

Wrath 621

Chapter 621:

Alissa's gaze flicked to the offering with pure disdain, her stomach lurching in protest. The very sight of the box seemed to ignite her simmering fury.

"Get lost!" she snapped, her voice colder than a January frost. With a swift motion, she knocked the box from his hands, sending golden nuggets scattering. "And don't you dare set up your stall here again!"

"Miss, what's this about? You can't take your bad mood out on others. That's just unreasonable!"

The stall owner furrowed his brow, utterly perplexed. He had come over with nothing but good intentions, only to be met with scorn and told to pack up and leave.

He had encountered his fair share of unreasonable people, but this level of irrationality was in a league of its own.

At Alissa's signal, several bodyguards emerged from the shadows and surrounded the stall owner and his modest setup.

"What's the meaning of this?" the stall owner stammered, panic creeping into his voice. He had never faced anything like this in his life, and the sight of the men closing in sent his heart racing.

"Smash it!" Alissa's voice cut through the tension like a blade, her tone sharp and unyielding.

The bodyguards sprang into action, dismantling the stall with ruthless efficiency. Wooden boards splintered, metal clattered to the ground, and chaos ensued.

"Stop! Please, don't destroy it! This stall is my livelihood! How will I survive without it?" the owner cried, shielding his head with trembling hands as blows rained down. Desperation filled his voice as he pleaded for mercy.

But the bodyguards were unwavering, bound to their orders.

Watching the destruction, Alissa's lips curled into a cold smile. A faint sense of satisfaction began to dull the edge of her earlier frustration. "People like you are good for nothing else."

Satisfied with the wreckage, Alissa retrieved her phone and dialed Leonidas, her tone turning authoritative. "I'm done playing nice. Make the arrangements. I want Janice gone—now."

Leonidas was surprised when Alissa called him, but he was brief in his response after hearing her proposal.

"Alright, I'm tired of this as well. Let's shake things up."

At first, Leonidas had planned to expose Janice's secrets on the show, hoping to cause her great trouble. Unfortunately, his plan backfired, leaving him embarrassed instead.

Disillusioned with the ongoing situation, both Alissa and Leonidas resolved to take bold steps.

With some time on her hands, Janice discovered a peaceful café. She ordered a coconut latte and chose a seat by the window, immersing herself in the café's calming music and her own thoughts. A shaft of golden sunlight shone through the window, illuminating her delicate complexion and giving her an almost radiant aura.

She appeared just like the admired movie star, both captivating and distant, stirring emotions with her otherworldly charm. Leisurely sipping her coffee, Janice received a text from Leah.

Chapter 622:

"Janice, I've been following up on Alissa's grandfather, Orson Welch, and discovered a few things. It seems Mateo is leading the Welch family operations now, but Orson is still the one truly in control. The Welch family is raging with internal conflicts, with everyone competing for power. Mateo is urgently trying to find you to perform surgery on Orson, probably as a means to take control from him."

Janice quietly reflected on Leah's message, sorting through the complex details. Orson was severely ill but had not stepped down, suggesting he did not fully trust Mateo.

But if Mateo managed to bring in a famous surgeon to successfully operate on Orson, it would logically lead the Welch family to transfer Orson's authority to him.

But what was it that prevented Orson from giving up his power?

"Leah, continue your investigation. Additionally, explore the history of interactions between the Welch family and the White family."

"I've already taken care of that."

Janice's eyebrow arched in surprise, but she quickly broke into a smile, familiar with Leah's initiative. "You always seem to read my mind."

"Of course! I'm practically a psychic for you."

"Enough with the jokes. What did you discover?"

"Well, there were no previous interactions between the Welch and White families. Then, out of the blue, the Welch family reached out to the White family. The specifics are unclear. It's almost as though someone intentionally erased the traces. Additionally, from that point forward, other families kept their distance from the White family."

Janice's brow furrowed slightly, her fingers tapping in a steady rhythm on the table.

It seemed she would need to make a trip to the Welch family to uncover the secrets from that time.

