

Wrath 1071

Chapter 1071:

As Stephen embraced his role with newfound confidence, Wendy found herself captivated by his transformation into a decisive and assertive CEO.

“Mr. Green, your vision for a state-of-the-art ecological park is certainly bold. However, might there be a critical oversight?”

“Hmm?” Bart paused, caught off guard, then offered a cautious smile. “And what would that be?”

“Five hundred billion.” Stephen slowly spread his fingers, making a show of it. “For a project this ambitious, five hundred billion is far from enough.”

“That can’t be right,” Bart’s confidence wavered, his brow furrowing. “Our calculations were meticulously prepared by top experts...”

Before Bart could finish speaking, Stephen interrupted him. “Mr. Green, I won’t spell it out, but everyone knows how your bid document was crafted.”

Stephen continued, “Our bid proposal was painstakingly crafted by JE Consortium’s top-notch accounting team. And a trillion is barely enough. Yet here we have your proposal—far more comprehensive than ours, demanding a mere five hundred billion. How on earth is that even possible? If it were just a difference of ten billion, maybe it would make sense. But we’re talking about five hundred billion. How are you supposed to come up with a better plan on five hundred billion when the original one cost a whole trillion?”

A ripple of realization swept through the crowd.

“That’s right! How is Overden Group supposed to pull this off with half the budget, when White Group needed a trillion?”

“This is the accounting department of JE Consortium we’re talking about. They wouldn’t make such a mistake. Otherwise, their reputation would crumble.”

The revelation hit everyone like a thunderbolt. What had initially seemed like a minor discrepancy was now exposed as a fatal flaw, thanks to Stephen’s sharp observations.

Bart felt a jolt of panic. He had focused so much on sharpening the proposal’s competitive edge that he had utterly neglected the financial discrepancies.

Five hundred billion dollars was indeed far from sufficient. Even if they doubled the funds to a trillion, it still wouldn’t be enough.

Their ambitious proposal was quickly unraveling into nothing more than a fantastical mirage.

“Mr. Green, after making such grand assertions, could it be that your words are merely hollow?”

“Mr. Green, could you possibly enlighten us on how you intend to complete a project of over a trillion dollars with merely five hundred billion?”

“Mr. Green, are you messing with us? This whole plan of yours sounds like a fairy tale. You sound more like a scammer than a strategist!”

The murmurs grew louder, resonating through the hall and rippling across the live stream as the audience began to question Bart’s credibility. No one had anticipated that Stephen’s succinct observation would hit Bart so effectively.

Stephen watched the unfolding drama with a sly smirk, his eyes twinkling with mischief.

The breakthrough hadn’t been part of his initial strategy; it was a spark of inspiration that struck him in the moment, highlighting a critical oversight.

Their opponents had been overly eager and desperate to secure this project. Under the pressure of tight deadlines, they had overlooked a glaring flaw—one so fundamental that it threatened to collapse their entire proposal.

Chapter 1072:

“This fool has missed such a basic issue. What, is he trying to sabotage things on purpose?” Calvin watched the live stream intently from the secluded darkness backstage. Initially composed, his demeanor had shifted dramatically as the stakes grew higher. If Bart failed to fix the situation, the project would inevitably fall into the hands of the White family.

To make matters worse, the Welch family had pledged a significant portion of their shares as collateral to various banks in order to gather the necessary funds. Without securing this project, those banks would liquidate the shares, plunging the Welch family into an unprecedented financial crisis.

Their confidence in securing the project had been unshakable, leading them to this risky decision. But now...

“Damn it. Damn it!” Calvin’s frustration boiled over as he threw a cup across the room, watching it shatter against the wall. His eyes burned with fury. “Bart, if you don’t fix this mess, I’ll personally make your life a living hell.”

Bart’s face went pale, panic tightening his chest as his mind raced for a solution. He desperately gestured to Ethan, who looked deeply concerned, his brow furrowed under the weight of impending disaster.

