding?”

She had assumed anyone connected to MO would be of significant status and wealth. But this rundown orphanage screamed nothing but impoverishment and neglect.

“Ms. Welch, we’ve confirmed that the patient who had surgery at Auburn Hospital is indeed the director, Glenn Haynes,” said a bodyguard.

Chapter 605:

“Alright!” Alissa nodded, signaling her bodyguard, and marched into the building with determination.

Just as she stepped inside, a little boy dashed up and grabbed her leg. “Ah!” Alissa yelped, startled, and quickly pushed the boy away. “Hey, what do you think you’re doing? You’ve got dirt all over my dress! Can you even—”

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to,” the boy apologized, his earlier excitement turning into sheer panic. “Auntie, I just wanted to ask if you’re here to adopt a—”

“Did you just call me what?” Alissa froze, her eyes wide in disbelief. “Auntie?”

“Someone, slap him!” Fury boiled over in Alissa. She spends a fortune each year on beauty treatments, and for this brat to call her “Auntie”? She was absolutely livid.

Seriously, what could these kids from a crummy orphanage even be worth? The two bodyguards hesitated. They would never question Alissa when it came to dealing with adults, but a kid?

“Do you want to keep your jobs?”

Alissa’s cold gaze made them think twice. It wasn’t worth challenging her. The bodyguards hesitated for a moment, then, with clenched jaws, walked toward the boy.

“No, please, don’t hit me!” The boy’s face flooded with terror, his eyes filling with tears. “I didn’t mean it! I was wrong. Please, don’t hurt me.”

“What’s going on here?” A staff member rushed over, blocking the boy protectively. “How dare you pick on a child?”

Alissa gave her a dismissive look, as if she were nothing more than a nuisance. “You’re one of the staff here, huh?”

“Yes!” the staff member responded quickly. “I just came here to see the director. This little brat ruined my dress and called me auntie. Shouldn’t someone be teaching him some manners?”

“Gerda, I didn’t mean to. I thought this auntie was here to adopt,” the boy said, his voice trembling.

“Freddy, don’t worry. No one’s going to hurt you,” Gerda Watson, the staff member, said softly, crouching down to comfort him. She gently patted his head.

She knew how much Freddy longed for a family. Every time someone new came to the orphanage, he’d get his hopes up and ask if they were there to adopt him, only to be let down time after time.

Despite all the disappointments, Freddy kept hoping, kept dreaming of a family of his own.

“You hear that? He called me auntie again!” Alissa sneered, her voice sharp. “Is this how you teach children manners here?”

Gerda stood tall, her gaze fixed firmly on Alissa. “Children often speak the truth without a filter. Their impressions of you are the truest reflection of who you really are. Miss, have you been flattered too much to the point of believing your own hype?”

“What did you just say? How dare you talk to me like that?” Alissa’s temper flared, her eyes narrowing as anger rippled through her. “You’re not in a position to bully either Gerda or Freddy.”

By now, the other children had caught on that these strangers weren’t here to adopt them. Their presence screamed trouble, and the kids, once hopeful, now gathered around in quiet solidarity.

Chapter 606:

“Stay back! All of you!!” Alissa, surrounded and feeling the pressure, was clearly rattled.

“Ms. Welch, perhaps we should reconsider,” one of the bodyguards suggested, his voice laced with caution. “We need to get the information about MO from the director. If we lose our composure, they might not be so willing to help.”

Alissa took a deep breath, realizing the gravity of the situation. Keeping calm was her best bet until she could get the information she needed. She’d deal with these children later.

“We did make a mistake. Please forgive us.” Alissa forced a smile. “Could you kindly take these children away? We need to speak with the director.”

“If you truly mean it, then apologize to these children first,” Gerda was unyielding, her voice steady and commanding.

Alissa's face stiffened; the idea of apologizing to a bunch of kids like this felt beneath her—humiliating, even.

“Ms. Welch, think about the bigger picture,” the bodyguard reminded her, his tone urging caution.

Alissa sighed, her smile tight as she complied, her words dripping with insincerity. “Alright, kids, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have acted like that.”

When Gerda saw Alissa swallow her pride and apologize, her face softened just a little. “Okay, kids, let’s give her some space. I’ll take this lady to meet the director now.”

