

Wrath 701

Chapter 701:

A sharp glance from Mateo sealed her lips. "It's time for your brothers to demonstrate who is truly worthy."

"Yes, Dad!" Alissa bowed her head, her gaze heavy with unspoken grievances. This challenge among her brothers was merely a facade to select a suitable heir for Mateo's legacy.

But why not her?

In Mateo's view, she was merely a tool in his strategic arsenal.

"Harlan, there's something urgent we need to discuss. Follow me."

"Yes, Gilmore."

Mateo threw a fleeting glance at the two but remained silent. Gilmore's invitation was nothing more than a scheme to provide Harlan a way out.

With Orson's health temporarily stable and the surgery scheduled, it was pointless to provoke any discord. Once Orson awoke and ceded his authority, Mateo would exact retribution on both of them.

Gilmore and Harlan exited the house and climbed into the same car.

"Harlan, your haste is reckless," Gilmore remarked sternly, massaging his forehead in frustration. "With the recent chaos, rallying the elders' support will be a steep climb for you."

"Should I just sit back and watch Mateo take the power from Dad?" Harlan retorted, his voice thick with defiance. "He's enlisted MO, a creator of medical marvels. If Dad truly recovers this time, I'll be left with nothing."

Harlan's countenance darkened, his eyes glimmering with a mix of desperation and resolve. "Gilmore, can I count on you? Together, we could certainly overthrow Mateo and claim leadership of the family."

Gilmore's frown deepened, and he responded in a cold tone, "Do you realize the gravity of what you've just said?"

Harlan paused, taken aback, then shut his eyes and gave a solemn nod. "Forgive me, I spoke without thinking."

"While Dad was still thinking clearly, he drilled one point into me—my stance had to stay neutral. He intended this to safeguard against any turmoil within the Welch family. I have extended my support to you more than once. Do you wish to break the agreement between Dad and..."

"I regret my words, Gilmore." Harlan held Gilmore in high esteem.

Gilmore stood as a crucial force in quelling the internal conflicts of the Welch family. Although not the head in title, his influence was comparable to that of one.

Misusing this authority, however, could potentially lead to the Welch family's downfall.

"I'm at a loss with Dad's reasoning," Harlan admitted, taking off his glasses to clean them. "Why would he appoint Mateo as the head of the family yet withhold true authority from him? Gilmore, do you understand his motives?"

A wry chuckle slipped from Gilmore's lips. "You're probing because you think I'm privy to secrets, isn't that right?"

Harlan didn't respond, but his intense stare lingered on Gilmore, waiting for an answer.

"Very well, revealing this won't do any harm." Gilmore exhaled deeply, a weary look on his face. "Dad did this to test Mateo. If he manages to stabilize the Welch family under these trying circumstances, Dad will, without a doubt, entrust him with full control. But there's another reason behind his actions..."

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“And what might that other reason be?” Harlan’s brows knitted together as he realized this was Orson’s real motive. “Dad is waiting for someone.”

“Waiting for someone?” Harlan echoed, his face contorting with bewilderment. “Who could that be?”

“Do you recall the White family from two decades back?” Gilmore asked, his tone serious.

A shadow fell over Harlan’s face, his eyes turning stormy.

“The White family was wiped out. Is Dad waiting for a ghost rather than a person?”

Gilmore locked eyes with Harlan in a silent, significant exchange. Harlan caught the unspoken message, his features setting into a grim line. “Could there be a survivor from the White family?”

“It appears so. There’s substantial evidence suggesting that their son might have survived.”

“What?” Harlan gasped, his pupils shrinking in alarm. A tumultuous blend of fear and shock swept over his features, morphing into anger and bitterness.

"Gilmore, can this be true?" Harlan asked.

Gilmore replied, "I haven't confirmed it yet, but I've dispatched someone to look into it."

Harlan's expression hardened, his hands balling into fists. "True or not, we need to neutralize this potential threat."

Gilmore exhaled deeply, his expression somber. "In the past, the White family was a constant source of strife for our family. The possibility of one still being out there is an impending disaster."

"Is Mateo aware of this?"

Gilmore arched an eyebrow and regarded Harlan intently.

Caught off guard, Harlan's initial shock quickly turned to joy. "Thank you, Gilmore, for giving me this opportunity."

"I claim no knowledge of it." Gilmore shut his eyes in silence, offering no further words, while beside him, Harlan's face lit up with joy. Securing the whereabouts of the surviving White family member and eliminating him could solidify his standing significantly.

