

Wrath 661

Chapter 661:

Who had arrived?

Stephen broke free from a tendril, reaching out to grasp the hand of the figure hidden in the light.

And his fingers closed around the other's hand.

"I will rescue you. There's a better future ahead for you."

Really? Could a brighter future actually be possible for him?

"Stephen, you belong to me! You will always be mine!" A frightening scream shattered the air.

Stephen's eyes narrowed as he witnessed numerous dark claws block the light, brutally ripping the figure apart.

Soon, the light was enveloped by darkness once more. Countless tendrils whipped wildly in the air, all that remained were faint sparkles, gradually fading away and disappearing into the emptiness.

"Stephen, no one can take you away from me. I will destroy anyone who tries. Ha-ha!" A chilling laugh echoed in his ears, causing Stephen's gaze to blur, fading to nothing.

His life was already in ruins, bound by chains that couldn't be broken.

Why should he involve others in his hopeless struggle?

This pain was his to endure alone.

“Janice, I will protect you.”

Stephen suddenly opened his eyes to a bright white ceiling.

He weakly looked around, realizing he was in a hospital bed. Had he managed to escape that nightmare?

“Doctor, the patient is awake.” The voice belonged to a nurse.

Stephen turned his head just in time to see the nurse leaving the room.

Then, a graceful figure stepped in from the hallway.

“Janice?” The sight of Janice brought an unexpected surge of happiness to Stephen, pushing him to try sitting up.

“Stephen, you’ve just awakened. You’re still weak, so try not to move,” Janice said as she approached and assisted him into a sitting position against the headboard.

“Janice, was it you who rescued me?”

“Yes.” Janice gave him a soft smile. “And Aiden. Without his help, we might not have made it out of the fire.”

Just then, Aiden walked in, holding some food. “Stephen, I figured you’d be awake soon, so I brought some light food that should be easy for you to eat.”

“Thank you.” A deep sense of gratitude filled Stephen’s heart as he gazed at both of them. “Actually, we’ve only just met and haven’t really spent much time together. Why would you go to such lengths?”

Janice was momentarily surprised and shared a glance with Aiden.

Both of their faces clearly displayed shock and confusion.

“Stephen, can you remember what happened then?” Janice asked cautiously, holding back her uncertainty.

Stephen nodded, his gaze dropping as he remembered the events.

“I was unconscious and then taken somewhere. When I woke up, I found myself in an empty room. No one was around, and my cries for help went unanswered. Then the fire started. I thought I was going to die there, but just at that critical moment, Janice, you appeared. It was surprising. We hardly know each other, and yet you put your life on the line for me.”

Chapter 662:

Janice’s discomfort and doubt grew. “Do you remember what I told you at that time?”

“You said you would save me and there was a better future ahead.” Stephen paused and managed a bitter smile. “But will there really be a better future for me?”

“There will.” Janice offered a forced smile, trying to reassure Stephen.

“There’s always hope for tomorrow, is there not?”

Stephen silently shook his head, his expression unreadable. He was painfully conscious of his predicament; hope had fled from him when he was merely six years old.

“Stephen, do you remember anything else?” Janice inquired.

Stephen raised his eyes, his look one of confusion. “What?”

“Nothing.” Janice offered a faint smile, concealing her astonishment. “The circumstances were rather tumultuous back then. I might have spoken out of turn.”

“Mr. White, I’ve come to carry out a routine examination.” Just then, the doctor stepped into the room, ready to conduct a thorough examination of Stephen.

“Stephen, Aiden and I will step outside to give the doctor some space,” said Janice.

“Understood,” Stephen agreed with a nod.

Janice and Aiden left the room. Their expressions grew serious, reflecting their deep concerns about Stephen’s bizarre condition.

“Somehow, he recalls everything, except that you two are siblings. Why is that?” Aiden asked, voicing the puzzling question that haunted both of them. “Could it possibly be a case of trauma-induced amnesia, where he selectively forgets certain things?”

Janice shook her head, her brows furrowed in thought. “If it were trauma-induced, why would his memory specifically exclude the fact that I’m his sister?”

She paused, a sudden insight flashing across her face. “Maybe he subconsciously perceives our reunion as a threat and has chosen to forget it on purpose.”

When Stephen discovered that she was his biological sister, his eyes sparkled with a blend of shock and delight.

He was overjoyed at the revelation, suggesting that this was a memory he wouldn’t easily shake off, defying all reason.

Aiden, too, found merit in Janice’s theory. “What could possibly make Stephen feel threatened?”