"Leah, keep an eye on Leonidas and the Welch family. I think I'll have to visit the Welch family soon."

“Understood!”

Janice called Mateo.

When Mateo saw the unfamiliar number, his first impulse was to dismiss the call, but he ended up answering it instead.

“Who is this?”

“Mr. Welch, you don’t need to be so cautious.”

Mateo’s pupils dilated in shock. “MO? How is that possible? How did you get my number?”

“Is it really that surprising? If I didn’t have some skills, do you think I could have escaped from so many forces?”

Mateo’s expression turned serious. The voice on the other end of the line was calm and confident, showing no fear of his power.

It was obvious that this renowned surgeon was not merely a medical expert; the influence MO held could be far more powerful than he had originally realized.

Chapter 623:

“MO, did you call just to let me know you’ve made a decision?” Mateo asked, managing a smile and even adding some flattery to his tone. Had Janice not already seen through his true nature, she might have believed his display of genuine respect and submission.

In truth, Mateo was sneaky and dangerous, with his smile hiding countless threats beneath the surface.

“Yes, I’ve decided,” Janice answered casually. “I will perform the surgery on your father.”

“That’s excellent news,” Mateo responded, his voice filled with excitement. “I’ll have someone escort you here immediately.”

“No need. I’ll come by myself. Besides, I prefer to work independently. I have no patience for fools.”

Mateo’s expression immediately stiffened as he realized the insult was directed at the person he had sent, which, of course, was Alissa. “Very well, we’ll do things your way.”

After ending the call, Mateo exhaled deeply, yet a scheming smile formed on his lips.

“This MO is becoming quite fascinating. She’s just a surgeon, yet she remained so composed throughout our conversation. What kind of confidence does she possess?”

He felt a sense of curiosity about meeting this mysterious master in surgery.

Janice had just taken a sip of her coffee and was about to leave when she spotted someone coming in from outside.

“Stephen?”

It was indeed Stephen.

But this café was quite far from the villa. Normally, it wouldn’t be a typical spot for someone to relax, let alone travel so far.

Janice had come here simply because she had visited before and enjoyed the peaceful atmosphere. It was clear that this was Stephen’s first visit.

He walked up to the front desk, exchanged a few words with the staff, and then made his way to a private room inside.

Janice's brow furrowed in confusion, and then she noticed another figure entering.

This woman, dressed in sunglasses and a coat, was wrapped up so tightly it was difficult to recognize her features. Still, the way she carried herself made it clear that she came from a wealthy family.

Janice squinted, remembering the scars on Stephen's back, and a bold hypothesis suddenly formed in her mind.

At that moment, Stephen was seated inside the private room, appearing somewhat anxious and helpless, as if expecting something was about to happen.

Click.

The door swung open.

The woman walked in.

Stephen stood up, his face showing a complex blend of emotions.

Chapter 624:

But before Stephen could speak a word, the woman rushed at him as soon as the door shut, wrapping her arms around him and kissing him passionately.

The woman's kiss was intense and wild, leaving Stephen, though taller, looking unexpectedly vulnerable, almost like a young boy trapped in a corner.

"Humph!"

A muffled sound escaped.

Stephen pushed the woman aside.

She stumbled back a few steps, her lips curled into a wild smile, a streak of blood visible.

“You dare push me?” Wendy wiped the blood off her lips and casually took off her sunglasses, revealing her face.

Though she was in her forties, her skin remained smooth and flawless, with a mature charm that was unmistakable.

“Mrs. Chadwick...”

“Hmm?”

“My queen...” Stephen lowered his gaze. The film star, once noble and graceful, now appeared like a lost child, her vulnerability and broken spirit obvious in her demeanor.

“Come here. Kneel.” Wendy took off her coat and stretched out lazily on the sofa.

Stephen, hesitant to oppose her, stepped forward and slowly knelt, keeping his head bowed the entire time.

Wendy’s smile widened. “Stephen, did you miss last night’s excitement so much that you had to see me again so soon?”

