

RIISING FROM THE ASHES (ANDREW AND LAUREN)

Chapter 1131

Mosby said, "I already drained most of the old man's strength with Ms. Garcia! And now you're just waiting on the sidelines to swoop in when it's safe. Don't you think that's rather shameless?"

Andrew said flatly, "Judging others by your own petty standards-that's exactly the kind of person you are, Dr. Lake. If you're so upset about it, how about I release Mr. Keller Senior and let you try your luck? Let's see how easy that 'swooping in' really is."

Mosby's expression instantly changed. He fell silent, visibly shaken by the idea. He still remembered almost getting killed by George just moments ago, and there was no way he wanted to flirt with death again.

Andrew sneered, "Coward."

Mosby snapped, "You insolent brat! How dare you insult me?!"

Andrew could not be bothered to respond. He had no personal vendetta against the man, but after being provoked repeatedly, he was not going to sit there and take it either.

"Logan, get Mr. Keller Senior into the room. I'm ready to begin treatment," he said, looking toward Logan.

Logan gave him a grateful smile and said, "Andrew, if you can really heal my father, then from this day on, I'll consider you my sworn brother."

Andrew chuckled. "You sure know how to get a good deal."

Chantelle and Mosby both twitched at those words, unable to keep a straight face. They thought Andrew was out of his mind for thinking that Logan was getting the better deal.

After all, Logan was the eldest son of the Keller family and the soon-to-be leader of the most powerful among the Five Apex Families. If anything, being his sworn brother was a privilege for Andrew, not the other way around. Yet, here he was, boasting like that without a trace of shame.

Once George was laid down on the bed, Andrew turned again. "Logan, I need a small furnace and a hanging rack prepared."

Logan blinked in confusion. "Andrew, what do those have to do with treating my father?"

Andrew just smiled. "Trust me. You'll understand soon enough."

Without question, Logan ordered his men to bring everything over. Andrew's ability to subdue his father had already earned him more trust-what had once been 30% trust had now risen to 70%.

Mosby, who was still struggling from his injuries after being struck by Mr. Keller Senior, had no choice but to sit in a chair for some comfort.

He smirked weakly and said, "Putting on a show, aren't you, kid? Mr. Keller Senior's condition isn't an illness—it's a case of internal energy corruption. All this nonsense with props-what are you doing, holding a séance?"

Andrew ignored him completely and turned to Chantelle. "Ms. Garcia, I need a favor."

Chantelle raised an eyebrow. "What is it?"

Andrew handed her a prescription slip. "These are the ingredients for a remedy Mr. Keller Senior will need soon. I need you to gather them."

Chantelle frowned. "Andrew, Mr. Keller Senior is no ordinary man-he's close friends with Mr. McCormick himself. Are you absolutely sure you can cure him? Because if you screw this up you're not just risking failure-you're inviting disaster."

Andrew waved her off. "Just do it. And stop nagging like a typical woman."

Chantelle was livid. She had a reputation for being cold and expressionless in all situations, but ever since meeting this jerk, she had lost her composure more times than she could count. He made her want to scream bloody murder.

Mosby looked downright miserable. He was supposed to be the savior of the Keller family. However, it was clear that Logan trusted Andrew far more.

Mosby was only managing to sit upright to save himself from embarrassment, but when it came to actually helping, he was already out of the game.

"Well, well," Mosby said with a smirk. "Since Dr. Lloyd here is putting on such an elaborate show, I suppose that means he's confident he can fully cure Mr. Keller Senior. In that case, why don't we invite all our colleagues in to observe this miracle?"

At Mosby's call, over a dozen experts and renowned doctors crowded into the room. However, the moment they realized Andrew was the one in charge of the treatment, they all looked at him with disdain and started yelling.

"This is outrageous! Pure nonsense!"

One shouted, "Even Mr. Lake got injured-who the hell is this rookie? Step aside before you make things worse!"

"We've never heard of you in Blumedale's medical circles. Today, we'll be watching you as you embarrass yourself!"