Janice pondered, raising a finger to her temple in thought. “Maybe I should have a word with Wendy.”

“Wendy?”

Aiden’s question hung in the air just as the doctor stepped out of the room.

“Doctor, how is Stephen doing?” Janice inquired, her expression etched with worry.

“Stephen is fairly stable at the moment. He has some burns that require attention, but thankfully, nothing too grave.”

“And his mental condition?”

The doctor paused, seemingly puzzled by Janice’s question. “While he was indeed shocked by recent events, his mental faculties appear intact. Nonetheless, I’m not an expert in psychological matters. I recommend consulting a mental health professional for a thorough assessment.”

“Thank you, Doctor.”

Chapter 663:

After the doctor departed, Janice gazed solemnly at Stephen through the ward’s glass window.

“It looks like we’ll have to keep my reunion with Stephen under wraps for the time being. Meanwhile, I need to uncover what my brother has endured over these years and what truly frightens him.”

“Understood.”

“Aiden!” Just then, a worried voice pierced the air.

Aiden halted in his tracks and swiveled around to see Nina and Sierra hurrying towards him.

Trailing behind them, Braylen offered a shrug of resignation, his expression conveying his unsuccessful attempts at reassuring them.

“Aiden, how can you brush off such a huge incident like it’s nothing?” Nina burst out, her voice thick with concern as she took in the sight of Aiden swathed in bandages.

“Mom, I...”

“Look at yourself. You couldn’t even shield Janice. How do you expect to call yourself a man?”

The meager comfort Aiden had felt in his heart crumbled instantaneously. He was at a loss for words. Could Nina truly be his mother?

He felt a pang of alienation, almost as if he were adopted. Despite being more heavily bandaged and visibly more injured than Janice, Nina’s worries seemed to orbit solely around Janice.

Yet, in a strange way, Aiden saw a silver lining.

Given Nina’s evident fondness towards Janice, he was relieved to think that future familial tensions could be avoided.

“Janice, are you in pain?” Nina clasped Janice’s hand, her eyes scanning the bandages while tears welled up. “How did a mere recording of a show escalate to a fire?”

“Janice, when Nina and I caught sight of the flames during the live broadcast, our hearts sank.” Sierra stepped forward, her face etched with concern as she grasped Janice’s other hand.

A pang of hurt washed over Aiden. He felt like nothing more than a forgotten figure in the background.

“Mr. Green, I’ve done everything within my power,” Braylen said, approaching Aiden with a tentative step.

"I know," Aiden replied, nodding appreciatively. Braylen had indeed played a crucial role in buying them time. "Where's my father?"

"He's gone to the company. With the live broadcast turning into such a debacle, the company must be in turmoil. He went there to lend his support."

Aiden arched an eyebrow. Alcott's behavior had taken a noticeable turn; he seemed less interested in vying for the position of head of the Green family, focusing instead on something else entirely.

Alleviating some of his responsibilities. Reassuring the board and ensuring stability were roles Alcott had never embraced before.

His usual approach was to sow discord, a strategy that often advantaged his pursuit of power.

"Have there been any updates on Leonidas?" Aiden asked.

"None so far. However, Alissa has returned to Cloverhill."

Aiden's expression darkened. Alissa had returned to Cloverhill, but Leonidas had vanished. Given that they had been inseparable, the situation felt strange.

Chapter 664:

"We've determined that someone has likely kidnapped Leonidas."

Aiden's face tensed slightly. Could someone actually have kidnapped Leonidas? This hinted at the strength of their opponent. He knew Leonidas' abilities well; even if surrounded by more than ten attackers, Leonidas would usually find a way to escape without harm.

"Continue to monitor the situation. Also, increase security at the hospital to secretly protect Stephen."

Though Leonidas was missing, it was uncertain if others might also be targeting Stephen.

To ensure Janice wasn't caught off guard and placed in danger again, Aiden knew he needed to be fully prepared.

"Understood." Braylen nodded and quietly exited the room.

Janice was offering comfort to Nina and Sierra.

"Aiden and I will be alright." Janice's lips formed a comforting smile.

"I promise, if anything happens, I'll inform you right away."

"That's good to hear!" Nina responded, patting Janice's hand, and then turning her attention to Aiden.

Aiden felt a cold shiver as Nina observed him closely, a hint of unease passing across his face. "Mom, why are you staring at me like that?"

