

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) 1301-1310

Chapter 1301 Aspen was getting more ridiculous by the minute, causing Andrew to feel completely unsettled. Her eyes brimmed with tears as she pointed at his jacket and choked out, "You have the scent of at least four women on you! Don't think I don't know that Francesca came to Blumedale, right? I smelled her on your clothes yesterday!" Andrew was stunned. Francesca had indeed come to Blumedale, but what did that have to do with Aspen?

She pouted and said, "It's not just Francesca's, but Lauren's scent too. I could tolerate those two women. But there are scents from two other women on you as well. Andrew, you pursued me, so why do you abandon me to be pleasant and welcoming to other women, letting them get close to you?" "Isn't this just using me? What else would you call it? Huh? You jerk, do you think this is fair to me?"

Where does that leave me?" Through a succession of sobs, Aspen grew increasingly agitated, with tears streaming down her face more rapidly. She raised her hand in the heat of the moment, intending to slap Andrew across the face. Ultimately, she pulled back her trembling hand, shot Andrew one last resentful glare, then turned and ran back to her room. The door slammed loudly and was immediately locked from the inside. ---- Andrew stood frozen in place, unable to utter a single word.

He could not help but wonder if Aspen was part bloodhound or something. After all, she could even smell four women's scents on him-beyond Lauren and Francesca, the other two women were undoubtedly Tiana and Yara. Especially Yara, who had nearly kissed Andrew, their interaction had been extremely intimate. It was perfectly normal that her perfume lingered on him. However, why would all this cause the little servant to fly into such a rage, to lose control so completely?

In Andrew's mind, an incredible suspicion began to form. Nonetheless, he did not want to believe Aspen would be that kind of woman. If that were truly the case, even he would find it troublesome. Natasha and Dylan were drawn over by the argument. Dylan shrank back, laughing lewdly, "My goodness, Mr. Lloyd has another romantic drama to add to his collection."

And from the looks of it, this Aspen is quite the handful!" Natasha glared at him, hissing, "Shut up, would you!" She gracefully approached Andrew and sighed, "Darling, you'd better go comfort her! She's a woman in love! If she doesn't get a response, it could cause serious problems!" ---- Andrew's mouth twitched. "Fallen in love? Who? You can't possibly mean Aspen, right?"

If that's true, congratulations to her for finally finding someone!" Natasha snorted, "Stop pretending you don't understand when you clearly do! You know better than anyone who

caused Aspen to fall in love!" Andrew felt an indescribable irritation and waved dismissively, "I need to head to Governor McCormick for something.

I don't have the energy to deal with anything else right now, that's it!" After walking a few steps, he could not help but turn back and say, you two, keep an eye on Aspen, don't let her go crazy!" Natasha burst out laughing, "You're clearly dying of concern inside, yet you're putting up a front of indifference. Darling, you're such a hypocrite. I hate that!" Andrew experienced an unusual sense of panic and quickly slipped out the door. Dylan grinned mischievously.

"Natasha, Aspen is making faster progress than you! Look, Mr. Lloyd is nearly conquered. You'd better step up your game!" Natasha frowned worriedly, "What can I do? The squeaky wheel gets the grease! Didn't you see how she cried from feeling wronged? Mr. Lloyd may seem cold, but he's actually a soft- hearted man. With Aspen's dramatic outburst, she's got Darling

right

where she wants him, and honestly, I

can't compete with that!" Dylan smiled.

"Don't worry, you have your secret weapon!" Natasha looked down at the two mounds blocking her view and smiled seductively. She said, "You're right, I have my secret weapons! She might use crying, tantrums, and dramatic threats, but I am not without my own special talents! These twin peaks, along with the way I move my hips... I guarantee they'll make Darling's soul leave his body..."

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1302 Andrew arrived at the Blumedale Government Building, his mind in complete turmoil. Chantelle had been waiting impatiently and urged, "Hurry up, stop dawdling! Almost all the medical bigwigs are here, and they're just waiting for you!" Andrew replied coldly, "At this moment, you'd better not provoke me. Otherwise, I won't be able to resist recalling that lovely image of Ms. Garcia wearing absolutely nothing." Chantelle was furious.

This bastard had immediately brought up her embarrassing moment-what was wrong with him? She thought he must have been upset elsewhere and was now taking it out on her, which was completely unmanly. The doors to the luxurious conference room swung open on both sides as Andrew walked in. Pairs of eyes filled with disdain, mockery, or

indifference immediately focused on him. In the spacious conference room sat almost every notable figure in the medical field from throughout Gabo Creek Province.

