

Wrath 631

Chapter 631:

As the camera panned into the room, an ethereal scene unfolded before them.

A woman stood by an easel, dressed in soft white pajamas, her hands moving gracefully as she painted. Each stroke of her brush was precise, deliberate—her every movement carrying an effortless elegance.

The moonlight streaming through the window bathed her in a silvery glow, accentuating the quiet beauty of her focused expression.

She was painting a landscape—serene, breathtaking.

Devin immediately lifted a hand, signaling for silence, as if afraid even a whisper might shatter the spellbinding atmosphere.

Slowly, the camera zoomed in, capturing the intricate details of Liliana's artwork, offering the audience a full view.

"Liliana's talent is breathtaking—an absolute masterpiece in motion!" one comment read.

"Did you know she's a jack-of-all-trades and a prodigy at that? Her rise to fame started with painting, and she's bagged countless awards in competitions," added another, clearly impressed.

"Word has it her idol is JE. You can see JE's influence woven into Liliana's brushstrokes."

Whispers rippled through the online viewers, with some daring to suggest that her latest creation might even outshine JE's work.

Liliana's brush halted mid-stroke, and her gaze cut sharply to Devin.

“Are you done filming?”

Devin blinked, taken aback by the sudden frostiness. “Uh, yeah, we’re done.”

“Then leave. Your presence disrupts my flow,” Liliana said curtly before diving back into her work as if their intrusion had been as trivial as a fly buzzing by.

Devin chuckled awkwardly, motioning for the group to follow him out.

“Who would have thought Liliana’s skills were this advanced? Almost surpassing JE!”

“Surpass JE? I don’t think so. JE is too mysterious—three years since her last painting. Who knows how much she’s honed her craft since then?”

The staff revered JE as a near-mythical figure in the art world. Even Vernon, Efrery’s brightest star, admired JE greatly.

“Alright, enough chatter about legends. What’s next on the list?”

“Janice’s room!” Delilah announced with almost too much enthusiasm, her smile brimming with mischief.

Devin frowned, his gaze shifting over to Delilah. What was making her so suddenly excited?

Feigning innocence, Delilah blinked and said, “Oh, nothing! I was just checking the live stream polls, and Janice is sitting pretty in third place.”

“Right.” Devin nodded, brushing off his unease. “Let’s head upstairs, then.”

And so, the group made their way up to the second floor.

With a key in hand, Devin approached Janice's door, but before he could turn the lock, the door creaked open.

Janice stepped into view, wearing black pajamas, her flawless face bare of makeup, radiating a lazy yet undeniable elegance. Her long hair flowed over her shoulders, adding to the relaxed and casual vibe she carried.

Chapter 632:

She leaned casually against the doorframe, her body half inside the room, half outside.

The soft glow spilling from her room mingled with the bright hallway light, casting her in a mysterious, almost ethereal contrast.

"Janice, we're here for a surprise inspection."

For some reason, facing Janice made Devin uneasy. A sense of nervousness crept over him, as if one wrong move might accidentally provoke her. He couldn't help but tread more lightly than before.

Perhaps it was because Janice held an air of authority—even Leah treated her with respect. And with Aiden and Kenneth backing her, Devin had every reason to tiptoe around her.

"Do we really have to do this tonight?" Janice's voice was calm, almost indifferent.

Delilah stepped forward, a sweet yet sharp smile on her face. "Janice, it's all part of the show. Everyone else played along earlier. You wouldn't want to be the odd one out, would you?"

Her words were sly, pinning Janice into a corner where refusal wasn't an option.

"Is there something in your room you'd rather keep under wraps?"

“Huh? Delilah, you sound as though you’re familiar with my room. Have you been sneaking in when I wasn’t looking?”

Janice’s lips curled into a faint, knowing smirk. Her words made Delilah’s expression falter for a moment.

But having weathered Janice’s storms before, Delilah managed to compose herself quickly, her mask slipping back into place.

“Janice, I was just joking.”

Janice tilted her head slightly, folding her arms. “I don’t have much of a sense of humor when it comes to those kinds of jokes.”

