

Wrath 651

Chapter 651:

“You still haven’t told me how you plan to get rid of Janice later.”

“Why get rid of her?” Leonidas shrugged indifferently. “I want her to live with regret and misery for the rest of her life.”

“Leonidas!” Alissa slammed her hand on the table, rising to her feet and pointing at him in fury. “Have you forgotten what I said? I want Janice dead.”

Leonidas slowly stood up, brushing Alissa’s finger aside gently.

“Janice is a worthy adversary. I don’t want to kill her just yet. Life would be too boring without her to play with.”

Alissa’s face twisted with anger.

“It all makes sense now. You left her clues on purpose. You never planned on killing her.”

Leonidas smirked, his lips curling in mockery as he looked at her. “You’re not as foolish as you seem.”

Alissa laughed loudly, her grin twisted with malice. “Is that so? What if I told you I already saw this coming and made my own plans? If Janice tries to save Stephen, she’s as good as dead.”

The wine glass in Leonidas’ hand shattered with a sharp crash. He lunged at her, grabbing her throat. “You dared to make your own plans behind my back?”

Alissa shot Leonidas a sharp glare, her breath quickening, yet her eyes sparkled with a playful intensity. “By the end of today, Janice won’t be a problem anymore.”

“You...” Leonidas opened his mouth to respond, but his phone suddenly rang.

He let go of her, his eyes darkening as he glanced at the caller ID. The call confirmed his fear—Janice had found the clues and was heading straight for Stephen.

“Janice, you’re as sharp as always. I thought I hid those clues well, but you still found them.” Leonidas’ face darkened. Alissa had messed up his plans.

Now, he could only hope Janice wasn’t clever enough to go and save Stephen.

Leonidas knew just how deep Alissa’s hatred for Janice ran. If Alissa was this confident, the place must be full of danger.

“Leonidas, just stay here and watch Janice meet her end.” Alissa chuckled, staggering toward the window.

She peered through the window, spotting a blazing fire in the distance where Stephen was.

Meanwhile, Stephen’s mind was growing more and more foggy. The heat and smoke surrounding him filled the room, draining his strength, as though they were stealing his life.

Suddenly, there was an explosion, and a huge breach opened in the room, letting in a wave of flames.

The heat jolted Stephen back to reality. He struggled, trying desperately to escape the fire with his last ounce of strength.

His life was slipping away, but before it ended, he had to see Janice one more time.

There were too many questions in his mind, questions that only Janice could answer. He couldn’t die here, not yet.

Chapter 652:

The blistering heat dried his skin and evaporated the moisture from his body, loosening the ropes that bound his hands.

“Ah!” Stephen growled, straining every muscle to free his hands from the ropes.

Though the ropes sliced into his skin, he gritted his teeth and pushed through, peeling them away with flesh tearing along the way. After enduring unbearable pain, Stephen finally broke free from the bindings.

A harsh cough racked his body as pain hit him like a wave.

Even through the agony, the sharp stabs of discomfort kept him tethered to reality.

He pressed his hand to his mouth and nose, struggling to stay upright as he moved towards the door. But as soon as he opened it, a wave of scorching heat hit him, knocking him back with a force he couldn't resist.

Stephen crumpled to the floor, disoriented and dizzy. The searing heat from the floor sent sharp tremors through his body, making him gasp in pain.

The overwhelming sensation threatened to pull him under, his grip on consciousness slipping away.

Was this how it was going to end for him?

“Stephen...”

Was it a voice?

Or was his mind playing tricks on him in his final moments?

“Stephen...”

But this voice seemed to grow nearer and strangely familiar.

“Stephen, don’t fall asleep!” A face—beautiful and filled with worry—came into view, bringing clarity to his blurred vision.

Stephen’s eyes widened as his scattered thoughts snapped into focus. “Janice? Is it really you? Am I dreaming?”

“Stephen, hang on. I’m getting you out of here,” Janice said, pressing a damp cloth to his mouth and nose before pulling him up.

Stephen’s eyes sharpened. At the edge of death, he never imagined Janice would appear like an angel, pulling him from the abyss.

A loud explosion rang out.

