

RIISING FROM THE ASHES (ANDREW AND LAUREN)

Chapter 1241



"Who knew you had such... interesting tastes! You're all talking about challenging Andrew, but behind closed doors, you're just scavenging his leftovers!

"I gotta say, you're really dragging our family name through the mud!"

Quinton was so livid he nearly lost it!

Every word from Yara cut deep, hitting him where it hurt most.

Frozen in place, Quinton's brow furrowed as he racked his brain. 'How can she be so full of herself, daring to sass me like this?'

Yara's rebellion had set off alarm bells for him!

Once upon a time, he had her under his thumb, and there were moments when

she nearly found herself trapped in a situation she could not escape from.

However, then, Yara had become like a dagger that had slipped through his fingers, no longer under his control.

"Pfft, even if you think you've got some kind of ace up your sleeve, find yourself a powerful friend! Going up against me, you're heading for a fall!

"The Wright family is going to be mine, all mine. You and Andrew, you're all going to be left in my dust!"

Quinton whipped out his phone and made a call with an icy command, "Get things ready on your end. I'm going after the Rhodes family's treasure map in the next couple of days! And if you mess up, it's game over for you!"

Little did he know, Yara was eavesdropping from the other side of the wall, catching every word.

She let out a quiet chuckle and slipped away unnoticed.

A quick text from her phone went out to Andrew.

At that very moment, Andrew was hanging out at Supreme.

His phone buzzed-it was a message from Yara!

Aspen gave a mocking laugh. "Wow, that was fast. Did Ms. Yara just text you?"

"She's not asking you out to get a room tonight, is she?"

Andrew shot her a look. "Jealousy much?"

Aspen's laugh was tinged with annoyance as she scoffed. "Jealous? As if!"

Andrew tuned her out and read the message.

[Mr. Lloyd, that lowlife Quinton is planning to hit the Rhodes family soon! I'm giving you the heads up, but remember, you owe me one next time.]

Pocketing his phone, Andrew grinned. "Yara sure doesn't let anything slide! However, hey, I dig a girl who knows how to keep score. At least she won't act like she's helping me while secretly plotting to backstab me!" s̄nove1

Aspen said with conviction, "You've got to watch your back, no matter what! I've got this hunch that Yara and her brother Quinton really hate each other's guts!

"Taking her side means you're ready to go head-to-head with Quinton! Getting mixed up in the feuds

these big-shot familie onge

usually

means trouble for anyone who tries!"

met

Andrew's expression was frosty. "Quinton's been asking for trouble time and again, and he's really gotten under my skin! Now Yara's come to me for help, and I'm totally up for lending her a hand to get back at Quinton! ŝnovel

"And just imagine, if things work out and she ends up leading the Wright family, wouldn't I hit the jackpot?"

Seeing the smirk on Andrew's face, Aspen could not help but scoff, "In your dreams!"

'The top spot in the Five Apex Families isn't something just anyone can mess with!' she thought.

Forget the average Joe-even Derek could not touch it!

Aspen figured Andrew was living in a fantasy world!

"You can grab a cab home. I've got to swing by Oak Apothecary. Later!"

Andrew did not bother with another word to his underling.

With a casual remark, he was off.

Aspen was steaming. "Hey, Andrew, that Ferrari is mine. Why should I have to take a cab?"

Without looking back, Andrew called out, "Sure, the Ferrari's yours, but you're mine! By extension, that means everything's mine!"

Aspen was on the verge of losing it, but then it hit him-Andrew's logic was annoyingly spot-on!



Andrew was in his car when he dialed Tiana's number.

"Mrs. Rhodes, heads up! Quinton is snooping around your family's business!"

"What do you mean, snooping around?" Tiana asked, puzzled.

"Does your family have a piece of that legendary treasure map?" Andrew inquired.

Tiana responded calmly, "Treasure map? I have no idea what you're talking about."

Andrew chuckled. "Whether you're playing coy or you're genuinely in the dark, Mrs. Rhodes. Just know that I've given you the heads-up!"

"You and Mr. Rhodes should watch your backs and keep that map piece safe. Quinton's got some tricks up his sleeve!"

With that, Andrew ended the call.

Tiana was always careful, and feigning ignorance was her way of playing it safe.