Andrew ignored all the shouting around him without batting an eye. Once everything he requested had been brought in, he began the treatment without delay.

"Mr. Keller Senior, brace yourself for some pain," he warned calmly.

With that, he slowly inserted golden needles into the top of George's head.

Chantelle's voice turned serious. "Andrew, the head is the most delicate part of the human body. It's where the nerves are most complex-what you're doing could have serious consequences."

Andrew replied evenly, "Mr. Keller Senior's condition stems from a mental collapse, and the mind resides in the thoughts-the thoughts in the brain. So, treatment has to start there."

As he explained, his hands moved with precision. Soon, the crown of George's head, right in GV20, was covered in golden needles. Then, he pressed two acupoints on George's chest with careful control.

A flicker of relief finally appeared on George's agonized face.

Logan asked cautiously, "Andrew, why did you target my father's GV20 and EX- HN14?"

Without looking back, Andrew answered, "Those two points help limit the blood flow to the brain. With less blood pumping into his head, his pain level drops significantly."

Mosby let out a cold laugh. "So the pain might ease, but if there's no blood supply, aren't you just killing him in a different way?"

Andrew snorted. "I said I'm reducing blood flow, not cutting it off entirely. Besides, Mr. Keller Senior's martial foundation is powerful, and his life force is

strong. This is a case of mild hypoperfusion, not asphyxiation-so how exactly is that murder?"

Mosby was at a loss for words. The other physicians had come in with a clear bias, convinced Andrew was a fraud.

But now, as they watched his expert acupuncture technique and unconventional methods, they fell silent and watched intently.

Chantelle gave a subtle nod. At the very least, Andrew clearly was not just bluffing -he had real skill.

Andrew said, "Mr. Keller Senior, I'm about to unlock both your upper and lower energy cores. When that happens, all the inner demons in your mind will erupt at once. In other words, you'll enter a full-blown mental breakdown again.

"But as the saying goes, no breakthrough without destruction. If you can push through the madness and regain clarity, then you'll rise from the ashes, reborn."

With that, he pinched the two golden needles that had sealed George's core and yanked them free.

George's eyes flew open, cloudy and wild, and his body tensed violently. Anyone could see that his

consciousness was in chaos, like thousands of warring thoughts colliding in his mind.

Suddenly, blood sprayed from both his eyes and nostrils at once, an utterly terrifying sight.

Logan's voice trembled. "Andrew, w-what's happening to him?"

Andrew said nothing, his face expressionless as he observed closely.

Mosby sneered, "Andrew, you've sealed his mental focus and suppressed his volatile energy. Now it has nowhere to go, and instead of saving him, you're going to get him killed!"

The other experts also began voicing their concerns, urging Andrew to stop before it was too late.

Yet, Andrew did not move. Instead, he just stared at George.

Then, the bed George was lying on suddenly exploded beneath him. His entire body surged upright, hair and beard blown outward as if caught in a storm. An invisible force burst out from him, rippling violently in all directions.

Several older doctors, who had no martial strength of their own, were thrown back

like ragdolls, crashing to the floor with painful cries.

Chantelle gasped. "What in the world is this?!"

Andrew said calmly, "Mr. Keller Senior just broke through to the martial king level."

Mosby blurted out, "Wait... you mean Mr. Keller Senior's internal energy corruption is... resolved?"

Andrew sneered. "Resolved? That's putting it lightly. More accurately, it was completely crushed by the sheer force of Mr. Keller Senior's strength and his unshakable will."

Logan was overwhelmed with

emotion. He actually did it... just like you said, Andrew. He was reborn through the madness... He really did it... Heaven is watching over the Ketter family!"

Andrew shook his head. "Don't celebrate too soon. There's still one final step."

Mosby chimed in, "That's right-one last step. Mr. Keller Senior might've crushed the madness in his mind, but..."

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Mosby explained, "But undoubtedly, his mind must be utterly exhausted and his spirit completely drained! Whether or not he wakes up will be the real challenge. If he doesn't regain consciousness, he'll become nothing more than a hollow shell."

