

Wrath 741

Chapter 741:

"I need to see MO in ten minutes."

Mateo ended the call, his expression growing increasingly cold. He gripped his phone tightly, his knuckles turning white. He had just made a move he had hoped to avoid.

Given the critical circumstances, he had no other option. However, moving forward, he would need to be even more cautious.

A motorcycle weaved swiftly through the dense traffic on the city's ring road.

It was being hotly pursued by several other motorcycles.

Aiden's expression was stern, his keen eyes focused solely on the road ahead. He maintained high speed, his concentration sharp. He knew all too well that one wrong move in the midst of this chaotic traffic could cost him everything.

"Janice, there's a junction ahead! This is our chance to shake them off," Aiden shouted, concern coloring his voice. "Cling to me tightly."

"Alright," Janice responded instantly, securing her arms around his waist.

Aiden's body was tense, his muscles coiled and ready for action. Normally, he might risk it all on his own. However, with Janice, the person he cherished most, by his side, he refused to put her at risk.

"Aiden, I believe in you. Don't hold back. Do what needs to be done." Hearing Janice's confident words gave Aiden a deep sense of reassurance.

In his life, there was nothing more empowering than the unshakable trust of the person he loved most.

Vroom!

Aiden's energy surged as he revved the engine, and the motorcycle shot forward as fast as a flash of lightning.

As Aiden weaved through traffic, skillfully dodging other vehicles, a rush of adrenaline surged through him. It felt like a high-speed dance, requiring nothing short of precise movements.

However, the riders on his tail were skilled professionals. Even with Aiden's rapid maneuvers, they managed to keep pace.

They were impressed by Aiden's handling of the bike, smoothly navigating through the chaotic traffic without losing speed. Had they not been expert riders themselves, they might have lost him when he sped up.

"Attention!" the leader of the pursuers shouted into his headset. "The client is offering triple the usual rate for this job! We must succeed at all costs. If anything goes wrong, I'll ensure your families receive triple compensation."

"Understood, boss!"

"Now, you three, push harder and corner them!"

"Roger that, boss!"

Three pursuers in leather jackets revved their engines to the limit. They used the hood of a nearby sedan as a makeshift ramp, lifting their bikes into the air and flying over the cars.

This bold move created chaos on the highway. Horns blared in continuous blasts.

The pressure on Aiden intensified as he dodged potential collisions, making split-second adjustments with each maneuver. "Just a bit more!"

With focused determination, Aiden braced himself as the road junction approached.

Suddenly, a loud roar pierced through the noise behind him.

Chapter 742:

Shocked, Aiden turned to see a motorcycle descending, landing just to his left.

Vroom!

Another thunderous sound echoed.

A second bike landed to his right.

"What the hell?"

Aiden gritted his teeth and sped up once more.

But before he could clear the path, a third motorcycle soared over him and landed in front of him.

The three motorcycles quickly formed a tight triangle, sealing off all possible escape routes.

With the path ahead blocked, Aiden made a quick decision. He tilted the bike sharply, nearly laying it flat against the road.

Sparks flew as the motorcycle's side grazed the asphalt. In a calculated move, Aiden collided with the motorcycle blocking their path, knocking it aside.

At the same time, Aiden grabbed Janice and leapt from their bike. They tumbled across the pavement, coming to a stop moments later.

“Janice, are you all right?” he asked, his voice laced with concern.

“I’m okay,” she replied, pushing herself up.

Janice stood, her eyes scanning the approaching gang of bikers. The road ahead was completely blocked, and their motorcycle was leaking fuel from the impact, rendering it useless.

Aiden positioned himself protectively in front of her, his gaze locked on the oncoming attackers.

Around them, traffic had come to a halt, with drivers trapped in their cars, too frightened to move. The once-bustling road had cleared, as though the scene had been set for a gladiator’s arena.

“Aiden, it looks like we have no choice but to fight,” Janice said, stepping out from behind him.

She adjusted the golden mask on her face and tied her long hair back into a tight ponytail, her eyes gleaming with fierce determination. She exuded an undeniable sense of authority.

But before she could take another step forward, Aiden pulled her back. His gaze was caring, yet firm. “Janice, remember your upcoming surgery. You can’t risk any harm. Stay behind me and let me handle this.”

He turned to face the gang, his expression hardening with resolve. “As I said earlier—today, let me be your shield.”

Janice wanted to join the fight, but the intense seriousness and courage in Aiden’s gaze made her rethink and step back.

“Be careful,” she said, her voice filled with concern.

