

Wrath 1141

Chapter 1141:

If he didn't survive and Janice remained missing, the Welch family would rise unopposed.

Aiden took a deep breath, his gaze growing more resolute. For Janice, he must endure until morning.

In the small village, Janice was restless, unable to sleep. She left the house and wandered through the village.

She eventually found herself at a small creek, where she sat on a rock, gazing into the clear water, lost in thought.

She felt as if she had lost something significant, possibly connected to the man who appeared in her dreams, but no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't recall any details about him.

"What's on your mind?" A voice interrupted her reverie.

Janice turned to see a kindly old woman approaching.

"Just trying to clear my head," Janice replied.

"May I sit with you for a bit?" the old woman asked.

Janice nodded, making room on the rock.

"You're Darrell's wife, Janice, aren't you?" the old woman sat down and inquired.

Janice raised an eyebrow, puzzled. "And you are...?"

"You can call me Caitlin. I looked after Darrell when he was a boy," Caitlin explained, her voice tinged with nostalgia. "Darrell is a good man, very determined. He always finds a way to get what he wants. So, when he left to make a name for himself, I knew there was a chance he might not return."

Caitlin sighed, her eyes reflecting a mix of pride and concern. "The world is vast, and making a mark isn't easy. But I'm content knowing he's out there doing well."

Janice listened intently, hoping to trigger some memories about Darrell from Caitlin's stories.

"I never thought he'd come back, let alone with such a beautiful wife," Caitlin continued, squeezing Janice's hands gently. "Most of us here are old. This place might even be deserted soon. We'd love to see Darrell and his beloved marry before we're gone."

"Caitlin, what are you suggesting?" Janice asked, confused.

"I'd like to organize a wedding for you two," Caitlin proposed earnestly.

A wedding? Janice's brow furrowed. Despite her memory loss, something within her resisted the idea. "Caitlin, I think you might be disappointed. To be honest, I've lost my memories and don't recall much. I'm not even sure if I'm truly married to Darrell."

"No way!" Caitlin was briefly startled but quickly recovered. "You and Darrell must be a couple. Darrell's usually so guarded and selective. To win him over means he must truly care. Your presence here with Darrell speaks volumes, doesn't it? Darrell wouldn't have brought you here if he didn't genuinely care for you. You've lost your memories, sure, but your feelings are intact, aren't they? If there were no affection, why would you be here with him?"

Confusion marred Janice's face as she pondered. Caitlin's words seemed logical, yet she sensed something was amiss, as though part of the story remained hidden. "I'm unsure about this..."

Chapter 1142:

“Caitlin, hurry up!” Rodney rushed over in a panic. “Your husband fell on the farm and can’t move.”

“What?” Caitlin reacted in panic, promptly heading for the farm. Janice frowned and asked Rodney, “What’s the situation with Caitlin’s husband?”

“Caitlin’s husband is typically in good health, but today he slipped while working on the farm. I’m worried he might have injured his spine, which is why he’s unable to move,” Rodney said, his voice full of resignation. “At his age, even a small fall can be dangerous.” The village was predominantly elderly, making such accidents particularly dangerous.

Villagers encircled Clinton Vaughn, Caitlin’s husband, who lay in the field, their faces etched with grief.

The village had few young people, and traveling to the city was difficult. Even if they succeeded in bringing Clinton to the hospital, the trip alone might be more than he could handle.

A consensus formed among the onlookers—Clinton’s condition seemed dire.

“Clinton!” Caitlin rushed over, finding him sprawled across the farm, her head spinning with worry. “What happened? How did you end up falling?”

“Let’s not shed tears. We’ve endured much together over the years,” Clinton said without moving, his eyes and voice trying to soothe Caitlin. “Our two children are in the city and they’re not coming back. Now it’s only you and me. If you leave me, I won’t want to live either.” Caitlin cried out, and her words made Clinton’s heart ache.

“When I’m no longer here, you should go to the city. Perhaps our children will take you in then.”

Hearing those words filled everyone with a deep, unexplainable sadness.

Most villagers had dedicated their lives to their children, only to feel abandoned once these children deemed them outdated and unnecessary.

Despite the heartache caused by their children's indifference, the villagers recognized it as a choice they had made themselves, and they held no one to blame.

"I won't let you go alone," Caitlin said resolutely. "I've seen enough years myself."

