

## **Wrath 781**

### Chapter 781:

There, Vernon was sipping his drink while exchanging playful banter with a few flight attendants.

“Aiden! What are you doing here?” Vernon left the girls beside him and approached Aiden. “If you wanted water, you could’ve just asked one of them to fetch it for you.”

Aiden spared him nothing more than a cold, disinterested glance.

Feeling the icy edge of that look, Vernon let out an awkward chuckle. “With that face? Did you have a fight with Janice?”

Aiden scoffed. “Do you think that’s even possible?” He took a sip of water, the coolness easing some of his frustration.

“Right. You and Janice are practically inseparable. No way you’d...”

“Whenever I’m with her, she’s the one in charge, and I listen to her.”

“What?” Vernon gawked at Aiden in disbelief.

Wait. Was this really the Aiden he knew?

The same ruthless powerhouse who ruled the business world with an iron grip, leaving fear and respect in his wake? And yet, here he stood, looking like a wounded man, waiting—no, craving—a shred of affection.

“Vernon, why do you think Janice won’t accept me?” Aiden’s voice was low, contemplative, as if he were speaking more to himself than to Vernon. “I’d give her everything. And yet, she still won’t let her guard down.”

“Have you ever considered that maybe...” Vernon rubbed the bridge of his nose, subtly signaling the flight attendants to clear the area.

“Maybe what?”

“Maybe it’s not that she doesn’t want to, but that she’s afraid?”

“Afraid?” Aiden frowned, clearly thrown off by the statement.

Vernon exhaled and poured himself a glass of water, as if bracing for the conversation ahead. “Leah told me something once—Janice has always longed for family. She’s worked tirelessly her whole life, driven by that need, shaping her success in pursuit of belonging. Then she became part of the Edwards family. She poured her heart into them for an entire year, only to be left hurt and broken. When even family—something that was supposed to be unconditional—proved so fragile, how could she possibly place blind faith in love?”

Silence settled between them for a while before he gave Aiden’s shoulder a firm pat. “Give her time. I can tell she has feelings for you. That’s why she’s holding back.”

Aiden’s eyes lit up, and just like that, the frustration in his chest melted. “I see now. I know what to do.”

He finished his water and poured a fresh glass—for Janice.

Vernon watched him walk away, a smirk playing at his lips. Who would’ve thought that Aiden would turn to him for love advice? If this got out, the whole world would be in for a shock.

“Janice, here’s some water.” With an easy smile, Aiden extended the glass towards Janice.

She turned to face him, her gaze locking onto his clear, bright eyes. There was something different about him.

“Thanks.” She accepted the glass, then narrowed her eyes at him. “But why do you look different? All you did was get a glass of water.”

“Really? Do I look more handsome?” Aiden joked with a slight smile.

Janice rolled her eyes, unimpressed. “No, just more shameless.”

“If that’s what you like, I can be that too,” Aiden teased, completely unfazed by her jab. His sudden change in mood only deepened Janice’s curiosity. How could fetching a simple glass of water lift his spirits so much?

Chapter 782:

Before she could dwell on it, Aiden leaned in slightly. “Janice, let’s visit my parents sometime. It’s been a while. My mom misses you.”

“Sure.” Janice agreed readily. At that moment, she realized she missed Nina too. It had been too long.

At Efrery Airport, the domestic arrivals terminal buzzed with the usual flow of travelers.

Near the exit, Leah stood with several bodyguards.

Their presence didn’t go unnoticed—curious glances flickered their way, whispers rippling through the passersby. “Who are they waiting for?”

“How should I know? But that woman looks familiar. Wait, that’s Leah Sugden! CEO of Freak Design!”

“Ms. Sugden? She’s a giant in the design world. Even Delgado Jewelry is trying to partner with her!”

As people began to recognize Leah, speculation quickly followed.

If someone as influential as Leah was here personally, then whoever she was waiting for had to be someone even more extraordinary. Who on earth would command such respect?

“Look! Another group is coming!”

The murmurs swelled into hushed excitement as another entourage strode in with equal dominance.