Fortunately, the bikers were only armed with knives, making the threat less severe than it could have been.

Aiden ran his fingers through his hair, his lips curling into a menacing smile. It was as though he was releasing something dark that had been held back for too long.

Janice arched an eyebrow, her eyes fixed on Aiden's back. She could easily imagine his time as a mercenary abroad. In the chaos of war zones, violence was an everyday reality. Those harsh experiences had shaped him, sharpening his more ruthless and relentless side.

Chapter 743:

"Take him down!" the leader of the bikers yelled, raising his dagger high as he charged toward Aiden.

Aiden's smirk held a hint of cold cruelty. He swiftly sidestepped the attacker's blade, grabbing him by the neck and shoving him forward.

The other bikers hastily retreated, but their quick withdrawal only created an opening for Aiden. He tossed the first biker aside, skillfully taking the knife from his grip. Without hesitation, he wielded the knife with deadly precision, severing the biker's arm in one swift stroke.

The biker fell, clutching the bleeding stump, writhing in pain.

But Aiden continued relentlessly. His expression was unwavering, his movements precise and merciless. His lethal prowess with the knife and his fluid footwork overwhelmed the bikers, forcing them to face the brutal reality of his skill.

Janice watched, captivated.

Every movement, every glance from Aiden, brought vivid images of him—blood-soaked and battling on distant battlefields. How could someone so cold and ferocious also be so kind and caring in her presence?

It was beyond belief.

“He’s a beast!”

The bikers were horrified, completely frightened by Aiden’s brutal tactics. They were scattered across the ground, some without limbs, others too weak to stand. Aiden could have finished them quickly, but he chose the most painful, torturous methods instead.

Standing amidst the devastation, Aiden took a deep breath. His face was splattered with blood, and the slight grin on his lips gave him the appearance of a true demon.

“Harlan really wasted his money on you fools,” he sneered. “You call yourselves mercenaries with those skills? Ridiculous!”

After wiping his face, Aiden turned around. The harshness in his gaze softened instantly when he caught sight of Janice.

“Janice, we—”

“Look out!”

Janice went pale and rushed toward Aiden. Her eyes filled with terror. The smile stayed on Aiden’s face, yet the sparkle in his eyes began to fade.

Bang!

A gunshot echoed, cutting through the silence.

“Aiden!”

Janice screamed as Aiden’s body grew limp, causing him to collapse to the ground. She caught him just in time, snatching the dagger from his hand and throwing it with all her might.

Propelled by her rage, the dagger struck the shooter chasing them, killing him instantly.

“Aiden!” Janice cried out, pulling him tightly to her. A sharp pain gripped her heart, so overwhelming it stole her breath. “Please, don’t scare me like this.”

“Damn it! I let my guard down. I should have dodged that,” Aiden said, managing a strained smile while coughing up blood. “I’ve been away from the battlefield too long. I actually turned my back on an enemy.”

“Stop talking. I need to treat your wound.”

Janice, fighting to keep her composure, quickly assessed Aiden’s injury. However, Aiden’s eyes narrowed as he saw a group of armed mercenaries approaching them.

Chapter 744:

Without hesitating, he shifted, shielding Janice with his body against the oncoming threat.

Janice’s eyes grew wide with terror, but Aiden still smiled, his expression filled with warmth and longing.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Gunfire erupted, turning the highway into a chaotic battleground. At Andromache Hospital, Harlan checked his watch, his lips curling into a confident smirk. “Mateo, ten minutes have passed, and there’s still no sign of MO. I think we should proceed and have Dr. Newman operate on Father.”

“Uncle Harlan, how can she be fit for this?” Alissa exclaimed, visibly upset as she pointed at Tess. “She’s a disgrace, expelled from Auburn Hospital. She shouldn’t be the one to operate on Grandpa!”

“Her past might be questionable, but we’re not in a position to be choosy. Or would you rather see your grandpa die on the operating table?” Harlan retorted, his voice steady.

Just then, the hospital director emerged from the operating room, his face marked with concern.

“Mr. Welch, we need to start the surgery immediately! Any further delays could risk the patient’s survival,” the hospital director urged. “Mateo, did you hear that? We don’t have much time left!”

A spark of excitement and scorn lit up Harlan’s eyes. Ever since Mateo had taken over leadership of the Welch family, he had been domineering, often treating Harlan with disrespect—whether through verbal insults or physical aggression. Watching Mateo get cornered now gave Harlan a strange sense of satisfaction.