Even should Mateo succeed in stabilizing Orson, Harlan's actions would likely garner him the elders' support within the Welch family.

Leaving the Welch family estate, Vernon assumed his usual role behind the wheel, with Janice and Aiden in the back.

“Any luck extracting information from Jorge?” Janice asked as she peeled off her mask and let out a relieved sigh, shedding the weight of the day’s burdens.

Aiden also took off his mask and sunglasses. “The Lambert family operates under the Welch family’s influence, often throwing their weight around in Cloverhill. If I’m not mistaken, they played a crucial role in taking down the White family back then. That’s precisely why the Welch family holds them in such high regard.”

Noticing Janice’s stern look, Aiden took her hand reassuringly. “Relax. I already gave Jorge a good beating.”

With a smile, Janice turned to Aiden. “You always seem to know exactly what to do, don’t you?”

Aiden gave a casual shrug. “Otherwise, how would we ever be perfect for each other?”

Janice just rolled her eyes, choosing not to contest his point. “Considering Jorge is the Lambert family’s second son, his knowledge might be limited. We have three days to delve deeper into the history of the White family.”

Chapter 703:

“Understood.”

At that moment, Prescott's call interrupted them.

A slight shift in Janice's demeanor indicated her concern; a call from Prescott at this hour seldom bore good tidings.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Janice, there's been some snooping around Vernon and Aiden." Raising an eyebrow, Janice suspected Mateo's involvement. "Mateo is quite suspicious. Prescott, start circulating some misleading details to confuse them."

"What sort of cover should I create for Vernon and Aiden?"

"Trust your instincts on that."

"Will do!"

Aiden's brow creased in worry, suspecting the new identities might prove problematic.

"Additionally, Stephen has attracted some attention as well. There seems to be a group trying to uncover his background, but they've been handled by another party."

"Understood."

Janice was aware of the dynamics at play.

Observing the situation carefully, she sensed that Wendy had some ties to the Welch family, though the exact nature of their relationship remained a mystery.

Wendy harbored a deep sense of possession over Stephen, and to keep him safe, she would keep him hidden from the Welch family. Prescott's reference to the other group likely meant Wendy had orchestrated their intervention.

Reflecting on this, Janice felt torn. Wendy had tormented Stephen for so many years, causing him immense suffering. But it was undeniable that without her protection, Stephen might have been found and eliminated by the Welch family long ago.

"Prescott, I need a full briefing on the Lambert family's activities in Cloverhill."

"Understood."

Shortly after, Prescott provided the details on the Lambert family. After reviewing the information, Janice's lips curled into a knowing smirk. "The Lambert family holds significant influence."

She set aside the file and instructed Vernon, "Take us to White Goose Mountain."

"Janice, why head to White Goose Mountain now?" Aiden asked, puzzled by the sudden decision. "It's not exactly nearby."

"It's rare for us to come to Cloverhill, and I thought we might as well enjoy ourselves a bit."

Aiden caught the playful spark in Janice's eyes and suspected she had another scheme in mind.

Her playful nature was evident, and he found it adorable.

The nightlife in Cloverhill was vibrant and extravagant.

Beneath the bright lights, secrets were hidden.

The roar of engines filled the air, cutting through the night as the winding roads of White Goose Mountain glowed with the red lights of speeding sports cars.

These red streaks belonged to luxury cars racing down the mountain paths.

White Goose Mountain was a popular spot for the affluent youth of Cloverhill, who gathered nightly to showcase their driving skills. With a loud boom, a red Lamborghini executed a flawless drift, halting in front of a Ferrari.

Chapter 704:

A blond-haired man with a lip ring emerged, his demeanor oozing arrogance. He was a trust fund baby, flaunting his wealth.

As he joined the crowd, many of the young men turned their attention to him.

"Conley, decided to join the races tonight?" someone called out.

With a smirk, Conley Mendoza lit a cigarette and blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Rumors about Jorge drew me here. Wanted to see if he lives up to the hype." He glanced around, his frown deepening. "He's not here tonight?"

"Okay, so where's Jorge? Usually at this hour, he's racing around in his yellow Lamborghini."

"Maybe he got wind that Conley was coming and decided to lay low?"

"Exactly! Jorge was defeated by Conley before. Now that Conley's back, Jorge is probably too much of a coward to even show his face."