“Mr. Barker, you’re fully aware of the consequences if Overden Group fails to secure this project, aren’t you? Surely, you don’t want to be caught up in this impending disaster, do you?” Bart threatened.

Ethan sighed, took the microphone, and cleared his throat. “Ladies and gentlemen, our expert panel has just informed us that both White Group’s and Overden Group’s proposals are impeccably devised. In light of such exemplary submissions, and to ensure these visionary projects reach their potential, the panel has decided to amend the bidding guidelines. As long as the bids from both parties are based on solid, factual data, we are prepared to allow quotations to exceed the five hundred billion cap.”

“What? Are you kidding me right now?” Bart was momentarily stunned, staring at Ethan in horror.

“Mr. Green, I’m caught between a rock and a hard place here. In this situation, the only solution is to pour more money into the project,” Ethan replied, his face twisted with frustration.

Bart staggered slightly, his mind reeling. The Welch family had stretched their finances to the limit, scraping together the colossal sum of five hundred billion dollars. Now, they were being asked to invest even more. Regardless of whether the Welch family could withstand another financial blow, Bart knew Calvin wouldn’t let this slide easily.

“Ladies and gentlemen, we will now take a thirty-minute intermission. Please use this time to reevaluate your bids. We will reconvene shortly to resume the bidding process,” Ethan announced, cutting through the tense atmosphere without sparing Bart another glance.

The crowd murmured in agreement, seeing Ethan’s decision as the right call. The original bid proposals had been meticulously crafted, yet the stark discrepancy in the numbers demanded a recalibration.

Dazed, Bart barely registered his own movements as he made his way backstage. No sooner had he arrived than Calvin seized him by the collar. With a furious grunt, he slammed Bart against the wall and landed several harsh punches. Bart’s face quickly became a canvas of bruises and swelling.

“What the hell, Bart? Are you trying to ruin the Welch family for good?” Calvin’s eyes blazed with fury as he confronted Bart, his voice slicing through the air. “How could you be so negligent, missing such a fundamental error in the proposal? And now, to make matters worse, Ethan has backtracked, scrapping the five-hundred-billion-dollar cap. Is he determined to drain us dry by pouring endless funds into this project?”

Chapter 1073:

“Mr. Welch, I truly didn’t foresee it spiraling out of control like this.” Bart dropped to his knees, pleading desperately. “It seems we’re trapped, with no other option but to inject more capital.”

“Why on earth did I ever entrust you with this project?” Calvin paced back and forth, his hands clenched at his sides, his breath heavy with frustration. Every nerve in his body screamed to choke the life out of Bart right then and there. “And now, with only half an hour to spare, where am I supposed to conjure up the funds? Our family’s readily available assets are already stretched thin. Those three elders are probably confronting my father and uncle as we speak, which means they won’t be willing to open their wallets any further.” The more Calvin thought about it, the angrier he became.

AdChoices

ADVERTISING

“Mr. Welch, what about that elusive benefactor?” Bart asked in a hushed tone. “He had our backs before—there’s no way he’s just going to sit this one out and let us fall.”

“Hah, if only it were that simple. We don’t even know who they are. How am I supposed to contact them? Besides, to counter the current bid, we’re talking about an investment that starts at a staggering trillion dollars. Do you honestly believe they can make that happen?” Slumping into his chair, Calvin let out a heavy sigh, the weight of despair settling on his shoulders. He had been so certain that they could secure the project, but now the tides had turned against them.

Suddenly, the shrill ring of his phone sliced through the tense silence. Calvin’s eyes snapped open, and he stared at the caller ID, his expression twisting into a grimace.

“Dad...”

Before he could brace himself, Mateo’s voice, thick with fury, thundered through the speaker.

“What the hell happened? This was supposed to be a guaranteed win! After a screw-up this big, are we just handing the whole damn city a reason to laugh at the Welch family? Hughes, Cason, and Randall are banging on my door demanding explanations, and now the banks are chiming in too. If we don’t nail this project, they’re threatening to liquidate our family’s shares.”