Stephen raised his gaze, looking at Wendy, his face serious and gloomy. “The production team will be doing surprise checks on all guests tonight, so...”

“So you’re asking me not to come over, is that it?” Wendy’s expression grew colder, staring coldly at Stephen. “But wouldn’t it be more thrilling? Picture me hiding in the closet, masturbating while you talk to them... How exciting would that be?”

Stephen's expression changed, and his voice involuntarily grew louder. "Do you want everyone to witness our disgrace?"

After saying this, he quickly lowered his head, resembling a child who had made a mistake.

Instead of punishing him, Wendy extended her hand toward him. Her fingers lifted his chin, her gaze cold. "Stephen, since when did you start talking back?"

"I wouldn't dare!" Stephen avoided Wendy's gaze. "I just think the risk isn't worth the thrill."

"And?"

"I invited you here today to make sure you're satisfied. If you are, then you wouldn't need to come later tonight, correct?"

Wendy arched an eyebrow, released Stephen, and leaned back on the sofa. She looked at the handsome yet vulnerable man before her as a master would observe a servant.

His obvious vulnerability and helplessness thrilled her, igniting a desire to dominate and devour him completely.

Chapter 625:

"Prove your commitment to me then."

Wendy removed her undergarments, tossed them aside, and shut her eyes, waiting for Stephen to serve her.

Stephen shut his eyes, his face marked by deep sadness and silent resentment.

When he reopened them, they appeared hollow, as though his soul had been lost.

Stephen slowly crawled his way towards Wendy.

However, just then, Wendy looked up at the ceiling and said, "Stephen, after all these years, do I still not have a place in your heart?"

Stephen remained silent, mechanically performing his duties.

"It doesn't matter. What does it matter if I'm not in your heart? As long as you belong to me physically, that's all I need."

A flicker of insanity sparked in Wendy's eyes as she licked her crimson lips. "You're mine for this lifetime. No, not just this lifetime, but forever. You were always meant to serve me, like a faithful pet I've raised."

Stephen gave no response, continuing to carry out the behaviors Wendy had taught him over the years.

After leaving the café, Janice felt an inexplicable heaviness settle over her chest. The situation with Stephen and that woman nagged at her thoughts, leaving her uneasy, as though she carried the weight of the world on her shoulders.

"Janice," Aiden called out.

"Yes?"

Janice blinked, realizing she had already wandered back without even noticing. She turned, surprised to see Aiden approaching.

"Aiden?" The sight of him caught her off guard, and she glanced at the clock. "Isn't it a bit early for you to be back?"

Aiden, who had been delighted to see her, felt his mood deflate like a punctured balloon. "I went on a date with Alissa, and you have nothing to say about that?"

“What exactly do you expect me to say?” Janice asked, her brows furrowing in mild confusion as she met Aiden’s gaze.

“Uh...” Aiden was momentarily dumbfounded, fumbling for words like a man who had lost his footing. He rubbed his temples, irritation flickering across his features. “The date’s over now, anyway.”

“Okay.”

Okay? That was it?

Her nonchalant response was like a needle pricking Aiden’s pride. He felt his frustration rising, threatening to boil over.

Janice, oblivious to his turmoil, stepped closer and flashed him a smile so dazzling it could disarm an army.

“Aiden, have you gotten the wrong end of the stick about something?”

“What?”

Chapter 626:

Janice’s question caught Aiden off guard, leaving him bewildered.

“Do you have feelings for Alissa?”

“Her? She couldn’t charm me if she tried.”

“Then what on earth could possibly happen on your date with her?”

“If it weren’t for the show and its ridiculous rules, I wouldn’t even look her way,” Aiden muttered, his disdain evident.

Janice clapped her hands together. “Exactly! You’re not into her, and the date was just for the cameras. So why should I waste my energy worrying about it?”

Aiden realized he had been the one overthinking.

The date with Alissa was hardly something that would keep Janice up at night—after all, nothing of significance could ever blossom between them.