The crowd erupted into peals of laughter at the comment.

Conley just smirked, a flicker of scorn crossing his features. He leisurely pulled on his cigarette, the smoke wreathing around him like a cloak of disdain.

“Let’s not be too harsh, folks. Jorge did put in the work to smash that record. We ought to give him some props for that, even if it’s my old record we’re talking about.”

As Conley exhaled, the smoke swirled around his grim expression. “Today, I’m taking on the White Goose Mountain track again. Just for the thrill of it, I’m going to shatter that record.”

The crowd froze, caught off guard by Conley’s unexpected words.

“Conley, seriously? The current record stands at five minutes and eleven seconds. Do you truly believe you can beat that?”

“What are you babbling about? Remember, Conley’s name is all over that record board. Jorge just got lucky that one time.”

“If Conley’s set on breaking it again, then rest assured, it’s as good as done.”

Conley advanced and gave the skeptical man a pat on the shoulder. “Are you doubting my expertise?”

“Never, Conley. I have full confidence in your abilities, truly. I simply hadn’t thought things through.”

At that instant, Conley punched the man in the face.

The impact sent him staggering backward, crashing to the ground.

“Conley, why on earth would you strike me?”

With a cigarette nonchalantly perched between his lips, Conley loomed over him, his stare cold and unyielding.

The crowd, utterly stunned, held their breaths, inching away to steer clear of Conley's wrath.

"Apologies! Seems I, too, didn't think it through and let my punch fly. You're not going to hold it against me, right?"

The expression on the man's face solidified, the calculation behind Conley's act undeniably apparent. Now, to challenge Conley would be to contradict himself.

"How could I possibly hold that against you, Conley? I must've earned that punch by not dodging quickly enough."

Conley let out a derisive snort and snapped his fingers. Immediately, a henchman scurried over. "Conley, what do you need?"

Chapter 705:

"Today, once I shatter that record, you will..." The roar of an engine interrupted Conley.

Annoyance flashed across his face as he turned around to identify the rude disruptor.

His gaze fell upon a gleaming yellow Lamborghini, and a sardonic grin twisted his lips.

"Looks like tonight's going to be entertaining," he murmured. The assembled crowd mirrored his surprise at the sight of the yellow Lamborghini.

Wasn't that Jorge's car?

The plot thickened as a black sedan coasted to a stop next to the Lamborghini.

Just then, the Lamborghini's door swung open. Jorge emerged, his face a patchwork of bruises that clashed starkly with his otherwise immaculate suit.

“Ha-ha!” Conley burst into raucous laughter at the sight. “Jorge, what in the world happened to you? Let me guess—your girlfriends found out about each other and tore you apart?”

“Conley, just shut it!” Jorge snapped back, his glare sharp as knives.

“Keep your nose out of my business.”

“Oh, I wouldn’t dream of interfering with your personal dramas,” Conley replied with a smirk. “You’ve just shattered my record. You reign supreme here. Who am I to challenge that?”

“Conley, today’s your day to reclaim the record. Soon, the crown will be yours once more.”

“Yes! And there’s Jorge, looking too weak to even try. He must’ve spent all his vigor on his girlfriends.”

The crowd erupted in laughter, their disdain for Jorge palpable.

Jorge tightened his grip, his eyes burning with defiance. These people mocked him only to curry favor with Conley. Yet, they used to greet him with deference.

But wasn’t Conley supposed to be overseas? Why the sudden return?

“Jorge, it seems your reputation isn’t as formidable as it once was.”

Just then, a cool and measured voice floated through the air from behind, sending a chill down Jorge’s spine.

The crowd swiveled to behold three figures emerging from the black sedan: a woman donned in a golden mask, a man obscured by a mask and sunglasses, and another clad in an absurdly flamboyant floral shirt.

“Jorge, should I assume these are your friends?” Conley’s gaze lingered on the woman in the golden mask, a spark of interest flickering in his eyes.

Despite her masked visage, her poised stature and presence were undeniably magnetic. His seasoned eye for beauty told him she was a vision to behold.

Jorge shut his eyes, swallowed by bitterness. He hadn’t intended to come, knowing well he’d be the butt of ridicule in his weakened state. Yet on his way home, MO cornered him, adamant about dragging them along to White Goose Mountain for some amusement.

His fear of them was real.

To sidestep further humiliation, he had reluctantly agreed to their demands.

“Conley, meet MO, the legendary surgeon.”