As he spoke, he cast a deliberately sinister glance at Andrew.

If George remained in a vegetative state, then Andrew would not just be blamed—he would probably be executed on the spot by the Keller family.

Yet right then, Logan turned to Andrew with genuine sincerity and said, "Andrew, all of us in the Keller family saw what you did for my father. Don't worry-even if he doesn't wake up, you'll still be honored as a benefactor of our family."

Mosby could not believe what he was hearing. "Mr. Keller, how can you say that? If Mr. Keller Senior doesn't wake up, Andrew should be held accountable for a grievous crime!"

Logan, however, had already seen through Mosby's jealousy and hostility toward Andrew. He responded calmly, "Mr. Lake, this is a family matter. We don't need your opinion."

Mosby froze, feeling as if a volcano had erupted in his chest. The rage nearly made him cough up blood.

Logan's words might have sounded polite, but they were essentially telling him to shut his mouth, and that the Keller family did not need his meddling.

Chantelle quickly stepped in. "Andrew, Mr. Keller Senior's condition is deteriorating fast! If he enters brain death or a coma, you know how impossible it'll be to wake him up again!"

Andrew replied, "Mr. Keller Senior already suffered severe trauma from his inner breakdown. And now, after the toll of mental battle, he's beyond drained. If he slips into brain death or falls unconscious, waking him would be out of the question—it would be time to declare him dead."

Chantelle's face turned pale. "You bastard! Why are you still standing around if you knew it would be fatal? Do something! Figure it out!"

The others were equally speechless.

If he knew how critical the situation was, then why was he not acting already?

They wondered if Andrew actually had no way out and could only stand by helplessly and watch George.

Mosby chuckled darkly. He might have suffered some setbacks with the Keller family, but Andrew was not going to suffer a loss—he would be responsible for a death.

Even if Logan had declared forgiveness, a doctor causing a death like this would be ruined as his career would be over.

Logan was drenched in sweat as he

looked at Andrew. "Please,

Andrew try something, anything. Save my father! If you manage to bring him back, the Keller family will agree to any condition you ask!"

Andrew stepped closer to George and shouted into his ear, "Mr. Keller Senior,

wake up! Wake up!"

George remained completely still.

Chantelle snapped, "You think yelling is going to work?"

Andrew chuckled. "You're right. Yelling alone won't cut it-we need to try something else."

He turned and walked up to a large, waist-high porcelain vase. "Logan, how much is this vase worth?"

Logan was baffled, thinking, 'What does the price of a vase have to do with saving my father?'

Still, he replied honestly, "I'm not sure of the exact price, but everything in this room is a rare antique."

Andrew shrugged. "Eh, who cares what it's worth? As long as it wakes up Mr. Keller Senior, it's worth it. But let me just say this upfront-if your father wakes up, you better not ask me to replace your vase!"

Before anyone could react, and under a roomful of stunned stares, Andrew raised

the vase high above his head and smashed it right beside George's ear, shattering it into pieces.

Everyone was completely dumbfounded.

Seriously? Was that his brilliant life-saving technique?

Mosby stared, then burst into uncontrollable laughter. "Andrew you really are a cheat! You couldn't wake him by yelling, so now you pull this stunt? Do you think we're all fools here?"

Chantelle clenched her teeth. "Enough, Andrew! What Mr. Keller Senior needs now is medical science, not you smashing junk like you're performing some kind of ritual!"

Even Logan looked uncertain now, doubting if he had overestimated Andrew.

However, just as the room filled with ridicule and disbelief, the man lying on the floor slowly opened his eyes and murmured weakly, "Logan..."

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Logan was stunned. He rushed forward in shock. "Father, you're awake?"

George forced a small smile. "Not only am I awake, but I've never felt this clear-headed before. It even feels like my martial cultivation just had a breakthrough!"

The crowd of expert doctors, including Chantelle and Mosby, was frozen in place, completely dumbfounded. No one could utter a single word, as they were too stunned to react.

