

Wrath 691

Chapter 691:

Just then, the sudden squeal of brakes pierced the air.

Mateo's eyes brightened instantly. "Alissa, quickly! That must be MO."

"On it!" Alissa rose swiftly and hurried outside.

Mateo's racing heart steadied as he fixed Harlan with an icy stare. "Your schemes are transparent, Harlan. When Father awakens, your ambitions will crumble."

Harlan's smile remained unruffled. "Dear brother, how could you suggest such things? Surely our only wish is Father's recovery. Wouldn't anything less make us unworthy children?"

"Enough, both of you," spoke a middle-aged man sitting nearby.

Despite his distinguished silver-streaked hair, which might have suggested advanced years, his face remained remarkably unlined, creating an intriguing contrast. This was Gilmore Welch, Orson's second son.

"Let's maintain our dignity. We have guests approaching, and the Welch name should not be reduced to fodder for gossip."

At these words, Mateo and Harlan exchanged one final loaded glance before lapsing into a charged silence, their attention drawn inexorably to the courtyard entrance.

When Alissa's silhouette materialized in the doorway, Mateo's expression brightened with anticipation, only to darken with displeasure at the sight of her companion.

Could this woman really be the legendary surgeon, MO?

She appeared quite ordinary and unremarkable. Nothing about her presence hinted at the brilliance she wielded in the operating room as the same surgical expert renowned for performing miracles with a scalpel in hand.

“Welcome...”

Though a bit confused, Mateo didn't forget his manners and stood up to greet the guest.

But Harlan beat him to it, approaching the doctor with an exuberant smile. “Glad you could make it, Dr. Newman. We're counting on you for my father's surgery.”

“Hold on,” Mateo interjected, his voice frosting over. “What did you say her name was again?”

“Is there a problem?” Harlan turned back to him with a guiltless smile.

“She's Dr. Newman, the surgeon I invited to operate on Father.”

“What?” Balling his hands into fists, Mateo glowered at Harlan. “You went behind everyone's back to find another doctor?”

Harlan's smile faded, and his expression became serious. “Yes, I did. You said both local and international doctors have given up on Father, yet Dr. Newman is here. She agreed to perform the surgery on Father.”

“No, that's impossible! Only MO could perform the surgery Father needed!”

“Pardon my intrusion, Mr. Welch. I recognize that MO has a notable reputation, and many regard her as a reputable figure in the medical field. But the expertise required for your father's surgery isn't exclusive to her. I can perform the procedure with just as much confidence and skill,” Tess said, stepping forward with confidence.

“You?”

“Yes.” Tess smiled calmly. “I’m a resident doctor at Auburn Hospital. MO performed a similar surgery at our hospital before, and I’ve spent hundreds of hours reviewing her procedure. I can assure you that I’m as competent to handle the same operation.”

Chapter 692:

“You reviewed her procedure?” Mateo scoffed, his smile frosty. “It means you have no practical experience!”

“Technically, but as I said, I’m—”

“Guards! Escort this woman out!”

“Stay where you are!” Harlan’s voice thundered, stopping the advancing bodyguards in their tracks. He adjusted his glasses, his expression hardening into ice. “Mateo, Father’s...”

“His condition is critical, and MO still hasn’t arrived. If we don’t act now, he might not make it.”

“Shut up! Are you cursing our father?”

“Mateo—”

“That’s enough.” Gilmore sighed, stepping in to mediate. “Let’s not turn this into a spectacle. If Dr. Newman is confident, let’s at least allow her to examine Father.”

“No way!” Mateo shot back, his voice leaving no room for negotiation. “As the head of the family, I decide who operates on him.”

“So you’re not even pretending anymore, huh?” Harlan scoffed, his sneer laced with disbelief. “You’re willing to risk Father’s life just to cement your hold on power. I don’t care what you’re scheming. Right now, Dr. Newman needs to assess Father and prepare for surgery. That’s all that matters.”