At the center of the formation stood a man with a sharp gaze that seemed to cut through the air. His commanding aura and presence were no less intimidating than Leah’s.

“It’s Colson Navarro from Forest Corp! First, Ms. Sugden, and now Mr. Navarro. Who could be visiting Efrery to deserve such a reception?”

“Surely, only someone like Aiden Green could warrant such a grand welcome.”

The passengers, initially intent on collecting their luggage, found themselves irresistibly drawn to the spectacle, pausing to see who would arrive next.

“Ms. Sugden, you’ve arrived early,” Colson said, approaching Leah with a friendly smile.

Leah glanced his way and smiled back. “If my schedule hadn’t been so packed, I would have personally flown out to escort them here.”

“You and Ms. Edwards seem so close. I’m quite envious.”

“Oh, come on. Women form bonds just as strong as the brotherhood you share with Mr. Green.”

Colson offered a resigned smile, fully aware of his place. While he was Aiden’s trusted assistant, he wasn’t close enough to be considered a buddy. Aiden shared that kind of deep bond only with Braylen, forged through life-and-death situations on distant battlefields.

Had Braylen not been occupied with protecting Stephen, Colson wouldn't have found himself in the role of picking up Aiden.

The arrival hall buzzed with anticipation as a group exited the airplane. The crowd's focus turned to a particularly striking couple stepping through the terminal doors, their charismatic presence unmistakable.

"There's Janice!"

"Oh my gosh, Aiden is with her too!"

"Ahhh! I'm so lucky to see them together! Can I start shipping them in real life?"

Their arrival sparked excitement, especially among fans of Love Lab, where Aiden and Janice's on-screen romance had won many hearts. Though the show was currently on hiatus, it had been incredibly popular and was poised to be the year's standout variety show.

Chapter 783:

"Please, let's make some space!" Leah commanded with a clap. The bodyguards quickly coordinated to clear the way, ensuring a seamless arrival.

Colson immediately took action, instructing his team to form a secure perimeter, ensuring that the eager fans were kept at least ten meters away from Janice and Aiden.

"Janice!" Leah exclaimed as she navigated through the crowd. She brushed past Aiden and embraced Janice warmly. "I've missed you so much."

Janice was amused. "Leah, we're in public. Mind your image. You're the CEO of Freak Design. Aren't you concerned about how this looks? Imagine if someone took a picture."

"I don't care," Leah declared defiantly, tightening her embrace. "Without you, nothing was right. I couldn't eat or sleep; it was just awful. Now that you're here, I feel whole again."

Shaking her head with a smile, Janice accepted Leah's exuberant affection, her amusement evident at Leah's disregard for decorum. Meanwhile, Aiden watched them, a hint of jealousy evident in his expression.

"Mr. Green," Colson greeted, stepping closer with a bow. "It's good to have you back."

Aiden nodded briefly, his attention still partly on the two women. "How is the merger between Green Group and Forest Corp progressing?"

"Smoothly, sir. But a few key projects urgently require your attention."

Aiden frowned slightly. "Let's head back to the office first." Then he walked over to Janice and pulled Leah away.

"Hey, what are you doing?" Leah exclaimed, visibly annoyed at being pulled away.

Before Leah could protest further, Aiden enveloped Janice in a close embrace.

Janice gasped slightly, her cheeks warming as Aiden leaned in to whisper, "We're friends who can kiss, so surely a hug is harmless, right? That's your logic."

Stunned into silence, Janice couldn't argue; he always knew just what to say.

Aiden released Janice quickly. "I need to get back to work. I'll pick you up tomorrow, and we can go have dinner with my parents."

"Okay!"

Aiden turned and left with Colson.

Janice watched Aiden's retreating figure, a slight smile playing on her lips.

"Wow, Janice, are you guys an item now?" Leah asked with wide eyes, unable to hide her surprise. "Just one trip to Cloverhill, and everything's changed between you two. Come on, tell me everything!"

Janice withdrew her gaze, then playfully tapped Leah on the forehead. "Your imagination is running wild, as usual. Nothing is going on between Aiden and me. We're just friends, that's all."