“How is that even possible? MO is actually here?”

“MO is a treasure, a surgeon you’d be lucky to find once in a lifetime. Many high-ups dream of meeting her. And now, she’s actually here with us?”

Chapter 706:

These young men had long heard of MO from their parents, understanding the immense prestige she carried. Even if their fathers were present, they would still have to address her with the highest respect, calling her Master MO.

Conley narrowed his eyes, a chilling laugh escaping him. “Jorge, are you pulling our leg? Master MO is as rare as a shadow. How could someone like you even know her?”

“Conley, doubt me all you want, but are you really going to question the head of the Welch family?” Jorge’s eyes glinted with resentment. “I think you understand what I mean.”

Conley's expression changed. He knew Orson was gravely ill, with many doctors already declaring it hopeless.

But with MO here, it meant the Welch family had somehow brought her in, and she could very well save Orson's life.

"You're Conley Mendoza?" Janice stepped forward, halting just a meter from him. "I've heard you're the best racer in Cloverhill's elite circle. Is that right?"

Conley arched an eyebrow. Up close, Janice's beauty struck him even more profoundly.

The delicate fragrance she wore sent a shiver through his heart, his gaze growing more intense by the second.

Conley snuffed out his cigarette, a smile playing on his lips. "Oh, that's just some flattery from my friends."

"I've got a deal I want to propose."

"A deal?" Conley furrowed his brow, confusion in his eyes. "Your words unsettle me. With your stature, you could easily speak to my father. Why approach me?"

"I want the Eternity Building that you own," Janice declared.

Conley's eyes grew cold. "MO, it seems you're well-informed about me."

Janice stayed composed, her voice unwavering. "It just happens that you own something I need."

Conley's displeasure grew. The woman before him carried an air of superiority that made him feel small.

He was the heir of the Mendoza family. While not as powerful as the Welches, he commanded respect in Cloverhill, even from the Lamberts. But this woman's presence completely eclipsed his own power.

"Mr. Mendoza, name your price. Money is no obstacle for me," Janice said.

Conley narrowed his eyes, attempting to regain his composure. "What if we make this deal another way?"

"Sure," Janice agreed immediately, nodding at Conley's proposal.

Conley slapped the car beside him and said firmly, "Let's race. If you manage to beat me, I'll hand over the Eternity Building."

The crowd fell silent at Conley's challenge.

"Has Conley lost his mind? The Eternity Building is worth 1.5 billion! He's willing to just give it away?"

"Are you out of your mind? This is the White Goose Mountain trail! Do you think MO, a newcomer, has any chance of beating him?"

"Exactly! Conley doesn't want to sell the Eternity Building, so he's making this deal with MO. Not only will he bolster his reputation, but he'll also humble her. When he beats her, the entire Cloverhill will hear about it."

It became clear to everyone what Conley's plan was.

Chapter 707:

Conley was clearly leveraging MO to elevate his own status. Defeating her would undoubtedly draw the attention of many influential figures.

"MO, what do you think?" Conley leaned casually against his Lamborghini, a teasing smile on his lips. "If you think I'm taking advantage, you can always find someone here to race in your place."

Laughter rippled through the crowd.

Who among them could possibly beat Conley on the White Goose Mountain trail?

Even Jorge couldn't manage it. If Conley hadn't been abroad last time, Jorge would never have broken the record.

"Alright," Janice responded effortlessly, without a moment's hesitation.

Conley's brow furrowed, an uneasy feeling creeping over him. How could this woman be so certain?

No matter how skilled she was, beating someone so familiar with the trail seemed impossible, especially since she knew so little about it.

Where was this woman's confidence coming from?

"Alright!" Conley inhaled deeply, a glint of anticipation in his eyes.

"It's settled then. We'll race. If I lose, the Eternity Building is yours."

"No problem," Janice replied with cool confidence. "But since you've named your stake, let me name mine. It wouldn't be fair for you to take all the losses."

Conley was both amused and incredulous.

Was this woman out of her mind? He didn't even need her stake, but she was offering it anyway.

She was either extremely confident or downright foolish.

“Then, MO, what’s your bet?” Conley asked.

“I’ll hand over ten billion if I lose,” Janice replied.

The crowd erupted once more upon hearing this.

“Is she really MO? Seems like she’s just handing Conley ten billion!”

“Maybe MO has a crush on Conley and is using the race to show her affection with a ten-billion-dollar gift?”