Delilah’s face stiffened as memories of Janice slapping her resurfaced, sending a ripple of unease through her.

“Let’s not drag this out any longer,” Demi interjected, eager to smooth over the tension. “Devin, let’s get on with it.”

Devin nodded, sparing Janice another wary glance.

This time, Janice didn’t argue. She simply stepped aside, allowing them entry.

The moment Delilah and Demi entered the room, they exchanged a quick look and headed straight for Janice’s wardrobe, like moths drawn to a flame.

But just as their hands reached for the door, Janice moved to block their path.

“And what exactly are you two planning to do?”

“Janice, the viewers are dying to know what kind of clothes you brought along,” Delilah cooed, her tone sugary but with an unmistakable bite. “Surely, you wouldn’t want to disappoint them, right?”

“Absolutely! Your fashion sense is to die for. We could all learn a thing or two from you,” Demi chimed in, her words oozing with exaggerated admiration.

Their flattery barely masked their true intentions, but the others in the room seemed none the wiser—everyone except Maggie.

“Hold on a second! Why are you two acting so shady? You waltzed in here and made a beeline for Janice’s wardrobe. What are you two really up to?”

Chapter 633:

“Maggie, how can you say that about us?” Delilah looked visibly hurt as she sighed. “Alright, I won’t hide it anymore. Actually...”

Her hesitant expression heightened the room’s tension.

“Actually what? Just say it!” Maggie spoke coldly. “Could it be that you can’t think of a reason and are trying to make one up?”

“No, that’s not it!” Demi stepped forward with a troubled look. “It’s just that once this matter is revealed, it will definitely impact her negatively. Delilah and I are only considering her well-being.”

“Wait a minute! Since when did you two become so close? I remember you were at odds with each other.”

Maggie’s remark puzzled the others as well.

Earlier that day, Demi and Delilah had argued; now, they seemed inseparable, like lifelong friends.

“Actually, I’m curious too. What exactly do you know?” Janice approached, looking at the two women teasingly.

Their alliance was formidable. Even Devin and the other staff suspected there was more to the wardrobe than met the eye.

“Janice, to clear up any misunderstandings, may we open it?” Devin’s gaze met Janice’s, filled with curiosity and unease.

Janice raised an eyebrow, glancing at Delilah and Demi.

The two women were secretly thrilled. Unbeknownst to Janice, her downfall was imminent.

Once the wardrobe opened and revealed its contents...

Under everyone’s scrutiny, Janice would face disgrace, and Stephen’s fans would ignite an online backlash against her.

“Open it,” Janice instructed, waving her hand with a composed expression.

Delilah’s eyes sparkled as she quickly opened the wardrobe. A black bag fell out.

Seeing the black bag, her joy was unmistakable; the moment she had anticipated had finally arrived. This would be a turning point in Janice’s life. She would be ridiculed by the world.

“There really is something inside!”

The sight of the black bag surprised everyone.

“Janice, could it be something scandalous?” Delilah picked up the black bag, her expression filled with concern as she looked at Janice.

Janice maintained her composure, shrugging off the suspicion. "Why not open it yourself and find out?"

Delilah hesitated, masking her dismay with a forced smile before hiding the black bag behind her. Resolutely, she addressed Devin.

"This is about Janice's privacy. We shouldn't open it."

"We have to open it!" Devin countered, his expression marked by deep concern. "This black bag is clearly suspicious. If we leave it unopened, it could spark negative rumors about the show by tomorrow."

One could only imagine the wild tales netizens might weave. Their imaginations could even conjure something as bizarre as a human head inside.

Chapter 634:

"Actually, I've caught wind of some rumors," Delilah confessed, her gaze filled with concern as she looked at Janice. "It's said that Janice is overly fond of Stephen, having joined the show merely to be near him. There are whispers she's collecting his personal effects, like his underwear..."

Delilah's revelation sent shockwaves through the online audience.

"What? Janice has a fixation on Stephen and is collecting his underwear?"

"That's preposterous! I've been watching the show for ages and never noticed Janice showing any particular interest in Stephen."

"But you never know, right? Maybe Janice has been masking a secret obsession with Stephen all along."