“Lady?”

Alissa’s eyes flashed with contempt. Gerda had dropped that word deliberately, a subtle jab at her pride.

Gerda, fully aware of Alissa’s high status, wasn’t intimidated. Generous Lives Orphanage had its share of influential figures, all of whom were low-key and didn’t tolerate bullies. If Alissa caused trouble, Gerda wasn’t afraid to inform the higher-ups, and that would make things much more difficult for Alissa than she could ever imagine.

Glenn was in his office, sipping coffee while tending to routine tasks at the orphanage. At the moment, there were no significant issues—just the routine care and education of the children. His schedule only became more intense when potential adoptive parents visited. After the troubling incident involving the Edwards family, he had adopted a more rigorous approach to background checks. He was resolute in his policy: without a thorough investigation into prospective adoptive parents, he would not consent to an adoption. He was determined to avoid a repeat of the unfortunate events that had involved Janice and Knock.

A knock at the door interrupted his thoughts.

“Come in,” he said.

The door creaked open, revealing Gerda, flanked by Alissa and two bodyguards. Upon entering, Alissa's gaze quickly swept the room. The stark, spartan decor and the palpable air of austerity displeased her. She would have left if not for her need to extract information about MO from Glenn.

"They're here to see you, Mr. Haynes," Gerda announced.

"Thank you; that will be all," Glenn nodded, dismissing her. She exited, and Glenn smiled as he gestured toward the coffee. "I take it you're not here to discuss an adoption?"

Chapter 607:

Alissa's response was a raised eyebrow and a subtle nod to one of her bodyguards, who removed his coat and placed it on a chair. Alissa sat, her posture relaxed yet assertive.

"You're observant. Let's cut to the chase."

"Please, take a moment for some coffee," Glenn suggested, pushing a cup toward her. "As the host, it's only right to offer hospitality."

Alissa frowned. The sarcasm in his voice was unmistakable. After a brief pause, her expression hardened, and she released a cold, mocking laugh. "Are you suggesting I lack manners?"

Glenn simply sipped his coffee, offering no reply.

Alissa's eyes narrowed, betraying a flash of anger she quickly subdued. Disdainfully, she glanced at the coffee before pushing it back. "Sorry, I don't drink coffee, particularly when it's as inferior as this."

A fleeting look of regret crossed Glenn's face as he observed her dismissive gesture. This coffee, a rare gift from Janice valued at a million per pound and unobtainable in the market, was dismissed as cheap and tasteless by Alissa. Glenn's apparent regret seemed to Alissa like nothing more than a miser's sorrow over squandered pennies.

"Let's cut to the chase. One million for MO's location, and I'll throw in a box of coffee valued at ten thousand per pound." Confident in her offer, Alissa believed the sum and the coffee would be tempting

enough to prompt an immediate acceptance. The money could transform the dilapidated orphanage, and the coffee might become a highlight of Glenn's collection.

Yet, Glenn remained stoically unimpressed. "Miss, I must ask you to leave. Our humble establishment cannot cater to such distinguished guests."

Alissa's eyes narrowed in disbelief. "Are you doubting my sincerity?" She slammed a bank card on the table. "This card holds a million. Verify it. It's a profitable exchange for you."

"Gerda, please escort our guests out," Glenn said, his tone laced with a rare edge of anger. He had exercised considerable patience, yet Alissa's persistent insults were testing his resolve. Even a man as composed as Glenn had his limits.

Gerda returned with a frown. "Please leave!"

"Fine!" Alissa responded, her laugh tinged with frustration as she raised a finger. "You're just unhappy with the amount. I'll increase it to ten million. Now tell me where MO is."

"Leave, now!" Glenn insisted, disregarding her revised offer and splashing the remnants of his coffee toward her.

"You insolent man!" Alissa retorted, rising abruptly and dusting off her dress. "I extended a courtesy by coming here, and this is how you repay it? Don't blame me for what comes next."

"Hah, think you can intimidate us?" Gerda scoffed, standing her ground. "We don't welcome troublemakers. Leave now, or I'll call the police."