AdChoices

ADVERTISING

If their shares were released by the banks, it would be catastrophic. Countless powerful families would be ready to pounce on the opportunity. At the front of the line, the White family would surely seize the chance to snatch up the Welch family's shares. How could the Welch family possibly hold their ground?

A cold shiver of realization ran down Calvin's spine as he sensed the sinister undertones of their predicament, like chess pieces being moved by an unseen player. His mind raced. Could Janice really be behind this, pulling strings with such devastating precision?

"Dad, is there any chance we can inject more funds into this?" Calvin clenched his jaw tightly, his voice thick with tension. "If we pull out now, we'll lose everything."

"Why don't we revise the bid proposal? Cap it at five hundred billion dollars. That should sway Ethan to our side, and we can still clinch the project," Bart suggested eagerly.

"And you think Ethan would go for that? Even if he did, it would surely trigger an investigation. We wouldn't come out of it clean." Calvin sneered, disappointment coloring his tone as he regarded Bart's normally sharp acumen now dulled by desperation.

Meanwhile, Stephen and Wendy were seated backstage, savoring the rich, bold notes of a vintage red wine. The unfolding drama was an unexpected boon, and they could only imagine the turmoil engulfing the Welch family.

"Stephen," Liliana approached, smiling at him. "I didn't expect you to come up with the idea of using the bid price as a breakthrough. That's impressive."

Chapter 1074:

Stephen responded with a humble shake of his head, the corners of his mouth tipping upward in a modest smile. "It was merely a moment of clarity. But what brings you here?"

Liliana was supposed to be by Leah's side, keeping a vigilant eye on the Welch family's stock maneuvers. If the banks decided to liquidate the shares, they'd swoop in with ruthless precision.

"I'm here because Janice sent me."

Stephen blinked, his surprise morphing into realization. "Don't tell me my sister was ahead of this the whole time?"

A knowing smile curved Liliana's lips, her silence confirming his suspicion.

"What struck me as a flash of insight was already woven into her grand scheme." Stephen let out a subtle sigh, a mix of admiration and resignation shading his tone.

"Don't let it get you down, Stephen. You've handled yourself admirably," Wendy reassured him, her hand warm on his as she gave it a gentle squeeze. "After all, you've never dealt with this before."

"Absolutely," Liliana chimed in, nodding in agreement with Wendy. "Janice had me come along just in case. She was confident you would find the breakthrough, so I stayed in the shadows. And indeed, she was right. You found the breakthrough. Now, the Welch family is backed into a corner. They face two dire choices: either sink more funds into the project in desperation or abandon it altogether. Whichever path they choose, their fate hangs in the balance."

Additional funding meant the Welch family was compelled to continue mortgaging their shares to secure the banks' backing.

Yet, surrendering now would mean losing the mortgaged shares forever. They couldn't even dream of reclaiming them, especially since Ethan had declared that the funds would be frozen for three days.

Up to this point, the Welch family hadn't quite grasped the depth of the snare Janice had cunningly laid for them.

"Let's step out and watch the Welch family's downfall unfold," Wendy remarked, a sly smile playing on her lips as she clung to Stephen's arm. Stephen let out a deep sigh of satisfaction, his heart swelling with

an unexpected joy. He had never envisioned a day when he could stand toe-to-toe with the formidable Welch family and publicly humiliate them.

At the event, the air was thick with anticipation, mirrored by the eagerness of those watching through the livestream.

Everyone was holding their breath, wondering what decisions each side would make within the next half hour, and particularly how the Welch family would navigate their dire straits.

“Gathering five hundred billion was already hard for the Welch family. If they wish to continue in the bidding, they’ll need to double their efforts or risk getting shut out of the bidding war altogether.”

“Tsk, tsk, the Welch family has reigned over Cloverhill for decades. Who could have predicted such a dramatic reversal of fortune?”