Andrew's goal, however, was to alert the Rhodes family to be cautious, not to express interest in their map fragment.

With the message delivered, he did not waste more words.

Night had fallen, and the Oak Apothecary was closed for the day.

As Andrew parked, a small side door creaked open.

Natasha greeted him with a playful smirk, "Look who's here, my dashing hero! Caught any bad guys today?"

Stepping through the door into the apothecary, Andrew spotted Ronan and his granddaughter, Janice.

Janice shyly waved, "Hey, Andrew, you made it!"

Andrew nodded with a smile, "Janice, you and your grandpa doing okay?"

Janice chuckled, "No worries, we had big sis here and her crew watching our backs!"

Big sis?

Andrew shot a look at Natasha. The widow was well into her thirties, nudging forty.

Really, Janice ought to be calling her 'madam'!

However, Andrew knew better than to wade into the minefield of a woman's age.

Ronan chimed in, "Mr. Lloyd, your

foresight saved us. Mosby, that et

crook, just couldn't wait to send his goons after the Bates family's
ure map piece!"

Andrew gave a nod and motioned for Natasha to bring the culprits forward.

Before long, three figures were escorted in.

Mosby's lackeys, one of whom Andrew had put in his place before the guy with the face like a horse.

The moment he laid eyes on Andrew, the guy with the face like a horse-Old Hayface exploded, "Curse it, you're the one backing Ronan!"

Andrew grabbed a chair and sat down, cool as a cucumber. "Wasn't that a given? Seems like the lesson I gave your Genesis Dispensary crew didn't quite stick!"

Old Hayface glared, seething with rage. "Don't get cocky! My mentor's already plotting your downfall. Your days of swagger are numbered!"

Andrew just shrugged. "Mosby sent you for the Bates family's map piece, right? Go tell Mosby to save his breath! That piece of the map? It's already mine."

Old Hayface scoffed, "You think I'm

buying that? Ronan guards that thing like it's his life! I know you're just t

to throw my mentor off

the scent, but it's not gonna work!

"We might be caught, but my mentor's still out there! And mark my words, if Ronan doesn't cough up that map piece, he's gonna wish he had!"

Andrew chuckled and gave a dismissive wave. "Someone needs a wake-up call!"

Natasha moved in like a shadow, her fingers latching onto the horse-faced guy's hair. She delivered a series of sharp slaps that echoed through the room.

The guy's face, already tender from a previous encounter with Andrew, split open at the barely healed scars.

He howled in agony, "Andrew, what's the big idea? We're Mosby's students. If you mess with us, our mentor will have your head!"

Andrew's laugh was harsh and sharp as ice. "Let's loosen him up a bit more!"

Natasha, silent as the grave, grabbed the man's fingers. With a cruel twist, they snapped like dry twigs.

"Enough, enough! I get it, I'm wrong, Mr. Lloyd, call off your attack..."

Pain painted the man's face a sickly shade of purple as he wailed pitifully, begging for mercy.

Mosby's other disciples were a sorry sight, too scared to stand, plopping down on the ground, on the verge of embarrassing themselves.

Andrew snorted disdainfully and fixed his gaze on Old Hayface. "I'll ask, you'll answer. Are we clear?"

The man nodded frantically. "Crystal clear, no problems at all!"

Andrew pressed on, "So, Mosby's got the rest of the fragmented maps, doesn't he?"

Chapter 1243



"Yeah, he's got the Page family's piece, and it looks like that's not the only one."

Andrew's brow creased with concern. "Other than the Page family's, he's got more fragments?"

The man went pale as a ghost, barely getting the words out. "At least one more, besides the Page's. He kept it a secret, but I found out."

Andrew shot a glance at Ronan, whose face was a storm about to break.

It looked like the Page family's map piece had ended up in Mosby's clutches, and Ronan was feeling the heat!

Andrew pressed on, "You mentioned your mentor's out to take me down! Hmm, I'm really curious, does he even have what it takes?"

Old Hayface clenched his teeth and said, "My mentor might not be a match for you, but our top dog, my senior, is about to hit up the capital! And when he does, you're gonna get wrecked!"

Andrew quirked an eyebrow, "This senior of yours, Mosby's star pupil... Is he that tough?"