This gossip intensified the audience's interest in the black bag's contents.

Should Delilah's assertions hold true, and the bag contained Stephen's personal items, the fallout for Janice could be catastrophic.

"Devin, should we go ahead and open it?" Delilah asked, her eyes pleading. "Despite our past misunderstandings, I'd hate to see Janice brought to disgrace."

Devin paused, conflicted. He, too, harbored suspicions that the bag might hold Stephen's personal effects. Yet, revealing its contents could upset Aiden and Kenneth.

As the calls from the live stream viewers to open the black bag reached a crescendo, Janice stood silent amid the storm, her composure undisturbed.

"Delilah, if you're not going to open it, I will!" Demi jumped forward, grabbing the black bag. "We have to give the audience an explanation for this."

"Stop this, now!" Just then, Kenneth appeared, his voice carrying a chilling authority.

"Kenneth?"

All eyes turned in surprise, astonished to see Kenneth intervene at such a moment.

However, almost immediately after, Aiden also stepped into the room. The arrival of both Aiden and Kenneth quickly calmed the escalating situation.

Now that these two authoritative figures had made their stance clear, anyone contemplating spilling the contents of the black bag had to weigh if they were prepared to face their displeasure.

"Alright!" Devin attempted a smile. "These are Janice's personal items; we have no right to interfere."

He aimed to ease the tension. With Aiden and Kenneth supporting Janice, even the eager online spectators would have to hold back their curiosity.

Delilah scowled, frustrated. They had come so close, and failing to disclose the contents now would render her meticulous plans useless.

“Open it,” Aiden suddenly said, taking everyone by surprise.

“Aiden, have you lost your mind?” Kenneth retorted, his expression stern as he lowered his voice. “This is obviously a setup! I’m not sure what’s in that bag, but it’s surely nothing beneficial.”

Aiden just smirked, his eyes flicking to Janice. “How can we know what’s inside unless we open it?”

Chapter 635:

“Aiden!” Kenneth’s voice was tinged with anxiety, but before he could act, Janice had already stepped forward, taking the bag from Demi’s grasp.

“Janice, what are you thinking? Are you trying to destroy the evidence?” Demi exclaimed, rushing to take the bag back, but Janice quickly stepped back, easily avoiding her.

“What am I doing? I’m about to reveal the contents of this bag to everyone.” Janice’s smile broadened, filled with unspoken implications.

Delilah and Demi exchanged shocked glances.

They had not anticipated Janice’s willingness to open the bag herself.

Could it be that Janice had known all along?

Unbelievable!

Delilah had monitored the situation meticulously all day. Since Janice’s return, she hadn’t left her room.

Had Janice discovered anything, she would have reported it to Devin. But she hadn't, which meant she was completely unaware of it. The only explanation was that Janice must have believed the contents wouldn't impact her.

Concluding that Janice probably thought the bag's contents harmless, Delilah allowed herself a confident grin. "Since you're open to clarifying things, that's the best we can hope for. I, too, hope there's nothing scandalous inside."

Kenneth looked between Janice and Aiden. Could they possibly know something? Why else would both be so willing to open the black bag?

All eyes were now fixed on the black bag in Janice's hands.

Janice slowly unzipped the bag and tilted it, letting its contents spill out onto the floor.

As everything tumbled out, a stunned silence fell over the room.

"Stephen's photos?" someone exclaimed.

The floor was now strewn with Stephen's photographs, captured in various routine moments, all apparently taken during the filming of the show.

"How is this possible?" Delilah blurted out, her reaction one of utter disbelief. "How did photos end up here? I was sure..."

"Sure about what?" Janice asked, a naughty smile playing on her lips. "Were you expecting to find Stephen's underwear?"

Delilah's expression stiffened for a moment before she regained her composure. "Janice... what are you going to say now?" Janice's tone turned cold, sending a chill down Delilah's spine.

“I was just concerned for you. If those had been Stephen’s underwear, it could have been hugely damaging for you.”

“Really! I’d love to know who would go to such lengths to start these rumors! Delilah, any ideas?”

Janice narrowed her eyes, her stare piercing Delilah with a cold intensity that felt like a sudden drenching in cold water.