“Ha, have the Welch family not endured enough calamity recently? Not only have their major industries come under fire from the White family, but their shadowy underground enterprises have also been besieged by assorted criminal factions. It’s a downright pitiful sight!”

At that moment, Ethan made his way back to the center stage, his voice carrying clearly through the bustling hall.

Chapter 1075:

“Ladies and gentlemen, the half-hour intermission has concluded. We now welcome representatives from White Group and Overden Group to elucidate the details of their proposals. It appears Overden Group has refined their figures to present a more realistic bid.”

With a meaningful glance, Ethan turned to Bart, whose expression was clouded with displeasure, as if he had just tasted something exceedingly sour.

“Mr. Green?”

The air around Bart seemed to thicken as he took a deep, steadying breath and strode onto the stage.

His eyes briefly met Stephen's. If glares were lethal, Stephen would have been long gone.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I must apologize for our previous oversight," Bart began, his voice tight with barely contained frustration. "Upon re-evaluation, we've identified several discrepancies between our initial plan and the financial figures, prompting us to adjust our proposal accordingly."

The audience murmured among themselves, visibly taken aback. It was highly unusual for a company like Overden Group to amend its bid strategy rather than simply increase the monetary offer—a daring and unexpected tactic.

Bart then unveiled the revised proposal.

A murmur rippled through the crowd as the details came into view; the new bid was much worse than the last one.

For example, the residence area in the last bid was filled with luxurious villas, while in the new bid, there were only roughcast houses.

Even so, this version was better than the first bid. After all, the five-hundred-billion-dollar offer was still noteworthy. But with the previous bid as a reference, it seemed rather meager.

"It seems the Welch family has decided to step down," Stephen remarked, visibly relieved. He had feared the Welch family might have other tricks up their sleeve to continue struggling.

"Go ahead, Stephen. It's your turn to shine," Wendy urged, her eyes gleaming with unwavering support as she gestured toward the stage. "Alright."

With a nod, Stephen rose to his feet, his shoulders squared as he made his way to the stage.

The room fell into an anticipative hush, every pair of eyes tracing his confident stride. They had dismissed him as merely an actor before, but they now looked on with newfound respect.

To them, Stephen had transcended his colorful past on the stage to embody the true patriarch of the White family.

“Ladies and gentlemen, first, I want to thank Mr. Green for his recognition of our proposal. I’m thrilled that our proposal has ignited inspiration among you, achieving my initial intent of sharing it publicly,” Stephen began, his voice resonating with authority. But his words were laced with sarcasm directed at Bart.

“As newcomers to Cloverhill, White Group is dedicated to enhancing the quality of life for every resident. That’s why we’ve eagerly stepped forward for this project. Despite the development department setting a ceiling on the quoted prices, our imagination for what we can achieve together knows no bounds. Now, turn your attention to our presentation and see for yourselves the potential that awaits us!”

Chapter 1076:

Stephen unveiled a new proposal, instantly captivating the room with its innovative and ambitious vision. Everyone gaped in awe at the visionary concept.

“Is this even possible?”

“A next-gen, futuristic park—could we really be stepping into a scene from a sci-fi film?”

“From education to healthcare, every aspect is integrated with cutting-edge intelligence. This city isn’t just a promise for the future; it’s a paradise crafted for the next generations!”

“I’ve heard reliable rumors that White Group is developing a revolutionary artificial intelligence. The feasibility is definitely there.”

The air buzzed with excitement and admiration for the proposal.

Although Bart had earlier introduced a bid that also painted a picture of a sci-fi utopia, it was clear now that White Group's blueprint was far more thorough and compelling. It was evident to all present that no imitation could ever eclipse the genuine masterpiece.

Seeing the awestruck and convinced looks around him, Stephen stood taller and announced with resonant confidence, "I firmly believe that in the forthcoming phases of development, our team at White Group will continue to unearth even more innovative ideas. I trust in their ability to sculpt a genuine utopia."

