

Wrath 891

Chapter 891:

But if she lost this role now, it wouldn't just be a setback—it would be the end. With Sally's influence, she'd be blacklisted before she could even fight back.

"Molly, if you please me tonight, I'll ensure you get all the resources you need to rise to the top." Kyle stepped closer, his fingers tilting her chin up as his eyes darkened with unhidden desire.

Molly inhaled deeply before yanking his hand away. "I would never stoop that low. If fame comes at the cost of my dignity, I'd rather make a living selling trinkets on the street."

"Oh? Feisty, aren't you? Looks like you're begging for punishment. Tonight, you're mine..."

"Stephen!"

In that instant, all heads turned in unison toward the other side.

Stephen strode in, clad in a sharp suit that accentuated his air of restraint and authority, embodying the commanding presence of the film's male lead with effortless perfection.

Stephen usually carried a fresh, approachable charm, but now, fully immersed in his role, it was like he had stepped out of the script itself, turning into someone else entirely.

Watching Stephen slip so seamlessly into character, Devin couldn't help but admire his dedication.

"Stephen, you truly live up to your reputation. The cameras haven't even started rolling, yet you're already embodying the role. That level of commitment is rare in this industry."

"I appreciate that," Stephen said with a polite smile. "Janice crafted this film specifically for me, and I plan to give it everything I have. I won't let her down."

“Hearing that makes me even more excited for what’s to come,” Devin said, sharing a few more words with Stephen before they turned their focus to the set, fine-tuning the details.

“Wow, Stephen looks even better in person! No wonder the whole nation is obsessed with him.”

“I know, right? He’s even more stunning in real life than he is on screen.”

“Is it just me, or does anyone else wonder what’s really going on between Janice and Stephen? Janice poured a fortune into Stephen—not just launching an entertainment...”

“Company, but also bankrolling this entire movie. If that’s not proof of the rumors about their relationship, then what is?”

“Eh, I don’t buy into those rumors. I’ve always felt their relationship was more like siblings—nothing romantic about it.”

The hushed whispers and not-so-subtle chatter among the crew and cast filled the set, eventually making their way to Kyle’s and Molly’s ears.

“What’s he got to be so proud of? Just because he has a new backer doesn’t mean he’s not still selling himself,” Kyle scoffed. “He used to cozy up to that old woman and landed the Best Actor award. Now, he’s clinging to Janice. But Janice belongs with Aiden. I’d love to see how Aiden reacts when he finds out about their little ‘relationship.’”

“Kyle, I’m warning you—don’t do anything reckless,” Molly said, her voice cold as ice. “The people you’re talking about? They’re way out of your league. If you don’t want to be wiped from the industry overnight, I suggest you stick to acting.”

“You little wench, who asked for your opinion?” Kyle snarled, grabbing her face with a bruising grip. “I already told you—tonight, you’re mine.”

Chapter 892:

“Excuse me...” A calm yet commanding voice sliced through the tense air.

Kyle froze for a split second before retracting his hand, his expression flipping into something innocent and harmless in the blink of an eye. “What’s the matter?” he asked, turning to face a woman clad in a white gown, radiating an air of refined elegance. His eyes immediately lit up.

“I heard you talking about who Stephen used to be with.”

Assuming she was simply curious, Kyle readily answered, “Oh, that would be Wendy Chadwick. Sure, she takes care of herself and still looks great, but come on—she’s in her forties. That’s old, isn’t it?”

Wendy’s gaze frosted over, her lips curving into a slow, dangerous smile. “So, by your logic, she’s old. But tell me, what makes you so sure she was Stephen’s sugar mommy?”

“Isn’t it obvious? A good-looking guy like Stephen is exactly the type rich women fawn over. Without that old lady backing him, how else could he have snagged the Best Actor award so fast?”

Wendy didn’t say a word, but the chill in her eyes sharpened, turning razor-like.