Leah, still rubbing her forehead, looked at her doubtfully. "Okay, if you insist."

"Alright, let's go. The crowd is growing," Janice suggested, noting the bodyguards' increasing struggle to keep the eager fans at bay.

"Yeah, let's head out."

Leah guided Janice to the parking lot, where a sleek red sports car awaited them.

As they pulled away from the curb, familiar sights of the city unfurled before Janice's eyes, sending waves of tranquility through her weary soul.

Home! The word resonated deep within her heart.

Though her travels often took her far, Efrery's roots were entwined with her very being.

Chapter 784:

No matter how distant her journeys or how high her achievements soared, this place would forever be her sanctuary.

"Janice, Glenn knows you're coming back today and is going to cook for you," Leah said cheerfully. "You're in for a treat today."

"I do miss Glenn's cooking," Janice smiled. Despite her own mastery in the kitchen, Glenn's cooking held an irreplaceable magic that no culinary expertise could replicate. "Has the orphanage seen any disturbances lately?"

"Not at all!" Leah assured her. "While Alissa may be rather pampered, she wouldn't go so far as to kill people, would she? I've had someone keeping an eye on the orphanage, and everything's alright." The tension in Janice's shoulders melted away at these words.

Given the profound humiliation Alissa had endured at the orphanage, Janice had feared her wounded pride might fester into thoughts of retribution.

It was precisely this concern that had prompted Janice to enlist Leah's vigilant oversight of the premises. Now, with confirmation of peace, she could finally exhale the worry she'd been holding.

"Oh, before I forget!" Leah interjected. "Prescott specifically asked me to have you call him once I'd collected you."

"Alright." With practiced ease, Janice retrieved her phone and dialed Prescott's number.

"Janice, you're back!" Prescott's exuberant voice burst through the speaker.

"Just touched down. Heading to the orphanage with Leah now."

"Perfect timing. I'll join you there shortly, but there's something pressing I need to discuss with you first."

Janice's eyebrow arched instinctively. Prescott's urgency suggested news of considerable weight.

He proceeded to reveal that in her absence, the Welch family had been thrown into unprecedented chaos.

"What's your take on Orson's motives?" Prescott asked, his voice heavy with gravity.

Janice's eyes narrowed as she recalled her previous exchange with Orson, the pieces falling into place.

His actions were calculated to ignite internal strife within the Welch family.

The elders, originally summoned by Mateo as allies, had become roadblocks on his path to power—a development that surely had him seething with rage.

The three elders, now drunk with newfound authority, would undoubtedly stand against Mateo to safeguard their positions.

To seize complete control of the Welch family, Mateo would need to wrestle power from these elders' iron grip—a battle that promised to be nothing short of explosive.

A weary sigh escaped Janice's lips, heavy with understanding.

Although Orson had caused the downfall of the White family, it had been unintentional. Now, he meant to keep Mateo preoccupied, preventing him from targeting her.

"Where did your thoughts just take you, Janice?"

"Nothing." Janice shook her head as if to physically dispel the cloud of concerns hovering over her. "The chapter in Cloverhill has closed for now. Whatever storm brews within the Welch family is their tempest to weather. Still, we'd be wise to keep our finger on their pulse."

Chapter 785:

"Understood. I'll compile everything we know and meet you at the orphanage." With that, Prescott's line went silent.

"Leah, how's Stephen doing?" Janice asked.

A shadow flitted across Leah's features before she replied carefully, "He's had some close calls lately—several assassination attempts."

Steel crept into Janice's gaze at this revelation.

"But he's unharmed. With Costello standing guard, those would-be assassins might as well be trying to catch smoke."

Her words acted like a balm, easing the tension from Janice's shoulders.

"Even without Costello's vigilance, those assassins would find Stephen an impossible target. There's another force at work, guarding him from the shadows."

"It's Wendy, isn't it?"