His words resonated deeply, sparking another wave of loud, heartfelt applause.

Ethan watched, a satisfied smile playing on his lips; the outcome seemed unmistakable. However, his phone buzzed with an ominous message.

"Declare Overden Group the winner due to the impracticality of White Group's proposal, or face the consequences."

Ethan's smile faded into a stern line as he read the message. It was a clear, cold blow to the fair competition—utterly despicable.

Ethan briefly scanned the text message, his eyes darting to Bart, whose eyes glinted with malice and a silent threat.

It was as if Bart's gaze whispered, "Do as you're told—or deal with what's coming."

Taking a deep, steadying breath, Ethan turned to address the crowd gathered before him.

"Ladies and gentlemen, after a rigorous and detailed discussion by our esteemed team, we have arrived at a decisive conclusion."

He paused, soaking in the mounting tension in the room. The anticipation was palpable, stretching the nerves of both the in-person audience and the online viewers.

“Oh my! This is a bidding, isn’t it? Must we endure such dramatics?”

“Indeed. This isn’t some reality TV spectacle. Mr. Barker, please, the suspense is unbearable. Just announce the winner!”

“Is there really any doubt? It must be White Group. Their proposal is leagues ahead, not to mention their financial backing. They’re the obvious choice.”

At that, Ethan’s smirk widened. He let the suspense hang a moment longer before lifting his arm and pointing decisively towards Stephen.

“The winner is White Group.”

Chapter 1077:

The announcement unleashed a wave of cheers across the crowd, as accolades and applause cascaded toward Stephen, who beamed under the spotlight.

Meanwhile, Bart’s face contorted with fury, his eyes shooting daggers at Ethan. His gaze was like a blade—cold and ready to strike, his fury boiling over at Ethan’s reckless challenge to his authority.

Bart lowered his voice, his words a grim warning to Ethan. “Mr. Barker, are you that desperate to dig your own grave? I’d strongly advise you to reconsider your statement immediately, or else...”

“Mr. Green, as the head of the development department, I am bound by duty to do what’s just for this project and the expectations of the community,” Ethan declared firmly.

“It’s crystal clear that White Group’s proposal is superior. Should I really ignore that in favor of Overden Group?”

“Fine!” Bart whipped out his phone, fingers poised to compose a message to Delilah, instructing her to unleash the photos.

However, his phone buzzed—a call from Delilah herself.

“Your call couldn’t have come at a better time. Release those photos, now!” Bart commanded, his voice brooking no argument.

“Bart, that’s actually why I called. Those photos have all disappeared,” Delilah responded, her voice quivering with unease. The responsibility for such a critical loss weighed heavily on her.

“What?” Bart exclaimed, his voice cracking under the strain. The color drained from his face as his eyes, wide with shock, flickered toward Ethan, who was smirking back at him in undisguised amusement.

Ethan’s unshakable composure made sense now; he had known all along that the incriminating evidence had been destroyed, giving him the confidence to defy his orders without a second thought.

“How long has this been going on?” Bart demanded, his fingers tightening around his phone until his knuckles turned white. His eyes, now dark with brewing storm, bore into Ethan with chilling hostility. It was inconceivable to him that his meticulously orchestrated scheme had been dismantled so effortlessly.

“Mr. Green, from the very moment you conceived those malevolent plans, countermeasures were already in motion,” Ethan replied, his voice as serene as still water. “Your downfall was inevitable. You’ve only lasted this long because your adversaries were maneuvering you toward a more devastating defeat.”

Reeling from the revelation, Bart staggered back, his legs nearly buckling beneath him.

It was over.

Overden Group would lose the bid for the project, and with the banks poised to release the Welch family's shares, there was no chance to recover the funds seized by the development department in time.

Bart's mind raced with visions of the stock market erupting into chaos as vultures—eager and ruthless investors—descended to snatch up the Welch family's shares.

In the midst of his despair, Bart's phone erupted into a relentless symphony of rings.