"I said no, and that's final." Mateo's voice rang with authority, silencing the room. His presence was so commanding that no one dared to challenge him.

A servant rushed out. "Something's wrong! Mr. Welch, your father is convulsing! He might be..."

"Please hurry, Dr. Newman! Save my father!"

"I'm on it!" Tess sprang into action, dashing towards the room, only for Mateo to step in her way, his eyes dark and unyielding.

"Mateo, enough!" Harlan's voice shook with urgency. "Are you really going to let Father suffer just to wait for MO? This isn't a game!"

"Mateo!" Even Gilmore, who had tried to remain neutral, now rose to his feet, his voice heavy with warning. "Stop being stubborn, for heaven's sake! Once Father is stable, we can discuss everything later. Right now, Dr. Newman is our only option!"

Mateo shot a sharp glance at Gilmore, then Harlan. With a clenched jaw, he finally stepped aside, swallowing his frustration.

Harlan's eyes flickered with relief, and he gave Tess a slight nod. Catching the cue, Tess wasted no time and followed the maid towards Orson's room.

Mateo watched her disappear down the hallway, his anger simmering just beneath the surface.

"Father, should I try reaching out to MO again?" Alissa asked.

"No need." Mateo's tone was laced with cold certainty. His mind had already pieced things together—MO's earlier call about being blocked by Jorge reeked of Harlan's interference.

He should've known Harlan had something up his sleeve. And now he had the audacity to bring Tess and act as if she could replace MO for their father's surgery.

"Bring Jorge in," Mateo ordered.

Alissa hesitated for a moment, her brows furrowing in slight confusion. She had noticed Jorge lingering nearby earlier, but how had her father known he was outside?

Within moments, the door opened, and Jorge was ushered in. The instant he locked eyes with Mateo, his expression stiffened—panic flickering in his gaze.

Chapter 693:

"M-Mr. Welch," Jorge stammered, his voice unsteady.

"You dare interfere with my people?" Mateo spat.

"Please, Mr. Welch, this is all just one big misunderstanding," Jorge pleaded, his smile strained as he gestured frantically with his hands. "I was just rushing to assist someone and didn't know it would cause trouble."

"Rushing to assist someone? Really?" Mateo narrowed his eyes and stepped closer to Jorge, his imposing figure making Alissa tremble.

"You were helping Harlan, correct? And in doing so, you intentionally directed MO away from the correct route to ensure she would arrive late."

Jorge's face turned pale as Mateo's accusations struck uncomfortably close to the truth.

"I admit my mistake, Mr. Welch!"

With a heavy thud, Jorge dropped to his knees, panic etched on his features. "Caught up in the moment, I accidentally sent them the wrong way."

“Take him down and sever his hands,” Mateo ordered, his cold voice echoing through the room. “If he fails at something as basic as navigation, his hands are of no use.”

“No, please! Mr. Welch, you can’t do this to me.”

“Absurd. If not your hands, then perhaps your father’s, or maybe even all hundred members of the Lambert family,” Mateo shot back. Jorge’s blood ran cold as he fully grasped Mateo’s ruthlessness. He spoke of such brutality with the ease of swatting a fly.

To Mateo, the Lambert family was unimportant, no more significant than ants to be crushed effortlessly.

“What are you doing, Mateo?” Harlan intervened at that moment, coming to Jorge’s rescue. “Jorge has done great favors for the Welch family. Without him, Dr. Newman wouldn’t have arrived in time to help Father, who would’ve faced serious danger.”

Mateo’s brow furrowed, his tone stern. “You are not in a position to question my actions.”

“Truly, Mateo, Jorge has been a boon to the Welch family,” Gilmore said as he walked out with Tess.

Mateo realized then that the situation with Orson had been stabilized by Tess’ intervention.

His fists clenched, his gaze cold with frustration. His plans to elevate his position through MO had been overshadowed by Harlan’s successful introduction of Tess.

“Dr. Newman has already secured Father’s condition and planned out a surgery. I trust she will revive him, and when she does...”