A smirk played at the edges of Harlan’s mouth. Whether Tess proceeded with the surgery on Orson or Mateo held it off, either scenario would benefit Harlan.

Mateo was painfully aware of this. His expression grew grim, his hands balled into fists, his knuckles whitening and veins popping as if he was holding back from striking out.

“Mateo, let Dr. Newman operate,” Gilmore interjected with an exhausted sigh, standing up. “We shouldn’t gamble with Father’s life.”

Mateo gave Gilmore a sharp glance. “Gilmore, Father always saw you as the steady one, uninterested in the family power dynamics. But now, it seems you’ve abandoned your principles to side with Harlan. How could you turn your back on Father like this?”

Gilmore’s face stayed calm. “I haven’t betrayed Father. Every move I’ve made has been in the best interest of the Welch family.”

“Oh, really? Is it for the family, or is it for your own gain? You know the truth all too well,” Mateo scoffed coldly, then briefly closed his eyes. Turning to the director, he commanded, “Proceed with the surgery.”

Tess’ eyes sparkled with anticipation. This was her moment to prove herself.

If she managed to successfully perform the surgery, it would clear her name of all past accusations against her.

And MO? MO's reputation would be completely ruined by her success. She was determined to reclaim everything she had lost!

"Dr. Newman, please come with me to get changed into your surgical clothes."

"Sure." Tess gave a slight smile and then followed the director.

"Ha! That's how it should be done, Mateo! Father's well-being is what matters most." Harlan stared at Mateo with an air of arrogance and satisfaction, adding fuel to Mateo's already burning anger.

Chapter 745:

On the surgical table, Orson lay motionless. His frail body was connected to a series of medical devices that monitored his vital signs. The medical team nearby looked serious and anxious. They were acutely aware of the patient's identity. He was the pillar of the Welch family, a man whose name alone commanded influence over Cloverhill.

Should the surgery fail, their professional futures would be in danger.

Click.

The door to the surgery room swung open.

All heads turned, faces lighting up with anticipation.

"Is it MO?"

"Will we finally see the legendary MO operate?"

“I’ve heard MO has never failed a surgery. Our jobs are safe!”

A surge of excitement swept through the room.

However, their faces hardened when they saw who entered.

“Wait! Doesn’t MO always wear a mask? Who is this woman?”

Although they knew little about MO, there was one thing everyone recognized: the iconic golden mask.

So, the woman standing before them was not MO.

“Everyone, meet Dr. Newman. She will be conducting the surgery,” the director announced.

“Director, you must be joking? Mr. Welch’s surgery is incredibly complex. Experts globally have declined it. Only MO is considered capable enough for this task. And now you’re assigning it to some unknown doctor? Are you putting us all at risk?”

“Exactly! Who is this Dr. Newman? We’ve never even heard of her before!”

The room erupted into a chorus of protests as everyone expressed their doubts about Tess’s capabilities.

The director frowned, his face reflecting their concerns, but he was trapped. The Welch family had insisted on Tess’s involvement, leaving him with no power to argue.

“Any surgery MO can do, I can handle just as effectively,” Tess stepped forward confidently. “If you care about your careers, you’ll follow my lead.”

The staff exchanged worried looks, their doubts lingering.

"I get that you have almost blind trust in MO. But remember, MO is just human. What she's capable of, others can do too. For now, you have no choice but to put your trust in me."

Tess's expression remained unreadable as her eyes scanned the room, her face calm, though her heart simmered with bitterness. She believed that MO's reputation was largely a result of being in the right place at the right time. Had Tess been given similar opportunities early on, she was certain she would have achieved global recognition by now.

"Alright, Dr. Newman, we're depending on you," the director said, breaking her thoughts.

The medical team let out a deep, resigned sigh. With MO absent and Tess backed by the Welch family, they had no choice but to comply.

"Let's start the surgery then."

Tess approached Orson with unwavering focus, her expression determined. This was her moment to prove herself. She was resolute in demonstrating that MO was not the only surgical legend. Tess intended to surpass her and establish herself as the new surgical genius.

Chapter 746:

The operation began.

Tess furrowed her brows, carefully applying the surgical techniques she had practiced and perfected in her mind. Watching her skilled handling, the medical team grew increasingly confident as the surgery proceeded smoothly and systematically. Tess was intensely focused, at times holding her breath, fully aware that any error could be catastrophic. She was determined to succeed.

She had to make it through. Just a bit more, and the operation would be finished. Tess was convinced that this success would propel her reputation to global recognition.