"Why would you say such a thing?"

"Clinton, Caitlin!" Just then, Darrell appeared, breathless. Spotting Clinton on the ground, he dashed to assist him.

"Stop, don't touch him!" someone shouted. "He might have a severe spinal injury. Any movement could be deadly."

Darrell paused, torn. "Am I to just stand by and watch Clinton suffer? No, I need to call for help. We have to try to save him."

"It's hopeless," Clinton murmured with a rueful smile. "The paths here are too steep for an ambulance. Whenever we're sick, we must trek into town to seek medical help. Darrell, you have a kind heart. If I can't make it, please look after Caitlin. She hasn't got much time left, and it would mean the world to me."

Darrell, along with everyone else, felt a heavy weight settle over them as he spoke about final words.

"I can save him," Janice said suddenly, her eyes fixed on Clinton lying in the field, leaving everyone around her in shock.

Chapter 1143:

"Yes, Janice, you're a renowned surgeon. You could save him," Darrell responded, suddenly remembering her skills. "Please, if you can help Clinton, I'll owe you anything."

Janice gave Darrell a nod, silent yet determined.

She approached Clinton, crouched down beside him, and quickly confirmed the spinal injury, emphasizing the need for urgent surgical intervention.

Any hesitation could leave Clinton permanently immobilized, a dire prospect given his advanced age and frailty.

"I need to operate on Clinton. There are a few things you all need to get ready," she instructed.

"Of course, just let us know what's needed."

Janice directed the villagers to assemble the essential surgical implements. However, the village's primitive conditions made it almost impossible to set up a properly sterile environment.

With no alternative, they cleared a room, sterilized it with alcohol, and set up an impromptu surgical area.

The crowd lingered nervously outside the house as the operation proceeded inside.

"Darrell, is Janice really capable of doing it?" Caitlin's face was clouded with worry and fear. "Will it actually work?"

Darrell nodded firmly. "She's top-notch, the finest doctor out there. She'll save Clinton, no doubt."

Reassured by Darrell's conviction, Caitlin managed a small smile. "Poor girl—having lost her memories. I could tell she feels lost." Surprised by the comment, Darrell turned to Caitlin. "What are you suggesting?"

"You're fond of her, Darrell, I see that. But she harbors deep feelings for someone else," Caitlin explained with a resigned sigh. "Unless she moves on, I fear..."

Her voice trailed off, leaving the thought hanging, but the implication was clear to Darrell.

Janice's emotional barriers stood firm, an invisible yet formidable wall that kept Darrell at bay.

Despite losing her memories, Janice's heart still longed for Aiden, haunting her in quiet moments and dreams—a persistent whisper of her past.

Frustration knotted Darrell's hands into fists.

He had watched over Janice closely, even believing his devotion surpassed Aiden's.

Although she didn't remember Aiden, she didn't open her heart to him.

"Remember, you said you'd help me," Darrell said to Caitlin. "I've already faced one defeat; I can't bear to lose at love as well."

Caitlin looked at him, feeling equally conflicted. "I'll do what I can. But..." If Janice succeeded in saving Clinton, could she really bring herself to deceive Janice alongside Darrell?

Just then, the door clicked and swung open.

Chapter 1144:

Janice stepped out from the house.

All eyes quickly turned to her.

Caitlin, fraught with tension, asked, "How did it go?"

With a slight smile, Janice replied, "The surgery went extremely well. Clinton should recover fully with some rest."

Caitlin burst into tears of relief, grasping Janice's hands warmly. "This is fantastic, truly! Janice, I can't thank you enough. You've been our miracle today."

"You're welcome," Janice replied, gently comforting Caitlin before gesturing for Darrell to come closer for a private word.

"Janice, your efforts saved more than one life today," Darrell said with sincere appreciation.

Janice understood clearly. Even though Clinton was the one hurt, Caitlin might lose her will to keep going if he didn't make it.

"I need to ask you something," Janice said, turning to Darrell.

"What's on your mind?" Darrell replied, his voice tinged with nervousness, caught off guard.

"Were you a doctor before?" Janice asked, her gaze sharp.

"Yes," Darrell said with an awkward chuckle. "You were once a highly capable doctor."

"If I really was a doctor, then..." Janice narrowed her eyes, fixing Darrell with a cold stare. "Why would I be with you?"