"Aiden, if Janice is harmed again, I'll remove you as head of the Green family," Nina stated firmly. "What kind of man are you if you can't even protect your woman?"

Aiden touched his nose, feeling a mix of embarrassment and a bit of pleasure.

He stole a quick glance at Janice and noticed that she didn't disagree with her mother's comments, which secretly brought him a sense of satisfaction.

Was this her way of approving?

Was this her recognition of him as her man?

“Mom, don’t worry. Next time, even if it risks my life, I won’t let anything harm Janice, not even a single hair.”

“Don’t even say that! There won’t be a next time!”

“You’re right. There definitely won’t be.”

Sierra chuckled at their exchange. “Who would have thought the stoic leader admired by many would reveal such a timid side? It’s quite the spectacle.”

Janice’s smile widened, and her look toward Aiden grew tender. At that moment, she truly saw him as someone she could depend on. For as long as she could remember, she had always been on her own. Although Leah, Prescott, and Costello were close, she usually ended up being their support.

She had never considered leaning on anyone else.

“Mom, you should go back. Janice and I need to take care of some things.”

“What things?” Nina frowned, looking displeased, and stared at Aiden. “It’s just some silly show. It’s not worth your time.”

“It’s not about the show,” Aiden replied, looking at Janice. “After the chaos last night, the show has been put on hold.”

“So, you’re not involved in the show anymore?”

“No!”

A spark of approval appeared in Nina’s eyes. “Good! From now on, you both should visit more often and share meals with me.”

Chapter 665:

“We will.”

After speaking, Aiden turned to look at Janice.

Janice gave a simple shrug, offering no objection, and this quiet response brought Aiden a sense of delight once again.

Janice wasn't surprised by the show's cancellation. Devin should have realized that crossing Aiden was a mistake.

Alissa held influential connections, but they lacked strong foundations in Efrery. And within Efrery, who would be bold enough to challenge Aiden's authority?

As long as Janice remained silent, Devin was bound to fall apart under Aiden's influence.

With a clearer understanding of Stephen's situation, Janice no longer felt the need for the show to reach him, making its continuation pointless.

The sudden cancellation of the show was a disappointment for the fans who enjoyed speculating about the couple. In the days ahead, there would likely be heated debates online about it.

“Kenneth has arrived.” Sierra blinked as she noticed Kenneth and Maggie walking toward them.

Aiden's brow furrowed at the sight of them, and he instinctively stepped closer to Janice.

“Janice, are you alright?” Kenneth asked, his concern clear as he noticed the bandages on her.

“I'm fine.” Janice nodded, her smile intact but somewhat reserved. Kenneth suppressed a hint of concern, maintaining his composure.

"I've captured the arsonist, but the mastermind is still out of reach."

"Don't trouble yourself," Aiden interjected sharply. "We're already ahead of you in what you've discovered, and we know it far better."

Kenneth's expression changed slightly, but he held on to his smile. "I'm glad to hear that. But I suppose you haven't caught the real culprit yet, have you? If you need any help, just let me know, and I'll back you up completely."

He then looked at Janice. "What do you think?"

Janice offered a strained smile. "Should I ever need assistance, Kenneth, I'll call on you."

Nina picked up on the subtle tension between Kenneth and Aiden, drawing Sierra to one side. "Look at this, Sierra. It's like a soap opera with a love triangle. We might as well get some popcorn."

Impressed by Nina's lighthearted take on her own son's situation, Sierra responded with a grin, "Doesn't it concern you that Kenneth might charm Janice away from Aiden?"

"Worry? Why should I?" Nina dismissed the concern with a wave of her hand, visibly irritated. "If Aiden doesn't win, he's no son of mine. I do not like losers."

In response, Sierra offered Nina a thumbs-up, rooting for Aiden inwardly.

Maggie caught the sharp back-and-forth between Kenneth and Aiden and felt at a loss for words. Her attention then turned to Sierra. With her sweet demeanor and charming appearance, Sierra reminded Maggie of herself. It was no surprise Janice once said they resembled each other.

"Are you Sierra?"

"You must be Maggie, then?"

Surprised, Maggie responded, "You know me?"

Chapter 666:

With a bright smile, Sierra waved. "I follow the live streams; of course, I know you."

Maggie nodded, understanding now. "Janice speaks of you often, always saying how adorable you are."

"You're too generous! But you're not so bad yourself." A faint blush colored Sierra's cheeks at the compliment. "To be honest, I really like you. The way you stood up to Daniel? That was seriously impressive."