Suddenly, a loud, urgent alarm shattered the focused silence of the operating room. Everyone's attention immediately shifted to the monitor, which now displayed red across all indicators, signaling a sharp decline in the patient's condition.

"What's going on?" Tess was stunned. She had meticulously followed MO's methods. How could such a complication arise so unexpectedly?

"Dr. Newman, hurry! Figure out a solution! The patient's vital signs are dropping rapidly. We must act immediately, or we risk losing him!" The medical team sprang into action, desperately trying to stabilize the patient. Meanwhile, Tess stood frozen, overwhelmed and clueless.

She struggled to identify the issue, much less fix it.

"Dr. Newman, why are you just standing there? Do something!" "This is the end. I always suspected only MO could manage this surgery. We've been fooled by this woman!"

"No! I've only just secured my full-time position, and now I'm at risk of being pushed out of this profession? If we upset the Welch family, none of us will get away unharmed!"

As Tess remained frozen, the medical team started to suspect that she, who had earlier spoken with such confidence, was merely a fraud.

"Seal the incision now!" Tess said, her teeth clenched, her face twisted in desperation. "Tell them the surgery went well, but the patient's fragile condition..."

Worsened because of MO's massage technique, resulting in this outcome."

Everyone was taken aback.

Tess was attempting to shift the blame to MO!

"What are you all waiting for? If you don't want to face the wrath of the Welch family, keep quiet!"

Bang!

Suddenly, the door to the operating room burst open.

All heads turned in shock to see a woman wearing a golden mask enter.

“The golden mask! It really is MO! We’re saved!”

Tess’s complexion went pale in an instant. She had never anticipated MO’s appearance at such a critical moment.

“She’s an imposter! Get her out of here!” Tess protested.

But before she could react further, Janice approached her. Without saying a word, Janice kicked Tess aside.

“Tess Newman, you’re nothing more than a pathetic copycat. How dare you attempt such a complicated surgery?”

Janice’s voice was cold and commanding, echoing through the room and filling it with fear.

Tess’s eyes widened with terror.

Chapter 747:

She could feel the fierce anger radiating from Janice, whose gaze fixed on her like that of a threatening predator.

If circumstances were less critical, she was certain that MO’s response would have involved more than just a kick.

“Get her out of here this instant!” Janice barked.

The hospital director quickly instructed the staff to escort Tess out of the operating room.

Standing over Orson, Janice’s keen eyes swiftly pinpointed the problem.

“Continue the surgery!” she ordered.

Her words sparked a renewed sense of hope among the medical team. Janice emitted a powerful sense of confidence. It felt as though, with her leading, any obstacle could be easily overcome.

“She’s so quick!”

Before the team could fully grasp the situation, Janice had already resumed the operation.

Her actions were remarkably fast and precise, each cut made with stunning accuracy.

At that moment, the staff realized why only MO could handle such a delicate operation.

Her expertise and swiftness were unmatched, far surpassing anything Tess could hope to imitate. Tess’s earlier claims of matching MO’s abilities now seemed laughably ambitious.

As the surgery progressed smoothly, tension escalated outside the operating room.

Harlan was quiet, kneeling outside the surgery suite. Beside him stood Mateo, his expression cold and his presence commanding.

“Harlan, your ruthlessness knows no bounds,” Mateo said seriously. “To claim the family leadership, you’ve resorted to extreme measures. You stationed your men at the villa to ambush MO, and you

arranged assassins to intercept her. If my people hadn't intervened in time, MO might have been murdered by your operatives."

"Mateo, you've got it all wrong," Harlan replied, struggling against his restraints. "I truly regret that MO was attacked. However, I had nothing to do with it."

"Do you think I'm a fool?" Mateo glared at him, squatting down to meet Harlan's gaze. Grabbing him by the throat, he spoke in a chilling tone. "No matter how many fall guys you line up, once Father's surgery is over, you'll answer for everything you've done."

Harlan locked eyes with Mateo, ice crystallizing in his veins. In that moment, he knew his own brother would snuff out his life without hesitation. Blood ties meant nothing now. The bitter truth settled in his gut like lead.

His mind raced frantically. How had his flawless plan to eliminate MO crumbled to dust?

The fluorescent light above the operating room door sputtered and died. Mateo's eyes narrowed to predatory slits as he rose from his seat, staring at the door.

A soft click pierced the silence. The door opened.

Janice emerged, wearing her golden mask.

"MO..." Before Mateo could inquire about the surgery, Janice strode forward and delivered a savage kick, sending Harlan sprawling across the cold tiles.