Despite his agony, Old Hayface could not help but boast, "Absolutely, you've heard of Xavier from the Hawyood family, haven't you? Our senior is the guy who can go toe-to-toe with Xavier from the Haywood family!"

Andrew's interest fizzled out. He was hoping for a real challenge, but that was turning out to be a letdown.

"Fine, you're free to go! And do me a favor. Let Mosby know that Ronan's map piece is with me now. He can come and get it whenever he wants!"

With that, Andrew flashed the Bates family's map piece.

Old Hayface was in disbelief, "Such a treasure, and Ronan just handed it over to you? I get it, you must've strong-armed or sweet-talked it out of Ronan, right?" Andrew cracked a smile, "You really think everyone's like your mentor, a dastardly thief?"

Ronan spoke up calmly, "I gave the Bates family's map piece to Mr. Lloyd of my own free will! Tell Mosby if he wants it, I'd rather die than hand it over!

"However, for you, Mr. Lloyd, I'd give it away without a second thought and never look back!"

The guy went pale, his expression souring fast.

Ronan's jab—if it ever got back to his boss—would that old man feel the sting?

"Oh, and when you head back to

Genesis Dispensary, you owe me a special delivery of herbs at The Sovereign Residences," Andrew

chimed in, "Think of it as your get-out-of-trouble free card."

Old Hayface was seething. "Andrew, show some respect, will you? You think I'm going to do you a favor

after you've messed with me like

this? You really think us baddies

don't have a breaking point? That we stand for nothing?"

Andrew cocked an eyebrow. "Is that a no?"

The guy's eye twitched, and he quickly plastered on a fake grin. "Kidding, just kidding! We're all good! Relax, it's just some herbs. We've got plenty at Genesis Dispensary, and I'll make sure they get to you."

Andrew's reply was cool as ice. "Then scram!"

Like he had been granted a divine escape, the man bolted from Oak Apothecary with his cronies, not daring to linger.

Natasha bit her lip, worried. "Are we really going to let them walk? I'm scared they'll come back with a grudge against Ronan and Janice."

Andrew shook his head, confident. "No worries, they won't dare. I've got the map piece now, and Mosby's going to be too busy aiming for me."

Ronan nodded. "Exactly. Mosby's so obsessed, he'll only have eyes for Mr. Lloyd now. It's just maddening, though, how that old crook managed to snag the Page family's piece so quickly..."

Andrew's voice dripped with disdain, "As long as we keep this piece of the map out of his grubby hands, we're golden! He can collect all the pieces he wants, but it's pointless!

"Missing just one piece means he'll never complete the treasure map. He'll never uncover the real treasure location!"

Ronan chuckled in agreement, "Exactly!"

Chapter 1244



On the west side of the capital, there was a ritzy neighborhood where the real estate was worth a fortune.

Mosby's swanky villa was nestled right there.

With the Grand Medical Summit just around the corner, Mosby had been hustling like crazy, getting everything ready for the big event.

Even with his medical skills being top-tier in the capital-a place brimming with talent-he was still cramming like there was no tomorrow to make sure he shone at the Summit.

It was tough out there, even for a bigwig like him. He had to stay sharp, or the next hotshot would leave him in the dust.

Take that pesky Andrew, for instance.

The kid's medical mojo had Mosby all mixed up, forcing him to stay on his toes.

Last time, Andrew actually managed to fix the Keller family head's energy corruption, stealing the spotlight and rewards that were meant for Mosby!

Naturally, Mosby's got a serious grudge brewing.

However, it also lit a fire under him.

"Hmph, I've gotta hand it to the kid, his skills are freakishly good for his age! However, if he thinks he can go toe-to-toe with me, he's dreaming..."

Mosby slammed his medical book shut and huffed to himself, lost in his thoughts. The doorbell echoed through the house, followed by the eager voices of the apprentices. "Mr. Lake, we're back, please let us in!"

Mosby's heart leaped with joy, and he quickly swung open the villa's iron gate.

The Bates family's missing piece of the map must be theirs then!

They would not be back that late for any other reason.

Mosby thought to himself, his breath quickening with anticipation.

Old Hayface arrived with two brothers in tow, their expressions as gloomy as if they were at a funeral.

