

Wrath 871

Chapter 871:

“Ms. Welch, are you sure this is permissible?” Minnie expressed her concern. “Christie is indeed renowned for her knowledge of JE’s work, but isn’t there a risk she could have been influenced to sway her testimony?”

“I find that suggestion quite insulting,” Christie responded, her tone steady and her gaze unwavering. “I stake my reputation on my integrity. I will assess each design with utmost fairness and without bias. I have never, and would never, compromise the truth.”

Christie’s firm assertion greatly influenced the audience, affirming her credibility.

A person of her prominence would not risk her professional standing carelessly. Her achievements were a testament to her seriousness about her reputation.

Additionally, Christie was well-established and had no incentive to tarnish her good name for monetary gain.

Upon noticing Christie, Janice’s expression tightened, a look of surprise evident.

Alissa saw Janice’s slight grimace and felt a wave of vindication. Leonidas’ information had been accurate—Janice had indeed capitalized on JE’s work for her contest victory. This confirmation emboldened Alissa to confront her.

It turned out that JE’s work was Janice’s ace up her sleeve.

Alissa smirked, believing Janice had not expected her to set up such a trap.

As JE’s close friend, Christie was bound to react strongly to any misuse of her friend’s work.

“Christie, would you mind examining this design to confirm if it truly is JE’s original?” Alissa eagerly anticipated Janice’s plea for forgiveness after the verdict.

“Absolutely.” Christie nodded, her gaze landing on the first design displayed on the screen.

Her expression shifted to unmistakable irritation, her features tightening in displeasure.

The audience picked up on her disapproving look, sensing unease about the design’s authenticity.

“This piece is certainly JE’s creation,” Christie said coldly, her face grim.

“Who on earth had the audacity to plagiarize JE’s work?”

“It was her!” Alissa, pointing emphatically at Janice, channeled all her recent grievances into her accusation. “This woman resorted to copying JE’s work to claim victory in the contest.”

Christie’s brow furrowed, her intense stare locking onto Janice, tinged with bewilderment.

Something about Janice seemed familiar to her, but she couldn’t pinpoint what it was.

“Janice, how do you defend yourself now? You’ve stooped to shameful levels by plagiarizing JE’s work to secure a win. I demand a public apology from you, and you must face strict repercussions to address this scandal and pacify public uproar!”

Alissa’s assertive call incited the crowd, sparking their indignation. Someone from the crowd asked, “Janice, how could you stoop so low just to win?”

“Did Janice harm JE? Did she steal JE’s work after harming her?” As the tension mounted, Kenneth became visibly worried. “Let’s not rush to judgment, everyone. Please, let’s hear Janice out.”

Turning towards Janice with concern in his gaze, he asked, “Janice, could you clarify what’s happening for everyone?”

“Clarification is needed? The design is mine,” Janice responded with a dismissive shrug.

Chapter 872:

“Back off. You know nothing!” Aiden cut in, pulling Kenneth back with a stern grip. “Stop interfering.”

“Aiden, do you not see the trouble Janice is in? Without a clear defense—”

“She won’t need one.” Aiden’s smirk was chilling. “Just wait. The show’s just beginning.”

Kenneth looked at Aiden, puzzled. He respected Aiden’s judgment, knowing he wasn’t one for empty talk. Was there possibly a twist yet to come?

Minnie’s expression showed her concern as she addressed Janice. “You say the design is yours, yet Christie identifies it as JE’s. What’s your explanation?”

“How can she explain?” Alissa couldn’t hide her skepticism. “Unless she’s JE herself, she’s clearly just plagiarizing.”

Janice retorted, “Who says I’m not?”

“What did you just say?” Alissa froze for a moment, then gasped.

“You’re claiming to be JE? Are you serious?”

“I intended to remain undercover, but it seems the time for secrets is over. Yes, I am JE!” Janice smirked, emphasizing each word. “The very person you accused of harming JE!”

The room fell deathly silent after her declaration. A wave of shock and disbelief washed over everyone present.

Alissa responded with hysterical laughter. "Oh, Janice, have you lost your senses? To avoid plagiarism charges, you're fabricating this absurd story that you're JE? Do you really think claiming JE is dead will stop anyone from exposing your lie?"