Chapter 1078:

Glancing at the screen, he saw Calvin's name flashing insistently. Clenching his jaw, he ignored the call, only for it to cease momentarily before starting anew—a relentless cascade of calls battering at his last defenses.

Bart's composure shattered like fragile glass.

With a frustrated grunt, he hurled his phone to the floor and stormed out.

At that very moment, the stock market was undergoing a seismic shift. Without warning, a massive chunk of the Welch family's shares hit the trading floor. Opportunistic investors pounced on the opportunity, scooping up shares with a voracity that bordered on desperation.

As they positioned themselves to capitalize on the tumult, an astonishing tide of capital rolled in, aggressively snapping up the Welch family's shares with no regard for cost. The sheer scale of the buyout was staggering—hundreds of billions worth of shares disappeared from the market as if swallowed by some financial leviathan. This display of economic might left the onlookers utterly astounded.

"Seriously, who's powerful enough to pull this off?"

"Half a trillion dollars in shares, just like that! Could it possibly be JE Consortium?"

The thought that anyone other than JE Consortium could execute such a bold move was unimaginable to them, their frenzied purchasing spree dominating the market.

The Payne family, despite their interest, was restricted to picking up only fragments of the available shares. Venturing further would mean a complete falling-out with the Welch family, a move potentially catastrophic for both parties.

“We need to regain control of our shares, now!”

The urgency was palpable in the Welch family’s meeting room, now a whirlwind of panic and strategizing.

Calvin, still reeling from Mateo’s harsh rebuke, was on the phone, his voice desperate as he reached out to contacts, scrambling to secure a lifeline for his family’s faltering empire.

But the doors were closing all around them—the banks had blacklisted them, and even sympathetic allies backed away from the astronomical sums required. The clock was ticking, and with each passing second, the Welch family’s grip on their legacy loosened, slipping like sand through their fingers.

“Mateo, we need a solution—and fast. Half of our assets are at risk. If we lose them, the Welch family will be drastically weakened, and our legacy could vanish.” Hughes’ worry was palpable, his gamble that once seemed a sure win now teetering on the brink of disaster.

Bart, their representative, had vanished, likely severing ties to escape their fury.

“Mateo, you’re accountable for this debacle,” Randall asserted, his voice tight with anger. “We believed your confident pitch; that’s why we leveraged our shares. Without a solid explanation, you can forget any aspirations of leading the Welch family.”

“Enough!” Mateo exploded, his glare sending a chill through the room. “What have you done besides point fingers and raise your voice? You chose to stake your shares. Now that things have soured, you lay the blame at my feet. Isn’t that disgraceful?”

Chapter 1079:

“Had you not assured us of this project’s certainty, we wouldn’t have risked so much capital,” Cason snapped, jabbing a finger toward Mateo. “Orson was prudent not to entrust you with full control, sparing the Welch family from potential ruin.”

“Stop!” Gilmore’s voice cut through the escalating blame game. “We can’t change the past. We need to band together and navigate out of this crisis.”

His words quelled the room’s tension, quashing the urge to argue further.

Now was a time for unity; the alternative was collective ruin.

“Mateo, any word on that elusive investor?” Gilmore inquired.

“No!” Mateo shook his head, his frustration evident. “I’ve exhausted all avenues, yet he remains unreachable. Given the stakes, he should be the one seeking us out.”

With billions invested, the investor was on the verge of a colossal loss. Gilmore massaged his temples, then spoke with resolve. “Our only recourse is to leverage your shares once more and repurchase on the market.”

“No way!” Randall shook his head. “This will only deepen our losses.”

“What alternative do we have?” Gilmore retorted, fixing Randall with a stern gaze. “The true loss would be if the Welch family’s assets ended up in others’ hands. By recovering the shares and holding on until the funds are released, we might stabilize our situation.”

The room filled with uneasy glances.

They were hesitant to face such a grim prospect, yet they recognized it as the sole option.