With a casual glance, Andrew spotted the most prestigious seats in the front row, where Mosby, Thomas, and Malcolm were seated. Additionally, there were two men with goatees wearing robes, legs ---- crossed, exuding extreme arrogance. From the chairman's podium, Derek smiled and said please take your seat!" "Mr. Lloyd, Francesca waved her hand, "Andrew, over here!" Just as Andrew began to move, one of the goateed men barked coldly, "Hold it! Where did this little nobody come from? Get out.

Everyone here represents the medical field of Gabo Creek, and you alone don't qualify to sit among us!" Several people snickered, believing that Andrew was done for. Andrew looked over coldly, "Old timer, where did you pop up from, making all this noise?" "The goateed man glared with anger, "How dare you! Who gave you the audacity to speak to me this way? Do you have any idea who I am?" Andrew scoffed. "I don't know, and I'm not interested!" Thomas frowned. "Andrew,

mind your manners.

We're all in the medical field, and we should show respect where it's due." "" He gestured to the two elderly figures beside him. "These are Dr. Preston Fuentes and Dr. Clifford Phelps from the Advanced Medical Institute. They're members of the Grand Medical Summit judging panel. Show some respect, will you?" ---- Andrew did not even bother pretending. He chuckled dismissively. "Respect? Just because they've been around longer? If they want my respect, their skills should be sharper than mine.

If we're just, counting years, then should I bring in a thousand-year-old tortoise and have everyone 'respect' it?" The room fell into a stunned silence before erupting into a mix of whispers and gasps. Someone shouted, "You arrogant brat! Watch your tongue!" "How dare you speak to the elders of the Advanced Medical Institute this way? Do you have a death wish?" "Throw him out!

We can't let a disrespectful fool like this stain the reputation of the medical community!" In the far

corner, Chantelle felt cold sweat net

trickling down her back. She had warned Derek not to bring Andrew to this summit, but he had not listened. Now, he had unleashed a storm. Not only did Andrew refuse to respect the Advanced Medical Institute, but he practically declared himself better than them. She could hardly believe it. What was this guy's backbone made of? Diamond?

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Sitting just one-row behind Malcolm, Francesca turned pale, her usually bright face draining of color. She leaned in, her voice trembling. "Dr. Goddard, please say something

on behalf of Andrew. He didn't mean to offend anyone." 'Malcolm managed a bitter smile, glancing over at Thomas. " Thomas, you're the head of the Blumedale Hospital delegation. 'Maybe you should say a few words." Thomas' face darkened, and he huffed.

"Malcolm, it's not that I don't want to defend him, but Andrew is simply too arrogant. Of everyone here, at least nine out of ten could be considered his seniors, yet he acts like he's above them all. We at Blumedale Hospital can't afford to be dragged down by someone like him, so no, I'm not speaking on his behalf." Jared, a young rising star seated next to Erancesca, smirked. " They're right. Blumedale Hospital has no reason to stand up for someone as reckless as Andrew."

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1303 "This is absolutely ridiculous! A medical professional without basic etiquette clearly has skills as deplorable as his character!" Jared exclaimed. Francesca angrily retorted, "Jared, Andrew is a member of our Blumedale Hospital team of four. Aren't you being too harsh?" Jared maintained a righteous expression and replied, "Fran, it's not that I'm being harsh, but that I can distinguish between right and wrong!

Honestly, I truly believe that Andrew isn't qualified to represent Blumedale Hospital in the Grand Medical Summit." Francesca scoffed, "It's not up to you to decide who's qualified! You may look down on Andrew, but I believe he's our best hope for Blumedale Hospital to win the championship. Without him, either Dr. Lake or the disciples from the Advanced Medical Institute could defeat Blumedale Hospital!" Malcolm frowned and warned, "Fran, you better watch your words!

Thomas coldly interjected, "Fran, your favoritism and infatuation with Andrew have already caused you to lose your basic judgment! I don't want to hear those words again. Without Andrew, we at Blumedale Hospital still have me as deputy chief and my star pupil, Jared. Any of us is capable of handling the situation!" Francesca shook her head and said, "Please forgive my rudeness, ---- Dr.

Bozzelli, but I believe Jared's medical skills require a few more years of polishing to compare to Andrew's." She was already restraining herself. If she had not been concerned about Thomas' reputation, she would have directly stated that Thomas' medical skills might not match up to Andrew's either. Francesca's words infuriated Thomas, but Malcolm quickly intervened. "Thomas, why get angry with the younger generation?

Besides, colleagues from the Advanced Medical Institute and Governor McCormick are still present-mind your image!" 'Thomas snorted coldly before calming his anger and smirked. " Jared, she looks down on you, thinking you're not even as good as that Andrew! Young people are naturally proud-don't you want to do something to prove yourself?" Jared,

whose face was already twisted with jealousy, gritted his teeth and said, "Rest assured, Dr. Bozzelli, won't embarrass you!