Harlan left his sentence hanging, but Mateo grasped the unspoken implication.

If Orson woke and realized Harlan had played a key role in his recovery, he might reconsider the balance of power.

Moreover, such a shift could threaten Mateo's leadership within the family.

In the Welch family, strength and cunning determined leadership. Only the most capable held power.

Even without Orson's explicit intent, Harlan, backed by other family elders, could potentially challenge for control. A sharp, ear-piercing screech tore through the air.

The sound of another vehicle braking punctuated the tense atmosphere.

Chapter 694:

Although the crowd's demeanor subtly changed, silence prevailed until Jorge disrupted it.

"I encountered MO on the road earlier; she should be nearby. Perhaps we should extend an invitation for her to join us? While Dr. Newman has managed Mr. Welch's immediate care, we shouldn't overlook the respect due to MO, a distinguished international physician."

"You're right, Jorge. After such a long journey, it's only proper to invite her," Harlan agreed.

"I'll go get her," Jorge said before dashing out without hesitation. He was determined to win Harlan's favor while seizing the chance to even the score.

With Tess now overshadowing MO, and Mateo's support wavering, Jorge saw an opportunity for retribution.

Recalling his earlier humiliation, Jorge seethed, yearning for revenge against those who had embarrassed him.

Upon reaching the entrance, Jorge encountered the familiar trio: the man in the floral shirt, MO behind her golden mask, and the driver in mask and sunglasses.

“Ah, Master MO, we meet again,” Jorge sneered, striding toward her with confidence. “It seems your trip may have been in vain, though.”

Janice observed Jorge with a detached gaze. “Hit him.”

Vernon sprang into action, striking Jorge squarely in the face without hesitation.

Jorge spun from the impact. He staggered, regained his footing, and felt his nose, only to see blood on his hand. “Are you out of your mind? First, you ram into me, and now you punch me without warning! What the hell did I do to deserve this?”

With a faint smirk, Janice responded, “I just can’t stand the sight of you.”

Jorge’s eyes narrowed, fury mounting. “You will regret this confrontation!”

The crowd was filled with restless anticipation, but Jorge was nowhere to be seen.

“What’s keeping Jorge? All he had to do was bring someone over. Why is he taking forever?” Alissa cast a quick glance at the entrance, but it remained empty.

Mateo, too, felt the delay was unusual. “Alissa, go see what’s going on.”

“On it!”

“That won’t be necessary!”

Janice, Aiden, and Vernon strode into the house together.

Jorge, his face swollen and bruised, was held firmly by Vernon, who stood with an air of defiance. The sight stunned everyone.

“Outrageous!” Harlan stepped forward, his voice sharp with fury. “Let him go at once! This is the Welch estate. How dare you bring violence into my home?”

At Harlan’s reprimand, Vernon cast a glance at Janice, who stood composed, unfazed by the tension.

Noting Janice’s unwavering composure, Vernon’s confidence steadied. If his master wasn’t rattled, neither should he be.

Squaring his shoulders, Vernon’s gaze turned icy. “Mr. Welch, is this how your family welcomes its guests?”

Mateo’s brow furrowed. He didn’t speak right away. His gaze flicked between the bruised Jorge and Janice, her golden mask concealing any expression. He weighed his options carefully.

He hadn’t anticipated MO arriving with two others in tow.

Vernon had been sent to fetch them, yet he returned battered—a clear insult to the Welch family’s name.

Chapter 695:

“Mateo, is this who you invited? Arrogant, reckless, completely lacking in decorum—and now they’ve assaulted Jorge in our own home. This is an insult to our family!” Harlan pressed, his voice thick with disapproval. “Jorge is, after all, my guest. Yet he was attacked under our roof. As head of the Welch family—and given that you invited the assailants—you owe me an explanation.”

Mateo smirked, unimpressed. “An explanation? And what kind would satisfy you? I trust MO wouldn’t act without good reason.” His gaze shifted to Janice.