"Yes!" Leah's voice took on a granite edge, her brow creasing with concern. "Wendy is no ordinary adversary. While she parades as the lady of the Ramirez family, her true influence runs deeper than anyone suspects. And lately, she's been orchestrating meetings between Stephen and various influential women..." Her words trailed off as she cast a cautious glance at Janice.

The temperature in the car seemed to drop several degrees under Janice's frost-laden stare. "Go on," she demanded.

"Don't worry, Janice. These meetings have been strictly business affairs—just drinks and conversation. Nothing untoward has occurred," Leah hastened to clarify.

Though Janice's brow furrowed, she wasn't shocked by this revelation. It aligned perfectly with Wendy's pattern of behavior.

Wendy's attachment to Stephen had long since crossed the line from protection into possession. She viewed him as her personal treasure, jealously guarding him from anyone who might leave even the faintest mark on his reputation.

It was crystal clear that these women held significant value in Wendy's grand scheme, or she would never risk deploying Stephen's natural charisma so strategically.

Now that she was back, Janice was determined to resolve the issue with Wendy once and for all.

She would extract Stephen from this web of manipulation, no matter the cost.

At the orphanage, the children's laughter echoed through the premises, creating a cozy atmosphere.

Despite the dilapidated state of the place, the children didn't mind. For them, a hot meal, a sturdy roof, and clothes were blessings beyond measure.

More than anything, they had a kindhearted director and staff who truly cared.

"Janice!" Freddy was the first to spot Janice. His eyes lit up, and he dashed forward like an eager puppy.

"Freddy, it's been a while!" Janice crouched to ruffle his hair, smiling. "You look taller!"

But instead of grinning, Freddy's face scrunched into a pout. "Janice, can you stop me from growing up?"

"Huh?" Janice blinked, caught off guard.

"They say kids who get too big don't get adopted. I don't want to grow."

Janice's heart clenched. She pulled Freddy into a gentle hug. "Freddy, growing up is something no one can stop. But what really matters is living each day with joy and strength. Even if adoption doesn't happen, you can still carve out your own future and stand tall in this world."

Chapter 786:

"I don't want to be strong. I just want a family. A mom to hold me, a dad to look after me, my own room where I belong..." Freddy's innocent plea hit Janice like a stone to the chest.

She understood—too well. Once upon a time, she had clung to the same dream.

But when she finally made something of herself, she realized childhood dreams had a cruel way of slipping through her fingers.

"Freddy, come here!" Gerda approached. "Don't pester Janice—she just got back."

She reached out to pull Freddy away, but he turned and ran off in the other direction, eyes red. Gerda sighed, shaking her head. "Sorry about that, Janice. He has been all over the place lately."

"I get it." Janice gave her a reassuring smile. "Freddy is sensitive right now, and little things probably feel ten times bigger to him."

"I know." Gerda's shoulders sagged. "Three families came by recently. Freddy wasn't picked. He has been dreaming of a home for so long, and the older he gets, the harder it is. It is eating him up inside."

Gerda didn't need to say more—Janice already knew the story all too well.

"I'll ask Leah to keep an eye out. Maybe we can find the right family for him."

"That's too much to put on you," Gerda said, guilt flickering in her eyes.

"You've been gone so long, and now you're still worrying about this place."

Janice gave a gentle smile, looking at the worn yet warm place. "No matter how long I'm away, this is always my home. And the kids here? They're family."

"Janice! Glenn wants to see you," Leah called from the house.

Janice gave Gerda a small nod before heading inside.

At that moment, Glenn was busy in the kitchen, meticulously preparing ingredients. He wore a pink apron adorned with colorful stickers—each one a tiny token of the children’s affection. Though his figure was slightly hunched with age, there was an undeniable warmth about him that made him seem larger than life. Watching his back, Janice felt a sudden pang of sorrow.

So many years had passed, yet this elderly man remained a steadfast presence, someone who felt like both a father and a grandfather to her. A quiet fear crept into her heart—what if one day, he was no longer there?

She was a gifted surgeon, skilled in mending wounds and treating ailments, but even with all her expertise, she could not outrun the natural order of life.

She could heal, but she could not perform miracles.