"Mr. Lake, the treasure map... it's ended up in the hands of someone with the last name Lloyd!"

Mosby's smile vanished like a

popped balloon, leaving only a storm

of anger behind. "What happened? That kid Andrew couldn't have know about the treasure map. Did you three screw up and let him catch on?"

Mosby's eyes turned icy with rage, a dangerous glint flickering within.

Old Hayface and his companions shivered uncontrollably, rushing to explain.

"Mr: Lake, it's not like you think! It was Ronan, the old coot. He got desperate and just handed over the Bates family's map fragment to Andrew!"

Mosby's jaw dropped in disbelief. "What are you saying? Ronan gave away his own treasure map to Andrew? And he did it willingly?"

Old Hayface was seething with jealousy and frustration. "Yes, he just handed it over! We were as shocked as you are! However, it's true, Ronan and his grandson seem to hold Andrew in high regard!"

With a furious slap, Mosby let his hand fly, his face twisted with rage.

Old Hayface, clutching his repeatedly struck cheek, protested, "Mr. Lake, why are

you hitting me? You can ask the other two, I did everything I could!

"It's just that Andrew, that little troublemaker, is too much to handle! Who would've guessed they'd have someone lying in wait at Oak Apothecary? We walked right into

his web the second we showed up!"

Mosby's eyes blazed with fury as he bellowed, "Zip it! I'm not in the mood for excuses. Arrghh!!!"

Overcome with anger and a sense of being wronged, Mosby's hand flew up again, delivering a series of stinging slaps!

This time, it was not just Old Hayface who got it, Mosby's other two apprentices ended up with their noses battered and their faces swollen, blood crisscrossing their features!

Old Hayface was petrified. "Mr. Lake, you..."

Mosby slapped a hand over his mouth, snarling, "Quiet, my good apprentice, don't talk! Get your face over here, let me vent some of this anger! Otherwise, I'm gonna lose it. I'm just... so ticked off!"

"You bunch of no-hopers. And you, Andrew, you little troublemaker, you messed up my plans, I can't let you off the hook!"

Mosby then went to town on his three apprentices with a barrage of punches and kicks!

He did not stop until he was soaked with sweat and struggling to catch his breath.

Chapter 1245



Old Hayface and his two juniors were curled up on the ground, clutching their heads, knocked out cold from the beating.

However, through it all, they barely made a peep, they took their licks like champs!

They were used to that kind of treatment, after all!

Mosby had that nasty habit, whenever things did not go his way, he would take it out on others by doling out beatings!

However, today, he had gone too far, knocking them out cold!

"Ronan, you old coot, I've given you endless riches, miracle pills, and treasures galore, I have been more than generous, and yet you still won't hand over that map fragment..."

"When it's your life or the map, you choose the map! I've tried it all, sweet talk, tough talk, every trick in the book, but you're just unbreakable!

"And now, Andrew-that little punk-hasn't done a thing for you, and you just up and give him the map fragment for nothing?"

The more Mosby stewed on it, the hotter his anger burned, his eyes nearly bulging out of their sockets!

The shame of it, Ronan's move was a slap in the face, pure and simple!

It was like a total diss, a slap-down to him, Mosby!

"Ha, Mr. Lake, got something on your mind? Maybe we can help take a load off, huh?"

In the midst of Mosby's boiling fury, a smug chuckle cut through the air.

Mosby whipped around, not towards the door, but to the balcony of the villa.

There, a long-haired dude had somehow flipped his way in, looking all kinds of cool, like he had just pulled a vanishing act!

"You're back?"

Mosby was taken aback for a second, then broke into a grin!

This long-haired guy, oozing artsy vibes with his trendy loafers and that sharp, cheeky face, was none other than Mosby's top student from the Advanced Medical Institute.

The guy's name was Carl!

Out of all Mosby's students, Carl was the real deal in medicine and the toughest cookie in a fight!

In the capital, among the kids of The Five Apex Families, Xavier of the Hawyood family was the martial arts prodigy!

Carl, not even from those top-tier families, was rocking a rep as big as Xavier's. That went to show just how awesome he was!

"Mr. Lake, the moment I got back, I caught you giving my juniors a hard time."