A woman as poised and perceptive as Janice wouldn’t bother wasting her energy on such petty concerns. It was Aiden, caught in his own head, who had been overanalyzing the whole thing.

Aiden let out a long, defeated sigh, a rueful smile tugging at his lips. The joke was well and truly on him.

“Janice, can you tell me something? What place do I hold in your heart right now?”

A strange unease coiled in his chest, and his gaze locked onto Janice’s with an intensity that hinted at the weight of his feelings.

Janice’s face remained a mask of composure, her demeanor as serene as a still lake.

But the more composed she appeared, the more restless Aiden became. He regretted asking the question, wishing he could take back his words.

“Guess.”

Aiden’s expression froze, his mind scrambling. He wanted to shout, “Just tell me already!”

Janice placed a hand on Aiden’s chest, giving it a gentle squeeze, her touch light and easy.

“I’ve told you before. Whoever you like or want to pursue, I’ll be behind you.”

Aiden’s thoughts spiraled into chaos.

He looked at Janice helplessly, wondering how it was possible for them to be so close, yet feel like they were miles apart.

Was she truly rejecting him? Was she pushing him to pursue someone else, forcing him to move on?

“Ugh, I’m a little tired. I’m going to rest in my room.”

Janice flashed Aiden a smile and brushed past him, heading inside.

But just before disappearing into the room, she paused, her voice clear yet gentle, making sure Aiden caught every word.

“That ‘whoever’ includes me.”

At her words, Aiden’s heart leapt. The heaviness that had weighed on him moments ago was suddenly lifted.

Just moments earlier, the gap between them had felt insurmountable, but now it had vanished entirely.

Chapter 627:

It meant that if he truly wanted her, and was brave enough to pursue her, she would be right there, cheering him on.

The furrow in Aiden’s brow melted away, and the gloomy cloud over his heart dissipated like fog at sunrise.

Meanwhile, Janice returned to her room. Standing by the floor-to-ceiling window, she caught sight of Aiden in the yard, grinning like a lovestruck fool. She couldn't help but smile and shake her head.

Ah, the crazy, irresistible pull of love.

Even Aiden, the fierce leader of the Green family, with his stoic and commanding presence, could turn into a love-struck teenager.

"Hmm?"

Janice suddenly furrowed her brow, her senses sharpening. She wrinkled her nose, her keen nose catching an unfamiliar scent lingering in the air.

One of Janice's many talents was her extraordinary gift as a perfumer, with a nose so sharp it could pick up the faintest trace of any scent.

In her own room, she was always keenly attuned to the usual, comforting aromas that filled the space. But today, something was off.

There was a strange blend of scents in the air—familiar, yet out of place.

Unfamiliar, because the scent certainly didn't belong in her room.

Familiar, because it reminded her of Delilah's signature fragrance.

Janice's eyes sharpened, zeroing in on the wardrobe, where the scent was most concentrated.

"It seems I've had an uninvited guest in my room."

Janice couldn't help but smirk, a wry smile curling at the corners of her lips.

"I'm curious to see what little game you're playing."

As the evening settled in, Maggie lounged on the sofa, nibbling on chips while her eyes stayed glued to the TV.

On the opposite end of the room, Delilah and Demi were hunched over their phones, fingers dancing across screens as they occasionally exchanged sly glances, as though waiting for something to happen.

"It's getting late. Shouldn't the production crew have popped in for their surprise check-in?" Delilah remarked casually, her voice laced with mild impatience.

"Exactly! I even bothered putting on makeup just to look good on camera. If they don't show, all that effort's down the drain," Demi chimed in, sounding more exasperated than her companion.

Maggie, catching snippets of their chatter, frowned and turned their way. "If you two are going to yak away, could you do it somewhere else? You're ruining my prime TV time."

"Apologies. We're just curious about the production team's ambush," Delilah said with a sheepish grin. "But you seem awfully unbothered about it. Aren't you the least bit worried?"