Sensing the shift in the atmosphere, Molly instinctively took a step back. Kyle, oblivious to the growing tension, pressed on, seizing the moment to further smear Stephen’s name.

“Stephen just loves keeping older women entertained. Aside from that old woman, he’s probably cozying up to plenty of other rich ladies. Who knows what kind of diseases he’s carrying? By the way, who exactly are you? The producer of this film or something?”

Kyle couldn’t shake the feeling that this woman carried an air of importance. If he played his cards right, she might be a useful connection.

If he managed to turn her against Stephen, he might just carve out an opportunity for himself.

Wendy lowered her gaze, idly running her fingers along her thermos. Her voice was glacial. “I’m the ‘old woman’ you were just talking about.”

“You’re Wendy Chadwick?” Kyle gasped, his entire body going rigid as he gaped at her in utter disbelief.

“Mrs. Chadwick?” Molly gasped, equally shocked. The elegant woman standing before her was the one who had propelled Stephen to fame? She had never expected such a powerful presence to show up here.

Wendy cast a brief glance at Molly, making a subtle gesture—an unspoken command for her to move aside.

Molly pressed her lips into a thin line, not daring to defy Wendy’s silent order. Without hesitation, she stepped back.

Wendy then gave a nod to the bodyguard behind her, who understood and brought her a chair.

Wendy settled into the chair with an air of effortless ease.

Yet to Kyle, her poised demeanor felt downright menacing. Her long, fair legs were elegantly crossed, but he didn’t dare let his gaze linger.

“Mrs. Chadwick, I was just rambling earlier. Please don’t take it seriously.” Kyle forced a smile, his eyes brimming with flattery. “A person as influential as you wouldn’t waste your time on someone as insignificant as me, right? Let’s just forget about it.”

Wendy, idly inspecting her nails, asked in a cool, detached tone, “Do I look old to you?”

Chapter 893:

Kyle’s face went rigid—she had definitely heard everything.

“No! Not at all, Mrs. Chadwick! You look incredibly young. Even young people can’t compare to you.”

“Young people can’t compare to me? So, you’re calling me old?” Wendy paused, lifting her gaze to Kyle. That single look was enough to make his knees nearly buckle.

It was utterly terrifying. Just one glance had him spiraling into panic. He had always held his sponsor in high regard, but Wendy was on an entirely different level—one he couldn’t even begin to grasp.

“Mrs. Chadwick, you’ve got it all wrong...” Kyle scrambled for an explanation. But his mind had gone completely blank. In the end, his legs buckled, and he collapsed to his knees with a dull thud. “I was wrong! Please, forgive me for my disrespect. I sincerely apologize!”

“Apologize?” Wendy narrowed her eyes, a glacial gleam flickering within them. “Tell me, Kyle, do you know what kind of people I despise the most?”

“People like you, those who strut around like they matter, despite lacking any real ability. The truth is, without your backers, you’re nothing.”

Wendy reached out and wrapped her fingers around Kyle’s throat.

Kyle’s pupils shrank in terror as he instinctively struggled, but Wendy’s grip was unnervingly strong. No matter how hard he fought, he couldn’t break free.

Wendy’s eyes burned with cold fury as her nails pressed into Kyle’s skin, a thin line of crimson seeping out.

“Someone, help me!” Kyle gasped, his breath ragged. His eyes rolled back, his body jerking in desperate spasms.

But Wendy didn’t loosen her grip. A cruel smile curled on her lips, as if she relished the feeling of slowly squeezing the life out of him.

“Wendy, let go!”

A sharp, commanding voice cut through the air.

Wendy hesitated for a brief moment before flinging Kyle aside, then casually settled back into her previous relaxed demeanor.

Her gaze lifted to meet Stephen's. His face was hard as stone, his eyes burning with fury.

"Are you here just to stir up chaos?" he demanded.

"Stephen, help me!" Kyle scrambled towards him, his voice trembling. "She's insane! She nearly killed me! If I die, your movie's done for!"