A blast of heat surged, with flames instantly blocking their way out. “Janice, thank you for saving me. But you should go. I don’t want to hold you back.”

Stephen glanced at the woman beside him, her face glowing with an otherworldly beauty in the firelight. He realized he was seeing the most breathtaking sight of his life.

“Stop talking!” Janice shot back. “I’m here, and I won’t let you die! Not even Death himself will take you!”

Stephen’s eyes widened. The woman before him was fierce, yet her presence brought an unexpected warmth to his heart.

He couldn’t help but laugh bitterly inside. Had the years of torment from Wendy warped his mind, making him find comfort in Janice’s boldness?

No...

Janice was different.

Chapter 653:

She cared about him.

“Right now, the only thing that matters is getting out of here alive.” With that, Janice held Stephen up, pushing through the heat as she searched desperately for an escape.

But each time she found a way, stronger flames blocked their path.

Suddenly, a door panel flew through the fire, creating a path for them. Aiden stood at the end of the path, surrounded by the blazing flames, yet they seemed to avoid him, as if he were untouchable.

“Janice, this way!”

Janice’s eyes brightened, and she hurried Stephen towards Aiden. Aiden’s brow furrowed. The passage wouldn’t hold for long—the fire would soon reclaim it once the air pressure shifted.

Spotting a nearby water cooler, Aiden quickly splashed its contents to slow the flames’ relentless march.

“We’re going to be okay, Stephen.” Janice moved slowly towards Aiden, urging the weak Stephen forward. “Once we’re out of here, you’ll have a chance at a better life.”

A better life?

But could someone like him—so broken—still have a future?

“Janice, hurry!” Aiden watched as the flames on both sides grew stronger, ready to consume Janice and Stephen in moments.

Just then, a massive explosion rocked the area.

Was it a bomb?

Or had a gas cylinder exploded?

The shockwave from the blast rippled through the house, shaking its fragile structure and causing parts of it to collapse.

Suddenly, Janice’s expression changed in alarm as the floor beneath them crumbled.

Without her support, Stephen began to fall.

Perhaps his life—so twisted—could only be cleansed by the flames.

Stephen gave a faint smile. Fate had been kind to him, allowing him to see Janice one last time before he passed, leaving him with no regrets.

Then, in an instant, a hand gripped his tightly.

The forceful pull brought clarity to Stephen’s foggy mind, and he saw Janice gripping his hand with all her strength.

“Let go!!” Stephen cried out, his voice barely audible. “If you don’t, we’ll both go down!”

“I told you, I’m not letting you go. Not even death itself can pull you away from me,” Janice replied, her gaze unshakable, as if nothing in the world could tear her away from him. The flames licked at them, casting a fiery red hue over her face, making her look otherworldly.

Stephen was overwhelmed.

He could feel the sincerity in Janice's words and the sheer force of her determination.

Chapter 654:

But they were just acquaintances. Why did Janice have such a deep attachment to him?

"Why?" Stephen choked out, his voice raw, his eyes bloodshot with exhaustion and confusion. He felt like he didn't deserve her sacrifice. "Why save me? We barely know each other?"

"You're asking me why?" Janice gritted her teeth, summoning every ounce of strength to lift Stephen. "Because you're my brother!"

Stephen felt as if he'd been struck by lightning.

"Stephen, listen to me! I am your sister! You're the only family I have left in this world. How could I ever stand by and let you die?"

Stephen's eyes widened in disbelief.

For as long as he could remember, he had thought himself the sole survivor of the White family.

But now, Janice stood before him, claiming to be his sister, his only living kin.

Before he could fully process the revelation, a sharp crack echoed through the air.

The weakened doorframe, barely holding the weight of two people, finally gave way.

And just like that, they plunged down the staircase.

A jolt of sheer terror shot through Stephen's veins.

He couldn't die, not now.

Not after fate had thrown him this unexpected lifeline. Not when he had just found the sister he never knew existed. His absurd, chaotic life couldn't possibly end here.

He had a lifetime ahead of him—a lifetime to make up for lost time.

Then, in the blink of an eye, a dark blur shot across the room.

Something coiled around Janice's body, tightening like a lifeline. In the next instant, their fall came to an abrupt halt, leaving them both suspended in mid-air.