She then looked toward Christie. "Christie, you know JE well. Is she really her?"

Christie furrowed her brow, observing Janice intently before responding. "I've indeed been close with JE, who always wore a mask, so I've never seen her actual face. I can't say for certain. What I do know is that it's been a long time since JE last reached out to me. Could it be that something has happened to her?"

"Listen to that!" Alissa scoffed. "Christie even suggests something might have happened to JE, proving you couldn't possibly be her."

"I have evidence." At that moment, Lowell stepped forward, his face a mix of emotions as he looked at Janice. "It's true. She is JE."

A collective gasp swept through the crowd, all eyes turning to Lowell in astonishment.

"Isn't that Lowell Edwards? He used to be Janice's brother!"

"Unbelievable! Lowell himself is confirming that Janice is JE?" The revelation seemed to stir further confusion in the room. Could the enigmatic JE, never seen publicly before, actually be standing here among them?

"That's bullshit!" Alissa shot a fierce look at Lowell. "You're her brother; naturally, you'd cover for her."

"Brother?" Lowell offered a wry smile. "I might wish that were still true, but after everything, the Edwards family no longer deserves to be associated with her. Does anyone remember the live stream where we publicly disowned Janice?"

The assembly acknowledged the claim, as many had either witnessed or heard about the live stream incident.

Lowell continued, "After the broadcast was cut, we discovered Janice's real identity—she's JE, a towering figure in the design industry. We were all bound by a pledge of silence, so no one disclosed the truth." Lowell looked towards Janice. "Now that Janice has revealed her own identity, there's no need for my silence. Indeed, Janice is JE. How I wish I had valued her more back then." His tone was heavy with regret and bitterness.

Chapter 873:

The audience could sense the remorse in his voice. It dawned on them the significant loss the Edwards family had incurred by distancing themselves from Janice. With even a fraction of her influence, they might have risen to rival the esteemed Green family.

Regrettably, the past was immutable.

Janice glanced at Lowell, somewhat surprised by his public support, yet she harbored no empathy for him.

"No, this can't be true!" Alissa disagreed vehemently, her eyes burning with intensity. Despite Lowell's impactful revelation, she clung desperately to her skepticism. "She isn't JE! That's impossible."

"I know another way to resolve this," Christie spoke up, immediately rekindling hope in Alissa.

"Christie, what do you propose?" Alissa asked urgently.

"I possess JE's personal contact. A phone call to her should clarify everything."

"Do it now, please!" Alissa implored.

Christie nodded affirmatively, retrieved her phone, and dialed the number, setting it to speakerphone.

An anticipative hush fell over the crowd; everyone seemed to hold their breath, not wanting to disturb the important moment.

The distinctive ringtone echoed through the room.

Everyone's eyes followed the sound, all turning to Janice.

With a slight curl of her lips and a glance at Alissa's despairing expression, Janice reached for her phone and answered. "Hello, Christie, it's been a while."

Her voice, cool and familiar, resonated simultaneously through Christie's speaker and from Janice, definitively linking the two voices and crushing any remaining doubts Alissa had.

"This can't be happening!" Alissa cried out. Her eyes grew wide with shock, panic flickering within them. The truth hit her like a lightning bolt. "Janice, how could you be JE?"

Alissa's mind spun. How could the very woman she had dismissed as insignificant, someone she thought she could crush without consequence, turn out to be the legendary JE? Even her father, with all his influence, would have no choice but to bow in respect before JE.

"JE? Is that really you?" Christie's face lit up with uncontainable joy as she gazed at Janice. "I never imagined you'd be this breathtaking! You should never have hidden such beauty—it's a gift from the heavens!"

Janice's lips curled into a serene smile. "I hid behind a mask to avoid unwanted attention. But clearly, even concealed, trouble finds its way to me. So today, I choose to step into the light."

"Oh, my heavens! JE, this is the best decision you could have made. Now the world can finally admire your beauty!" Christie clasped her hands together, practically vibrating with excitement.

To her, a woman of Janice's caliber—both stunning and formidable—deserved nothing but admiration.

The entire room fell into stunned silence.