Andrew gestured for Logan to help George onto the couch, smiling as he said, "Mr. Keller Senior, the energy corruption has already been cleared from your system. Now you'll just need some medication to aid your recovery, and your body should return to normal.

"However, your vitality and spiritual energy were badly depleted-it'll take a few months to fully recover."

George looked at Andrew with genuine admiration. He asked Logan to help him sit up, then turned solemnly and said, "I'm already grateful just to be alive. But to come out of this without losing an ounce of my lifelong martial cultivation?"

"That's a blessing beyond words. Losing a bit of strength and stamina is nothing in comparison. Dr. Lloyd, your kindness to the Keller family is immeasurable. Please, allow this old man to offer you a proper bow of gratitude."

With Logan leading the way, every member of the Keller family followed suit. "Dr. Lloyd, please accept our deepest thanks."

Andrew quickly sidestepped George's bow, not daring to accept it. As for the others bowing, he accepted it without hesitation.

George was not just any figure he was the spiritual pillar and strongest warrior of the Keller family. If he had passed, the Keller family's dominance among the Five Apex Families would have instantly declined.

So, when George called Andrew their great benefactor, he meant every word of it.

Chantelle's expression was complicated as she asked, "Andrew, how did you manage to wake up Mr. Keller Senior with just a broken vase?"

That was exactly what everyone else had been wondering too. After all, what Andrew had done earlier had seemed ridiculous.

But the outcome? Absolutely miraculous.

Andrew simply smiled. "You could ask Mr. Keller Senior yourself."

George looked at him with approval and said, "Extraordinary people use extraordinary means. And clearly, Dr. Lloyd here is no ordinary man."

Logan laughed in his usual warm way. "Father, can you maybe explain it a little simpler? We can't really follow what you're saying."

George chuckled and went on. "People always talk about heavenly herbs or mystical flowers as miracle cures. But they don't realize that everything in this world has the potential for healing."

"In the hands of a true master, even ordinary things can become the key to saving lives. I was trapped in

chaos, battling my inner demonsnet

completely drained. No voice could reach me. But somehow, the sound of that vase shattering-it was like a divine bell from beyond. It cut through the fog and pulled me back."

He looked toward Andrew with deep emotion. "Dr. Lloyd, I never imagined someone so young could already understand the art of 'breaking illusion'."

Mosby scratched his head awkwardly. "Mr. Keller Senior, what exactly is this... breaking illusion?"

Logan explained, "It's rather

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common in many faiths or beliefs. To put it simply, it's about using natural sound to snap someone back to awareness. So my guess is that after yelling didn't work, Dr. Lloyd intentionally smashed the vase to create a pure, natural shockwave. And that's what brought my father back."

Everyone nodded, clearly impressed and convinced. Moreover, the way they looked at Andrew had completely changed-now, every gaze was filled with awe and respect.

One doctor in a long traditional coat stepped forward politely. "Now that Mr. Keller Senior is awake and cured of his energy corruption, may ask, Dr. Lloyd-what exactly were the furnace and the hanging rack for?"

Andrew smiled. "Logan, please place Mr. Keller Senior onto the hanging rack. Then, raise it just above the furnace."

The request was so odd that everyone stared in confusion again.

Logan blinked. "Andrew... you're not trying to roast my father, are you?"

Andrew looked at him like he had lost his mind. "The furnace runs hotter than a

pig roast—do I look like I'm slow-roasting your dad? If you're craving barbecue, go get your own grill!"

The group burst into laughter. No one expected Andrew to be this witty.

Chantelle rubbed her temples. "Andrew, stop playing around. Just tell us what all this is for."

Her tone had shifted it no longer carried sarcasm or mockery, but instead genuine curiosity.

Andrew replied, "Mr. Keller Senior's facial muscles are stiff. He can barely speak, and definitely can't eat, let alone take medicine."

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"So I had to take a different approach to get the medicine into his system," Andrew said calmly.