What was happening?

Why were the contents of the black bag only photos?

Delilah shared a significant glance with Demi.

Chapter 636:

Recovering from her shock at the photos, Demi caught Delilah’s eye and exclaimed,

“These might not be underwear, but they certainly show you’re a crazy fan of Stephen. What were you thinking taking these photos? It seems like you might be harboring some... intentions towards Stephen.”

“You always find a way to accuse me, don’t you?”

Janice said calmly, picking up a photo from the floor.

“There are children at an orphanage who adore Stephen. I got these photos to bring them joy, asking the staff for candid shots.”

“Absolutely! I can attest to that.” A staff member stepped forward. “Janice reached out to me this afternoon, seeking this favor.”

With this confirmation, the nature of the photos became evident.

“Janice has such a big heart! She did all this just to make the orphanage children happy.”

“It’s apparent that Delilah has malicious motives. Otherwise, what other reason could there be for her to head straight to Janice’s wardrobe, acting as if she already knew what was inside?”

“I’ve always suspected Delilah and Demi of scheming. They act concerned for Janice, but they’re actually out to get her.”

The online crowd, always quick to notice, discerned the hidden agendas amid the chaos.

Delilah saw her plan collapsing and acknowledged further argument was pointless.

“Devin, which room should we check next?”

“Stop right there,” Janice said, raising her hand. “Rumors are circulating that Delilah and Demi came on the show to get close to Stephen. They claim they are attempting to take his underwear to sell it for a high price.”

Shock widened the eyes of Delilah and Demi. Janice gave them a taste of their own medicine.

“Janice, you’re lying! I never did anything like that!” Demi cried out in frustration.

Janice smiled.

“I can see you’re anxious, but please don’t worry. I merely mentioned a rumor I heard; I never said it was factual. Why don’t we clear up any misunderstandings with a surprise room inspection?”

“Okay, fine, go ahead and inspect! I’m not worried about what you’ll find!”

“Devin, you heard what she said. We ought to perform a check for the sake of our guests’ reputations.”

Following Janice’s recommendation, neither Kenneth nor Aiden raised any objections, prompting Devin to guide the group toward Demi’s room.

A puzzled look crossed Delilah’s face. She tried to catch Demi’s attention with a quick signal, but Demi, overwhelmed by her rage, missed it completely.

As they moved, Aiden began to follow but was abruptly halted by Kenneth.

“You’ve been aware the whole time, haven’t you?”

Aiden stopped, turned to face Kenneth, and smirked with a touch of scorn.

Chapter 637:

“Kenneth, are you genuinely convinced that pursuing Janice this way will work? You should give up. Right from the beginning, Janice maintained her composure, evidently in command of the situation. You were causing a scene, believing you cared deeply for her, yet you’re nothing but a clown.”

Kenneth felt that Aiden’s words were harsh, yet they shed new light on the situation.

“Were you unaware?”

“No, yet I have faith in her.”

Aiden’s stare was so steady and piercing that it left Kenneth feeling uneasy.

Kenneth understood that his worries had been excessive, failing to see that Janice had already figured everything out. How else could she have stayed so composed?

Aiden patted Kenneth's shoulder, seemingly to comfort him, but the gesture felt more like mockery.

The difference in their attempts to win over Janice seemed immense.

At this point, the group had arrived at Demi's room.

Carlton, who lived next door to Demi, heard the noise and stepped outside.

"Is this some kind of surprise inspection?"

"Carlton, there's a rumor that Demi might be concealing Stephen's underwear. We've come to investigate," Maggie said with a chuckle.

"Maggie, what kind of nonsense are you talking about? I didn't do anything!" Demi quickly clarified.
"Carlton, you must trust me. I would never engage in such behavior."

"Hmm, I do believe you wouldn't do that." Carlton offered her a reassuring smile.

Tears filled Demi's eyes as she returned Carlton's smile, a gesture that appeared to draw out his sympathy.

"Carlton, you're truly kind! Among the people here, you're the only one who trusts me."

"Devin, is there a chance this is all just a misunderstanding?" Carlton felt compelled to ask.