They had always assumed Janice's confidence stemmed from Aiden's support or her ties to Leah. They had never realized that she was a force to be reckoned with on her own.

The elusive JE—the mastermind behind the JE Consortium—was someone most could only dream of meeting. Countless people had spent fortunes and gone to great lengths just to catch a glimpse of her, yet none had ever succeeded.

Chapter 874:

And now, here she was, revealing herself before them all. She was Janice, the outcast from the Edwards family.

Kenneth's eyes wavered between disbelief and confusion as he stared at Janice. Learning that she was the mastermind behind the JE Consortium—a force far greater than the Delgado family—left him utterly shaken. The distance between them now felt immeasurable.

An unbridgeable chasm had formed between them. Kenneth had foolishly believed that with enough sincerity and persistence, he could win Janice over. But now, no matter how much he wished or tried, Janice was beyond him—a world he could never hope to enter.

Kenneth turned his gaze to Aiden, only to find him completely unfazed, as if he had known the truth all along. In that moment, Kenneth finally understood what Aiden had meant.

He had never truly known Janice, while Aiden knew everything. There was an insurmountable divide between them.

"JE, it's been quite some time since we last spoke. When shall we meet to discuss the latest trends in design?" Christie asked.

"No hurry, Christie," Janice smiled before shifting her gaze to Alissa. "First, there's a debt that needs to be settled."

“No! This can’t be true!” Alissa jolted back to reality, shaking her head in fierce denial. “There’s no way you’re JE! This has to be a setup. You must’ve gotten Christie’s number from Leah!”

“Ms. Welch, take a good look.” Christie’s expression hardened as she held up her phone. “This is JE’s personal number. Are you claiming Leah gave it to her?”

“This is a fraud! A complete lie!”

Without warning, Janice stepped forward and slapped Alissa across the face.

“How dare you!”

“Feeling more awake now, Alissa? If not, I’d be happy to assist further.” Janice’s piercing gaze and unshakable presence sent a cold shiver down Alissa’s spine.

She had once thought Janice’s confidence was misplaced, but now, faced with the truth, she realized Janice had always held real power.

“Ms. Welch, a bet is a bet. It’s time to honor your word.” Minnie stepped forward, her gaze icy.

Alissa’s eyes darted between Janice and Minnie. Their sheer dominance suffocated her.

“What bet? I have no idea what you mean!”

“Are you backing out now?” Janice shook her head, amusement flickering in her eyes. “With so many witnesses, playing dumb won’t save you now.”

“Ms. Welch, time to pay up!”

“Prestigious family? More like a pack of spineless cowards.”

“She’s shameless enough not to care about reputation anyway.”

The crowd’s sneers drained the color from Alissa’s face, leaving her trembling.

“Shut up! Every single one of you, shut up!”

Alissa suddenly turned to Liliana. “Liliana, this is all your fault! How could you lose? You lost the competition—you should be the one paying the price!”

Liliana’s demeanor was icy, her voice calm but cutting. “You orchestrated the contest between JE and me, and you personally set the stakes. Why should I be held accountable for the loss?”

Chapter 875:

Alissa let out a strangled cry, her face flushed with a mix of rage and shame. The polished facade of a wealthy heiress had shattered, leaving behind a woman unraveling under the weight of her defeat. “I am a Welch. If you think you can force me into this, you’ll regret crossing my family.”

Janice, her patience exhausted, turned to Minnie with a look of quiet exasperation. “Miss Payne, as the arbiter of this competition, what do you suggest we do now that Alissa refuses to honor the agreement?”

“Leave it to me. I’ll ensure this matter is resolved fairly.” Minnie offered a faint smile before turning to Alissa, her expression hardening into one of cold determination. “Do you truly believe throwing a fit will absolve you of your obligations, Alissa Welch? I had the title transfer agreement drafted before the competition even began.” With a sharp gesture, she signaled a bodyguard, who promptly stepped forward and handed Alissa the document.

Alissa’s eyes widened in shock, her pupils contracting as they fell on the document. “Minnie, how could you?”

“You were the one who agreed to the terms of the bet. I took the necessary precautions to ensure you wouldn’t back out,” Minnie held up the transfer agreement, her lips curving into a faint, knowing smile. “This document was prepared in your name and carries your father’s signature.”