Darrell felt a chill run down his spine, his stance faltering. "What are you suggesting, Janice? Do you feel you're too good for me?"

Janice's face was stoic, her eyes piercing as she responded, "I'm merely wondering. As a successful doctor, I would have been quite well-off. And you're in construction, working so hard. If we were really a couple, would I have let you continue in such a tough job?"

Darrell was taken by surprise. He hadn't anticipated Janice being so perceptive, reaching those conclusions simply through her experience as a doctor.

"Janice, I'm sorry," Darrell said with a bitter smile, letting out a sigh. "So, all this time, your feelings for me were just a way to console me?"

"What?" Janice, puzzled by his admission, stared back in confusion.

"Previously, you were an exceptional doctor, sought after by many, and you earned far more than I ever did," Darrell explained, turning away from Janice. "I felt unworthy of you and even proposed that we part ways. You argued that true love wasn't concerned with social standing. You even offered financial support for me to start my own business, but I declined out of pride. I believed you were sincere, that a relationship could exceed societal boundaries. But now, it seems I misunderstood your feelings."

Turning to face her again, Darrell offered a rueful smile. "Let's end this, Janice. I am not worthy of you."

Janice felt a squeeze in her chest. Could she have been mistaken? Was her previous self in this relationship with Darrell solely out of love, with no underlying motives?

Darrell's words hung in the air, marking the end of their conversation. Internally, however, he was consumed by a storm of emotions, swirling with confusion and regret.

Chapter 1145:

"Right now, I'm just really confused. I need a moment to sort through everything," Janice said, massaging her temples. She felt a whirlwind of emotions, marred by uncertainty and discord. Despite trying, she couldn't shake off her doubts about the situation.

"Take your time, Janice. Listen to what your heart says," Darrell said, looking at her with warmth and honesty.

His earnest expression only intensified Janice's internal struggle. Meanwhile, Caitlin had gone to find Rodney so she could talk about what was happening between Darrell and Janice.

"Rodney, I'm beginning to regret everything," Caitlin sighed, bitterness written all over her face. "Janice is a good girl, and she just saved my husband. Every time I remember the things I said to her before, the guilt eats at me."

Rodney's expression grew serious as he glanced around, ensuring their privacy before replying quietly, "Caitlin, you wouldn't turn against Darrell, would you? He's like a son to us. What's going to happen to him if the truth comes to light? I know that what we're doing isn't right, but Darrell genuinely has feelings for Janice. Maybe, deep down, she feels the same way about him."

"But what if—"

"Think about how Darrell has supported us over the years, Caitlin. When your son left, it was Darrell who stepped in. He's the one who will look after us as we age."

Rodney's words left Caitlin caught between Darrell's concern for her and her husband, and Janice's selfless act of saving a life.

"Give it some thought," Rodney suggested, then sighed and walked away.

As she watched Rodney leave, Caitlin impulsively reached for her phone to dial her son.

Her son, Rolland Vaughn, had settled down in nearby Oceantown—near enough for visits, yet he rarely came.

She and her husband had come to terms with his absence, silently wishing he might return only after they had passed.

“Mom, what’s going on?”

Rolland’s face appeared on the video call, marked by acne scars and a look of impatience.

“Didn’t I say to only call for emergencies? Tinsley hates it when you call. She’ll be upset if she knows we’re talking.”

“I was just missing you,” Caitlin replied.

Her voice heavy with the pain of being distant from her son, who was now part of Tinsley’s family, Caitlin said, “Okay, you’ve seen me. I’m going to hang up now.”

“Wait...” Caitlin hesitated, hoping to extend the conversation, but Rolland was already about to disconnect.

At that moment, Janice walked into view on the screen, and Rolland paused, struck by her radiant beauty.

She looked ethereal, almost too perfect for their humble village.

“Caitlin, I need to speak with you,” Janice said, noticing Caitlin was on a call. “Am I interrupting anything?”

Chapter 1146:

“Not at all.” Caitlin quickly wrapped up the call, turning to Janice with a warm smile. “Janice, what did you need to discuss?”

“Tell me about Darrell and myself,” Janice said, settling next to Caitlin, driven by a growing curiosity.

Caitlin paused, taken aback. “What brought this on?”

"I'm trying to piece together my lost memories. Perhaps understanding my history will help," Janice explained.

"Shouldn't you be talking to Darrell about this?" Caitlin asked with a nervous laugh, her discomfort evident. "He'd have the answers, right?"