Alissa's expression changed, surprise flickering across her features. Glenn's arrogance was unexpected. Even a mere staff member dared to address her with such audacity.

Chapter 608:

"Restrain her and make her apologize!" she ordered her bodyguards.

The two bodyguards sprang into action, each securing Gerda by her sides. Glenn was taken aback, not expecting such a blatant display of violence. "You've gone too far."

"You stubborn old man, I tried reasoning with you earlier, but you forced my hand. Are you seeking trouble?" Alissa crossed her arms, her sneer directed at Glenn. "Are you regretting it now? It's too late!" She signaled the bodyguards, who raised their hands, poised to strike Gerda.

"Let's see who dares!" A cold voice cut through the room, silencing everyone.

Alissa frowned and turned to the door, where a woman with a striking presence and a white mask entered. "Who are you?"

"Weren't you looking for me?" the masked woman responded.

Alissa's pupils dilated with a mix of surprise and excitement. "Are you MO?"

Glenn watched the newcomer in astonishment, catching her discreet nod to remain silent. He realized Janice had her reasons for this disguise and chose to trust her approach.

Janice moved forward and delivered two slaps that sent the bodyguards reeling.

The force was such that the bodyguards were left dazed, as if struck by a truck, struggling to regain their composure.

"MO, what are you doing?" Alissa's voice was tinged with confusion.

"Do you have a problem with it?" Janice's gaze was piercing.

Alissa felt a shiver of intimidation from those intense eyes, even through the mask. She remembered her father's directive to bring MO back for surgery on her grandfather.

“No problem. They’re merely bodyguards. If it pleases you, do as you wish with them.” Alissa chuckled, masking her intention to restore her pride once MO completed the surgery for her grandfather.

“Gerda, are you alright?” Janice helped her to her feet with concern.

Gerda shook her head, her eyes filled with gratitude. “Ja... MO, thank you for arriving in time. Otherwise, these people might have devastated the Generous Hearts Orphanage.”

“Don’t worry. Leave it to me.” Janice nodded, signaling Gerda to look after Glenn.

Glenn had been infuriated by Alissa’s earlier actions, and Janice was concerned about his heart condition worsening. She didn’t expect the big shot from Cloverhill to be from the Welch family. Indeed, the world was smaller than she had thought.

“MO, my grandfather needs heart surgery. But given his age, no surgeons, whether local or international, feel confident enough to undertake it. You’re our only hope now.” Alissa lowered her stance, her smile sweet. “As long as you’re willing to help, we’ll meet any condition you set.”

Janice seated herself with grace, her movements captivating. Yet, the cold sharpness in her eyes behind the mask chilled the air. “Any condition?”

“Yes!” Alissa raised an eyebrow, assuming MO was interested. With the Welch family’s resources, they could secure almost anything.

“I want your life.”

Chapter 609:

“Alright, no problem... What?” Alissa had agreed instinctively, then paused, dumbfounded. “MO, you can’t be serious?”

"You said any condition." Janice's chuckle was dry. "What? Can't keep your promise? It seems the Welch family isn't as reputable as they claim."

Alissa's expression stiffened, but she managed a strained smile. "MO, please, you must be joking."

"Do I look like I'm joking?" Janice's gaze was piercing, her eyes flickering with a hint of menace that sent shivers down Alissa's spine. She couldn't fathom why MO, a stranger to her, held such resentment. Could it be due to her earlier disrespect towards Glenn and Gerda?

"MO, I admit my mistake earlier. I apologize." Alissa lowered her gaze again. "I was just overwhelmed by my grandfather's condition and reacted poorly." Turning to Glenn and Gerda, she added, "I was wrong earlier. Please accept my apologies."

At that moment, Janice stood and moved towards Alissa.

Alissa, with a warm smile, looked up at Janice. "MO, what are you..."

Without warning, Janice raised her hand and delivered a stinging slap across Alissa's face.

"MO, what do you mean by this?" Alissa exclaimed, her handprint quickly appearing on her face. Her swollen, red cheek and eyes blazing with rage gave her a menacing look.

"Oops, my hand slipped and I accidentally slapped you. Sorry about that. You won't hold it against me, right?" Janice teased with a sly smile.