"It won't take long to see whether this is simply a misunderstanding. Surprise inspections are the focus tonight, so there's no need to make it a big issue."

To Devin, it seemed like Janice was on a mission to get even, creating chaos intentionally. As for Demi, he doubted she would dare do something that might ruin her future.

“Devin, let’s not drag this out,” Janice said urgently. “Demi and Delilah are both suspects now. We should divide into two teams and check their rooms.”

“Okay,” Devin replied, nodding in acceptance of Janice’s plan.

The live stream then split into two, each screen showing a different room: one for Demi and the other for Delilah.

As her room’s door swung open, Demi said confidently, “Go on, search all you want...”

Before she could complete her sentence, a staff member pulled a black bag from beneath the bed.

Chapter 638:

“What is this?”

Demi stood in utter disbelief, a tide of fear washing over her heart.

“No way!”

Simultaneously, another black bag was discovered in Delilah’s room. Upon laying eyes on it, Delilah was just as shocked, echoing Demi’s exclamation.

“Oh my! Are they actually that twisted?”

“It’s hard to believe she’s collecting Stephen’s underwear. That’s disgusting!”

“Open it up! If there is Stephen’s underwear inside, I’ll be furious with those two bitches!”

The online audience was completely overwhelmed with excitement and chaos.

The black bags seemed to hold mysteries, much like Pandora's boxes.

Opening them would spell absolute ruin for both Delilah and Demi.

"No, that's not mine!" Demi cried out, lunging for the bag. But it was too late; the contents were already scattered across the floor.

As the underwear tumbled out, a hushed silence fell over the room.

"That's definitely Stephen's personal clothing! Demi, you're disgusting!"

"It looks like I owe Daniel an apology. It turns out Demi is the real creep here!"

"Not just Demi, Delilah's bag had Stephen's underwear too!"

And just like that, Demi and Delilah's downfall began to unravel in front of everyone.

Delilah froze in place, her face losing all color. She couldn't comprehend how her perfectly planned scheme had been so completely dismantled.

How was Janice able to pull it off?

Her eyes darted toward Janice, her gaze filled with rage and resentment.

Meanwhile, Janice wasn't even looking her way. Her attention had shifted toward Stephen's room on the second floor.

The silence emanating from there made her uneasy. Could it be that he wasn't in the room, or...?

Janice felt her heart clench with anxiety. If Stephen's room was searched next, his secret could be revealed.

"Wait a minute!"

The tension in the room was broken by a sudden outburst.

"Daniel, what's going on?" Maggie asked, her face clouded with confusion.

With a serious expression, Daniel picked up a pair of boxers from the pile and held them up.

"These are mine. What the hell are they doing here?"

What?

Everyone was filled with confusion, unsure of what to think.

They had all believed that the underwear was Stephen's.

Daniel's sudden outburst broke their assumptions, deepening their contempt for Demi and Delilah.

Chapter 639:

"Oh my goodness! The underwear belongs to Daniel. Their taste is absolutely outrageous!"

"Well, at least it's Daniel's. I feel better knowing it's not Stephen's."

“Exactly! Just the idea of them messing with Stephen’s underwear disgusted me. But if it belongs to Daniel, I don’t mind at all. Actually, I think it’s quite funny.”

Janice let a faint smile play on her lips. There was no way she would allow Delilah and Demi to drag Stephen’s name into this mess. She had taken steps to safeguard Stephen’s possessions, ensuring the two women faced the consequences of their own deceit.

The looks on Demi’s and Delilah’s faces were almost too satisfying.

At first, they were pale with shock, but when they realized the underwear belonged to Daniel, their expressions twisted into something far worse.

Demi’s gaze darted to Carlton, whose face was a mask of pure disdain. She knew she was over. Completely and utterly over.

She had planned to use this event to win over someone influential, but now, it had completely backfired.

Her reputation ended up damaged, and her plan was a complete failure.

Tears streamed down her face as Delilah suddenly erupted into laughter.

Her reaction left everyone puzzled. Could the shock have driven her to madness?