Stephen's gaze flickered to the deep, angry welts on Kyle's neck—marks that stood out starkly against his pale skin.

The sight stirred memories of those untamed nights when Wendy's touch had left the same unmistakable marks on his skin.

Stephen exhaled sharply, shoving the unwanted memories to the back of his mind.

"Do you believe him, Stephen?" Wendy's voice was eerily steady, her face unreadable—a mask of indifference.

"Isn't the evidence right in front of you?" Stephen motioned towards the scratches on Kyle's neck, his tone steady yet heavy with finality. "Wendy, whatever was between us is long gone. Just stay out of my life and stop causing trouble, alright? Was everything you told me before just a lie?"

His gaze turned razor-sharp. "If you keep pushing me, I'll fight you to the bitter end."

Wendy's expression darkened, his words slicing through her like a blade. The man before her was no longer the same as before. He had moved on, built a new life—one where she no longer held the reins.

Chapter 894:

Wendy inhaled slowly, steadying herself. "If you see me as an obstacle, then I'll step aside."

With that, she turned on her heel and strode away, her posture unshaken.

As Wendy walked away, Stephen's gaze lingered on her fading silhouette, a weight settling in his chest. Was there more to what had just happened than what met the eye?

"Stephen, I truly appreciate it," Kyle said, his voice brimming with gratitude. "If you hadn't intervened, I might not be standing here right now."

Stephen furrowed his brows. "Why did you have to provoke Wendy?"

Kyle hesitated for a moment before forcing out a chuckle. "I only said that you were strong-willed and refused to be her puppet, which is why you joined White Whale Entertainment. You're an inspiration to all of us. Turns out, Wendy overheard and wasn't too happy about it."

Stephen mulled over Kyle's words, lost in thought. That certainly seemed like something Wendy would react to.

"Go review your script. We start shooting in thirty minutes."

"Alright, Stephen! I look forward to learning from you."

Kyle grinned mischievously and sauntered off, his mood seemingly light.

The moment he was out of sight, however, his expression turned sinister. "Bitch, just wait. I'll make you regret this. I'll have you begging for mercy."

Wendy exited the villa but halted at the doorstep, hesitating. She glanced back at the grand villa, now serving as a film set, her mind drifting elsewhere.

“Madam, why didn’t you explain the truth to Mr. White?” her bodyguard finally spoke up. “If he knew everything, he wouldn’t have spoken to you like that.”

“People cling to their prejudices. No matter how much I try to explain, to him, it will only sound like an excuse.”

Wendy let out a soft chuckle, a bitter realization dawning upon her—it was she who had shaped Stephen into the man who now resented her. Lately, she had felt as though she were suffering from an invisible sickness.

Each night, Stephen’s face surfaced in her thoughts unbidden, yet each time, it was accompanied by a searing ache in her chest.

Back when Stephen was by her side, she could unleash her emotions upon him, taking what she wanted without consequence.

But now that Stephen was gone, an emptiness gnawed at her, a void that refused to be filled no matter how hard she tried.

“Was I truly wrong in the way I treated Stephen before?” Wendy murmured, lowering her head. Her gaze fell to her hands—the same hands that had once tormented him, now trembling with an unspoken regret.

Back then, it had given her a twisted sense of satisfaction, a feeling of fulfillment, as if he were her personal possession—someone only she had the right to control and mistreat.

But now that he had broken free, she realized she had never truly owned him at all.

Stephen had endured it all, perhaps out of resignation, or maybe because he was repaying her for saving his life.

Wendy let out a slow, weary sigh, her eyes swirling with emotions too tangled to unravel.

At that moment, her gaze flickered to the side, spotting two figures slipping into the villa.

Dressed like staff, they might have passed unnoticed, but something about them felt off.

Chapter 895:

Elsewhere, Stephen attempted to concentrate on the script, but his thoughts refused to stay put.

“Stephen, I need to talk to you,” Molly said as she stepped closer, her voice hushed.

Snapping out of his thoughts, Stephen turned to her. “What is it?”