“Is that you, Janice?” Glenn’s voice broke through her thoughts as if he could sense her gaze. “Come lend me a hand.”

“Coming!” Janice quickly composed herself, inhaling deeply before plastering on a bright smile.

The uncertainty of the future only made the present all the more precious, didn’t it?

“Glenn, what’s on the menu today? Any chance of braised shrimp? It’s been ages since I had some.”

“Ha! Would you believe it? That’s exactly what I had in mind.”

While Janice’s world was steeped in warmth, over at Aiden’s company, the air was thick with tension.

Aiden sat at the head of the conference table, a document clutched in his hand. His sharp gaze swept across the pages, growing colder with each passing second. The room was deathly silent, every executive present holding their breath as if even the slightest sound might set him off.

“How did something this critical slip through the cracks?” Aiden snapped.

Chapter 787:

The document hit the table with a loud smack. His piercing gaze flickered over the group, each glance like a blade cutting through the silence.

“Mr. Green, we only just found out...” one of the employees stammered, barely able to meet his eyes.

“I’ll handle this.” Colson stepped forward, signaling the others to retreat.

They weren’t built to withstand Aiden’s sheer intensity. A single look from him had them fumbling for words, their confidence crumbling under the weight of his scrutiny.

“Explain to me how, of all companies, Edwards Group ended up as the contractor for the west suburb development project.”

Aiden leaned back, arms crossed, his expression unreadable—except for the icy glint in his eyes that sent a shiver down Colson’s spine.

“Mr. Green, the contractor for the west suburb project was initially Greg’s company. However, Greg unexpectedly passed the project to Edwards Group,” Colson explained.

Aiden listened intently, his expression thoughtful. He knew Greg as a petty, profit-driven opportunist. It was out of character for him to give up such a profitable project.

Greg had once vied with the previous Edwards Group for a development project. Janice ultimately awarded it to Greg, who had then ridiculed Connor for his loss.

The more Aiden mulled it over, the more unlikely it appeared. It was unlike Greg to give up a project without a struggle.

“Is there more to this?” Aiden looked at Colson with a hint of doubt. “If this is the extent of your knowledge, perhaps you should reconsider your position as vice president of Forest Corp.”

Colson felt a chill. The pressure from Aiden was immense, and being scrutinized further only heightened his stress.

Colson longed for the days when Janice was still with Aiden. Only her presence could soften Aiden’s harsh, aggressive nature into something gentler.

“Mr. Green, Greg didn’t simply pass the project to Edwards Group. There’s more to it,” Colson said, his voice growing tense. “Edwards Group used a shell company to cover their tracks. If it weren’t for Lowell’s signature, we wouldn’t have even realized the project had fallen into Edwards Group’s hands.”

Aiden remained silent, his eyes half-narrowed, radiating a chilling coldness.

Colson quickly added, “I’ll investigate further right away and ensure you receive a thorough report.”

“Begin with Greg. Look into his associates and his connections,” Aiden said, giving Colson a clear directive as he prepared to leave.

“Thank you, Mr. Green.” Colson expressed his thanks and quickly left the room, almost running.

Aiden massaged the bridge of his nose, a headache brewing. He hadn’t anticipated dealing with such a significant problem just after his return.

Edwards Group, once teetering on the edge of bankruptcy, now appeared to be resurging post-restructuring, clearly with someone influential supporting them.

His thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door.

Aiden was jolted back to reality, his thoughts interrupted. Had Colson returned so quickly with the news?

“Come in!”

Chapter 788:

As the door opened, a woman stepped inside.

“Aiden!” It was Nina, walking in with a bright, warm smile. “You’re back and you didn’t even tell us. Don’t you remember you have a mother?”

Aiden was taken aback to see Nina in his office. A reluctant smile appeared on his face. “Mom, there’s been a mountain of work waiting for me. If I don’t handle it right away, the company will descend into chaos.”

“Alright, alright, I get it,” Nina said, rolling her eyes playfully as she took a seat on the nearby sofa.

She was dressed in an elegant, flowing white dress today, exuding grace.