Flames roared around them, hungry and unrelenting, swallowing everything in sight. The heat was suffocating, the thick black smoke clawing at their lungs. Janice could even smell the acrid stench of her own hair singeing in the blaze.

Turning her head, she caught sight of Aiden—perched precariously on the shattered remains of the doorframe, gripping a rope with everything he had.

The searing heat and dense, choking smoke battered their bodies and tested their resolve.

But in that moment, each of them clung to their own unwavering determination.

Aiden's eyes burned with fierce resolve. Despite the rope digging into his palms, drawing blood, and the searing burns that covered his body, he had no intention of letting go.

In his mind, there was only one thought: they would either make it out together or go down together.

“Janice, climb up!”

Chapter 655:

“Okay!”

Janice didn’t hesitate for a second—none of them had the luxury of surrendering now.

Without wasting a beat, she secured the rope around Stephen, her hands steady before lifting her gaze to Aiden.

Their eyes locked through the raging flames, an unspoken pact of trust and determination passing between them.

Aiden squeezed his eyes shut, drew in a deep breath, and with every ounce of strength he had left, began hauling them upward.

Slowly but surely, Janice and Stephen rose, but the inferno around them was relentless. Rescuing two people alone was an impossible feat, even for someone as resolute as Aiden.

Sweat poured from him in torrents, his lips ghostly pale, his body pushed to the brink.

The challenge was nothing short of ruthless.

Aiden had trained overseas in his youth, tempering himself in the crucible of life-and-death trials, forging an unyielding will.

Yet, at the end of the day, he was still human—flesh and blood, not impervious to the merciless blaze.

Then, out of nowhere, a sudden chill sliced through the suffocating heat, making Aiden involuntarily shudder.

“Mr. Green!” Braylen’s voice broke through.

The sound of Braylen’s voice reignited Aiden’s resolve like a second wind, unleashing a hidden reservoir of strength.

They still had a shot—if they could just endure a little longer, survival was within reach.

Braylen, leading a team of firefighters, charged in with three hoses, sending torrents of water crashing against the ravenous flames. Though the fire raged like a wild beast, the relentless deluge forced it to recoil, carving out a slim but vital path to safety.

Braylen’s eyes flickered anxiously toward the front door.

He had pushed every limit to get there in time, praying he wasn’t too late.

The battered door burst open with a deafening crack.

Aiden emerged, supporting Janice and Stephen as they stumbled forward, battered but alive.

“Help them! Now!”

A massive wave of relief washed over Braylen as he immediately signaled for medical assistance.

After an intense round of emergency care, the three of them were no longer in critical danger. A collective sigh of relief swept through everyone present.

They all understood the gravity of the situation. These weren’t just ordinary civilians—especially Aiden, whose influence held substantial weight over Efrery’s economy.

In their bid to save him, the authorities had pulled out all the stops, dispatching three fire trucks and a legion of firefighters at breakneck speed—a clear testament to how much they valued him.

Chapter 656:

“Mr. Green, Mr. White inhaled a significant amount of smoke and lost consciousness. He’s been rushed to the hospital for treatment. But the doctors assured us that, thanks to the swift rescue, he’ll make a full recovery.”

Aiden gave a slight nod, acknowledging the update.

His drenched hair clung to his forehead, a thick blanket draped over his shoulders, yet his mind was elsewhere. His gaze, heavy with concern, settled on Janice beside him.

Janice lay still, her eyes closed as she breathed through an oxygen mask. She was meant to be taken to the hospital, but she refused.

Braylen frowned as he glanced at Aiden and Janice, worry tightening his chest. They were both badly burned and had inhaled too much smoke.

They should have been at the hospital for treatment, but they insisted on staying. If things went wrong, how would he face Aiden’s parents...?

“Braylen, you should go back and calm my parents,” Aiden said in a serious tone. “Janice and I have things to take care of.”

“Right away!” Braylen, still anxious, understood there was no changing Aiden’s mind once he’d made it up.

He could only go and ease Aiden’s parents’ worries, who were probably already informed about the live broadcast incident and deeply concerned.

At that moment, Janice’s eyes fluttered open, and she removed the oxygen mask, her look icy. “Aiden...”