As he spoke, he picked up the large bowl of herbal decoction Chantelle had prepared and placed it over the flame. The concoction soon began to boil, releasing a rich herbal aroma as steam filled the room.

The medicated vapor slowly rose and enveloped George's entire body.

Mosby scoffed. "And here I thought it was some groundbreaking technique—turns out it's just herbal steaming! Even I can do that."

Everyone could tell he was just trying to stay relevant. Normally, his usual entourage of bootlickers would have chimed in with praise. But this time, no one said a word.

Mosby turned to look behind him, only to see that the doctors who once flocked around him were now focused entirely on Andrew, their expressions full of admiration. They had already dismissed Mosby completely as if he were no longer in the room.

"You'll need to do this treatment once every three days," Andrew instructed. "Keep it going for half a month, and the stiffness in Mr. Keller Senior's body should be resolved."

He clapped his hands and stepped back. With that, the treatment was finished.

Logan stepped forward with a serious look. "Andrew, Ms. Garcia, can I speak with you both in private?"

Andrew nodded, and the three of them headed to the Keller residence's main hall. There, Logan brought out an embroidered case containing two potent medicinal herbs that gave off a strong, pleasant fragrance.

Andrew opened the case, took one look, and chuckled. "I'll gladly accept this."

Both were premium-grade herbs, each over a century old. This was the kind of generosity only a prestigious Blumedale family could afford. Clearly, this trip had been worth it.

"Ms. Garcia," Andrew said with a teasing smile, turning to Chantelle, "let's head back and honor our little bet."

For once, Chantelle's usually cold expression turned faintly red. However, it was not from shyness—it was pure fury. This bastard really had the audacity to flirt with her like that?

Was he not afraid she would shatter both of his family jewels?

Just then, Logan called out, "Wait, Andrew, there's still something we haven't done."

Andrew raised a brow. "What now?"

Logan grinned. "Don't forget that we agreed to become sworn brothers. And since we're doing this properly, we need to make the pledge and all that."

Andrew rubbed his temple. "Do we really need to make it official? I thought you were just saying that in the heat of the moment."

Logan's face turned serious. "I

meant every word. And since I said it, I'll see it through. So from now on, you're my sworn brother, Andrew. Blood doesn't matter-what counts is the bond."

Chantelle's eyes widened slightly. Logan was taking this seriously, and that meant

one thing: Andrew's value had shaken even the mighty Keller family.

To put it bluntly, someone with Andrew's level of medical mastery was worth investing in.

However, Logan was the heir to the entire Keller family. There was absolutely no reason for him to personally form a sworn

brotherhood with Andrew. Un-

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his potential was so overwhelming that the Keller family was willing to go all-in.

In the end, Andrew did not go along with any dramatic rituals or vows. He simply

agreed that from now on, they would treat each other as brothers.

Then, under Logan's warm insistence, Andrew and Chantelle finally took their leave from the Keller residence.

"I seriously don't get you," Chantelle said with a sigh once they were out.

"Logan offered you a sworn brotherhood, and you just brushed it off?"

She shook her head in frustration. "Do you have any idea how powerful that family

is?"

Andrew shrugged. "I don't know how thick that branch was, but I know it isn't as powerful as me."

Chantelle snorted. "If you had truly

accepted Logan as your sworn

brother and spread the word

through the Keller family's channels,

then the Goldings' bounty on

your

head would've been withdrawn by

tomorrow. All those people causing

you trouble would vanish within

days. You believe that?"

Andrew replied casually, "I believe it. But like I said—I don't need it."

Sure, the Keller family could shield him from danger, but Andrew had already accepted their medicinal gifts, so he was not about to lean on their reputation as a shield too.

There had to be a limit to taking advantage, and Andrew had never been the kind of man who overplayed his hand at least not with people he respected.

That said, if he disliked someone? Then, he had no problem bleeding them dry. Take Chantelle, for example.

"Ms. Garcia, kindly drive me back to my place. Then take your clothes off and let me admire the view," Andrew said with a straight face.