Fran is young and has been

deceived by a mediocre talent! I'll let her see clearly that I am not inferior to anyone, especially not to a mediocre talent!" Pretending to pick up the wrong teacup, he grabbed a cup from an empty seat nearby. Then, he set it back down, imperceptibly sprinkling some colorless, odorless powder into it. By this time, Derek had managed to calm the anger of the Advanced Medical Institute representatives. He told Andrew to stop talking and take a seat first.

---- With the governor speaking up for him, no one else dared to argue. Even so, the unprovoked hostility from the Advanced Medical Institute people toward Andrew was obvious to anyone paying attention. Without a doubt, Mosby must have been stirring up trouble behind the scenes. Walking over to Francesca's side, Andrew sat down casually, his face full of disdain. Francesca smiled and said, "You and that temper of yours! You're always so direct and unwilling to compromise.

This is Blumedale, not Jayrodale-it's easy to offend people here!" Andrew replied flatly, "Fran, you're right, it is indeed easy to offend people! But it's not me offending others; it's others offending me!" Francesca giggled and leaned affectionately against Andrew, "You're always so full of yourself." Seeing the two of them whispering intimately, getting all cozy immediately upon arrival, Jared, who was sitting nearby, had eyes that practically shot flames. "andrew, right?

That was quite a show of force earlier, quite an impressive style-I admire it! Jared said. "Here, this is your tea. You must be thirsty, wet your throat abit!" With a seemingly harmless demeanor, Jared picked up the drugged ---- tea and placed it in front of Andrew. "You bastard, how dare you touch my woman? Just wait until you humiliate yourself in front of all these bigwigs! The taste of this hallucinogenic powder will be enough to ruin your reputation," he thought venomously, just waiting for Andrew to take the bait.

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1304. Andrew eyed the cup of tea in front of him but made no move to touch it. He said, "My mom taught me not to drink anything a stranger offers me." Jared's smile stiffened, and he let out an awkward chuckle. "Come on, Andrew, that's a bit much. I'm not exactly a stranger. I'm Fran's senior and one of Blumedale Hospital's most promising contenders at this year's Grand Medical Summit." Andrew raised an eyebrow, genuinely surprised. "Blumedale Hospital's most promising contender?

Wow, Jared, you sure aren't lacking in confidence." Jared straightened his crisp suit, clearing his throat. "As medical professionals, we should remain humble. Honestly, I'm already being quite modest." Andrew gave a slight nod. "Well, since you're Fran's senior, I suppose I can trust you. I just had a shouting match with a bunch of fools earlier, and I'm parched." Francesca chimed in with a playful smile. "If you're that thirsty, go ahead and drink.

If you're worried, you can have mine." Andrew shook his head, leaning in with a mischievous grin. "As tempting as that is, Fran, if I drank from your cup, it'd be like an indirect kiss. And in a public setting like this? Not the best look, don't you think?" ---- Francesca's cheeks flushed pink, and she gave him a playful swat. "You jerk! Stop talking nonsense!" Jared, on the other hand, felt his jaw tighten. He wanted nothing more than to stand up and slap Andrew across the face.

This bastard had the nerve to flirt with his beloved Fran right in front of him. Did he even bother to ask for his permission? Andrew finally lifted the teacup to his lips, making Jared's heart race with anticipation. He thought, 'Perfect. Just a few more seconds, and the drug I laced into that cup will start to take effect.' He could already picture Andrew making a complete fool of himself. As the tea touched his lips, Andrew suddenly paused, his eyes narrowing.

"Hey, Jared, you didn't spike this tea, did you? Something feels off." Jared silently cursed this troublemaker for being so cautious. Forcing a laugh, he waved it off. "Andrew, you're such a funny guy. If you're that worried, you can have my cup instead. Unless you find that too distasteful?" Andrew gave him a once-over and smirked. "No thanks. I'm not a fan of bad breath." ---- Jared's face turned an alarming shade of red.

In front of his precious Fran, this little punk had just insulted him again. Bad breath? This bastard was crossing every line. Yet, despite the rising fury in his chest, Jared managed to contain himself as he watched Andrew finally drink from the cup. Perfect. Just a few minutes, and the effects would kick in. He could hardly wait to watch Andrew make a fool of himself. 'The conference shifted gears as Derek took the stage, his voice booming across the hall.

"Ladies and gentlemen, esteemed medical professionals of Gabo Creek, thank you for gathering here today. Our only aim is to work together to make this year's Grand Medical summit a success, celebrating the rich heritage of Etharia's traditional medicine.