The weight of the moment fell on Janice. If she failed to justify her actions, Mateo would be forced to smooth things over for the Welch family’s sake.

But if Janice had been wronged, he wouldn't hesitate to back her.

He was a true schemer, skillfully manipulating both sides for his gain. Janice smiled, gesturing toward Jorge as she spoke evenly. "On our way here, he deliberately obstructed us and fed us false directions, delaying Orson's treatment. And at the gate, he even attempted to attack us. Should we have simply stood there and let him?"

"Ridiculous!" Harlan shot back. "Jorge has always been courteous. He would never do such a thing!"

"I suggest you choose your words carefully." A cold glint flashed in Janice's eyes beneath her mask. "Your eagerness to defend Jorge makes it difficult not to suspect your involvement."

She turned her gaze to Mateo. "Mr. Welch, I trust you can see the truth for yourself."

Mateo's expression hardened. He turned to Harlan, piecing together the truth from Janice's words—Harlan had deliberately sent Jorge to stall MO. It was all a ploy to buy Tess more time.

Harlan adjusted his glasses, letting out a nervous chuckle. "Mateo, don't give me that look. I'm completely innocent. Besides, we already have someone to perform Father's surgery. There's no need to waste time on MO, is there?"

"Oh? You mean Tess Newman—the one who got kicked out of Auburn Hospital? The same woman infamous for chasing after a married man?"

Aiden's lips curled into a smirk as soon as Janice spoke. Was she jealous? Did this mean she still cared about him?

Tess's face twisted in shock. She stared at Janice, unable to believe her ears.

How could this masked woman possibly know her past? She had no ties to MO—there was no reason someone of MO's caliber would be aware of her scandals.

Janice noticed the flicker of panic in Tess's expression. A knowing glint flashed in her eyes.

She hadn't expected Tess to survive that car crash, let alone still leech off the Welch family. Luck had certainly been on her side.

But now that Tess was standing in her way, that luck was about to run dry.

"Master MO, are you certain about this?" Mateo's expression darkened, his voice edged with fury.

Thinking fast, Harlan blurted out, "Mateo, does Tess's past really matter? The priority here is that she can perform Father's surgery."

"Enough!" Mateo's sharp command cut through the air, his authority as family head silencing Harlan in an instant.

Janice stepped closer, her eyes gleaming—strikingly mesmerizing yet intimidating in Tess's view.

"I've also heard that Dr. Newman, in an attempt to gain favor with the Green family, schemed with the family's illegitimate son to ambush the family's head. Their plot was eventually exposed, and they narrowly escaped death in a car accident. How can you allow such a morally corrupt woman to operate on Orson? Furthermore, is she even qualified for such a position?"

Chapter 696:

In front of Tess, Janice revealed one disgraceful incident after another from her past, shocking everyone in the room.

In these high-regarded circles, reputation was everything. If it became known that someone as questionable as this doctor was performing surgery on Orson, how would the other influential families react?

Harlan was nervous. He knew all about Tess' past.

Nonetheless, since Tess was confident in her ability to perform Orson's surgery, he had considered keeping her past quiet until the operation was over, planning to address the issue with her afterward.

Yet, who could have predicted that MO would be so well-informed about Tess' background?

"MO, these are groundless allegations," Tess replied, a shiver running through her as she felt the growing cold glares from everyone around her. "I may have made mistakes in the past, but that doesn't influence my capacity to carry out Mr. Welch's surgery. You might be famous in the medical field, but that doesn't entitle you to control every decision. I am capable of performing Mr. Welch's surgery."

She turned to Harlan. "Mr. Welch, please have faith in me. I am fully capable of helping your father's recovery."

Harlan frowned, considering whether he should give Tess an opportunity.

If Tess successfully treated Orson, Harlan would secure the support of the Welch family, thus strengthening his position to confront Mateo.

But if Tess' attempt failed...