Harlan's men surged forward like wolves, murderous intent blazing in their eyes.

Chapter 748:

"Stand down!" Mateo's command cracked like a whip. His authority as the Welch family head froze them in their tracks.

Janice didn't spare them a glance. Her arctic gaze sliced through Harlan like a surgeon's blade. "Harlan Welch, I don't care about your fight with your brother. But you crossed an unforgivable line when you harmed the person I cherish most."

She closed the distance between them, looming over his crumpled form. "If he doesn't survive, I'll personally ensure every last Welch pays with their blood."

Mateo's heart clenched. He stared at Janice, stunned by the raw power emanating from her words. Though she was a doctor, her threat carried the weight of someone who commanded armies. Could she truly possess such influence?

"Master MO, what are you suggesting?" Harlan forced a smile through gritted teeth. "I haven't done anything..."

Bang!

Janice's foot connected with his body again.

In one fluid motion, steel glinted in her hand, a scalpel catching the dim light.

Before anyone could react, she plunged the blade into Harlan's lower back with surgical precision.

"Ah!" A howl of pure agony tore from Harlan's throat, echoing off the sterile walls. He curled into himself like a wounded beast, his body wracked with violent tremors.

"MO, how dare you!"

Gilmore leaped up, rage contorting his features. His eyes burned with murderous intent as he faced Janice. She met his gaze with glacial indifference, then let out a laugh devoid of warmth as she wrenched the scalpel free.

"This is a warning!"

"I'll destroy you, MO!" Harlan's face twisted into a grotesque mask of pain, eyes wild with hatred. But Janice's strike had been masterfully calculated—maximum agony, complete immobilization. The damage ran deeper than mere pain. One of Harlan's kidneys lost its function for good.

Recovery would leave him a shell of his former self, his vitality permanently crippled, his manhood forever diminished.

Janice rose to her full height, fixing Mateo with an unwavering stare. As Mateo opened his mouth to speak, she cut through his words like a blade.

"Orson will regain consciousness in three days."

Light flooded back into Mateo's eyes. In that instant, any trace of resentment towards her earlier threats evaporated.

"Thank you, Master MO." Mateo bowed repeatedly in gratitude, completely unmoved by his brother's suffering. "I'll launch a full investigation into this assassination attempt. You'll have justice."

Janice ignored the stunned faces surrounding her. Without ceremony, she turned and strode away. She had far more crucial matters demanding her attention; time was of the essence.

"This is too much!" Gilmore's curse slithered through clenched teeth as he watched Janice's retreating form. "Mateo, will you stand idle while this woman tramples our family's pride? She dared threaten the entire Welch bloodline! Never in all my years have I witnessed such brazen insolence!"

Mateo's lips curved into a razor-sharp smile as his eyes cut to Gilmore.

"Perhaps, Gilmore, you should focus on crafting your explanation to Father when he wakes in three days' time."

Chapter 749:

The color drained from Gilmore's face, his rage evaporating like morning dew.

Mateo's contemptuous snort punctuated the silence as his gaze fell on Harlan's writhing form. "Get Harlan medical attention."

The guards sprang into action, lifting Harlan's broken body with practiced care before rushing him away.

"Dad, surely you won't let MO's actions go unchallenged?" Alissa whispered, her brow furrowed. "Though we share some blame for her predicament, her threats crossed every line."

Mateo's arctic stare froze the words in her throat. He turned to the empty corridor, a shadow of intrigue crossing his face. What precious soul had Harlan dared touch to awaken such devastating fury in the typically composed MO?

In the sterile hospital room, Aiden lay still as death, his body a canvas of white bandages. Janice's chest constricted at the sight of him. Years of wielding a scalpel had never filled her with such profound gratitude for her surgical skills until this moment.

Had her hands faltered, had she hesitated even a breath too long, Aiden wouldn't be fighting for recovery in this bed—he'd be battling death itself on her operating table.

Janice drew in a steadying breath and moved towards Aiden, only to be halted by her phone's insistent vibration.

As her eyes fell on the caller ID, frost crept into her gaze, and something dangerous flickered behind her eyes.

"Leonidas!" The name escaped Janice's lips like winter frost, her tone sharp enough to slice through the tension crackling across the phone line.

"Janice, such anger doesn't suit you. It's detrimental to your well-being." Leonidas' words slithered through the receiver, dark and foreboding. "Remember, I saved you and Aiden today."