"as a token of our appreciation, we've prepared some special rewards for those who stand out during this summit, generously

provided by the leading med net

families of Blumedale." With that, Derek stepped back, and several tall, elegantly dressed women entered the stage, each holding a tray of rewards for the summit. The trays were

laden with a variety of rare, valuable items, drawing murmurs of admiration from the audience Francesca's eyes sparkled as she

spotted one of the trays. "Wow!

Is that a set of handcrafted,

traditional gold acupuncture needles? S?]<ꣳꣳ'

have to get my hands on that! Jared leaned in quickly, eager to score points. "Fran, if you want it, you don't have to work so hard. I can talk to Dr. Bozzelli and pull some strings. I'll get it for you, no problem." Andrew snorted, his tone sharp. "Pathetic." Jared's expression darkened. "What did you just say?" Andrew set his cup down, his gaze steady. "I said, you're pathetic. Fran isn't the type to want handouts.

She's a proud, talented doctor. If she

wants those needles, she'll earn them with her own skills and hard work. Offering to pull strings for her is not only insulting but shows just how little you think of her." Francesca smiled with a hint of pride in her eyes. "Exactly? Andrew's right. [want to earn those needles myself, not take shortcuts." Jared forced a tight smile, his fists clenching beneath the table." Don't worry, Fran. I'll work just as hard and win those needles for you."

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1305 Andrew smirked. "Well, Jared, you might just miss your chance." Jared scoffed. "You think I don't stand a chance? You really believe you're the one who can win it all?" Andrew shook his head, a confident glint in his eyes. "It's not, about whether I can do it or not. I've got my eyes on every single prize at this Grand Medical Summit." Jared almost laughed out loud. "You're way too full of yourself, Andrew. You really think you can take them all? Even Dr.

Bozzelli wouldn't dare dream that big." Andrew's confidence made Jared's blood boil. If it were not for Francesca's presence, he would have already mocked him outright. He believed that this punk probably would not even make the top ten. So, where did he get this absurd confidence from? At that moment, the host lifted the final red cloth from the last tray on the stage, revealing a worn piece of parchment.

It looked unimpressive, just quietly lying there, but Andrew's eyes widened the moment he saw it. It was a fragment of a treasure map-he was sure of it. Apparently, he was not the only one who noticed, as Mosby and the two elders from the Advanced Medical Institute both subtly gasped in surprise. ---- Chantelle, speaking on Derek's behalf, took the map and announced with her usual cold tone, "This is a map fragment donated by the Driscoll family. Its purpose and contents remain unknown, as Mr.

Rafael Driscoll has not disclosed any details. However, according to him, it will be awarded to the champion of the Grand Medical Summit." Most of the audience was clueless about why a piece of old parchment was so significant, but the name "Rafael" made them hold their tongues. The Driscoll family was a powerhouse in Blumedale, and Rafael's name alone commanded respect. Jared's eyes burned with excitement. "Rafael is a legend among, collectors.

In Gabo Creek's collector circles, every item he owns is a priceless treasure. This map fragment must be worth a fortune." Andrew was about to ask who Rafael was when Mosby, seated in the front row, stood up and cupped his hands with a smile. "Rafael, you sure went all out. I'll have to try my best to win that map!" Nearby, a round-faced, jolly man chuckled. "Mosby, with your skills, it's practically yours already. This map was practically prepared for you.

No one else here can compete with you." Mosby laughed heartily, clearly pleased. Francesca leaned over, whispering, "So that's Rafael Driscoll? I've heard he's so

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that he could buy out an entire noble family if he wanted." ---- Jared

quickly chimed in. "Eran, you know Rafael too? I've actually visited his

estate with Dr. Bozzelli before. Next

time, I'll take you with me."

Francesca shook her head. "No thanks.

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I'm not really interested in mingling with the rich She glanced at Andrew, noticing his odd expression. "What's with that look, Andrew?" Andrew's smile turned sly. "Oh, nothing. I just didn't expect that guy to be Rafael." Jared sneered. "You? Knowing Rafael? Keep dreaming. Rafael is one of Gabo Creek's richest men. You'll never get near him." Andrew rolled his eyes. "Why would I want to?

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Honestly, if I ever meet him, I'd probably just teach him a lesson." Jared and Francesca stared at him dumbfounded. Jared burst out laughing. "Teach Rafael a lesson? Are you out of your mind? Even the heads of the Five Apex Families wouldn't dare say that." However, Andrew was not kidding. He had promised Donald, the police chief of Jayrodale, to handle Rafael. Back

when Donald studied at Blumedale, Rafael had bullied him countless times.