"Mr. Welch, I pledge on my honor! I will cure your father, or may lightning strike me down." Noticing the uncertainty on Harlan's face, Tess quickly lifted three fingers, swearing a grave oath.

"Understood..."

"Mr. Welch, I encourage you to reconsider," Janice cut in.

Harlan stopped, his eyes shifting to Janice. Her piercing look chilled him to the bone.

"How can someone so ethically questionable and fame-driven manage such a delicate surgery?" Janice asked, her smile calm. "Did she tell you she's watched my surgical videos repeatedly, claiming she can handle the complex procedure?"

The crowd's expressions changed, their doubt about Tess intensifying.

"MO, you're just stirring up trouble. Before my dismissal from Auburn Hospital, I was recognized as a prodigy. I mastered your surgical methods from watching once." Tess narrowed her eyes, her expression firm. "Given the chance, I will perform better than you and claim the top spot in our field."

Janice clapped her hands, then turned to Mateo. "Mr. Welch, as the leader of the Welch family, who should conduct this surgery, me or Dr. Newman?"

Mateo raised an eyebrow, feeling the impact of Janice's words. "Clearly, the surgery should be yours to perform. How can we settle for an impersonator over the original? Harlan, you surely wouldn't want such a person to operate on Father, right? Previously, MO wasn't available, but now that she is here, there's no reason to compromise."

With that, he didn't allow Harlan any room to debate and turned to Gilmore. "Gilmore, you agree, don't you?"

Gilmore nodded. "Absolutely."

"No, this isn't fair! Just earlier, when your father was in a critical state, I was the one who managed to stabilize him..." Tess protested.

Chapter 697:

"What did you say?" Janice's expression changed as she gripped Tess's hand. "Orson was in critical condition just moments ago, and you managed to stabilize him?"

Caught off guard, Tess raised her head with pride. "Yes, that's correct! He was critically ill, and I was the one who managed to stabilize him. MO, that proves my skill."

"Fool!" Janice snapped. "Did you inject a cardiac stimulant into Orson?" Tess paused, and then her expression turned to one of surprise. "How could you know that?"

“Ha, it appears we need to advance the surgery.” Janice shook her head, then turned to Mateo with a serious expression. “Orson’s condition is already fragile. While a cardiac stimulant might temporarily stabilize him, it only drains his remaining strength. This might speed up his death.”

“Ridiculous! He’s currently stable. How can you claim it speeds up his death?”

“Something is terribly wrong!” At that moment, the caregiver in charge of Orson burst in, panicking. “The patient is having seizures again, and they’re more severe than before.”

“What?”

Fear gripped every member of the Welch family present.

Mateo’s expression turned furious as he glared at Tess. “Arrest this wretched woman!”

“How can this be?” Tess sank to the floor, her strength leaving her.

“Orson’s condition had just stabilized. Why is this happening?”

“Your grasp on the situation is lacking. Tess Newman, you’re simply not up to the task.”

“Master MO, please, you must save my father.” Dropping his usual authoritative demeanor, Mateo approached Janice with urgency, his plea earnest.

To him, Orson’s death at this moment was unthinkable. If he were to die now, the Welch family would be thrown into turmoil, with every influential member revealing their true colors, ready to sink their teeth into whatever share of the family fortune they could claim.

Orson’s long-standing influence was the bond holding the family’s stability together.

Without Orson actively yielding control, Mateo’s role as head was nothing but a title.

“Lead the way,” Janice told Mateo.

Aiden and Vernon exchanged a knowing look and took a different course, pulling Jorge to the side.

“Jorge Lambert, we have a moment to ourselves. Let’s have a conversation.”

“I want no part of this discussion.” Jorge struggled to break free, panic evident on his face after being intimidated by the two.

Vernon’s earlier blows were manageable for Jorge.

However, the driver’s punches felt like hammer strikes.

“If you don’t cooperate, then expect more of the same,” Aiden warned, flexing his hands menacingly, making Jorge quake.