“What?” Alissa’s mind raced, recalling the call she had made to Mateo earlier, seeking his approval to proceed with the competition. She had never imagined Minnie would exploit that opportunity to orchestrate such a maneuver in her name. Her father, confident in her inevitable victory, had signed the agreement without hesitation. But now, faced with the bitter taste of defeat, the reality of her miscalculation hit her like a tidal wave.

“Hand that over!” Alissa lunged forward, her desperation palpable, but a sharp kick to her knee sent her collapsing to the floor.

Minnie, unperturbed, passed the agreement to Janice. “Janice, all that’s left is for you to sign. Once you do, the Welch family’s residence in the heart of Cloverhill will be yours.”

Janice took the agreement, her eyes skimming the contents before a subtle smirk crossed her face. Minnie’s meticulous preparation left no room for error, and the unmistakable signature of Mateo, likely unaware of the trouble Alissa had stirred, stood out prominently on the page.

“Don’t sign it!” Alissa’s voice cut through the air, sharp and frantic. “Janice, if you go through with this, the Welch family will make your life a living hell.”

Janice looked at Alissa with a dismissive smirk. “The threat of retaliation from the Welch family holds no sway over me, because I won’t spare them.”

She accepted the pen Minnie handed her and signed her name in bold, decisive strokes.

“Congratulations. The house is yours now,” Minnie said with a smile.

Alissa crumpled to the floor, her face ashen, her voice barely a whisper. “It’s over. Everything’s ruined.”

She had boldly promised her father an easy victory, but the outcome had turned her assurances into a humiliating defeat. Beyond her father's inevitable fury, her brothers would undoubtedly seize the chance to make her pay for her recklessness.

"Apologize now!" Minnie loomed over Alissa with a stern expression. "Or you won't leave this room unscathed."

Alissa sneered, raising her eyes to look at Minnie and Janice. "I will remember today's humiliation. One day, I will make sure you pay for this a hundredfold."

Janice crouched down, her fingers gripping Alissa's chin with unyielding firmness. "Big words mean nothing without the power to back them up. What can a spoiled, reckless heiress like you possibly do?"

Chapter 876:

"You—"

"You have one minute," Janice said, her tone calm but cutting. "Apologize, or I'll break both your hands and throw you out myself." The cold, unflinching threat sent a chill through Alissa. She knew, without a doubt, that Janice was not bluffing.

"I'm sorry! I was wrong. Please forgive my earlier behavior." Alissa's voice quivered, barely above a whisper.

"Speak up; I need to hear you clearly."

"Please accept my apology! I regret my actions; forgive my earlier disrespect!" Alissa projected her voice, ensuring everyone present could hear.

The gathered onlookers were captivated by the scene, watching as the once imperious heiress of the Welch family was now compelled to apologize publicly.

If the head of the Welch family knew about this, he would surely be furious, and might even consider disowning this rebellious daughter. The reputation of the century-old Welch family had been tarnished by Alissa's actions.

"Your apology was loud and clear," Janice remarked, her voice dripping with irony. "Today will certainly be etched in our memories."

Alissa's face twisted with bitterness, her eyes smoldering with defiance. "Remember this day well. I will not let this humiliation stand unchallenged."

Unperturbed by Alissa's threats, Janice responded with a dismissive shrug.

It wouldn't be long before she made the entire Welch family pay dearly for their past mistakes. Today was just the beginning.

"Alright, everyone. Let's continue with the banquet." Bain stood tall, shoulders squared as he tried to smooth things over. "As I mentioned earlier, we will be giving away a few prized collectibles as a gesture of goodwill for today. Now, it's time for our raffle draw."

Bain was deliberately stalling. Recognizing his transparent tactics, Janice couldn't help but smirk internally.

"Mr. Mendoza, I have other pressing matters to attend to, so I must decline participation in your raffle." Bain's expression froze, his smile becoming brittle around the edges. "Then I won't keep you any longer."

"Oh?" Janice's gaze turned cold, her presence so chilling that Bain visibly shivered. "It seems your memory fails you at the most inconvenient time. Shall I provide a necessary reminder?"