Janice's mind flickered back to the chaos earlier—Aiden's desperate attempt to shield her from the assassins' barrage, and the unexpected arrival of mercenaries led by Leonidas. But something was off with Leonidas. A darkness had taken root in him—his presence radiated an aura of someone who had walked through hell.

"State your purpose," Janice demanded, her words cutting through pleasantries.

"I'm well-versed in your current predicament, Janice," Leonidas replied, confidence dripping from every syllable. "Perhaps we could form an alliance."

"An alliance?" A cold laugh escaped Janice. "You must be delusional."

"Oh, but you will agree," Leonidas countered smoothly. "I hold the key to your greatest weakness. And once I use it, you'll come running."

"Stop dancing around the subject," Janice snapped, her voice glacial. "Surely you've uncovered the truth about Stephen and Wendy by now?"

Leonidas' tone carried a mocking lilt.

The blood drained from Janice's face as unease slithered down her spine. Was Stephen once again in Leonidas' crosshairs?

"If you dare lay a finger on Stephen, I will hunt you to the ends of the earth and make you rue the day you crossed me," Janice snarled, barely containing her rage.

"I've had a taste of death in that fire." A maniacal laugh erupted from the other end—a sound that spoke of madness, fury, and deep-seated resentment.

Janice's brow furrowed as she contemplated his extended absence. What horrors had shaped this new version of him? "Is Wendy your target?" she probed carefully.

“Precisely!” Leonidas spat the word like venom. “I can unveil Stephen’s buried past! I can expose Wendy’s true identity!”

Chapter 750:

Janice’s eyes drifted shut as his words stirred something deep within her heart. The temptation dangled before her like a poisoned apple. The prospect of uncovering Stephen’s truth, of wresting him from Wendy’s clutches, pulled at her heart.

But...

“I won’t work with you.” Janice’s eyes snapped open, hard as diamonds. “I’ll uncover the truth myself. And you... just wait for my retribution.”

Leonidas’ composure shattered like glass. After a stunned pause, he erupted, “Janice, you ungrateful—!”

“Did I strike a nerve? Your heroic entrance today? Nothing but Mateo’s command.” Janice sneered. “For all your madness and arrogance, you’re still just his attack dog. No... his rabid mutt.”

“Janice Edwards!” Leonidas’ roar echoed with unbridled fury.

“Cower in your shadows, Leonidas. When I find you—and I will—you’ll answer for everything.” Janice severed the connection with brutal finality.

A heavy sigh escaped her as she turned to Aiden’s motionless form in the hospital bed. His once-vibrant face now matched the sterile sheets beneath him, drained of all color.

She approached, fingers ghosting across his ashen cheek. “Do you think you’re Superman, throwing yourself in front of bullets? Have you lost your mind completely?” Janice murmured, her tone carrying a hint of reproach but mostly concern.

“Janice, I’ve reached Leah. She’ll arrive by nightfall.” Vernon’s hushed voice barely disturbed the hospital room’s quiet.

“Alright.” Janice schooled her features, erasing any trace of anguish. When she turned, her eyes held the bite of midwinter.

Vernon felt a chill race down his spine. Beneath her composed exterior, he sensed a tempest gathering force—her rage, though contained, burned like Greek fire.

“Keep watch over Aiden,” Janice commanded, striding toward the door. “Double the security. No one gets near him.”

“You have my word. I won’t leave his side.” Vernon’s pledge was solemn. After a moment’s hesitation, he ventured, “Where are you headed?”

Janice paused at the threshold, her words falling like arctic ice. “To collect a debt in blood.”

Vernon’s breath caught in his throat, words dying before they could form. He knew her nature. When someone crossed her forbidden lines, retribution came swift and merciless.

As her silhouette vanished down the sterile hallway, Vernon’s whispered prayer lingered in the air. “Return to us safely, Janice.”

Orson had been moved to a VIP ward in Andromache Hospital following his surgery.

The hospital’s director confirmed that all of Orson’s health indicators were stable, suggesting that the surgery had been successful. He further validated MO’s prediction that Orson would regain consciousness in three days.

“Mr. Welch, this is truly a medical miracle. It’s incredible that MO was able to perform a procedure that even many experts and professors wouldn’t have dared attempt.”

Mateo glanced at the enthusiastic director and scoffed. “Then perhaps you should consider why you couldn’t do it. Isn’t it a bit shameful that you, as the prestigious director of Cloverhill’s premier hospital, failed to perform such a surgery?”

The director's expression grew uneasy, but he quickly forced a smile. "Mr. Welch, your point is well taken. From now on, our hospital will adopt a policy of healthy competition to elevate our medical standards."