"I know! No need to say more." Aiden gripped Janice's hand tightly. "Whatever you need, I've got your back."

Janice looked at Aiden, her gaze softening. "Okay, I need to take care of things with him now."

"Do you know where Leonidas is?" Aiden asked, his brow furrowed in confusion.

"He enjoys watching his targets suffer from a distance. He's definitely nearby, watching," Janice answered, her eyes settling on a villa nearby. The villa was roughly a hundred meters away—just the right distance for Leonidas to indulge in his twisted desire to watch.

Janice and Aiden hurried to the villa, but by the time they arrived, it was empty.

Inside the living room, Janice found two wine glasses and a bottle of red wine on the table.

She picked up a glass and gently swirled it, the red wine reflecting her cold face. "Just missed him."

"Leonidas is clever, sensing your every move," Aiden said, walking over to the window and staring at the house burning in the distance.

Janice didn't respond immediately and instead turned to face Aiden. "I'll get even with him. But..."

Her expression softened with worry. "Are you in pain?"

"It's nothing," Aiden said with a faint smile, his lips barely curving.

Janice took his hands, flipping them over to expose several unsettling scars. "This is nothing?"

"As long as you're alright, I'm fine," Aiden replied, pulling his hands back with a soft smile. "I'm just glad you're here, safe, with me."

Janice's heart skipped a beat. Without warning, she grabbed his collar and kissed him.

Aiden's eyes went wide with shock and disbelief. It felt like a dream, yet the cool softness of her lips was undeniably real.

Chapter 657:

Just as he was about to deepen the kiss, Janice pushed him back.

"Janice..." Aiden stared at her, feeling a bit aggrieved. He hadn't had enough, and yet it was already over.

Janice smirked, placing a finger lightly on his lips. "You risked so much for me today. I had to give something back. But since you're not lacking, a kiss was all I could offer."

Thank him with a kiss? Aiden was left speechless. She had sparked his desire and then left him hanging, making him feel uneasy.

"I was a bit reckless this time," Janice admitted, her face clouded with a touch of guilt.

With a playful flick, Aiden tapped Janice's forehead, smiling warmly. "I actually like it when you're a little reckless."

Janice met Aiden's loving gaze, her lips curling into a bitter smile. "Let's head to the hospital." She coughed softly. "We inhaled a lot of smoke earlier, and we're both badly burned. We need treatment fast, or things could get worse."

"As you wish." Even though he agreed, Aiden couldn't help but feel a bit disappointed, still craving another kiss. But he had to hold back, despite the strong pull of desire. If he pushed it, he knew he'd probably get slapped.

Meanwhile, not far from the villa, Leonidas and Alissa were crouched in a small grove, their appearance disheveled.

After ensuring no one was trailing them, Leonidas exhaled in relief and stepped out. "I didn't think they'd make it out of that."

"You seem quite pleased with yourself," Alissa remarked, brushing dirt off her clothes and shooting Leonidas a cold look. "You said this plan was foolproof, but now? Not only did you fail to make Janice suffer, but you nearly got caught by her too."

Had they not acted quickly and fled, they could have been facing Janice's wrath right now.

"I must admit, I'm quite pleased. You went so far as to set off a bomb, yet not a single casualty. Seems like Janice is really hard to kill. But doesn't it feel better to take your time, to truly savor the process?" Leonidas clicked his tongue in mock disappointment. "Killing them outright—would that really satisfy the fire burning inside you?"

Alissa's frown deepened. Memories of all the humiliation and suffering Janice and Aiden had inflicted on her came rushing back, fueling her rage. "What exactly are you planning now?"

"We keep a low profile and keep setting traps for Janice and Aiden." A sinister gleam flashed in Leonidas' eyes as a twisted smile slowly spread across his face. "And I already have something in mind; something that might make Janice wish she were dead."

Alissa arched a brow, intrigued despite herself. "Oh? Let's hear it. If your plan is good enough, I'll back you all the way."

"You've heard of Liliana, haven't you?"

At the mention of the name, Alissa's expression soured. "Liliana? Ugh, just hearing that name irritates me. If it weren't for her, Janice never would've found Stephen."