Since Andrew promised to deal with it, he ---- intended to see it through. 'Meanwhile, Jared discreetly checked his watch, smirking to himself. He believed that moment now, that idiot Andrew would start losing his mind. Suddenly, Andrew clutched his head, wincing. "Eran, what's going on? My head... it hurts!"

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1306 Francesca's eyes went wide. "What's wrong? Andrew, what's happening to you? Let me see!" Andrew clutched his head, his body trembling violently, looking as if he were in intense pain. Jared nearly burst out laughing, barely holding back his glee. Serves the bastard right. Karma finally caught up with him. As Andrew stumbled forward, he reached the table, accidentally knocking over Francesca's cup as he leaned in toward Jared.

In that brief moment, as his hand swept past, he discreetly flicked a pinch of powder into Jared's cup, moving so naturally that no one noticed. Francesca pulled him into her arms, her voice trembling with panic. "Andrew, you're scaring me! What's wrong with you? Let's get you out of here and to a doctor!" Andrew suddenly flopped back into his chair, a wide grin spreading across his face. "Relax, I'm fine. Just messing with you.

Did I scare you?" Francesca's face flushed with a mix of relief and irritation. "Y- You're such a jerk! I'm not talking to you anymore!" She crossed her arms, trying to hide her embarrassment. He had scared her terribly, only to pull this kind of prank. ---- On the other hand, Jared was frozen in his seat, his mind spinning. What just happened? He wondered why the drug was not taking effect.

After all, he was, sure he had used enough to send a full-grown bull into a frenzy, Did the dosage need more time to kickin, or had he somehow mixed up the powders? Andrew reached for his cup, tilting his head as if puzzled. "You know, I was just teasing, but I really do think this tea tastes off." Francesca huffed. "There's nothing wrong with it. Jared and I both drank it, and we're fine!

You just knocked my cup over, or I'd drink it right now to prove it." Jared jumped in quickly, forcing a tight smile. "Exactly, Andrew. You're being paranoid. Who would bother

trying to poison someone like you? You're not that important." Andrew's eyes narrowed, his voice sharp. "You're right, I am a little paranoid. But since Fran's tea is gone, you still have yours, don't you, Jared?" Jared chuckled, his tone dripping with disdain. "Of course I do.

What, you think I'd be scared to drink my own tea? Come on, Andrew, we're doctors. Even if there were something in this tea, we'd be able to handle it." ---- He lifted his cup with a flourish, his eyes flicking to Francesca as if to show off. "Watch this, Andrew. Even if this were laced with poison, I'd still be perfectly fine." He tipped the cup back without a second thought, chugging the entire contents with exaggerated gusto.

He even wiped his mouth

dramatically, flashing the empty cup at Andrew. He said, "See, Andrew? That's how a real man handles things. Unlike you, jumping at shadows." Francesca shot Andrew a reassuring smile. "There, you see? It's just your nerves acting up. This is an official building. They wouldn't serve anything unsafe here. You probably just ate something bad." Andrew chuckled, leaning back. "Yeah, you're probably right. Must've been something I ate.

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Jared, I've got to hand it to you- you really downed that cup like a champ." Jared smirked, feeling smug. He leaned back, tapping his finger on the table. "Andrew, you've got a lot to learn. The road ahead is long for you." However, just as he was basking in his small victory, Jared's expression suddenly twisted. His eyes widened, and he clutched his head as if struck by a bolt of pain. "W-What's happening? My head...

it hurts!" ---- He stumbled backward, his whole body trembling, sweat pouring down his face. "No... no, this can't be... my whole body... it's like ants are crawling under my skin... I can't... I can't stand it!" Then, to the shock of everyone in the room, Jared leapt onto the table, writhing and thrashing like a fish out of water, his fists pounding the tabletop as he howled in agony.

The sound echoed through the conference hall, drawing the horrified stares of every doctor, professor, and researcher in the room. Sitting in the front row, Thomas and Malcolm whipped around at the commotion. "Thomas' face turned beet red with fury. "Jared! What on earth are you doing? Get down this instant!" However, his scolding fell on deaf ears.

Jared's eyes turned bloodshot, and with a guttural growl, he tore at his clothes, ripping his perfectly tailored suit into shreds, leaving him half-naked and wild-eyed. Then, in a move that left everyone utterly speechless, he reached back, furiously digging at his rear as if possessed. "Oh, God! That feels so much better!" !!! This website is supported by advertisements. They help us maintain our service and continue to provide novels for free. Ad-free membership subscription to enjoy an ad-free experience!