The color drained from Bain's face. He knew exactly what Janice meant. He had hoped to sidestep the issue using Alissa's incident, but now Janice had explicitly stated it. If he didn't make his stance clear... He glanced at Aiden, whose eyes gleamed with silent menace. He had to act now.

Alissa's fate earlier loomed in his mind—a stark warning.

"Ahem!" Bain cleared his throat, his voice carrying the weight of inevitable surrender. "I have an announcement of significance to make."

"Mr. Mendoza, aside from the raffle, are you blessing us with more good news?"

"Man, mind your tongue!" another voice cut through sharply. "One Mendoza just perished, and you make light of the situation?"

Bain's face darkened at these remarks. He loathed these vultures for circling around his most vulnerable moments. The humiliation stung sharply.

Yet, under Janice's and Aiden's piercing gazes, he mustered what courage remained and declared with reluctant finality, "I hereby announce that, from this day forward, the Mendoza family will form an alliance with Janice."

Chapter 877:

His proclamation sent shockwaves through the assembled guests.

"Isn't the Mendoza family a vassal of the Payne family? How can they ally with Janice? Even with Janice being JE, isn't this a brazen affront to the Payne family?"

"This gathering grows more fascinating by the minute."

"Look at Miss Payne! She must be furious."

The crowd hummed with thinly veiled delight, eagerly anticipating Bain's inevitable downfall.

Bain stood drenched in sweat. He understood the dangerous implications of his declaration, but for the preservation of the Mendoza family, he had taken this necessary gamble.

“Miss Payne, our family is merely establishing roots here, and for future prosperity, we indeed require a local ally. But rest assured, our friendship with the Payne family remains unaltered.”

Minnie’s lips curled into a contemptuous sneer.

“Mr. Mendoza, your greed will be your downfall. You’re dancing on the edge of a blade.”

“Miss Payne, for the family’s safety, we relinquished our holdings in Cloverhill and surrendered half our assets to the Payne family without compensation. We seek a new alliance merely to ensure our continued stability.”

Minnie turned to Janice.

“Are you certain you wish to align yourself with such a fickle family?”

Janice remained unruffled by the provocation. She settled gracefully into her seat, casting a playful look towards Bain.

“Ally with me? Do you think you’re worthy?”

Bain’s heart quivered beneath his ribs as he caught the unmistakable glint of steel behind Janice’s practiced smile.

Aiden lounged nearby, seemingly absorbed in his phone. Yet his casual posture belied a readiness—poised to dispatch a message that could dismantle the Mendoza family should Bain dare misstep.

The onlookers, sharp as hawks, discerned from Janice’s calculated words that this situation ran far deeper than Bain had revealed.

Janice offered nothing further, but her glacial stare pierced Bain to his core. Though she appeared at ease, the pressure emanating from her slight frame was suffocating.

“My patience is running out,” she murmured.

Bain drew a steadying breath, a flash of desperate resolve igniting behind his eyes.

“Everyone, what I stated earlier wasn’t entirely accurate. From now on, the Mendoza family will be at Ms. Edwards’ beck and call.”

An uproar instantly erupted throughout the room. People stared at Bain in stunned disbelief, mouths agape and eyes widened.

Bain’s revised declaration stood worlds apart from his previous announcement. The earlier statement suggested a partnership of equals, while this new proclamation revealed complete servitude.

The Mendoza family had maintained at least some dignity as subordinates to the Payne family in Cloverhill. But now, they had willingly surrendered themselves as Janice’s servants—a truly shocking development that sent ripples through the gathered crowd.

Chapter 878:

Even Minnie appeared genuinely puzzled, struggling to comprehend why the Mendoza family would voluntarily submit to Janice’s authority.

Was it because Janice was JE?

No, that couldn’t be the reason.

Bain seemed unaware that Janice was JE, which meant she had forced the Mendoza family into submission through her own formidable influence.

Kenneth watched Janice with mounting frustration burning behind his eyes.

Janice seemed to drift further beyond his grasp with each passing moment, unreachable no matter how desperately he reached for her.

Meanwhile, Aiden's gaze remained steady and affectionate as he observed Janice. Despite possessing immense power of his own, he ensured this moment belonged to her alone. He wanted her to command the spotlight completely.