“Alright.” Inwardly, Jorge promised to seek revenge through the best bodyguards money could buy once he escaped this dilemma.

“Excellent.” Aiden smirked, lightly slapping Jorge’s cheek. He and Vernon then escorted him to a secluded spot for a more intense “discussion.”

Chapter 698:

Janice and Mateo proceeded to Orson’s room.

Pausing at the door, Janice sensed the pervasive odor of decay and frailty. The sharpness of the scent suggested the elderly man inside was in his final days.

Despite her skills, she doubted he would last more than a month. “Master MO, please save my father,” Mateo pleaded, nodding at the caregiver to open the door.

"All of you, stay here," Janice instructed before turning her gaze to the caregiver. "You, come with me."

"Certainly!"

The caregiver followed Janice into the room, ready to assist.

Once they were inside, the door was closed behind them. Two family doctors were frantically trying to save Orson.

"Who are you? Where's Dr. Newman?"

"She's been dismissed. I'm in charge now." With a step forward, Janice asserted her authority, her presence overwhelming the doctors. Understanding the implicit approval from the family head through her presence, the doctors hesitated but ultimately did not challenge her.

"Move aside," commanded Janice.

The doctors, clearly unhappy, complied without a word.

Janice approached Orson, observing his fragile state. His breaths were shallow, and he seemed perilously close to death.

A surprising pang of recognition struck her as she looked at him.

This sensation stirred memories of Stephen within her.

From the moment she first met Stephen, she felt an inexplicable bond, a connection that, in time, she would come to understand was rooted in their shared bloodline.

What could be the reason for such a feeling now? Could it be that this old man and Glenn shared a similar suffering? Possibly.

Janice dismissed these thoughts with a shake of her head and focused on treating Orson.

Orson was no longer strong enough to withstand a cardiac injection. A gentler method was necessary to stabilize his condition.

During her previous travels, Janice had studied under a master masseur, who taught her a specialized massage technique designed to enhance heart function.

Considering Orson's fragile state, this technique was the ideal solution to help stabilize his condition.

The watching doctors were puzzled by her treatment choice. To their astonishment, Janice's hands alone seemed to bring stability to Orson's condition, without any invasive procedures.

"How is this possible?"

"She managed to stabilize him with her hands alone, no injections involved!"

"It's nothing short of a medical miracle!"

Amazed, the doctors looked on with newfound respect for Janice.

Orson's vitals began to steady, confirming the success of her method.

"Did you observe my technique closely?" Janice asked, turning to the caregiver after a deep breath.

"Yes, I saw everything," the caregiver responded.

Chapter 699:

“Excellent. Continue to apply the same massage to him as needed.”

“That’s all it takes?”

The caregiver stared at Janice in disbelief, her eyes wide with shock. The woman hidden behind the golden mask appeared even more mysterious, a riddle beyond comprehension.

“Yes!” Janice affirmed. “Orson’s body is too weak for medication. Right now, we need to use massage therapy to rebuild his strength. Once he’s stronger, we can proceed with surgery. If we operate now, he won’t survive.”

Her reasoning was solid and precise, leaving the two doctors speechless.

“A legendary figure always seen in a golden mask... Are you MO?” one of the doctors blurted out, his voice tinged with sudden realization.

“I am. Do you know me?” Janice asked, her voice steady.

The doctor’s face lit up with excitement. “Of course! You’re a legend in the medical world, solving cases no one else could. You’re my inspiration!”

A small smile played on Janice’s lips. “If you want to assist, take turns massaging Orson with the caregiver.”

“Understood! We’ll work with the caregiver to help him,” the doctor said eagerly.

Janice gave a nod, her gaze turning to Orson.

Following her intervention, Orson appeared significantly better, his breathing now steadier.

“Unbelievable... It’s like a miracle.” After performing an initial examination on Orson, the two doctors whispered in awe, mesmerized by Janice’s seemingly miraculous methods.

“MO is every bit as legendary as they say—saving Orson without a single stimulant, just pure skill. Incredible.”