"That creep totally had it coming! Can you believe he thought his physique was impressive?"

"Right? It's just absurd!"

Finding common ground, Sierra and Maggie delved deeper into their conversation.

Their chat was suddenly interrupted by a cool, commanding voice.

"Excuse me, could you move aside?"

Janice's expression darkened upon seeing Wendy.

She had considered speaking with Wendy but hadn't expected her to make the first move. Wendy's appearance here was likely for Stephen.

"Wendy, what brings you here? Is someone in your family hospitalized?"

Nina eyed Wendy sharply, her voice tinged with disdain.

Wendy maintained her composure with a graceful smile.

Dressed in a blue gown, with subtle makeup and striking red lips, she radiated appeal today.

“Indeed, someone in my family is hospitalized, so I’m here to visit.” Wendy glanced around at everyone present, pausing briefly when her gaze landed on Janice. Her look was calm.

The intensity in Janice’s eyes grew. Wendy appeared demure and respectful toward Nina. Could such a woman really be Stephen’s nightmare?

Nina moved aside. Wendy acknowledged her with a slight nod and moved toward Stephen’s room.

“Wait!” Janice blurted out, halting Wendy’s progress.

Wendy stopped and turned, a look of confusion crossing her face. “Is there a problem?” she asked.

“Stephen was just examined by his doctor, who recommended rest without visitors,” Janice told her. “It seems your visit might have to wait.”

A subtle smile tugged at Wendy’s lips. She absorbed the information without visible disappointment.

“Understood. If the doctor advises rest, then I won’t disturb him,” Wendy said graciously, her compliance adding to Janice’s uncertainty.

“Additionally, as Stephen’s employer, I owe you and Mr. Green. Thanks for your timely intervention.”

“Of course, you’re welcome,” Janice replied, stepping closer and offering her hand to Wendy. “Actually, I got along well with Stephen during the show. I really admire him. I am considering funding a film project for him once he’s better. How do you feel about that?”

A shadow flickered in Wendy's eyes, but she quickly masked it. "Your willingness to support his career is admirable. However..."

Her gaze shifted to Aiden, her expression one of concern. "Wouldn't Mr. Green feel slighted?"

Chapter 667:

"I should?" Aiden reassured, gazing at Janice with affection. "I'm all for supporting Janice's choices."

Wendy's expression darkened, the sight of Aiden's unwavering support for Janice stirring something unsettled within her.

Aiden added, "I'll invest a hundred million dollars too, just to join in the fun with Janice."

"Mr. Green, you certainly don't hold back, do you?" Wendy shot Aiden a sidelong glance, her red lips curling slightly. "Since you and Ms. Edwards are so enthusiastic about the film industry, I wouldn't dream of spoiling the fun. Once Stephen is up and about, I'll have a word with him."

Wendy's gaze flickered towards the room where Stephen rested. After a brief hesitation, she gave Nina a small nod before turning to leave.

The moment Wendy vanished from sight, a calculating gleam settled in Janice's eyes.

On the surface, Wendy had been all politeness, even appearing a bit deferential. She seemed harmless enough.

But Janice knew better—both she and Aiden had been applying subtle pressure on Wendy. Yet, not once did she waver. Not a hint of fear, not a single crack.

Wendy wasn't someone to be underestimated.

She was merely pretending to be naive, all while carefully outsmarting those who underestimated her.

“Janice, Aiden, what was that about? Since when did you become film investors?” Nina asked, her eyes narrowing in suspicion.

“We’ve been around Stephen for a while now, and he’s proven to be a decent guy. Thought we’d give him a little backing.”

“Oh, really?” Nina eyed Janice with doubt, sensing there was more to the story than she was letting on. Could it be that Janice had developed feelings for Stephen?

After all, gossip had it that Stephen’s success wasn’t just talent—it was influence, courtesy of his many wealthy admirers.

Janice immediately caught Nina’s misunderstanding and shot Aiden a look.

He got the message right away and quickly clarified, “Mom, don’t get the wrong idea. Janice got curious about the entertainment industry while filming the show, so I figured I’d set up an entertainment company for her to explore it. Investing in Stephen’s film is just a test run, nothing more.”

“If you say so, I won’t overthink it. But if you let someone else snatch Janice away, don’t expect me to treat you as my son anymore.”

Aiden’s expression stiffened slightly. Was his own mother siding with Janice over him already?

Just as that thought crossed his mind, a sharp pain shot through his thigh.

Janice pinched him hard and glared at him, as if to say she never agreed to start any entertainment company. He was just causing her unnecessary trouble.