Kenneth shook his head in bitter self-mockery. With such an insurmountable gap between them, what chance did he stand against Aiden?

"Janice, congratulations."

Minnie's words dripped with venom, each syllable designed to leave Bain drowning in humiliation.

Yet Janice remained unfazed.

"You won't hold it against me for claiming servants from your family, will you?"

Minnie shot Bain a dismissive look. "They're just servants—nothing worth fussing over. If giving them up secures your friendship, then I consider it a fair trade."

Janice arched a brow, her impression of Minnie improving. Despite having her ally taken away, Minnie remained remarkably calm. She was indeed a woman of exceptional poise. Next to her, Alissa seemed utterly insignificant.

"Minnie, we are friends now. If you ever need anything, just ask."

"Actually, there is something I could use your help with."

Janice raised an eyebrow. So this was what Minnie had been waiting for. "I'm listening."

“Janice, you have many connections. Do you happen to know MO’s whereabouts?” Minnie asked.

Janice blinked. “Don’t tell me someone in your family is deathly ill, and you’re hoping MO can work a miracle?”

“Yes!” Minnie nodded, a hint of sorrow clouding her features. “It’s about my brother’s legs. The finest medical experts have examined him, and every single one of them has declared his condition hopeless. But I refuse to accept that. I believe that if MO intervenes, he will have a chance to stand on his own again.”

Janice considered whether to intervene. The Payne and Welch families had been bitter rivals, entangled in a deep-rooted feud. This, however, might just be her chance to establish an alliance with the Payne family. After all, their enemies were one and the same. Besides, Minnie was one of the few people she admired.

“Alright, give me your brother’s address. I’ll have MO pay a visit personally.”

Minnie’s eyes sparkled with shock and excitement. “Are you serious?”

“Do I seem like the type to joke?” Janice smirked. “Just wait for the good news.”

“Janice, from today onward, you have my friendship. If you ever run into trouble in Cloverhill, just call me.”

Everyone there grasped the significance of Minnie’s words, but none more than Bain, who had once served under the Payne family. He understood better than anyone the true value of Minnie’s pledge.

Chapter 879:

Earning the Payne family’s friendship was like gaining an open path in Cloverhill—one free of obstacles or resistance. Even the most influential families would be forced to step aside at the mere mention of the Payne name.

The Mendoza family's own event had turned them into the laughingstock of the night. Despite offering three priceless treasures worth billions as prizes, the sting of their humiliation remained. Without a doubt, the true victor of the night was Janice.

She had not only gained a priceless house from the Welch family—a mark of prestige and influence—but had also forged a powerful bond with the Payne family. Her triumph was one that stirred envy in all who witnessed it.

But what left the crowd even more stunned was Janice's real identity. The enigmatic JE had been concealed in Efrery all this time—and was none other than Aiden's cherished one. With prestige and power woven tightly around her, Janice stood as the undeniable focal point.

Bain returned home, his body exhausted and his mind in turmoil. "Bain, you have to take revenge for our daughter!" Sheena hurried towards him, her cries filled with despair.

Bain's pupils shrank, and the frustration he had bottled up all night finally exploded. His palm struck Sheena's face with such force that she staggered backward, reeling from the impact.

"Bain, have you gone mad?" Sheena looked at him in shock, her tear-filled eyes wide. "You wouldn't defend our daughter, and now you blame me?"

"You fool! Do you even realize that the Mendoza family is the biggest joke in all of Efrery tonight?" Bain seethed through clenched teeth. "And it's all because of you and Esther!"

"You're blaming me?" Sheena stiffened before laughing bitterly. "Bain, you're the last person who has the right to blame me. You think I didn't know about your plans with Conley?"

Bain's gaze wavered slightly, a flicker of guilt flashing in his eyes.

"You used me and Esther to provoke Janice, just so you could gauge the Payne family's stance. This was a banquet hosted by our family. When everything started falling apart, you should have intervened to put an end to it. Instead, you stood by and let the situation spiral completely out of control." Sheena's voice shook with fury. "Now that you've been disgraced and humiliated, you're deciding to take it out on me? Is that what you call being a man?" Sheena's words struck like a whip, and Bain's expression

darkened, his face pale with embarrassment. Her blunt accusation left him feeling cornered, unable to respond.