"How could that be possible? You slapped me, and you think a simple apology will just brush this off?" Alissa's voice trembled with indignation.

Janice suddenly cut her off with a cold shout. Her gaze turned icy, and she stepped forward, her commanding presence causing Alissa to instinctively retreat.

“You think you can just apologize after insulting Glenn and Gerda?” Janice’s voice was clear and resounding.

Confronting Janice, Alissa felt overwhelmed by fear. Despite Janice’s delicate appearance, her aura was imposing. Alissa felt as though she was standing before her own father.

“MO, well done!” Gerda straightened up, feeling empowered. Being defended so fiercely was invigorating. “Ms. Welch, if you think a simple apology will suffice, you’re mistaken.”

Alissa’s face blanched, her body shaking with a mix of anger and fear. The sting of the slap challenged her composure.

“MO, what will it take to appease you?” Alissa took a deep breath, trying to calm her raging emotions, and spoke through clenched teeth.

Janice turned, sitting back down. Her eyes sparkled with disdain and mockery. “Ms. Welch, you seem quite unsatisfied. Understandably, we are just ordinary people. How could we compare to the esteemed Welch family? I am not qualified to perform surgery on your grandfather. You should seek someone more suitable.”

“No, no, no, how could that be?” Panic flickered across Alissa’s face as she quickly masked it with a smile. “I sincerely request your assistance. As long as you agree, I’ll adhere to whatever you propose.”

Chapter 610:

“Is that so?”

At that moment, Glenn handed Janice a cup of coffee.

Janice accepted the coffee, took a light sip, and then stated, “Kneel down and apologize to Glenn until I’m satisfied.”

The smile on Alissa’s face slowly faded, disbelief flashing in her eyes. She had already made the greatest concession by lowering her head and speaking kindly, yet now they sought to humiliate her further.

“Are you serious, MO?” Alissa narrowed her eyes, her tone icy. “You want me to kneel and apologize to this man? Are you trying to humiliate the Welch family? Do you understand the implications?”

“Annoying!” Janice sneered, her gaze cutting through Alissa with utter disregard for her and the Welch family. “I only know that without my intervention, your grandfather won’t survive.”

Alissa felt this statement pierce her heart. If she failed to persuade MO today and couldn’t bring her back, her father might very well disown her. Yet, if she knelt now and word got out, she would lose her stature forever.

Just then, her phone rang. She saw the caller ID—her father, Mateo Welch.

With a tense expression, Alissa answered.

“Alissa, have you secured MO? Bring her back immediately. Your grandfather’s condition is critical; surgery is urgent.”

“Dad, I found MO, but we had a disagreement.” Alissa’s voice was small, laced with anxiety, a stark contrast to her earlier arrogance.

“What?” Mateo’s voice boomed, rattling Alissa. “You incompetent fool! I instructed you to secure her cooperation, and you’ve offended her instead? Alissa, I order you, whatever it takes, bring her back. Otherwise, you’re no longer a Welch.”

These words blindsided Alissa. Her complexion paled, her body trembling as she processed her father’s harsh directive. She was the cherished daughter of the Welch family, beloved and admired, yet now her father demanded she humble herself before another, even threatening her place in the family. How could a father demand such a sacrifice from his daughter?

Janice observed with interest, her eyes subtly scanning the room. Mateo’s stern voice had traveled through the receiver, audible even to her. A playful smile edged her lips, noticeable enough to unsettle Alissa, making her visibly uncomfortable and deeply aggrieved.

At that moment, Alissa was overwhelmed by a rush of grievances and felt almost suffocated by her emotions.

Glenn's expression remained stoic, his face betraying no emotion. Having lived life and recently faced death, he had come to understand that kindness was reserved for those who deserved it. The wicked, in his view, merely faced the consequences of their own actions.

Gerda stood defiantly, hands on her hips, taking silent satisfaction in Alissa's distress. People as spoiled and unreasonable as Alissa merited such outcomes.

"No, that's not right!" Alissa's reaction was hysterical, her smile chilling. "Why did the elusive MO suddenly appear here? They must have hired someone to impersonate her to get back at me. Yes, that must be it! Dad, this MO is a fake. Please send someone to demolish this orphanage."