“Delilah, have you completely lost it?” Maggie’s brows furrowed as she stared at Delilah, a mix of confusion and disbelief crossing her face. “How can you stand there laughing at a time like this?”

Delilah tilted her head back, her expression shifting to one of sorrowful resignation. “I’m laughing at my own naivety, thinking I had finally found a real friend. Turns out I was wrong.”

The group stood frozen, utterly perplexed by Delilah’s cryptic words. But Janice didn’t need any explanation—Delilah was playing her cards, and her target was Demi.

Typical Delilah. When it came to self-preservation, she didn't hold back.

She'd burned bridges before, even with the Edwards family, who had treated her like one of their own. Tossing a mere acquaintance like Demi under the bus? Child's play.

"Demi, how could you betray me?" Delilah's voice cracked, her sorrow quickly turning to indignation. Her gaze, sharp and piercing, burned with heartbreak. "I trusted you. Why would you stab me in the back like this?"

Demi froze, her eyes widening in disbelief. "Me?" She pointed to herself, completely blindsided. "Delilah, what nonsense are you talking about? I haven't done anything to you!"

"I thought you wanted to mend fences, to bury the hatchet. But I see it now—you were just biding your time to sucker-punch me when I wasn't looking." Delilah clutched her chest, as if the betrayal physically hurt her. The dramatic flourish was so convincing it could've won her an award. "You went into my room earlier today, didn't you? Planted Daniel's underwear there. I can't believe how cold-hearted you are."

Demi stumbled over her words, the accusation hitting her like a ton of bricks. "Delilah, stop spinning tales out of thin air. I—"

Chapter 640:

She started to defend herself, ready to expose the tangled web of schemes between them. But Delilah, ever the puppet master, was one step ahead. She lunged at Demi, fury in her eyes and theatrics in full play. "I'll teach you a lesson!"

Chaos erupted as the two women clashed, grappling like it was a no-holds-barred wrestling match. The room turned into a circus, with everyone else standing around, like deer caught in headlights.

"Break it up, you two!" Daniel finally stepped in, looking both exasperated and amused. "Honestly, this is all my fault. I'm just too irresistible, aren't I? If you're fighting over me, I can't help but feel a little flattered—and a lot guilty."

“Get lost!” Delilah and Demi shouted in unison, their voices dripping with venom.

Even though they were at each other’s throats, they shared one surprising common ground—they wanted nothing to do with Daniel.

“Cut it out! We’re live right now!” Devin urged, filled with exasperation. The situation was spiraling, and if this circus act continued, the broadcast would crash and burn.

The comment section was already a disaster zone. Viewers were ripping into Delilah and Demi for their antics while rolling their eyes at Daniel’s unparalleled self-absorption.

Somehow, despite being used as a pawn, he still managed to crown himself the hero. Truly, the guy was in a league of his own when it came to narcissism.

Janice, however, stayed unfazed, treating the entire fiasco as if it were a poorly scripted soap opera. Her mind wasn’t on the chaos but on Stephen.

Everything was going just as she predicted. His situation was precarious, and the surprise inspection looming over him could spell doom.

If she didn’t step in soon, his reputation might go up in flames, turning him into a pariah overnight.

She needed a way to shut down the live broadcast. And then, like a twist of fate, it came.

“Fire! There’s a fire!”

The shout cut through the noise, and the crowd froze as if the pause button had been hit. All eyes turned to the person yelling. “It’s Stephen’s room! It’s on fire!”

Janice’s chest tightened, her heart skipping a beat. Her gaze shot to Stephen’s room on the second floor.

Sure enough, black smoke was curling out from the doorframe, thick and ominous. The sharp scent of burning wood and chemicals stung her nose.

Without thinking twice, she bolted toward the stairs.

“Stephen!” Janice called out frantically, pounding on the door with both fists.

But after a moment of tense silence, no response came from inside.

Janice’s heart skipped a beat, dread tightening its grip on her chest.

“Janice, move!”

Aiden was already at her side, giving her a quick warning before surging forward and delivering a powerful kick to the door.

Janice quickly stepped out of the way as Aiden’s kick landed with precision, forcing the door to burst open with a resounding crack.