“There’s more to what happened earlier than you think,” Molly said, her face tense. “Kyle brought that injury upon himself.”

Stephen frowned, taken aback, his curiosity piqued. “What do you mean? What really happened?”

“Kyle was talking trash about you, saying you moved from an older woman to Janice, and that you only landed this role by selling yourself. Wendy happened to overhear him and stepped in.”

Stephen’s expression darkened, a flicker of disbelief in his eyes. “Are you sure about that?”

“Yes, I swear it’s true,” Molly said with conviction, nodding firmly. “I debated whether to tell you. At first, Kyle actually came after me. He tried to force me into something I wanted no part of.”

The moment those words registered, Stephen’s hands curled into tight fists, his gaze sharpening with an icy rage.

“Let Devin know I need to head out for a while. I won’t be gone long.”

“Where are you going, Stephen?” Molly called after him, but he was already moving, his steps quick and determined.

Stephen wasn’t sure why his emotions were running so high or why he suddenly felt this burning need to act.

Was it because he wanted to set the record straight about Wendy?

Yes, that had to be it!

No matter how much he hated her, he wasn’t the kind of man who would let someone be falsely accused.

But just as he started moving, he came to an abrupt halt, his instincts flaring.

Two figures strode towards him, their faces hidden beneath masks and caps, their presence radiating an unsettling aura.

What truly alarmed him was their eyes, brimming with lethal intent.

“Who are you?” Stephen asked.

“Are you Stephen White?” one of the two men asked.

“Yes.” Stephen instinctively acknowledged his identity.

The two men exchanged knowing glances before suddenly lunging towards him.

Startled beyond measure, Stephen turned to flee, raw fear etched across his face.

These men, however, were clearly seasoned professionals. Their movements and reactions were top-notch, honed through years of dark practice.

Within mere moments, they had closed the distance, a gleaming dagger now aimed at Stephen's exposed back.

Just as death seemed certain, a tall figure materialized, knocking the dagger aside with a single devastating punch.

"Costello?" Relief flooded Stephen's eyes as he recognized his savior. "Watch yourself—they might be from the Welch family."

Costello nodded, his steady gaze fixed on the two men. His commanding presence made even these hardened professionals falter in their resolve.

Chapter 896:

They quickly assessed that they were facing a formidable opponent, one not to be underestimated.

The punch had struck the man's wrist with such precision that numbness still radiated through his hand.

Without wasting words on empty threats, Costello launched himself at the two men with controlled purpose.

They dared not take this confrontation lightly, using every technique in their arsenal to engage in a fierce struggle with their unexpected adversary.

"Stephen!" Wendy returned to the scene, her eyes taking in Costello engaged with the two assailants, and visible relief washed over her features.

"Are you okay?" She approached with concern, taking Stephen's hand to check for any signs of injury.

Stephen pulled her hand away firmly, his voice cold as winter. "Mrs. Chadwick, please keep your distance."

Wendy's heart trembled at his rejection, a bitter smile forming on her lips despite the sting. "Stephen, I understand if you hate me. But right now, you must come with me to escape this assassination!"

"I can manage on my own."

"Stephen, listen to me!" Wendy's voice carried the weight of urgency. "Do you think you've been safe all these years by mere coincidence? I've shielded you from one assassin after another."

Stephen was stunned, the implications of her words slowly sinking in as he turned back in surprise. "You're saying these assassins didn't just appear today?"

"No. The Welch family has been looking for you for years. With their vast resources, finding you would be as simple as drawing breath. It was me. I eliminated anyone who got close to discovering you."

Stephen stood frozen in a daze, memories flooding back.

He recalled a day when Wendy returned with an unmistakable injury, a knife wound etched across her skin, yet she had dismissed it casually as an accident.

At the time, he had written it off, convinced she was just an eccentric woman who normalized the absurd.

But now, the pieces fell into place—she had likely been fighting those who were circling too close to his carefully guarded identity.