Carl chuckled, "If the juniors messed up and ticked you off! Why bother getting your hands dirty, Mr. Lake? I can handle it. I'll just show those juniors the door!"

Mosby quickly interjected, "Carl, hold up, don't start swinging! It's not the juniors I'm mad at, it's someone else!"

He's got a short fuse, and when he's steamed, he likes to blow off steam by laying into someone!

However, Carl was a whole different story.

He's got this brooding artist vibe, with his long hair and sharp features!

Yet, he's quick to snuff out a life!

He was a whiz with poisons, thanks to his medical training.

He was the kind who could off someone without anyone being the wiser, and there was never any evidence to follow up on.

"Fine, if it's not the juniors' fault, I'll let them off the hook this time!"

"I'm actually bummed I didn't get to finish off a few juniors," Carl added with a hint

of regret as he pulled back his ready-to-strike hand.

Mosby's eyelids twitched, and he frowned, "Even after all that time at the Advanced Medical Institute, you still haven't toned down your love for killing?"

Carl flashed a wicked grin, "Mr. Lake, some things are just in your nature, and they'll never change! Take my reputation as the Grim Reaper's harvester, for instance. It's so darn irresistible!"

Mosby replied with a hint of

annoyance, "Cut it out, I've heard et

enough of your smooth talk to last a
lifetime! Now that you're back, you
can take over for me!

"That Andrew kid, he's gotta go! Take him out and bring me that treasure map
he's
holding!"

Chapter 1246



"Andrew? What a plain name. He must be just as unremarkable, a total
nobody." Carl popped his lips in contempt as he spoke.

Mosby cautioned, "Carl, don't take him lightly! The kid's got some moves.
Even the hit orders from two major families haven't touched him!"

Carl scoffed, "Mr. Lake, let's not give the guy too much credit and knock
ourselves down a peg. We both know exactly what went down! If the Kellers
hadn't stepped in, Andrew would be six feet under by now."

Mosby replied calmly, "You're not wrong. He's only alive because of the Keller
family's protection! So when you strike, make it fast, precise, and deadly. And
don't get caught!"

Carl smirked, "Staying under the radar? That's not my style! However, dealing
with the Kellers, that's a real headache! So, after I take out Andrew, I won't be
leaving my calling card, 'Killed by Carl.'"

Mosby's fists tightened with resolve, "Skip the theatrics! After you finish off Andrew, bring me the Bates family's lost map! That treasure I've been dreaming of will be one step closer!

"And once I unlock this legendary treasure from The Alien Throne... Then here in the capital, it won't just be the Five Apex Families. It'll be six, with us on top, hahaha..."

In the still of the night, Mosby's wild laughter echoed through the villa.

Carl's grin turned dark, "Don't worry, Mr. Lake. The night's still young. Tomorrow's the day Andrew meets his maker! After my latest round of studies, I've leveled up in more than just medicine!

"When it comes to martial arts, I could even go toe-to-toe with Xavier, the guy who barely beat me last time. I'm Carl, and I'm pretty sure I can match him now, maybe even outdo him..."

Mosby was beaming with pride, nodding over and over, "You're my star student, the one with the most potential, the one who reminds me of my younger self!

"I have faith in you, you've got this!"

Carl gave a sly grin, "No, Mr. Lake, I think I'm even better than you were in your heyday!"

Mosby's face turned stormy, and he
bit

inck his words, seething on the

Why did all his students have
to be so defiant?

He could keep them in line for now, just about.

However, what about later, when he was older?

...

The next morning, Andrew stretched out lazily in his room at Serenity Villa.

Aspen came in, her voice cool as ice, "You've got a package."

Andrew swung his legs out of bed, "Next time you come into my room, knock first,

will you?"

A blush

spread across Aspen's face to put on some of her

cheeks, and she twitched, her words

sharp as knives, "Could you, maybe,

Andrew got dressed in a flash, his tone nonchalant, "That's exactly why I said, next time, knock first. Unless you came in on purpose, trying to act all innocent when you're really up to something."

Aspen let out an icy laugh, but curiosity got the better of her, "Up to something? What's that supposed to mean?"

She did not quite catch his drift.

Andrew brushed past her, heading for the door, his reply dripping with scorn, "You tell me."