But Aiden merely shrugged, his expression relaxed, as if saying, “I’m rich, and I do what I want.”

Janice sighed internally. Fine. He had enough money to throw around a business or two.

“Janice, since you’re interested in the entertainment industry, why not join the entertainment division under Delgado Group?” Kenneth, who had been waiting for an opening, finally spoke up. “I can appoint you as CEO right away.”

Chapter 668:

“Kenneth, you’re too generous.” Janice smiled politely. “I’m just an outsider with no experience in the industry. I wouldn’t even know where to begin as a CEO.”

“You’re selling yourself short. With your capabilities, I have no doubt you’d turn the company into a powerhouse in no time.”

Before Janice could respond, Aiden’s voice cut in, dripping with sarcasm. “Are you serious? Offering Janice the CEO position in your company? That’s quite bold of you. Didn’t I just say I’d start a company for her myself?”

Kenneth chuckled, unfazed. “Being rich is great. But being rich without a brain? That just makes you a wealthy fool.” He met Aiden’s provocation head-on. “I offered Janice a leadership role in a well-established company. Do you really think a brand-new company can compare to one with years of experience and industry connections?”

Aiden scoffed. “So what? I can assemble the best team in the world to support Janice. A new company can rise just as quickly.”

The atmosphere grew tense as the two men locked horns, their longstanding rivalry flaring up once again.

Janice let out a soft sigh and exchanged a look with Nina. Without saying much, she made a decision to pull Sierra and Maggie away from the growing tension.

“Stephen, I have some matters to take care of, so I’ll be heading out now. If anything comes up, don’t hesitate to reach out to me.” Janice made her way back to Stephen’s room to bid him farewell before she left with the others.

Stephen's expression hardened as he watched Janice walk away. He sank back against the bed, his eyes drifting to the window.

Outside, the vibrant trees swayed gently in the breeze, and the cheerful chirping of birds filled the air. Inside, however, all he could see were the blank white walls and the ever-present smell of disinfectant.

It felt as though he were locked away in a cage, forever stuck inside, only able to long for the vibrant world he could never reach.

The sound of a door clicking open broke his thoughts.

Stephen snapped back to reality, his eyes darting towards the door as a doctor entered.

"Doctor, is something wrong?" He had just finished his examination, so the doctor's sudden return set off alarm bells in his mind.

The doctor turned and locked the door.

Stephen's eyes widened in alarm, and a flash of panic crossed his face. His instincts kicked in, and he realized this doctor was fake—he was here for something far more sinister.

"Who are you?" Stephen's voice grew sharp. "This is a hospital. Don't even think about it."

"Stephen, what are you so afraid of?"

A familiar voice sent a shiver down Stephen's spine. His face showed fear.

The doctor removed the mask and hat, revealing a face Stephen would never forget. The sight of it sent a wave of dread over him, and with a weak shudder, he collapsed back onto the bed.

Draped in a doctor's coat, Wendy carried an air of intellectual charm, her graceful steps exuding confidence as she approached Stephen. Her eyes shimmered with an intoxicating allure, yet beneath that mesmerizing gaze lay a storm of emotions.

"Stephen, seeing you wrapped in bandages like this truly pains me."

She reached out, her fingers gliding across Stephen's face. Stephen's expression grew complicated when he saw Wendy. No touch could make his eyes turn hollow like this.

Chapter 669:

"My queen, I'm sorry to have worried you."

"Stephen, you're such a good boy. It only makes me despise the one who hurt you even more."

Wendy's enchanting eyes turned razor-sharp, the warmth in them vanishing like a passing dream.

"But don't fret—I've already taken care of it. The fool who dared lay a hand on you? I've captured him. I'll take my time tormenting him until my hatred is appeased."

"You caught the person?" Stephen's pupils contracted in shock.

"Of course I did. Anyone who dares harm you should be ready to suffer. And trust me, I'll take my sweet time making sure they do." Wendy licked her crimson lips, a wicked glint flashing in her eyes, predatory and dangerous.

"What's the matter? Do you want to take revenge yourself?"

Images of the roaring fire flooded Stephen's mind—flames licking at his skin, the suffocating heat pressing in, and Janice, risking her own life to pull him from the inferno. If fate had been less kind, they both would have been reduced to ash.

“Of course,” he said, his voice suddenly cold as ice. The emptiness in his gaze was replaced with a chilling resolve.