Maggie shrugged, popping another chip into her mouth. "Worried? About what? I've got nothing to hide. If they show up, they show up. What's the big deal?"

Chapter 628:

Delilah and Demi shared a knowing look, both secretly marveling at Maggie's carefree demeanor. In the cutthroat world of showbiz, where people schemed harder than chess grandmasters, her innocence would've been her downfall if not for the shield of the Delgado family.

"Hold on. Why do you two suddenly seem so chummy?" Maggie wasn't completely oblivious. Her eyes narrowed as she glanced at them suspiciously. "Weren't you at each other's throats not long ago? And

why aren't you holed up in your rooms, managing your socials and buttering up fans? What's got you both lurking out here, scrolling away like gossip columnists?"

"The rooms on the first floor are so cramped and dull. We needed some air. Not all of us get the VIP treatment like Janice and Stephen with their fancy digs upstairs," Demi sighed theatrically. "It's so easy for them to stir up drama as a couple."

"Exactly!" Delilah exclaimed, her eyes lighting up with excitement as she eagerly nodded in agreement. "Their rooms are right next to each other. If Janice and Stephen sparked some rumors, it wouldn't exactly raise any eyebrows."

Maggie's expression soured. "Ugh. If you're so envious, maybe you should work harder to deserve a second-floor room. And for the record, Janice doesn't need to stir up any drama with Stephen. She's perfectly capable of standing out on her own."

"Who's to say?" Demi scoffed, her tone dripping with mockery. "Didn't they come out of the villa together earlier today? And didn't Stephen actually take her advice and wear a diving suit? If you ask me, there's already smoke, and where there's smoke, there's fire."

"Oh? That's news to me. Since when was I personally involved with Stephen?" A cool, composed voice drifted down from upstairs. Demi froze for a moment, her expression faltering as she looked up to meet Janice's piercing gaze.

The icy glint in Janice's eyes, as sharp and commanding as a queen's, made Demi's heart skip a beat, rendering her utterly speechless.

"Janice, what are you doing out here?" The moment Maggie spotted Janice, she quickly plastered a bright smile on her face.

Janice gracefully descended the stairs and settled beside Maggie, casually tossing a glance towards Delilah. "If I hadn't come out, I'd likely be the target of some rather unpleasant gossip."

"We were just kidding," Delilah said with a lighthearted smile, trying to play it off as harmless.

“Kidding?” Janice glanced over, her voice eerily calm. “What if I casually slapped you and then told you it’s just a joke?”

Delilah’s face froze, her entire body stiffening as she was completely overpowered by Janice’s icy aura.

“Delilah, I don’t care how you ended up here or what your agenda is on this show, but as long as you’re in my presence, you’d better watch yourself. I don’t have many hobbies, but I like slapping you.” Janice crossed her long legs with effortless grace, her posture regal and poised. She exuded a queenly presence that made it clear—arguing with her was simply not an option.

“Oh, by the way, I seem to remember you used to have a knack for stirring up trouble and getting slapped for it.”

Delilah’s expression darkened in an instant, her eyes burning with resentment as the memory of Janice slapping her replayed vividly in her mind.

Chapter 629:

She cursed Janice inwardly, thinking her arrogance wouldn’t last forever.

Maggie gazed at Janice, impressed by how effortlessly she’d put the two troublemakers in their place earlier. She secretly hoped her brother would one day win over Janice’s heart, because she genuinely admired Janice.

Just then, the unmistakable sound of the front door creaking open broke the tension.

All heads turned to the entrance. Delilah’s and Demi’s eyes lit up with excitement, their lips curving into sly smiles as though they had been waiting for this very moment.

“Surprise inspection!”

Devin burst through the door, leading the production crew armed with cameras and equipment, their energy palpable as they prepared to stir things up.

Delilah and Demi exchanged a quick glance, their grins widening. The curtain was rising, and the show was about to begin.

“Dear viewers, which room should we inspect first?” Devin asked, addressing the live stream audience with a grin. A poll popped up on the screen, allowing them to decide where the surprise inspection would begin.