“Sounds about right.”

The crowd was amused, convinced MO was simply gifting the money to Conley.

A flash of anger crossed Aiden’s eyes. If not for the risk to Janice’s strategy, he’d have silenced those mocking men.

How dare they make fun of his woman? They must have a death wish. Vernon stepped back, feeling the cold aura radiating from Aiden. It was downright terrifying.

Even a slight sign of threat from Aiden was enough to send shivers down his spine. Offending him could lead to a dire fate.

“MO, I won’t exploit this. Take thirty minutes to learn the mountain route. You can even pick any driver from the crowd,” Conley offered.

“Okay.” Janice nodded, then returned to Aiden and Vernon.

“You’re really gambling here,” Aiden expressed his worry. “I haven’t driven this trail before. Thirty minutes hardly seems enough.”

Janice touched Aiden's cheek tenderly, her eyes sparkling with determination. "Can I count on you?"

A tightening sensation gripped Aiden's chest. Yet, he felt a surge of confidence. "Are you asking me to drive?"

Chapter 708:

"Yes." Janice's single word reflected her resolve.

Aiden took a deep breath and adjusted his sunglasses. "Okay, I'll secure this victory for you."

"You two aren't thinking this through!" Vernon exclaimed, stunned by their assurance.

To Aiden and Janice, they faced a completely new challenge: the White Goose Mountain trail. Renowned for its perilous bends and twists, it was a track where many rookies faltered and few excelled.

Yet, there stood Janice and Aiden, exuding so much confidence as if the race's result was a foregone conclusion.

How could they be so sure of themselves?

"I, too, think you're being reckless," Jorge commented, joining them with a concerned frown. "I've spent years mastering this track before I could set a record. And you, with barely half an hour to familiarize yourselves, think you can outpace Conley?"

Jorge then turned to Conley and murmured, "They call him the Madman. His opponents fear his wildly aggressive driving. He'd risk his life to win."

"Jorge, it sounds like you're really worried about us," Janice responded with a playful smile. "Aren't you supposed to wish for our defeat?"

Jorge was visibly shocked for a moment before averting his gaze, whispering, "I'd prefer to see Conley beaten."

Janice noticed his reaction, her eyebrow arching knowingly. She understood the complex dynamics between Jorge and Conley. Both were notorious playboys in Cloverhill. Jorge used to be the leader of his circle, but everything changed with Conley's arrival.

Conley overshadowed Jorge in almost every aspect, even in their favorite pastime of car racing.

Once, they had raced for a woman. Jorge had lost not just the race but also the woman he loved to Conley.

"Jorge, I need to use your car." Without waiting for approval, Aiden climbed into the driver's seat. "You're with me in the front."

"What?" Jorge was flabbergasted. He turned to Janice, seeking confirmation.

"You're familiar with the trail. Spend these thirty minutes guiding him," Janice instructed firmly.

Jorge wanted to refuse, but ultimately, he gritted his teeth and sat in the passenger seat.

The engine of the yellow Lamborghini roared as Aiden revved it, heading for the mountain path.

Janice exchanged a glance with Vernon before they both settled into the black sedan.

"Why are we risking so much to challenge Conley? Is it all for the Eternity Building?" Vernon asked, his tone laced with confusion.

"The Eternity Building is strategically located. And Jorge is a useful pawn."

Vernon paused, taken aback, then questioned, "Are you planning to manipulate Jorge?"

Gazing out at Conley, Janice said calmly, "Jorge may be a playboy, but he's also a sentimental person. Otherwise, he wouldn't have such a deep grudge against Conley over a woman."

"Or could it be just to save face?"

Chapter 709:

Janice shook her head, dismissing further discussion. She handed her phone to Vernon, displaying the crucial information Prescott had gathered.

Vernon glanced at the information, his pupils contracting. Now he understood Janice's reasons.

Jorge's reputation for romantic escapades was well-known, yet he had an odd habit. Each of his romantic interests bore a striking resemblance to his former love, Samantha Yeat.

Previously, Jorge had competed against Conley in a high-stakes race with Samantha as the prize. Sadly, he lost her to Conley.

However, Conley saw Samantha merely as a trophy, mistreating her severely. During one extremely unpleasant party, she suffered at the hands of multiple assailants, resulting in severe internal injuries that led to her tragic death.

Since then, Jorge had been relentlessly challenging Conley's records, driven by a deep-seated need for vengeance.