In a heartbeat, Aspen was a whirlwind of mortification and fury, teeth clenched.

She was so ready to chase down that infuriating jerk and give him a piece of her mind!



After freshening up, Andrew eagerly checked out the package Aspen had mentioned.

He ripped it open and could not help but nod, pleased as punch. The medicinal herb he had been waiting for had arrived right at his doorstep!

It seemed that Mosby's apprentice really came through last night.

With the final ingredient for Tiana's martial arts elixir in hand, Andrew got down to business.

Tiana had the bulk of the main ingredients ready to go.

The few bits and bobs that were missing? Andrew generously topped them off.

By late morning, Andrew stepped out of his alchemy room in Serenity Villa, a small porcelain bottle containing Tiana's needed elixir in tow.

Natasha batted her eyelashes at him and teased, "Hey, how about you join me for a little shopping spree?"

Andrew chuckled. "Shopping? Got your eye on something special?"

Natasha shook her head. "Not looking to buy anything, but the capital's streets are buzzing these days!

"The Grand Medical Summit is kicking off soon, and it's the talk of the town. I just wanna soak up the excitement!"

That's when it clicked for Andrew. Oh yeah, the Grand Medical Summit was just around the corner!

He was not all that into it at first, but then Mosby got under his skin, mentioning that the summit's prizes included some rare medicinal herbs.

Just like that, Andrew was hooked...

"Natasha, I'm really sorry, but I might have to bail on our street outing!"

Andrew said, feeling a bit guilty.

Natasha's mood was down in the dumps. "Ever since we hit the capital, it seems like you're all about Aspen and not giving me the time of day!"

Andrew cracked a wry smile. "I'm not ignoring you, and I'm definitely not flirting with Aspen!"

"The thing is, I've got some serious business to handle! I need to swing by Mercy Hospital before the big meeting kicks off.

"Mr. Rhodes mentioned last time that Mr Goddard over at Mercy has got some rare medicinal herbs I'm gonna check it out, see if I can score some!"

Those herbs were Andrew's obsession, worth more to him than cash or anything else.

Natasha got it, so she backed off.

"Just make sure you're back soon. I'm here waiting for you to be all mine!"

She threw him a pouty look and a playful hip wiggle. Natasha, the flirty widow, did not hold back her charms in front of Andrew.

Andrew booked it out of there, worried if he dawdled, he would be wrapped around the widow's finger.

Since running into him, Natasha had cleaned up her act just for Andrew!

Sure, it was nice, but it sure gave Andrew a heap of headaches!

All because the widow's wants and needs were his to satisfy.

If he did not keep her happy, the fiery widow would start to stir up trouble...

Aspen had sneakily taken the Ferrari for a spin. Andrew muttered curses at the cheeky servant's bold move and went to catch a cab.

Stepping to the curb, a chilling look laced with danger caught his eye, and Andrew could not help but glance over.

A guy with flowing locks and a killer smile sauntered up.

"So you're the Andrew who got my mentor so steamed he nearly blew a gasket, huh?"

Andrew did not even blink. "Looks like you're Mosby's top student. Let's get this over with, shall we? I've got places to be after I wipe the floor with you!"

Carl, Mosby's number one, let out a laugh. "Big talk for a newbie. You've got the cool act down pat, almost as good as me! Andrew, you clearly don't know who you're dealing with. I'm Carl."

Chapter 1248



"Don't worry, you'll be kicking yourself for not taking me seriously soon enough!"

Andrew rolled his eyes. "So, are we doing this or what, you eyesore? If you're not up for it, I'm out. Got bigger fish to fry!"

The grin on Carl's face slowly disappeared, and his eyes squinted in warning, "Listen, kid, don't get too cocky! I'm usually a chill guy! You can diss my healing hands or say I can't throw a punch to save my life!

"However, if there's one thing off-limits, it's dissing my looks! I'm telling you, I'm as dashing as Henry Cavill himself! Your snide remarks? They cut deep, man."

Andrew could not help but laugh, giving Mosby's ace another once-over.

"You're comparing yourself to Henry Cavill?" Andrew quizzed him.

Carl arched an eyebrow, "You don't agree?"