Janice dismissed the suggestion with a shake of her head. "I'd prefer an outside perspective on me and Darrell."

A sense of heaviness filled Caitlin, sensing Janice's growing suspicions about Darrell. The realization was both sad and complicated. They had cornered Janice with a single lie, but now they needed an endless string of lies just to keep it going.

Was it right to continue deceiving someone so genuine?

"Janice, you need to go," Caitlin suddenly said with unexpected severity. "This place isn't right for you."

Janice looked startled, taken aback by Caitlin's abrupt change in tone. "Why are you saying this now? Didn't you say you wanted to hold a wedding for Darrell and me?"

"It was a mistake!" Caitlin said earnestly, gripping Janice's hands. "You saved Clinton, and I can't keep lying to you. Leave here, Janice, and fast."

Janice felt a rush of confusion, her inner turmoil deepening. Had Darrell been deceiving her all along?

Just then, Rodney appeared, accompanied by a group.

They surrounded Janice and Caitlin, their faces etched with disappointment and resignation.

“Why are you causing this trouble, Caitlin?” Rodney inquired.

“Rodney, we can’t continue lying to Janice.” Caitlin stood quickly, positioning herself between Janice and the group. “She’s a good girl, and her family must be looking for her. We can’t keep her trapped here.”

“Caitlin has lost her sense. Grab her.”

At Rodney’s word, the group advanced, pulling Caitlin away forcefully. The rest of the group closed in on Janice, their formerly gentle expressions now warped with obsession and wild intensity.

“Janice, I’m sorry! Caitlin was talking nonsense just now. Don’t believe her,” Rodney tried to reassure her as he stepped closer. “Come, let me take you back to Darrell’s place.”

Janice retreated, her expression one of distrust. “Caitlin was right. You guys are all lying to me.”

Rodney exhaled heavily, his look turning stern. “Take her back to Darrell’s.”

The villagers quickly closed in on Janice, seizing her by the arms and legs, effectively immobilizing her.

Overwhelmed by the situation, Janice felt an urge to struggle, but seeing how old these people were, she ultimately held back.

Chapter 1147:

Meanwhile, Rolland, having just ended a video call with Caitlin, was captivated by Janice’s striking appearance.

“Wait... Why does she look so familiar?” Rolland pondered, his brow furrowed in confusion as he searched his memory without success.

“What’s on your mind?” Tinsley inquired, walking up to him. “You should be focusing on increasing our income rather than daydreaming. Oh, and have you heard about the latest news? White Group is offering a massive reward—it’s a hundred million!”

“A hundred million?” Rolland suddenly realized the connection and grasped Tinsley’s arm. “What was that you said about a hundred million?”

Tinsley pulled away, annoyed. “Calm down! It’s all over the news. Janice White has gone missing, and White Group has announced a reward. If anyone can provide direct assistance in locating her, they’re offering a hundred million.”

“Quick, let me see the picture!” Rolland exclaimed, his heart pounding and color rising in his cheeks, startling Tinsley.

“What’s wrong with you? Are you okay?” she questioned, her voice filled with concern.

“Just show me, quickly.”

Taken aback by his urgency, Tinsley reflexively fetched her phone and displayed the photo of Janice.

Upon seeing the image, Rolland’s eyes shot open, his body shaking. That was definitely her. Her familiarity now made perfect sense.

She was none other than Janice, the founder of JE Consortium and the power behind the White Group.

“Rolland, I need an explanation now, or I’m walking away!” Tinsley exclaimed, sensing the gravity of the situation. “You’ve never raised your voice at me before, and I won’t tolerate it again.”

“Sweetheart, we’re on the brink of becoming millionaires!” Rolland blurted out, enveloping Tinsley in an excited embrace. “We could win a hundred million!”

Tinsley stood there, speechless, trying to process Rolland’s frantic state. “I was just on a call with my mom. You know who I saw?” he continued.

“Who?”

“Janice!” Rolland exclaimed, pointing to the image on the screen.

“She’s right there in my hometown, and she’s worth a hundred million.”

Tinsley, equally astonished, asked, “Really? You’re not joking, right?”

“Why would I joke about something like this? This could be our ticket to becoming billionaires,” Rolland said, his eyes sparkling with both greed and anticipation.

“Hurry, call White Group now.”