Leonidas let out a low chuckle and shook his head. “Wrong. Even without Liliana’s interference, Janice would have figured it out. When Aiden brought Delilah, Demi, and Liliana to her, Janice had already pieced together the clues I left behind.”

Alissa’s lips pressed into a thin line. She didn’t want to believe it, but could Janice really have been that perceptive?

Chapter 658:

“Liliana’s intelligence is on par with Janice’s. The fact that she handed over the painting proves she caught on to the hidden message.” Leonidas’ voice darkened, his tone laced with admiration and irritation. “Honestly, I underestimated her. She’s even sharper than I expected.” He had only instructed Liliana to draw the house where Stephen was being held.

Most people wouldn’t have made the connection, but once everything fell into place, Liliana sensed something was off.

In every carefully laid plan, there was always a loose thread. And once pulled, it could unravel everything.

“Leonidas, do you intend to use Liliana against Janice?” Alissa narrowed her eyes, scrutinizing him with suspicion. “But Liliana is proud. She didn’t even bow to your threats before. What makes you think she’ll help you now? She willingly helped Janice this time, didn’t she?”

“Everyone has a weak spot. Once you find it, controlling them becomes effortless.”

“And what exactly do you have on Liliana?”

Leonidas gave a cryptic smile. “That’s for me to know. When the time comes, you’ll see for yourself.”

Liliana worshipped JE. If Janice was painted as JE’s enemy, Liliana would fight for her idol without hesitation.

A devoted fan turning against her idol’s supposed enemy—just imagining it was exhilarating.

Janice would never expect that her own secrecy would turn into the chains pulling her into the abyss.

“We need to go...”

Before Leonidas could finish, figures moved in from all directions, encircling Leonidas and Alissa.

The sight of men in black suits with icy expressions made Leonidas’ face darken. Had Janice tracked him down?

“Who the hell are you? Move aside!” Alissa’s heart pounded with fear, yet she kept up the poise of a Welch heiress. “I am from the Welch family. If you dare lay a hand on me, my father will make sure your entire family is wiped out!”

“The Welch family?” A deep voice cut through the tense air.

Leonidas’ eyes narrowed as he glanced forward. The men in black stepped aside, revealing an elegant woman walking towards them.

Dressed in an exquisite gown, sunglasses resting on her face, and a shawl draped over her shoulders, she carried an air of elegance and sophistication with a touch of charm.

“Are you Wendy Chadwick?” Leonidas’ brows knitted together in surprise at the unexpected arrival.

“Wendy Chadwick?” Alissa blinked, then scoffed in disdain. “So, you’re just another Welch family servant. Have you come to guard me?”

Wendy remained silent, stepping forward to face Alissa. She took off her sunglasses, brushed off a speck of dust, then delivered a sharp slap across Alissa’s face.

“You dare slap me?” Alissa’s eyes widened in shock. “You’re nothing but a servant to the Welch family. Even that pathetic husband of yours, Roger, bows at my feet.”

“Do you even know why I slapped you?” Wendy’s voice remained calm, completely unfazed by Alissa’s threats.

“Why?” Alissa instinctively answered Wendy’s question, but a sudden unease crept up on her. Fear? Of this woman? That was impossible. There was no way she could be intimidated by Wendy. It had to be just her imagination.

Chapter 659:

“Because you are the heiress of the Welch family,” said Wendy, her voice soft yet filled with an intimidating force. “If it weren’t for that, what happened earlier would have been more than just a slap—I would have taken your life.”

Fear surged through Alissa as her pupils shrank, the emotions she had been holding back now overwhelming her.

Knowing her status as the heiress of the Welch family, Wendy must have been either mad or truly determined to end her life.

“Out of respect for your grandfather, I will let this go,” Wendy said, moving aside with an authority that demanded attention. “Please leave, Ms. Welch.”

Alissa’s eyes shifted to Leonidas standing beside her. “And him?”

“He stays. You can stay as well, if you wish.”

“No, I must leave!” With that, Alissa turned and left quickly, not looking back at Leonidas.

“Ms. Welch, you would do well to keep quiet,” Wendy cautioned. “Otherwise, the day’s events might reach your father. He would not be pleased.”