Andrew shook his head, "Dude, saying you look like Napoleon Bonaparte is giving you way too much credit. I'm about to drop a truth bomb, and it ain't gonna be music to your ears!

"If I were your dad, I would've shoved you right back the second you popped out! Seriously, you're that hideous!"

Carl's face turned stormy in an instant!

He grew his hair long because he thought it made him look super cool, like a brooding artist!

Nobody had ever had the guts to tell him he was ugly to his face!

Except for that brat, Luna, the second daughter of the Phelan family!

When she called him ugly, Carl could not say a thing-she was out of his league!

However, then, some random kid was dissing his dashing looks!

Carl's mind raced with fury, itching to rip the guy's head off!

"No wonder my mentor got so ticked off with you! Andrew, I swear on everything, I'm gonna end you... and I'll make sure you get a taste of dying slowly, feeling the worst kind of pain there is!"

Gritting his teeth in rage, Carl's laugh revealed his chilling white teeth!

The car rolled up, and Andrew yanked the door open, striding off without a backward glance!

Nutcase, blabbering on and not
making a move, Andrew could not
be
to waste
word!

It belongs to Shenet

However, as Andrew walked away, Carl showed no sign of following.

Old Hayface and a few of Mosby's apprentices came out of hiding, all worried,
"Carl, why did you let him get away? Why didn't you just take him down?"

Carl, hands casually behind his back, replied calmly, "Relax, I didn't let him
get away.

"I just wanted to let the suspense hang in the air a bit longer!"

Old Hayface and the apprentices burst into applause!

"Carl, you're the man!"

"Carl, your cool factor just skyrocketed!"

"Ha! I've got it, Carl, you're just letting this kid gulp down some extra air

You want him to really feel that death-grip panic, like you're always right there,
breathing down his neck..."

Carl whipped out his phone, basking in the praise from his juniors. He was on
cloud nine!

"Was Napoleon Bonaparte a total eyesore?"

He tossed the question into the search bar like it was no big deal.

Bam! Up popped the historical mug of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Staring at the images of Napoleon Bonaparte, Carl clammed up. Andrew had not lied, the guy was no looker!

Chapter 1249



Andrew stepped out at the entrance of Mercy Hospital.

He strode to the reception, ready to book a meet-up with Malcolm.

An old-timer with a cane was ahead of him, begging a nurse, "Please, doctor, I've been on hold for over two months. When's my number up? When's Mr. Goddard gonna slice me open?"

The nurse looked all kinds of uncomfortable. "Granny, Mr. Goddard and the big-shot professors are busy! Maybe try booking with another doctor?"

The old man was shaking like a leaf, pleading, "I wouldn't bug the bigwigs if I had a choice, but only the dean and the profs can handle my op. Please, doctor, I'm begging you..."

He did not get to finish. A towering doctor, Daniel Charlton, with a frosty mug walked up.

The nurse piped up quickly, "Dr. Charlton, you're here!"

Daniel was all ice, "Yeah, what's the deal?"

The nurse gestured towards the elderly woman standing before Andrew. "This old woman had an appointment for Mr. Goddard's surgery, but she's still not on the list!"

Daniel glanced at the old woman and waved his hand dismissively as if swatting a fly.

"Ma'am, Mr. Goddard's swamped with work, juggling a million things a day. He can't do your surgery, it's just not happening!"

"You can either look for a regular doctor or try another hospital. We're slammed here, and we can't cater to everyone!"

The old woman spoke up, her voice trembling, "However, doctor, I had an appointment. Why hasn't it been scheduled after all this time?"

Daniel's smirk barely hid the scorn in his eyes. "Let me be frank. Mr. Goddard can't waste his precious time on you! That would be a waste, a real delay.

"Every day, his patients are VIPs from the capital, from all over Gabo Creek! You regular folks shouldn't bother, and definitely don't need to embarrass yourselves chasing after Mr. Goddard!"

His words were veiled, but the message was crystal clear.

Commoners like her had no business seeking care from the head doctor!

"Got it, I got it, haha, sorry to bother you!"

The old woman in front of Andrew gave a wry smile, gripped her cane, and hobbled away.

In a place like this hospital, she had to fight for a bed in the hallway, she needed connections!

She, a disabled commoner, had none.