"Stephen, don't worry. As long as we deal with these two assassins, you'll still be safe," she reassured, her confidence unwavering.

Stephen shook his head, his expression hardening into indifference. "I'm afraid things aren't looking good now. They seem to know who I am."

Wendy gasped. "What did you say? They know it's you?"

"Yes!" Stephen nodded, casting a wary glance at the two men now locked in combat with Costello. "They confirmed my identity as soon as they met me. This means their backers are targeting me specifically."

Wendy's pupils contracted with sudden realization. "Oh no!"

Her eyes darted over Stephen's shoulder, catching the telltale glint of light sweeping across a distant balcony.

With reflexes born of years of vigilance, Wendy pushed Stephen aside.

Bang!

The entire villa erupted into chaos, the sound echoing off the walls.

They heard it clearly. It was the unmistakable sound of a gunshot.

Chapter 897:

Stephen's eyes widened in shock and disbelief as he looked at the woman before him, watching helplessly as a bloom of crimson spread across her chest.

"Run." Wendy slowly collapsed.

But Stephen was already shaken to his core by the unfolding tragedy, his mind blank, unable to process what had just happened.

Why did she take a bullet for him?

Wasn't she just a madwoman who took pleasure in tormenting others?

To her, he was just a plaything.

But just now, she had taken a bullet for him.

"Stephen, get down!" Costello had already disabled the two assassins. He immediately turned back, tackling Stephen to the ground.

"No, let me go!" Stephen broke free with a surge of desperate strength, rushing to Wendy's side despite the danger.

"You can't die!" He cradled Wendy in his arms, his eyes reddening with emotion. "Why did you take the bullet for me?"

"Stephen!" Costello frowned deeply, his trained eyes scanning the surroundings for the hidden sniper. He then rushed to a nearby table, tearing off its top with brute force and using it as an improvised shield. He had already texted Leah and Janice, and he was certain they were on their way to provide backup.

The gunshot abruptly brought the day's filming to a chaotic halt.

Concerned for everyone's safety, Devin wasted no time in sending the entire crew home immediately, leaving the next filming date uncertain. Meanwhile, upon receiving an urgent message from Costello, Janice hurried to Auburn Hospital without a moment's hesitation.

"Costello, what's the situation now?" The moment she spotted Costello waiting in the hallway, Janice fired her question without delay.

"Stephen is unharmed. But Wendy was shot and is in critical condition."

“What did you just say?” Janice froze, completely stunned by the revelation.

She had braced herself for news that Stephen had been the one wounded, yet the truth was something she never saw coming. Stephen had often told her that Wendy was nothing short of a madwoman—relentless in her cruelty, never treating him as anything more than a plaything to torment.

And yet, against all logic, Wendy had taken a bullet for Stephen.

“Costello, you must be kidding, right?” Janice questioned, struggling to grasp the truth.

Costello remained tight-lipped, but the firm, unwavering expression on his face left no room for doubt.

Just then, Stephen walked back to the operating room, having undergone a check-up that confirmed he was physically unharmed. The sight of Janice eased the storm raging inside him, grounding him in a moment of much-needed reassurance.

“Stephen, are you alright?” Janice asked with concern.

Stephen nodded, his gaze fixed on the glowing light above the operating room doors. “I’m alright, but Wendy...”

“Costello told me everything. I never imagined Wendy would risk her life for you,” Janice admitted, a mix of emotions flickering in her eyes.

“Janice, please do me a favor.”

“What is it?” Janice asked, puzzled.

Chapter 898:

"I need you to save Wendy," Stephen said, his voice steady, his gaze locked onto hers with unwavering resolve.

"You want to help her?" Janice asked, visibly taken aback. "Stephen, after everything she's put you through, don't you hate her?"

"I do hate her!" Stephen admitted, his tone grave. "And that's exactly why I refuse to owe her anything."

In that moment, clarity dawned on Janice.

If Wendy died for him, his resentment would forever be laced with guilt, haunting him endlessly.