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1307 As Jared continued scratching, he let out ecstatic moans from his mouth. "This is just..." Even Malcolm, Derek, and the others were stunned. This behavior was simply too indecent. Moreover, those with keen eyesight could even see a patch of thick black hair in Jared's nether regions. The ladies in the room screamed in shock and quickly turned their heads away. Francesca was no exception, as she ran to hide behind Andrew. She asked, "Has Jared gone insane? It burns my eyes!

Andrew, oh my god, my eyes are burning!" She was genuinely frightened, her pretty face turning pale. Andrew pulled her away, quickly jumping back while shouting, "Everyone, move away! You must move away. This man's symptoms clearly indicate rabies, or perhaps he's been infected with some sort of toxin, causing behavioral abnormalities and intense itching. "Anyone who gets too close might be harmed and possibly infected with the virus.

Be careful, extremely careful!" Upon hearing they might get infected, the surrounding crowd lost ---- all composure and began to panic, rushing toward the exits. Only Thomas disregarded the warning and rushed toward Jared. He raised his hand and delivered a vicious slap to his star pupil's face. He growled, "You animal, did you take something? Huh? Stop this immediately! Stop this performance, do you hear me? Stop it!" 'Thomas' face turned ashen, almost smoking with rage.

The more he shouted, the more frantic he became. In the end, he was utterly desperate. Right before his eyes, his star pupil, having finished scratching his rear, began scratching his face uncontrollably, and no one could stop him. Jared kept yelling that he was itchy. Finally, he even stuck his fingers into his mouth, as if his tongue and entire oral cavity were unbearably itchy. Several people with weak constitutions began vomiting on the spot, and among them was Chantelle. She was a severe germophobe, and watching Jared scratch his behind and then his mouth was too much. Who could endure that? She certainly could not, as she bent over and dry-heaved continuously. ---- Some odd characters reacted quite differently. For instance, a disciple from the Advanced Medical Institute, far from feeling disgusted, stared intently at Jared's performance, trembling continuously.

"That's the scent, the enticing

scent..." he muttered in satisfaction, though it was unclear what scent he was referring to. Derek grimly

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ordered, "Why are you all standing there? Control him immediately, control him!" Following his

command, several fully equipped officers finally managed to restrain Jared. Only then did Thomas have the chance to act, forcibly opening Jared's eyelids and examining his mouth.

Then, he gritted his teeth and said, "Rabies virus, and it's a mutated strain, damn Malcom chimed in, "Never mind what it is for now. Take him to Blumedale Hospital immediately to eliminate the virus!" "Thomas raged. "No, before taking him back, I must find out who dared to harm someone like this.

If I catch them, I'll tear them into a thousand pieces!" While he was raging furiously, Malcolm suddenly cried out, "Thomas, be careful!" "Thomas was confused, but before he could react, his wrist was bitten by the crazed Jared. Instantly, excruciating pain shot -- through his nerves. People with rabies go mad and bite randomly-this was obvious, but in his extreme anger, he had forgotten. "You wretched beast, let go of me!

Let go..." "The physical pain was bad, but the fury and humiliation were what really sent Thomas over the edge. He punched Jared in the head, knocking him unconscious, and finally managed to pull his hand free, Looking down, Thomas's face twitched uncontrollably. He cursed, "Damn it, the skin's broken!" This

meant that he, too, might have been infected with the rabies virus and

could turn into another raving lunatic. He shouted, "Let's head to Blumedale Hospital, quick! I'm leaving first.

Goodbye, everyone..." At this point, he could not care about anything else. He did not even want to take care of Jared anymore-he needed to save himself first. He certainly did not want to bite people, or, more accurately, he did not want to put Jared's hand, which had been scratching his behind, into his mouth.

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1308 Someone exclaimed, "Unbelievable! Just unbelievable!" Another chimed in, "A representative of Blumedale Hospital, a prized student of Dr. Bozzelli, acting like this in public? It's a disgrace to our entire profession!" "Shocking! Is this a case of moral decay or just a complete loss of humanity? A young doctor, a supposed rising star, turning into a raving lunatic at an official conference? Disgusting!

Someone get out of my way-I need to puke for the next 30 minutes!" As the security team dragged the raving Jared out of the conference hall, the place descended into chaos. Voices of scorn and ridicule filled the air, especially from the Advanced Medical Institute's delegation, who took the chance to tear into Blumedale Hospital's reputation without

mercy. Amidst the commotion, Andrew strolled up to a young student from the Advanced Medical Institute, his expression cold.