“I just stopped by to make sure you’ve been taking care of yourself.” Nina then narrowed her eyes and examined Aiden closely. “Wait, have you lost weight? Haven’t you been eating properly?”

Aiden hesitated for a moment, his mind flashing back to the injury he had sustained from a gunshot. A flicker of guilt passed through him. He had to keep that incident from Nina; knowing it would only make her worry.

“I was just trying to follow your advice.”

“Huh?” Nina looked puzzled, staring at Aiden. “What advice?”

Aiden stood up and moved to sit next to Nina, then he adopted a troubled expression. "You once advised me to win Janice back. So, while I was away, I made sure she ate well by giving her all the good food."

"Really?" Nina's face lit up. "If that's true, then I'd say you're not doing enough. You should lose a few more pounds to ensure Janice gets all the good food."

Aiden was at a loss for words. What a mother he had! It seemed her future daughter-in-law was more important to her than her own son.

"Why haven't you brought Janice back to dine with me?" Nina frowned, her tone becoming stern. "I miss her."

"Don't worry. We've planned to visit you tomorrow," Aiden assured her.

Nina's demeanor instantly brightened upon hearing this. A beaming smile spread across her face. "That's my good son! Well done. Now, I'll head home and prepare some health supplements to properly nourish Janice."

"Mom, your son could use some nourishment too," Aiden said with resignation, looking at Nina.

But Nina just waved him off. "Nonsense! You're a man. You're strong and robust. Losing a bit of weight won't hurt you. What's there to nourish?"

Aiden found himself speechless once more.

Despite her playful jabs, Nina's deep care for her son was evident. "Aiden, you seemed troubled earlier. Is there something wrong with the company?"

"Nothing serious," Aiden said dismissively. However, catching Nina's intense stare, he decided to tell the truth. "There's actually been a minor setback with the western suburb project."

"The western suburb project?" Nina frowned in confusion. "Others may find that project important, but to us, it's merely a minor detail. What is there to worry about?"

"Edwards Group is the contractor handling that."

As soon as Nina heard the mention of "Edwards Group," her expression changed. "That Edwards Group?" Aiden confirmed with a nod.

"This is serious, then." Nina's tone grew harsh, her annoyance apparent. "They've been bankrupt and restructured. What right do they have to take on such a project?"

Chapter 789:

As he offered Nina a glass of water, Aiden explained further. "Colson mentioned that Greg inexplicably passed the project to Lowell." Nina was just about to drink when she paused, taken aback by the news.

Aiden, observing her reaction, sensed there was more to the story. "Mom, is there something you're not telling me?"

Nina drank thoughtfully, then looked up with a calculating eye. "It appears Wendy has a hand in this."

"Wendy?" Aiden's eyes sparked with intensity. "I want to know everything, Mom."

Nina looked at Aiden and let out a weary sigh. "While you were away in Cloverhill, Wendy has been busy. She's been hosting exclusive gatherings, mingling with rich ladies. Initially, I dismissed it as her simply being bored and attempting to ascend the social ranks. However, when I heard about Leonie transferring some of her shares to Wendy, I sensed something was off."

Aiden's face grew stern. Leonie, as the Ramirez family's hostess, certainly owned substantial shares in their businesses. Why then would she transfer them to Wendy? This would only worsen the situation for the Ramirez family.

The decision to transfer those shares to Wendy must have been driven by deceit or manipulation; otherwise, Leonie wouldn't have made such an unwise choice.

“I’m not sure what methods Wendy used to convince Leonie to do this, but it looks like she’s now aiming to manipulate all the rich ladies in Efrery.”

“And what does this have to do with Edwards Group and the project?” Nina looked at Aiden, her voice carrying a serious note.

“Wendy has been seen in the company of Greg’s wife, Lola Dury. As far as I’m aware, Lola has recently been developing a close relationship with Wendy. Initially, I didn’t give it much thought. However, considering what you’ve just told me, I now suspect there’s something deeper going on.”

It was highly unusual for someone like Lola, who wasn’t part of the elite, to suddenly form such a close bond with Wendy.