At that instant, the doors to the operating room swung open.

"Doctor, what's Wendy's condition?" Stephen asked urgently, stepping forward.

The doctor let out a heavy sigh, his tone weighed down with concern.

"The situation is dire. The bullet is dangerously close to her heart. If we don't extract it soon, her life will remain on the brink. But the procedure is highly risky, and I must warn you..."

"I don't care what it takes—just save her," Stephen urged, his voice firm, leaving no room for negotiation.

At that moment, a nurse stepped forward, holding out a document.

The doctor extended the paperwork towards Stephen. "This is a liability waiver for high-risk surgeries. If you want us to go ahead, you need to sign this first."

Stephen stood frozen in disbelief.

The document in his hands wasn't just a waiver—it was a life-or-death contract.

Putting his signature on it meant absolving the hospital of all liability, even if Wendy didn't make it through.

A form like this was only ever presented when the odds of survival were dismal.

"I want her to survive!" Stephen shouted, gripping the doctor's collar tightly. "I don't want you to roll the dice with her life!"

"Please, control yourself!" the doctor protested. "Even the most renowned surgeons in the country can't promise a perfect outcome for a procedure this risky. How can I possibly guarantee it?"

"Stephen." Just then, Janice placed a gentle hand on Stephen's arm, a silent request for him to let go.

Stephen turned to Janice, his vision blurring as unshed tears shimmered in his reddened eyes.

Watching her brother like this, Janice felt a faint sting in her chest. The entangled bond between Stephen and Wendy was far too intricate to sum up in mere words.

"Janice, you can do something, right?" Stephen's voice wavered, thick with desperation. He didn't fully understand why he was saying it, but deep inside, he believed in Janice.

"Yes, Stephen. I'll handle this." Janice gave a firm nod before casting a meaningful glance at Costello.

Without hesitation, Costello sprang into action, restraining both the doctor and nurse and shoving them out of the way.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" the doctor protested, but Costello silenced him with a swift, brutal punch, knocking him out cold.

The sheer intensity of the moment proved too much for the nurse, who let out a strangled gasp before collapsing in a dead faint.

Without wasting another second, Janice tied her hair back into a ponytail and strode toward the operating room with purpose.

Chapter 899:

“Janice, what are you doing?” Stephen asked, stunned by her bold move.

“Stephen, trust me. If I’m here, she’s going to survive,” Janice reassured him with a calm yet unwavering smile.

Even in his state of shock, Stephen found himself believing her, without question.

A strange certainty settled over him—Janice would save Wendy, no matter what.

“When Janice takes it upon herself to save someone, failure is not an option,” Costello spoke up, his tone steady.

Stephen gave a small nod, saying nothing. His gaze remained locked on the operating room doors, his mind filled with restless anticipation.

“Costello, where is Janice?” Aiden appeared moments later. The sight of Stephen standing alone made his brows knit together.

“She’s in there,” Costello answered, his eyes flickering toward the doors of the operating room.

Aiden blinked, momentarily caught off guard. “Who is Janice operating on?”

“Wendy Chadwick.”

Aiden was thrown completely off balance by the revelation.

He had stepped away only to dig deeper into the attempted hit on Stephen, yet upon returning, he found himself facing a situation more baffling than anything he could have anticipated. Janice saving that lunatic? It didn't make any sense.

His gaze drifted towards Stephen, eyebrows knitting together as a realization struck him. Without a second thought, he pulled out his phone and dialed Braylen.

"Lock down the entire fourth floor of Auburn Hospital. No one goes in, no one gets out."

Inside the operating room, a tense silence hung in the air as the medical staff nervously awaited the lead surgeon's return.

The patient was in a dire state—every second that passed without action brought her closer to the point of no return.

"We're talking about Mrs. Chadwick here—a woman with immense power. If we don't get that liability waiver signed, we're finished!"

"I finally got my promotion! I can't afford for my career to crash and burn over this!"