Without warning, he slapped the man hard across the face. "You're a disgrace. You're no true doctor." The student staggered back, clutching his cheek, utterly dumbfounded. "W-What the hell? Who said I'm not from the Advanced Medical Institute? I'm a student here! The two elders are my mentors!" The two elders and Mosby, who were already fuming from the ---- earlier chaos, erupted. "Andrew, have you lost your mind? How dare you strike one of our people?"

"Do you have a death wish?" Chantelle's face darkened as she stepped in. "Mr. Lloyd, you owe this man an apology. He really is from the Advanced Medical Institute. I can vouch for that." Andrew snorted. "No, he's not. You guys didn't catch it, did you? Listen to what he just said." The young man, still angry, barked back. "I just said: Shocking! Is this a case of moral decay or just a complete loss of humanity-" Andrew cut him off with a sneer. "There it is! You finally revealed yourself."

From that alone, you're probably one of those undercover reporters from some sensationalist news agency, right? Probably from the gossip department or something." The so-called Advanced Medical Institute student was completely dumbfounded. Chantelle finally understood what Andrew was implying. "Andrew, could you please stop being so childish? The man just has a dramatic way of talking."

You can't just slap

someone

because they sound like a tabloid writer!" She could not believe how overdramatic Andrew's imagination was. He scratched his head, putting on a sheepish grin. "Ah, my bad. I really thought he was an undercover reporter. The way he kept saying 'shocking' and 'moral decay' just set me off. You know, like ---- abad reflex." "The man looked like he was about to cry. "Man, you've got to chill! I was just trying to add some emphasis to express my feelings."

Ever heard of dramatic flair?" Andrew chuckled, giving the guy a light pat on the shoulder. "Alright, alright. You keep doing you, drama king. promise not to slap you next time. Before anyone else could react, Andrew grabbed Francesca's hand and slipped through the crowd, making a swift exit. From behind, Mosby's enraged voice echoed through the hallway. " Ms. Garcia, that brat just assaulted one of our people! I demand he be disciplined!" Yet, it was too late.

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Andrew and Francesca had already slipped out of the building Once outside, Francesca burst into uncontrollable laughter, clutching her stomach as tears streamed down her face. "Andrew, you're going to be the death of me! What was that about the tabloid

journalist? You did that on purpose, didn't you?" Andrew winked. "Oh, you caught that, huh? Fran, you're getting sharper every day."

Francesca puffed out her cheeks, playfully swatting at his arm." ---- It's not that I'm getting sharper-it's that your mischief is becoming way too obvious!"

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1309 Francesca said, "Those two elders from Advanced Medical Institute, along with Dr. Lake, looked furious enough to burst!" Andrew smirked coldly. "They deserved it. After dealing with one, I certainly couldn't play favorites. So, the Advanced Medical Institute side, well, I had to take care of one of them too, just to be fair." Francesca was surprised. "You dealt with one, and then another?"

Are you saying that Jared's freakout was your doing?" Andrew could not admit it, of course, and shook his head. "Fran, you're wrongly accusing me! I honestly didn't expect him to go crazy like that. You saw us both trembling and hugging each other. I was just as terrified as you were!" Francesca nodded. Indeed, when she was scared, Andrew had been right there with her, seemingly just as frightened. She said, "Well, I'm heading back to Blumedale Hospital now.

I'll see you at the Grand Medical Summit! After this embarrassment, I'm sure Dr. Goddard and Dr. Bozzelli won't be sleeping well tonight. "Especially Dr. Bozzelli, since Jared is his most valued student. And he's a man who really cares about his reputation. Jared really made a fool of himself this time." After giving Andrew a kiss, the busty, petite girl took a cab back to Blumedale Hospital by herself. ---- Andrew hurried away, too.

If he stayed any longer, the people from the Advanced Medical Institute might come looking for him. Moreover, Derek would likely be suspicious of him. After all, Jared's breakdown was truly outrageous, and Andrew had been sitting in the same area as Jared at the time. If there were an investigation, Andrew would be the first suspect. He muttered, "Jared, don't blame me.

If you want to blame someone, blame yourself for practically asking for it!" With a cold laugh, Andrew vanished into the distance. He was not one to just take it when someone messed with him. Earlier, as soon as he picked up that cup of tea, he knew something had been added to it. However, with his constitution, nothing anyone added would affect him. Nonetheless, just because he was fine did not mean he would not give someone a taste of their own medicine.

Besides, Jared had repeatedly competed with him for Francesca's attention, showing off. He had even been malicious enough to use the powerful "rabies " drug. So, Andrew felt perfectly justified in using the powder extracted from the rabies virus on Jared. With the farce over, Derek was exhausted after finally sending off the people from Advanced Medical Institute and all the other bigwigs. He barked grimly, "Elle, ask Blumedale Hospital what happened.