“Listen to me, Bain. If you refuse to stand up for our daughter, I will make sure you’re humiliated even further. I will destroy you.” A ruthless glint flashed in Sheena’s eyes, a warning that she was prepared to go to any lengths. “Every shady deal you’ve pulled in Cloverhill—once it comes to light, it won’t just be the Paynes you’ll have to face. The entire city’s elite will turn against you.”

“You wouldn’t dare go that far!” Bain’s fists curled into tight balls, his anger simmering beneath the surface. Being cornered by Sheena drove his rage to a boiling point.

“Then let’s see,” Sheena scoffed, her voice as cold as ice. “Will you fight for our daughter or not?”

“Madam!” Just then, the butler rushed in, his face tight with urgency. “Miss Payne delivered a file and insisted that only you can open it.”

“What?” Sheena frowned, suspicion creeping into her voice. “Why would Miss Payne suddenly send me something out of nowhere?”

“Hand it over.” Bain’s expression darkened as he reached for the file, but Sheena was quicker, snatching it before he could.

Chapter 880:

“Listen, Minnie wouldn’t send something like this without a reason. This isn’t good. You shouldn’t dwell on it.” Bain’s voice was laced with unease, clearly fearing what the file might contain.

“Why do you look so shaken? Could it be that Miss Payne actually has dirt on you?” Sheena let out a cold chuckle before flipping the file upside down, letting a stack of photos spill onto the table.

Her breath hitched as her gaze landed on the images. She froze, utterly shaken.

“What is it?” Bain lunged forward, ripping the photos from her grasp in a desperate panic. His face turned ashen as his hands trembled. “No! This has to be fake! Someone tampered with these!”

Sheena let out a bitter laugh, her knees nearly giving way. Her eyes brimmed with a mix of grief and disbelief. “Bain, I always knew you were a failure as a father, but I never thought you’d be so cruel. That was your own flesh and blood!”

Her voice trembled with fury, but even that couldn’t capture the sheer devastation in her heart.

The images exposed everything—Bain, in a secret meeting with Esther’s killer. It wasn’t just a betrayal; it was proof that he had orchestrated her murder.

“I kept asking myself why you wouldn’t seek justice for our daughter! And now I know—it was because you were the one who had her killed!”

“Sheena, please, let me explain!”

“I’m done with you. We’re getting a divorce.” Sheena’s voice rang through the room before her legs buckled, sending her crumpling to the floor in heart-wrenching sobs.

Bain opened his mouth, but no words came. Guilt and panic paralyzed him.

“Mom!” Conley, drawn by the commotion, hurried in, his face clouded with unreadable emotions.

Sheena turned to her son, dread creeping into her chest. “Conley, be honest with me. Were you part of this?”

“Mom, Dad did what he thought was necessary for the Mendoza family.” Conley let out a weary sigh. “If Esther hadn’t died, MO’s fury would’ve destroyed us all. The entire Mendoza family would have been wiped out.”

Sheena let out a sharp, hollow laugh—one laced with bitterness, disbelief, and an unbearable sense of helplessness. “Her own father and brother—the very people meant to protect her—ended up being the ones who took her life. You claim it was to save the Mendoza family. No, it was for yourselves. If you had surrendered the Mendoza family’s fortune, would MO have killed you? No! But you couldn’t stand the

idea of losing control, so you offered up Esther—your own flesh and blood—just to keep MO’s wrath at bay.”

Sheena had always cherished Esther, but she wasn’t blind. She saw the truth for what it was.

Bain and Conley stood frozen, unable to refute a single word.

“I refuse to stay in this family any longer. We’re getting a divorce.” Sheena inhaled sharply, brushed away her tears, and delivered her verdict without hesitation. “From this moment on, I sever all ties with both of you and the Mendoza family as a whole.”

“Sheena, wait!”

“Mom, please!”

Bain and Conley were both stunned.

But Sheena didn’t spare them another glance. She forced herself up, steadied her trembling legs, and walked away without looking back.