"Jorge might be more useful than he seems," Vernon said, passing the mobile phone to Janice. "Since the Lambert family serves the Welch family, they're likely privy to sensitive information. With Jorge on our side, he could prove quite valuable."

Janice expressed her agreement with a nod. "Now, it all depends on whether Jorge is smart enough."

Flicking his lighter, Conley ignited his cigarette and instructed his assistant, "I want a background check on these three immediately."

"Understood!" his assistant responded, promptly stepping aside to initiate the investigation.

As Conley gazed out into the dark, his bleached hair and lip piercing might suggest a wild, rebellious spirit, yet his silhouette blurred into the shadows, creating a mystique around him.

"Conley, we have something here," said the assistant upon returning, handing him the phone.

Scanning the displayed information, Conley let out a mocking snort. "A nightclub dancer named Tom Lopez and a regular driver, Peter Green. What even is this?"

The details about the two men seemed laughable to Conley, though their profiles strangely fit the descriptions. Their connection to MO remained a mystery, however, complicating the puzzle further. "Can we rely on this data?"

"Without a doubt, Conley! My brother, the hacker, gathered it," replied the sidekick confidently.

Conley gave a nod of approval, having personally seen the impressive capabilities of his sidekick's brother.

"Chris has been behind the wheel for over ten years. That's probably what MO is depending on."

"But what use is all that experience if he doesn't know the course? He won't stand a chance against me."

Conley's smirk was tinged with derision. Despite the seeming inevitability of the race's outcome, he was ready to compete fiercely. His goal was clear: to shatter Jorge's record and reaffirm his own legendary status as unbeatable.

"After the race, drinks are on me at Nightfall Bar."

“Cheers, Conley!”

The crowd erupted in excitement.

They started to talk up Conley’s sure win and his unbeatable skills.

Chapter 710:

Watching the crowd’s early celebrations, Janice’s smile was faint but knowing. “Their disappointment will be even greater when they see the outcome.”

“Do you really have that much faith in Aiden?”

Vernon’s concern was evident, questioning Janice’s assurance amidst the challenging race conditions and Conley’s stronghold as the reigning champion.

“I know Aiden well. He’s known for pulling off the impossible.”

With a roar, the yellow Lamborghini made its flashy return.

The sound of a click echoed once more.

Jorge was the first to emerge from the vehicle.

The crowd was ready to mock him, but before they could, Jorge suddenly threw up.

“Jorge, have you lost your edge? You can’t even keep your stomach in check!”

“Perhaps Jorge’s too accustomed to driving. Seems he doesn’t do well riding shotgun!”

“You’re giving him too much credit. It’s not a matter of habit; he’s simply a coward, liable to vomit in any seat.”

Amid the mocking, Jorge’s gaze hardened. They were clueless about the ordeal he had just endured. Following him, Aiden exited the car.

With his towering stature and calm demeanor, he presented a stark contrast to Jorge’s distressed appearance.

Catching Aiden’s eye, Jorge’s expression shifted to one of alarm. To him, Aiden seemed downright reckless.

People often spoke of Conley’s wild driving, yet Aiden’s antics were something else. On several occasions during their trial run, Jorge felt his life was on the line.

“So, how did it go?” Janice walked up to Aiden after she disembarked.

“Just fine.” Aiden’s reply was brief, but his self-assurance was unmistakable to Janice.

She smiled with a hint of slyness, then turned to Jorge, who looked notably shaken. “What about him?”

“He’s got his wits about him.”

“That’s for sure.”

Janice had intended for Jorge to accompany Aiden to better acquaint him with the route, but also to gauge Jorge’s temperament.

It appeared that Jorge was impressed by Aiden, yet it was crucial for him to witness their potential firsthand.

“MO, aren’t you going to take a bit more time to get to know the route?” Conley shouted.

Janice cast a glance his way and responded calmly, “No need. I’m not one for waiting. Let’s get this started.”

“Really good. Excellent!” Conley exclaimed, clapping his hands. His eyes twinkled mischievously as he regarded Janice.

“MO, your courage is commendable. However, if you believe this driver, Peter Green, can defeat me, then you are clearly mistaken.” Conley’s gaze shifted to Aiden, his smile turning sly.

Aiden’s response was one of surprise. “Peter Green?”

Janice caught Aiden’s eye and gave him a wink. Prescott had quite the talent for creating chaos, cleverly assigning the head of the Green family a fabricated identity.