“We just saw MO’s technique firsthand. Could we apply it to save others, too?”

Their eyes sparkled with excitement, as if they had uncovered a long-lost secret.

By then, Janice had already stepped out.

Outside, the Welch family stood waiting. The moment they spotted her, they rushed forward.

“How’s my father?” Mateo pressed, his eyes locked onto Janice.

Janice scanned the anxious faces before answering evenly. “The patient is stable. As long as you follow my instructions, he’ll be fine for the next three days.”

“Really?” Mateo’s eyes lit up. “We’re deeply indebted to you.” His expression turned icy as he cast a sharp look at a family member. “If not for you, someone here might have been to blame for his death.”

“Mateo, you can’t put this on me,” Harlan protested, adjusting his glasses. “I was only doing what I thought was best for the Welch family. Who could’ve known Dr. Newman would be useless?”

Mateo scoffed, “Harlan, looks like you’re eager to take Dad’s place.”

Harlan quickly retorted, “Mateo, you’re misunderstanding! I really want to help Dad get better.”

“Mateo, Harlan, enough,” Gilmore interjected, his expression stern as he directed his attention to Janice. “You said there’d be no problems for three days. What happens after that?”

Janice answered coldly, "After three days, Orson will die."

"Can't you save him?" Gilmore's expression hardened. "Or were you just toying with the Welch family?"

Chapter 700:

For a moment, all eyes were on Janice, filled with doubt.

"In Orson's state, it's basically a death sentence. There's no hope. This so-called 'Master MO' is probably just a fraud."

"MO, explain yourself! Extending his life for just three days without him waking up—what's the point?"

Several members of the Welch family started airing their frustrations with Janice.

Orson's three sons stayed quiet, hoping others would pressure Janice for them.

If Janice had a way to save Orson, they'd be grateful. If not, they'd make her pay for her boldness.

"You're truly naive," Janice muttered, shaking her head with a look of contempt. "What I meant was, with only the message, Orson has only three days left. But I never ruled out surgery. If it's successful, he could not only regain consciousness but live for another three years." Three years would be the maximum.

After all, humans can't defy nature. Adding three more years to Orson's life was already a miracle.

Mateo's face brightened as he quickly put on a charming smile. "Please excuse their behavior, Master MO. They were simply too concerned about my father and spoke out of turn. To make amends, I'll increase your fee by another hundred million."

Janice couldn't help but sneer internally. What a sly man, letting others take the blame while he appeared the hero, leaving her no reason to criticize him.

"Fine. But there's one condition."

"Of course, tell us. We'll do whatever it takes."

Janice paused, then said, "In these three days, remove all surveillance on me. And arrange a peaceful place for me to stay."

Mateo's expression froze. He had indeed placed spies on Janice, but he hadn't expected her to see right through it.

"Don't worry, Master MO, I will ensure your peace remains undisturbed. In the western suburbs of Cloverhill, there's a villa owned by the Welch family that's available for your stay," Mateo said smoothly.

Janice offered a quiet nod, choosing silence over further discourse. Stepping out, she saw Aiden and Vernon lounging in the living room, sipping coffee.

Next to them, Jorge meticulously served them, as if he were a servant. Tess had already been taken away, and Janice was indifferent to her fate.

"How did things turn out?" Aiden whispered, leaning in with a concerned look.

"Everything's under control. We'll hash out the details once we're out of here."

Aiden caught Mateo's eye trailing in the background and gave her an approving nod.

"Mr. Welch, I'll leave the rest to you. In three days, I'll take the reins for Orson's surgery."

"Consider it handled," Mateo assured.

With those final words, Janice, alongside Aiden and Vernon, made their exit.

The moment their backs turned, Mateo's amiable smile slipped away, tension crackling in the air like a charged storm. "Alissa, I need your brothers to dig into MO's circle."

Surprised, Alissa replied, "Dad, they're swamped. Perhaps I should step in instead. I—"