“Stephen’s room!”

Stephen’s? What’s so fascinating about his room? I say check out the CEOs’ quarters. Bet they sleep on beds made of cash!”

“Forget that! Let’s see Janice’s room. A beauty like her—her room must be enchanting!”

The live stream buzzed with excitement as viewers passionately lobbied for their pick. Devin watched, anticipation mounting, as the votes surged at lightning speed.

But when the final results appeared, the outcome caught him completely off guard.

“What? Daniel’s?” Devin’s eyes widened in utter disbelief as he looked at the result. “The first room you want to see is Daniel’s?”

Maggie doubled over laughing, clutching her sides. “Oh, this is gold! Looks like they’re saving the best for last. The viewers have a wicked sense of humor!”

“Maggie, you read us so well. How do you do it?”

“Ha-ha! She must be a pro at decoding the internet.”

“Devin, quit stalling and get to Daniel’s room already!” Devin looked as if he might cry.

Though such an expression could be seen as disrespectful, it was hard to take Daniel seriously anymore—at least, not in the way he once was. His image had turned into an unintentional source of comedy. To Devin, the Daniel he once knew was long gone. Now, he was just the guy who made everyone laugh.

“Alright, alright,” Devin relented, waving the group forward. “Let’s go raid Daniel’s room.”

Delilah and Demi exchanged sly smirks as they joined the march, their steps in sync with Devin’s determined pace.

Producing a spare key, Devin shot one last glance at the eager audience before unlocking the door.

Since the guests had been informed that morning, there was no risk of stumbling upon anything too awkward—at least, that was the assumption.

Chapter 630:

As the door swung open, they flooded into the room, cameras rolling to capture every detail.

But within moments, the entire group froze.

There, in the middle of the room, Daniel was mid-sit-up, clad in nothing but a pair of shorts.

His sharp jawline glistened with sweat, beads dripping from his chin to his chest.

“Oh, hey,” he greeted casually, with a half-lidded gaze that was almost too intense.

The silence stretched for a beat before the live chat erupted:

“Please kill me!”

“Somebody, gouge my eyes out. How could something this filthy happen at this hour?”

“HELP! He’s doing this on purpose to traumatize us!”

If it had been Stephen doing sit-ups, the chat would have been flooded with heart emojis and swooning comments.

But Daniel? His overly muscular frame, exaggerated effort, and dramatic aura created a spectacle so outrageous it bordered on parody.

“Sorry for the intrusion!” Devin barely had time to process the shock before snapping into action. Without missing a beat, he spun on his heel and hustled the group out of Daniel’s room at breakneck speed.

“Hey, don’t just run off!” Daniel called after them, his brows knitting in confusion. Had Devin really bolted just because he felt inferior to his flawless physique? How childish.

Shaking his head, Daniel swung his legs over the bed and stood up, making no effort to grab a shirt. With all the confidence in the world, he strode toward the door, his bare chest on full display.

Bang!

Before he could step foot outside, the door slammed shut—hard.

“Hey! What the hell?” He flinched at the abruptness, then scowled and pounded his fist against the wood. “Open up, now!”

“Daniel, for everyone’s sake, just stay put.” Maggie’s voice came from the other side, exasperation laced in every syllable.

Daniel scoffed. “Maggie, don’t be jealous! Open the door already—my fans are dying to see me!”

Maggie rolled her eyes so hard she nearly saw the back of her skull. "Fans? Seriously? You have more critics than admirers at this point." And she, without a doubt, was their fearless leader.

Meanwhile, Devin had fully regained his composure, flashing a dazzling smile at the live stream audience. "Alright, folks, according to the poll, next up is Liliana's room!"

"Yes, yes! Hurry up! We need to cleanse our eyes with some real beauty!"

"I swear, I almost died from secondhand embarrassment back there. I used to think Daniel was funny, but now I just feel violated."

Unfazed, Devin led the group down the hall and smoothly retrieved the spare key. With practiced ease, he unlocked Liliana's door.