“Wait a minute!” Rolland interjected, grinning. “Now that we know her location, perhaps we should aim higher.”

Tinsley’s eyes grew wide. “You want to bargain with them?”

“Why not?” Rolland responded, laughing heartily.

“You always think big,” Tinsley said, caressing Rolland’s cheeks before planting a fervent kiss on his lips.

“Let’s hold off and make them come to us. We’ll aim for a billion.”

Chapter 1148:

“Understood.”

The following morning found Minnie sitting in a luxury vehicle parked outside the prison.

She was absorbed in a book, her demeanor calm and composed.

Tricia, on the other hand, displayed visible nervousness. “Minnie, aren’t you worried at all? I’ve heard the Welch family has sent many assassins to the prison, targeting Aiden. Could he really deal with them?”

Turning another page, Minnie replied with unwavering calm, “Lance would have contacted me right away if something happened to Aiden. Since there’s been no word, we can assume he is still safe.”

Tricia’s forehead wrinkled with doubt. “You’re right. But I cannot rest assured until I see Aiden get out of the prison myself.”

Minnie snapped her book shut and peeked at the clock—it was 7:55, a mere five minutes before Aiden would stride out of the prison.

Suddenly, a thunderous roar erupted from behind the walls. “Aiden Green!”

The ground seemed to tremble with the sheer force of the shouts, catching Tricia off guard.

“What is happening? Is there a full-blown riot in there?”

But Minnie had already slipped out of the car, poised at the prison gates with a faint smile playing on her lips.

The gates creaked open, and a silhouette emerged from the shadows. There he was—Aiden, as unyielding as ever, his piercing gaze cutting through the air, radiating an almost regal command.

“Aiden Green!”

Through the widening gap, Minnie caught sight of a throng of hardened inmates, their voices booming with fervor as they chanted Aiden’s name.

She could imagine the trials Aiden had endured in these few hours to earn the respect of these convicts.

Aiden drew closer, and though only days had passed, he looked leaner, his features honed to a razor's edge.

"Bang on time," he said coolly.

"Always!" Minnie replied with a warm nod. "You've never let me down."

Aiden shook his head ruefully. True, he never disappointed others, but he was disappointed in himself.

He had failed to protect Janice, a failure that would haunt him forever, an unrelenting echo urging him to never miss a single misstep again.

"Hop in," Minnie urged. "Let's get you cleaned up and grab a bite."

"No thanks," Aiden shot back, his tone edged with impatience. "I just want to find Janice as soon as possible."

Minnie's face clouded over, but she pressed on. "Aiden, hear me out. You don't want to face Janice reeking of blood, do you?"

Aiden froze, then turned to Minnie, a flicker of concession in his eyes. "You've got a point."

Inside, Minnie's smile was tinged with bitterness. Anything tied to Janice could sway Aiden from his ironclad resolve, laying bare the unshakable truth—Janice was his line in the sand.

Chapter 1149:

Once settled in the car, Tricia stole a glance at Aiden through the rearview mirror.

Was it her imagination, or did Aiden seem more formidable than ever? He sat still as stone, yet an invisible weight pressed down on the air around him.

What trials had those ten hours forged him through?

She didn't dare voice the question, and Minnie wasn't about to pry either.

Aiden, true to form, kept his lips sealed, his thoughts laser-focused on one thing—the latest word on Janice.

"Yesterday, we got a tip. A couple in Oceantown claims to know where Janice is," Minnie began, her voice grave. "But they didn't tell us the exact location; they want a face-to-face meeting."

She let out a dry laugh. "They are clearly angling for a big payout."

"That is a silver lining," Aiden murmured, eyes still shut. "It means they're not bluffing."

Minnie nodded in agreement. "I've already set the wheels in motion to bring them here. Once you've freshened up and had a meal, you'll meet them."

Aiden wasted no time. The moment he arrived at the hotel, he freshened up with a quick shower, grabbed a light bite, and then slid into Minnie's car, ready to meet the couple.

At the best restaurant in the city, Rolland and Tinsley sat stiffly in a private room, their eyes darting around the lavish decor. Every gleaming surface and plush furnishing whispered of wealth beyond their wildest dreams, filling them with both awe and unease. It was their first time in such an upscale establishment, where even a single trinket seemed valuable enough to secure a lifetime of luxury. But their initial nerves quickly gave way to a smug sense of superiority. After today, they would be billionaires, free to indulge in any whim. What did it matter if this place dripped with extravagance? Soon, they would own far better.