'Today's fiasco was absolutely humiliating Chantelle could not help but recall the vivid scene earlier and almost vomited again. "I now Jared By all accounts, he shouldn't have gone crazy like that, especially not in such a setting. Governor McCormick, I suspect all this has something to do with Andrew!"

Derek frowned. "Related to Andrew?

What makes you think so?"

Chantelle shook her head. "I don't

have concrete evidence, but my

instinct tells me it most likely

involves that troublemaker!

Andrew's medical skills are extraordinary, as you know, Governor McCormick." She continued, "If he wanted to poison someone, Jared would have had no defense against it. Most importantly, this guy has always been recklessly bold and has no respect for anyone. That's why he'd be capable of doing something like this!" Derek fell silent, frowning in contemplation. Then, he waved his hand dismissively. "We don't need to concern ourselves with this matter!

Whatever problems arise, let Malcolm and Thomas deal with them." Chantelle protested.

"Governor McCormick, you're

essentially showing favoritismel

toward Andrew." ---- Derek chuckled. "As long as he can defeat the

Advanced Medical Bre

people

at the Grand Medical Summit and save my face, I don't care if he pulls some small tricks. Even if he causes bigger problems, I'll clean up after him!" Chantelle was displeased that Derek was favoring Andrew more and more.

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1310 Meanwhile, at Blumedale Hospital, staff worked late into the night. Jared's breakdown finally stabilized after hours of treatment. "We've administered sedatives and antidotes. The situation appears to be improving," a doctor carefully reported, glancing nervously at Malcolm and Thomas. Malcolm said, "It's late. You should get some rest. We'll take it from here." The doctor did not leave. Instead, he looked hesitantly at Thomas. " Dr.

Bozzelli, you should really get a shot for that bite on your hand. Thomas' hand was already bandaged, and he replied angrily, "Do T need you to tell me whether I need a shot or not? Go rest now. We don't need you here anymore!" The doctor gave a dry laugh and quickly left the room. Malcolm smiled. "Thomas, you're letting your personal feelings show." Thomas raged. "How can I not be emotional? Malcolm, you saw what a spectacle that little bastard caused. Not to mention, he bit me.

Honestly, I feel like slapping!" Malcolm laughed heartily. "You're just talking tough. Your ---- fondness for Jared exceeds everyone else's." Francesca returned at that moment and asked, "Dr. Goddard, Dr. Bozzelli, how is Jared doing?" Malcolm replied, "Don't worry, everything's fine now!" 'Thomas suddenly asked, "Fran, where's Andrew?" Francesca smiled. "It's so late, Andrew must have gone home to sleep!" Thomas slammed his palm on the nearby table, seething through gritted teeth.

"This incident absolutely has that little punk's fingerprints all over it! We need to investigate, and if I catch him behind this, I won't let him off the hook." Malcolm frowned. "Thomas, why are you suddenly dragging Andrew into this? How could this possibly be related to Andrew? I don't support your accusation!" Francesca added, "That's right, Dr. Bozzelli. The three of us were sitting together at the time!

If Andrew had infected Jared with the rabies virus, I would have definitely noticed." Thomas darkly replied, "It's not this, it's not that... Then tell me, why had Jared suddenly changed into a different person, doing those unspeakable things?" Francesca pondered. "I actually think the people from Advanced Medical Institute are highly suspicious! Dr. Goddard, Dr. Bozzelli, ---- think about it. They're Blumedale Hospital's biggest competitor in this Grand Medical Summit.

"Furthermore, as a centuries-old organization, the Advanced Medical Institute has always specialized in using poisons. Jared's incident is almost certainly connected to them!" Malcolm stated, "We can't

wrongfully accuse anyone without evidence, but I agree with Fran's suspicion!

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The Advanced Medical Institute is the most likely culprit behind Jared's breakdown." Thomas's eyes turned icy cold as he growled hatefully "Mosby and those two old geezers from the Advanced Medical O Institute-I won't let those bastards get away with this." Just then, a young nurse entered and

announced, "Dr. Bridges has regained consciousness!" 'Thomas, Malcolm, and Francesca immediately went to check on him in his hospital room.

Jared, who had just caused a major scene and become the center of attention, now lay in his hospital bed looking completely dejected. staring at the ceiling, the light had vanished from his eyes. Thomas entered and snorted coldly at the sight. "What's this? Ready to die? Wishing you were dead? Pull yourself together and reflect on how you embarrassed yourself." Jared slowly shifted his gaze, looking like he might cry. "Dr. Bozzelli, I-I don't know what

happened.

My mind was completely ---- - clear at the time, but I just couldn't control my body. I just wanted to go crazy."

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