"Relax, everyone! The doctor will get the waiver, no doubt about it."

They were supposed to be healers, yet their biggest worry wasn't saving a life, but saving their own skins.

If the patient weren't Wendy, they wouldn't be this anxious. Without a waiver, the fallout wouldn't touch them anyway.

At that moment, a figure appeared in the doorway.

“Doctor, you’re back...” The nurse’s words faltered as she took a closer look. The person standing there wasn’t the doctor—it was a woman she didn’t recognize. Her expression darkened instantly. “Who are you?”

Janice’s gaze swept across the room, her voice cutting through the tension like a blade. “Prep for surgery. Now.”

“This is a sterile zone! Unauthorized personnel have no business here!” The assistant surgeon stepped forward, his tone sharp with authority. “Get out before you endanger the patient!”

Janice’s eyes locked onto Wendy’s motionless form. Her voice dropped an octave, carrying a chilling certainty. “I’ll say this once more. Prep for surgery—unless you want her to die on this table.”

The staff exchanged uneasy glances. Something about Janice’s presence made defying her feel like an impossibility.

Chapter 900:

“Are you MO?” a nurse blurted out, her voice quivering. The name sent ripples of shock through the room.

“MO? Kiera, have you lost it? Look at her! She doesn’t even look strong enough to hold a scalpel properly, let alone be the legendary MO!”

“No, I swear it’s her!” Kiera Torres shook her head vehemently, eyes locked onto Janice. “I assisted during one of MO’s surgeries at Auburn Hospital. I know that aura anywhere. Even without a mask, she feels exactly the same as MO did back then.”

The moment those words sank in, the room filled with a cocktail of disbelief and awe.

“Enough talk. We start now,” Janice ordered, her tone leaving no room for argument. The staff jolted into action, hands moving with newfound urgency.

There was no time to doubt. Whether she was truly MO or not, her authority was absolute.

Within moments, Janice was suited up, her gloved hands poised over the operating table.

Janice's gaze lingered on Wendy's ashen face, emotions swirling beneath her composed exterior. The irony was not lost on her—the woman she had once wished to ruin was now the life she had to fight for.

"Wendy, taking a bullet for my brother doesn't erase the torment you put him through. But he made his choice, and I respect that." Janice lifted her hand, and without hesitation, Kiera placed a scalpel into her grasp, as if instinctively knowing what was required. In that moment, all doubt vanished—this woman was undeniably the legendary MO.

Seeing MO's face without a mask was almost surreal—she was breathtaking. The procedure began, the atmosphere inside the operating room thick with tension.

Beyond those sterile walls, chaos erupted.

"I'm her husband! Why am I being kept out?" Roger demanded, having sprinted to the hospital the moment he heard Wendy had been shot. Yet, the entire fourth floor was on lockdown, barring all entry and exit.

"And I'm her son! Why am I being stopped too?" Daniel echoed his father's frustration, having also rushed over upon hearing the news.

The only ones yet to arrive were Wendy's two daughters.

"Mr. Green ordered that due to the severity of this shooting incident, the hospital must be guarded with utmost seriousness," Braylen stated, his gaze icy as he blocked their path. "No one steps onto the fourth floor without his approval."

"Dad, what now? We're completely shut out!" Daniel grumbled, his frustration mounting. "And how the hell did Mom even get shot? If she dies, what happens to me?"

“Enough! Stop acting so pathetic! Try learning from your sisters for once!”

Daniel’s expression darkened. Of all the things in this family, his sisters irritated him the most.

Fueled by their own successes, his two sisters never missed a chance to mock him, their words laced with sarcasm and scorn, offering not a shred of familial warmth.

Though Wendy was distant as a mother, she still ensured he had the resources to build a career in the entertainment industry.

If Wendy died, his cushy lifestyle would die with her.

Roger, however, saw things through a different lens.

Deep down, he silently wished for Wendy’s death, believing that only then could he break free from the suffocating grip of control he had been forced to endure for countless years.