So the moment Daniel spoke, she realized the harsh truth.

There, she was not worthy of the head doctor's time.

At that moment, Andrew, who had been

not

Wending behind the old . no

his eyes turned a shade

The doctors there sure carried themselves high and mighty!

Andrew kept his cool, his face a mask of calm. "Hey there, I'm looking to see Mr. Goddard!"

He stepped up, his voice steady as a rock.

Daniel, clearly annoyed, waved him off. "Hold on, I've got to sort something out first!"

He turned to the nurse, schooling

her. "Listen up, you can't just

tents for anyone wh

ket

e the dean or the expans

got

it?

Sweet

"These folks are nobodies, always bugging the dean and everyone else! Your job is to shield the dean from these pests!"

The nurse bobbed her head, all agreement. "Got it, Dr. Charlton!"

Daniel grunted, pleased, and shot Andrew a sideways glance. "What did you want?"

Andrew's face did not crack. "I said, I'm here to see Mr. Goddard."

Chapter 1250



Daniel did not even pause to think. "Sorry, buddy, our dean's booked solid! If you're here for medical advice or whatever, Mr. Goddard's tied up for the next six months!"

Andrew cracked a sly grin. "Busy man, huh? Booked for half a year?"

Daniel scowled, not liking Andrew's grin one bit.

Like he had done with some old guy earlier, he shooed Andrew with a flick of his wrist. "Scram, it's not like just anyone can see Mr. Goddard! If we let every Tom, Dick, and Harry in, Mr. Goddard would be run ragged, wouldn't he?"

Andrew chuckled. "So what you're saying is, us regular Joes can't even get a meeting with Mr. Goddard now?"

Daniel pushed up his glasses with a warning edge to his voice, "Sir, if you're here for a doctor's visit, then do the right thing and go sign in and wait your turn! And if you're not, stop making a scene, will you?"

He had sent that old lady on her way with just a few words before!

This kid, he was right there, saw the whole thing.

Daniel thought, 'You know what's up, so why can't you just beat it and get out of the way? However, here you are, yapping away like you're the center of the universe...'

Andrew kept his smile, unfazed, "I'm just trying to set up a meeting with Mr. Goddard. How is that making a scene? This hospital is the crown jewel of Gabo Creek's healthcare, after all.

"However, you seem to be taking advantage of the 'big store takes advantage of the customer' approach!"

He was not shouting, but his words still turned heads.

In a place as busy as a hospital, his words quickly drew the gaze of at least a hundred onlookers.

Daniel's face turned red with anger as he snapped, "Ridiculous, who do you think you are, spewing nonsense in our hospital? Do you have any idea of the reputation our hospital has in Gabo Creek? No one dares to make trouble here."

Andrew shook his head, calm as ever, "You've got it all wrong. I'm not here to make trouble. I just want to see Mr. Goddard, that's all.

"You could just tell me Mr. Goddard is too busy, doesn't have a moment to spare, or give me some other reasonable excuse! However, what you can't do is act all high and mighty, like you're better than everyone else.

"Remember, you're supposed to be a white-coated angel serving the people, not some lofty official lording it over everyone!"

Andrew used to walk the hospital halls in a white coat, saving lives. Then, even though he's hung up his stethoscope, his heart has not changed one bit. If someone's in need, he's there, no second thoughts.

So when Daniel, with his snooty attitude and snide remarks, got under Andrew's skin, it was no surprise that Andrew bristled with irritation.

Normally, Andrew would not waste his breath on a small fry like Daniel. Heck, if Andrew really wanted to, he could make Daniel's life miserable in a million different ways.

However, Dantel, the self-important
chief physician at Blumedale

Hospital, could not believe that Andrew, who seemed like a nobody, had the nerve to call him out. Sure, Daniel was not the king of the hospital, but outside those walls, he was a big deal. Even local bigwigs had to grin and bear it around him.

"Okay, so you, a nobody, a broke nobody at that, think you can lecture me?"
Dantel sneered. "Let me tell you something, buddy. In a hospital, it's all about who you are, and you? You're a nobody with no cash, no clout, no fancy title. What makes you think you deserve to see Mr. Goddard?"

Daniel was fuming, pointing at Andrew's head and laughing scornfully.