Wendy arched a brow, studying him intently before a slow, sultry smile spread across her face. Leaning in closer, she whispered, “Then prove it to me.”

Her fingers wandered over Stephen’s body, her eyes brimming with an intoxicating mix of desire and danger.

“I’m injured,” he reminded her, his voice tense.

“Injured?” A flash of wicked excitement danced in Wendy’s gaze. “That only makes it more exhilarating. Pain makes everything more thrilling. I want you—right now. Don’t make me wait.”

A feverish thrill ignited in Wendy’s eyes as her excitement swelled. With restless hands, she clawed at Stephen’s clothes and bandages, ripping them away with a fervor that bordered on madness.

Stephen lay bare before her, his skin marred with deep, gruesome wounds—each one a silent testament to his suffering.

Despite the gashes covering him, Wendy showed no sympathy—only a wild, feverish thrill. Her fingers curled around his hand, her nails digging into his flesh with an almost possessive intensity.

She leaned in, her tongue flicking over his wounds, her eyes wild with an untamed hunger. She looked less like a woman and more like a predator savoring its prey.

But Stephen was no stranger to this. He had long since numbed himself to the stinging pain Wendy brought.

Without warning, Wendy’s hands shot up to Stephen’s throat, shoving him onto the bed with startling force.

The sudden impact knocked the breath from his lungs. “What are you doing?”

“Stephen, you know I hate being deceived, especially by you.” Wendy’s eyes narrowed, gleaming with something dangerous. Her grip tightened.

The crushing pressure around his throat sent his vision swimming, darkness creeping in from the edges. His eyes rolled back as his body convulsed instinctively, struggling for air. “I... I don’t understand,” he choked out.

“You don’t?” Wendy’s lips curled as she leaned in, her breath brushing against his ear. Her voice was a velvet whisper laced with thorns. “You’ve been awfully cozy with Janice lately. She seems quite fond of you. In fact, she was just talking about investing in a new film—you, of course, being the star.”

Chapter 670:

Stephen stiffened. “I swear—there’s nothing between us.”

“Really? You have nothing to do with her? And yet, here you are, leaping to her defense.” Wendy tilted her head, her expression a blend of amusement and cold calculation.

“I told you before, Stephen. You belong to me. No one steals what’s mine. Anyone foolish enough to try? I’ll rip them apart, even if that someone happens to be Aiden’s beloved.”

“No, you’ve got it all wrong!” Stephen gasped, his mind racing. “You’re the only one in my heart. I am yours—your most devoted slave. No one could ever take me from you.”

“Is that so?” Wendy arched an eyebrow, her gaze glinting with intrigue as she studied Stephen.

“Yes! Janice and I are nothing more than acquaintances. She may be talented, but she means nothing to me. There is only you in my heart.”

Satisfied, Wendy loosened her grip, letting Stephen collapse back onto the bed.

Casually, she examined her bloodstained nails, her voice light but laced with steel. "Good. When I make a promise, I keep it. If anyone dares to lay a hand on what's mine, let's just say they won't live to regret it."

"Understood."

Ignoring the ache in his body, Stephen struggled upright, then knelt before Wendy, head bowed in unwavering submission.

Wendy stretched, languid and feline. "I'm feeling a bit drained. Serve me."

"As you wish, my queen."

Half an hour later, Wendy slipped back into her doctor's coat and strolled out of the ward.

She made her way to the nurses' station, rapping her knuckles lightly against the counter. "The patient in Room 403 needs his wounds redressed."

"Huh?" The nurse blinked, momentarily caught off guard. But before she could ask for details, Wendy had already turned on her heel and disappeared down the hallway.

Scratching her head in confusion, the nurse hesitated for a moment before instructing a colleague to tend to Stephen's injuries.

However, the moment the nurse stepped into Room 403, her breath hitched. Stephen looked like he had been through a battlefield. His bandages were in tatters, fresh bruises marred his skin, and the faint scent of blood lingered in the air.

"What on earth happened to you? Your wounds are torn open, and now you've got even more injuries!"

The nurse's brows knitted together, her voice laced with genuine concern. "Mr. White, countless people look up to you. You need to take better care of yourself."

“Thank you.”

Stephen mustered a strained smile.

It was only when Wendy wasn't around that he felt truly alive, instead of just a tool for her desires.

Wendy left the hospital, choosing not to return to the Chadwick family's residence but instead detoured to a secluded villa.

The villa seemed ordinary from the outside, but hidden in its shadows were security guards, keenly watching to prevent any unauthorized access.