Just then, the door clicked open.

Rolland's and Tinsley's heads snapped toward the entrance, their hearts pounding like a war drum. But when they spotted Aiden leading the group, their blood ran cold. A shudder crawled down their spines, and they found themselves gripping the arms of their chairs as if the very air had turned hostile.

Aiden cut an imposing figure—tall, striking, and effortlessly elegant. But it wasn't just his looks that made them tremble; it was the sheer weight of his presence. He carried an unspoken authority, the kind that made men falter and fools beg for mercy.

Minnie, walking just behind Aiden, caught the couple's reaction and let out a small sigh before stepping forward. With a light touch, she placed a hand on Aiden's arm, holding him back. "I'll take care of it."

Aiden arched a brow, clearly intrigued, but said nothing.

"You're too intense," Minnie murmured, a teasing lilt in her voice. "You'll scare them stiff. Just take a seat over there, and please, don't mess with my rhythm, alright?"

After listening to Minnie's explanation and noticing the pale, seemingly scared expressions on Rolland's and Tinsley's faces, Aiden gave a nod and walked to the nearby sofa.

Tricia, accompanied by a group of bodyguards, kept a sharp eye on the door from outside. She peered inside the private room, her gaze piercing the subtle divide Aiden had orchestrated between the two halves of the space, turning it into separate realms.

Chapter 1150:

"Hello, I'm Minnie Payne," Minnie announced with a radiant smile, striding confidently to the couple, who seemed cloaked in unease.

Her warmth was contagious, and seeing her inviting grin, Rolland and Tinsley exhaled in relief, the tension easing visibly from their faces.

“Nice to meet you! I’m Rolland Vaughn, and this is my wife, Tinsley,” Rolland responded, his voice tinged with nervous excitement as he fidgeted with his hands.

Minnie gracefully took a seat and, with a casual flick of her hand, signaled a waiter to approach.

“Ms. Payne, is there anything you need?” the waiter inquired with a polite nod.

“I’ll have a cup of coffee,” Minnie responded smoothly, then shifted her attention back to the couple with a generous gesture. “Please, order whatever you like. Today, the bill is on me.”

Rolland’s and Tinsley’s eyes lit up. Dining at this upscale restaurant had always been a dream just out of reach, whispered about in awe for its exorbitant prices.

“Thank you,” Rolland declared with newfound boldness, his voice steadier. “Please, bring us a selection of your signature dishes.”

“Of course, sir,” the waiter replied with unwavering professionalism.

“Would you like to accompany the meal with any particular drinks?”

“Bring us your finest bottle of red wine,” Rolland requested with a confident smile.

Tinsley, feeling a pang of unease, nudged him subtly. “What if we accidentally offend Ms. Payne with such an extravagant choice? Besides, that man is giving us an impatient glare. Do you think there’s a problem?”

“Don’t worry! We’ve got the scoop on Janice’s whereabouts, so why not indulge a little? For the Payne family, this is nothing more than pocket change,” Rolland assured her with a dismissive wave of his hand.

A flash of relief crossed Tinsley's face, and she waved the waiter over with renewed poise. "In that case, I'll have your most expensive dessert."

"As you wish, ma'am," the waiter responded with a nod.

After placing their orders, Rolland and Tinsley turned their attention to Minnie, anticipating her questions with a mix of curiosity and apprehension.

However, Minnie seemed in no rush, her demeanor composed as she savored her coffee, which only heightened the couple's unease.

Unable to contain his impatience any longer, Rolland blurted out, "Ms. Payne, aren't you going to ask us about Janice's whereabouts?"

Minnie met his gaze with a serene smile, her voice calm yet piercing. "Since you've come all this way, I assume you know where she is. What's the hurry? Unless you're nothing but a liar trying to scam a free meal!" Her voice turned icy, eyes narrowing.

"No, no, that's not it at all!" Rolland and Tinsley protested in unison, almost tripping over their words. "We genuinely know where Janice is. Just ensure our compensation is fair, and we'll share everything you need to know."

"Name your price," Minnie declared with a chilling smile, her tone casual yet sharp.

Rolland and Tinsley shared a brief, uncertain glance before Rolland boldly lifted a finger. "We want a billion."