Their regret was palpable for having agreed to Gilmore's proposal in the first place. But now, it was too late to regret it.

"Mateo, continue attempting to reach that enigmatic supporter. If they backed the Welch family, they likely have a strategy. They might offer insights into our predicament."

"Alright."

Meanwhile, the atmosphere in Andromache Hospital's operating room was starkly different, marked by an eerie silence.

Janice, clad in her surgical garb, sat watching Oliver on the operating table.

Her interest was piqued as she observed him, fully conscious without anesthesia, surrounded by a team that treated him with the utmost deference.

Two nurses, each brandishing a surgical knife, flanked Janice, their expressions filled with hostility.

"Mr. Payne, why put yourself through this?" Janice leaned back, unfazed by the nurses' glares, her demeanor calm. "After the surgery, you'll be able to stand and return to military service."

"Enough!" Oliver's voice cracked with agitation at the mention of the military. "Do you think I want to stand? The mere thought of rejoining the army fills me with dread."

Janice's brow furrowed in confusion. "I don't understand. The Payne family has always held military service in high regard, yet you loathe it. It makes me question if you really are a Payne."

Oliver flashed a wry smile. "Perhaps I'm not much of a Payne after all—unlike the rest who adore Minnie. Why should she, a woman, lead the Payne family while I'm relegated to the military and endure grueling training to support her?"

Chapter 1080:

Janice's realization dawned upon her in that moment. "So, you've been playing the dutiful brother all along. Yet, Minnie truly seems to care for you."

"If I hadn't played along, would they have even kept me in the Payne family?" Oliver laughed bitterly. "Minnie does care, but isn't it partly because she sees me as a future asset?"

"The Payne family has a long history of combining political influence with business ventures. Some members follow military paths, while others immerse themselves in the business world, creating a synergy that helps maintain the family's century-old legacy. But why is it that I'm meant for military service, while Minnie is being prepared to lead the family? Is it solely because of her intellect? What is it that I'm lacking?"

Oliver was on the verge of breaking down, his emotions, which he had kept hidden for so long, now flooding out uncontrollably.

He could no longer contain his feelings, even as Janice got ready to perform surgery on him. The urge to confess his secrets was too strong to resist.

"I need to confess something. That car accident years ago... I was the one who planned it all."

Janice's expression changed, disbelief flashing in her eyes. "Have you truly lost your mind? Did you go this far just to get out of military service? But if you had made a mistake in your calculations, you could have ended up dead, not just injured."

"Isn't life, in itself, a kind of gamble?" Oliver let out a heavy sigh, his eyes hardened with determination. "I'm set on breaking down the illusion of Minnie's brilliance. My goal is to prove that I'm just as capable of leading our family."

Janice's response was scornful. "With such a perspective, you'll never outshine Minnie."

"What did you say?" Oliver's eyes narrowed, anger radiating from him as he stared at Janice.

In that instant, the two nurses moved quickly, their scalpels pressed menacingly against Janice's throat. The cold metal sent a chilling sensation through her, a harsh reminder of how deadly it could be. The air was thick with tension, as though even the smallest movement could prove fatal.

Even with the clear danger surrounding her, Janice's expression held more pity than fear as she gazed at Oliver. "You're really a pitiful sight."

"Enough!" Oliver roared, his fury unleashed by her simple words. "You don't know anything! You have no right to judge me. You can't even begin to comprehend what I've endured all these years."

"Do I need to imagine?" Janice stood up, exuding a powerful aura that intimidated the two nurses beside her.

With scalpels in hand, the nurses hesitated to move closer as Janice stepped towards Oliver.

"Stop right there! Don't say I didn't warn you if things get rough!" one nurse warned sharply.

Janice stopped, casting a dismissive glance at the nurses. "The people you've trained don't seem to be all that impressive. They're nothing compared to the warriors my sister-in-law has personally trained."

"What do you mean?" Oliver, taken by surprise, watched as several figures quickly stepped in, overpowering the nurses and their assistants.