Aiden paused to think for a moment, then walked back to his desk and pressed the intercom button. “Colson, I need you to look into Wendy Chadwick and Lola Dury. They might be linked to the western suburb project fiasco.”

Colson acknowledged and set out to investigate. If his suspicions were correct, it wouldn’t be long before the truth surfaced.

“Aiden, you appear to be quite occupied, so I’ll let you get back to your work,” Nina said, rising from her seat. She was already thinking about what to cook for Janice tomorrow and what supplements to buy. Wait, it wasn’t just food she needed to think about; she also had to consider clothing and accessories.

There was a mountain of tasks ahead. She couldn’t manage them all by herself. It was time to bring Sierra in to assist.

Aiden noticed the gleam of excitement in Nina’s eyes and realized she was already figuring out ways to pamper Janice. Although he felt somewhat overlooked by his mother, he was comforted by her generosity towards Janice.

The bond between a mother-in-law and daughter-in-law typically harbored tension, a usual trigger for discord in conventional families. Fortunately, it appeared he wouldn't have to concern himself with such issues.

Just then, a knock came at the door.

"Come in!"

This time around, it was Colson who came back.

"Mr. Green, I've pursued the leads as you instructed, and I've uncovered something noteworthy." Colson's tone carried an edge of enthusiasm. "It appears Wendy and Lola have not only been meeting regularly but also arranged for Stephen to keep Lola company."

Chapter 790:

Aiden's eyebrow lifted, a brief flash of coldness in his eyes before it quickly faded away.

Taken aback by the brief yet intense coldness in Aiden's eyes, Colson paused, unsure whether to proceed.

"Continue, please."

"Right away, sir." Colson inhaled deeply, then continued, "It turns out Lola convinced Greg to hand off the western suburb project to Edwards Group. We're still digging into what was exchanged for this favor. However, it's clear that Wendy is backing Lowell financially."

Aiden's expression darkened slightly; his fingers tapped a subtle rhythm on the desk. His gaze was sharp and calculating.

It was becoming evident that Wendy had a hand in maneuvering Edwards Group through bankruptcy and restructuring, manipulating events from the shadows for her own ends.

However, what could be driving Wendy to invest so heavily in supporting Edwards Group?

“Colson, why do you think Wendy is so intent on supporting Edwards Group?” Aiden asked casually, his tone laced with a hint of intrigue.

Colson paused, taken aback by the sudden question. After a brief reflection, he answered, “She aims to turn Edwards Group into her puppet.”

Aiden nodded thoughtfully. Given Wendy’s capabilities, she could easily build her own business empire, potentially surpassing even the Chadwick family’s.

However, she had chosen a different path. Instead of establishing her own empire, she had nurtured relationships with those rich ladies and thrown her support behind the recently bankrupted and restructured Edwards Group.

Her ambitions were clear—she aimed to be the covert force behind Efrery’s elite.

The rich ladies, often holding significant sway within their families, were more malleable than their husbands, with Greg being a prime example.

To outsiders, Edwards Group seemed merely to be clawing its way back from financial ruin. However, once it recovered, it would likely be too late for any opposition.

“Wendy is truly remarkable,” Aiden commented, a subtle, enigmatic smile on his face.

Working from the shadows, Wendy avoided direct conflicts, strategically pulling the strings from behind the scenes.

“Mr. Green, should we take action?” Colson inquired cautiously.

“There’s no need,” Aiden responded with calm assurance. “Just keep an eye on Edwards Group. If they ever pose a threat to our interests, we’ll handle it then.”

“Understood.”

Aiden’s smile turned cold, his curiosity piqued. He was eager to see just how far Wendy would go.

“Colson, bring me the layout plans for the west suburb project. I need to make some adjustments.”

At the orphanage, Janice and Glenn had prepared a feast that filled the table to the brim.

Each dish was a work of art, vibrant with color, rich in aroma, and bursting with flavor. The enticing scents drifted outside, drawing eager, hungry looks from the children as their excitement built.

Gerda was amused, resorting to her secret weapon—distributing small snacks to calm the eager little ones.