Alissa had initially planned to bring back help to deal with Wendy, but Wendy’s words stopped her.

Her father had just called to tell her that MO had agreed to operate on her grandfather, urging her to come back to Cloverhill right away. Still, her pride got the best of her, and she plotted with Leonidas, only to see their plan fall apart.

If her father found out about this incident, there would be no avoiding his anger.

Not only had she ignored his instruction to return to Cloverhill, but she had also been outsmarted, bringing shame to the Welch family's name. Her father's anger would be unstoppable.

As Alissa made her escape in embarrassment, Wendy's face broke into a cold smirk before she shifted her focus to Leonidas.

When their eyes met, Leonidas sensed an odd familiarity in Wendy's look.

"Your name is Leonidas Miller, is it not?"

"What do you want from me?" Leonidas offered a slight smile, his demeanor cautious, uncertain of Wendy's motives.

"What do I want?" Wendy's eyes narrowed as she approached Leonidas confidently.

Leonidas looked at her with a chilling gaze, his body tense, prepared to act at any moment.

Without warning, Wendy made a swift, misleading move, reaching for his eyes.

Leonidas' pupils dilated in shock; he hadn't expected such a sudden assault. Quickly, he covered his eyes and stepped back.

Wendy's move was only a distraction. Her real attack followed quickly, a swift kick that struck like a snake.

Her leg, sleek and powerful, moved elegantly, yet for Leonidas, it was a fatal blow.

A loud thud echoed as Leonidas was forced to step backward from the impact.

Wendy kept pressing forward, her movements behind him unnervingly fast.

Leonidas' expression changed completely. He understood that this woman was not merely Roger's wife.

The realization hit him just as Wendy locked him in a chokehold from behind.

Leonidas felt a suffocating pressure, his eyes widening as he struggled to release Wendy's grip.

Chapter 660:

Wendy whispered into his ear, "Leonidas, I originally planned to work with you. Yet, you had to interfere with him."

"Who?"

"Stephen White." Wendy's eyes narrowed, her smile twisting into something lunatic. "He belongs to me. Whoever dares to touch him will meet their end!"

Leonidas' eyes narrowed in realization as he understood the reason behind the familiarity of Wendy's stare.

She shared his nature—obsessive, twisted, and utterly unhinged.

With a faint thud, Leonidas fell to the ground, gasping for air. Wendy stood above him, her face once more calm and filled with dignity.

“I won’t kill you—it would be too easy for you.”

She slipped on her sunglasses and walked confidently away from the grove.

“Bring him back. I want to torment him, to avenge Stephen.” Behind her sunglasses, her eyes sparkled with madness.

“Stephen, I’ve avenged you. How will you thank me? Perhaps by allowing me to leave more marks of my affection on you?”

Wendy’s soft chuckle lingered in the air, sinister like a ghostly laugh in the night, chilling to the bone.

“Stephen, you will always be mine. Don’t even think about leaving me in this lifetime.”

A mesmerizing voice echoed endlessly through the darkness.

Panic swept across Stephen’s face as he ran desperately, struggling to escape the enveloping darkness.

However, no matter how quickly he ran, the voice remained fixed in his mind, unshakable.

“Stephen, didn’t you once call me your queen, swearing to be my slave forever? Why are you running away now? Come back! Stephen, there’s no escaping me.”

Out of nowhere, a chilling laugh echoed through the air.

No, it wasn’t supposed to be this way!

Stephen’s strength failed him, and he fell to his knees, overwhelmed. He grasped his head, struggling desperately to block out the horrifying voice.

Without any warning, countless tendrils shot up from the ground, wrapping tightly around him.

The earth transformed into a viscous swamp, gradually pulling him deeper.

Stephen tried to fight, to break free, but the tendrils wrapped like chains, pulling him steadily into the depths.

“Release me. Let me go!”

Stephen fought courageously, ripping at the tendrils with all his strength.

But as he destroyed one, another would immediately wrap around him, relentless and hopeless.

Stephen was consumed by despair.

Was he fated to sink into this abyss and disappear completely?

Just then, Stephen sensed a presence. He glanced upward and glimpsed a figure piercing the darkness, rays of light cutting through, igniting a flicker of hope within him.

Who was it?