

## The Ashes 741

### Chapter 741

Andrew looked completely innocent as he said, "It's not like I wanted this to happen! I just wanted to make things easier for Mr. Aicker so he wouldn't have to work so hard!"

Francesca let out a huff, flashing her sharp little canine teeth as she smirked. "At this rate, the people of Jayrodale are going to think you're the only doctor around! They'll forget that my grandfather is Cedric Aicker!"

Cedric scoffed, giving her a sharp look. "What nonsense are you spouting? Do you really think I care about fame and status? Dr. Lloyd's medical skills are far beyond mine. If patients trust him more, that's because he earned it fair and square."

Francesca secretly stuck out her tongue and rolled her eyes at Andrew. She was just talking big-deep down, she was actually proud of him.

Andrew chuckled. "Mr. Aicker, Fran, come sit down. There's something I want to discuss with the Aicker family."

Then, he turned to Nyla and said, "Nyla, could you bring us some tea?"

Nyla grinned. "Got it! You guys talk, I'll go make some tea!"

Cedric and Francesca sat down, both looking at Andrew with curiosity.

"Andrew, are you thinking about some kind of business deal with the Aicker family?" Francesca asked, trying to guess his intentions.

Andrew nodded with a smile. "Sharp as ever, Fran! You got it!"

Cedric let out an awkward cough, looking a little uncomfortable. "Dr. Lloyd, don't tell me you're about to make the Aicker family rich again? If it's another golden opportunity, then I'll shamelessly grab it! I'd do anything to set aside a nice wedding gift for Fran!"

Francesca snorted, shooting him a teasing glare. "Ha! Yeah, right! Just admit it, Grandpa-you just want the money for yourself! Don't use my wedding gift as an excuse!"

Cedric's face turned red from embarrassment as he huffed, "Nonsense! At my age, money means nothing to me! I'm only doing this for you! Everything I earn will be yours one day, anyway!"

Francesca crossed her arms and huffed, though her cheeks were still a little pink as she stole a glance at Andrew.

Andrew had grown even more impressive lately. This was not the first time he had brought wealth to the Aicker family, and she could not shake the feeling that she owed him too much. She did not like feeling as though she was beneath him.

Andrew leaned forward. "Here's the deal-I've developed two groundbreaking medications. Glorious Pharmaceuticals is set to produce them, and they'll be hitting the market soon.

"Originally, I designed these for Rhodes Corporation's Pharmaceutical Division, but I don't fully trust them. So I want to distribute some of the supply through your family's network as well."

Cedric's expression shifted as he took a sharp breath. "Dr. Lloyd, you actually developed miracle drugs? Could I take a look at the formulas?"

Andrew did not hesitate. He smiled and handed over the documents, not intending to hide anything.

Curious, Francesca leaned in to read as well. "A Vitality Pill... and a Titan Essence Pill. One strengthens the body's energy and boosts overall health..."

Her eyes suddenly widened, and her face turned red. "Wait... this Titan Essence Pill is for... male enhancement? Andrew, what the hell? Why did you even create something like this?"

Andrew chuckled. "The Titan Essence Pill isn't just about that. Keep reading."

Cedric's eyes practically sparkled as he examined the formulas, clearly thrilled. "Incredible! Simply incredible. Dr. Lloyd, these two formulas are worth a fortune!"

Especially the Titan Essence el

which is designed to enhance

vitality, strengthen the kidneys, and replenish energy. This is exactly what modern people need!"

Francesca forgot about being embarrassed and nodded in

agreement. Even though I'm still far from being able to develop my own formulas, I can already tell how powerful these are. Andrew, these medicines are beyond anything modern science can achieve!"

## Chapter 742

Andrew nodded. "This isn't a modern formula-it comes from Holtrien's ancient medical tradition passed down for generations."

Cedric was amazed. "That explains everything! The rarity of ancient formulas is beyond measure, and these two are among the best of the best. Their value is simply incalculable."

Francesca hesitated. "Andrew, these formulas are priceless... are you really okay with just showing them to us?"

Andrew chuckled. "Why wouldn't I be? Do you really think I'd ever be on guard against you, Fran? Besides, I'm showing you because I want you to feel reassured and join me in producing these groundbreaking medicines!"

A warm, sweet feeling spread through Francesca's chest, and a rosy blush colored her fair cheeks.

So, Andrew trusted her completely-he already considered her one of his own. She wondered if their relationship progressed, she could truly become his woman.

Her mind started to wander, imagining all the possibilities.

Meanwhile, Cedric smacked the table in excitement. "Dr. Lloyd, I'll thank you in advance for this opportunity! The Aicker family will invest in both the Vitality Pill and the Titan Essence Pill-we'll partner with you on this!"

Andrew thought for a moment before saying, "In that case, I'll allocate a third of the total production to be sold through your family's network. As for the profits, let's split them fifty-fifty."

Cedric immediately shook his head. "No way, that's too much! The most we can take is 30%. I may love a good deal, but these medicines are worth an unimaginable fortune. Even getting 30% is already more than enough!"

Francesca nodded firmly. "Andrew, the formulas are yours, and you're handling all the production and distribution costs. The Aicker family is only taking care of sales -30% is already more than fair!"

in

Andrew did not argue and simply smiled. "Alright, then-70-30 it is! These two medicines are set to hit the market in the next couple of days, so you'll need to get everything ready on your end for distribution and sales!"

Cedric was full of confidence. "Don't worry, Dr. Lloyd-I'll send my apprentices over to help when the time comes!"

Francesca hesitated for a moment before asking, "Andrew, since these medicines were originally developed for Rhodes Corporation's

Pharmaceutical Division Ded

selling them through the Aicker family put Lauren in a difficult position?"

Andrew's expression remained calm. "I'm not doing this to go against Lauren-I'm doing it to protect her against Michael and Tiana. Besides, I don't plan on keeping a single cent of the profits or the market share from these sales. Every penny made will either go toward charity or be put directly under Lauren's name."

Francesca nodded. "That's good, then. Whatever you decide, we'll follow your lead!"

Cedric gave Andrew a meaningful look and sighed. "Lauren sure is lucky to have crossed paths with you, Dr. Lloyd. Unlike my dear Fran... sigh, forget it. If I say too much, she'll just get mad at me!"

Francesca's face turned red with both embarrassment and frustration. "Grandpa! If you already know it'll make me mad, why say it at all?"

At the same time, she stole a shy glance at Andrew before mumbling, "Andrew, don't listen to Grandpa's nonsense. He just has a habit of running his mouth!"

Andrew felt a little awkward, rubbing the back of his nose as if he had not heard anything.

Cedric, that old fox, was obviously dropping hints-practically telling Andrew to hurry up and make Francesca his. However, relationships were not something that could be rushed.

Besides, Francesca had been acting hot and cold with him lately, and Andrew was not entirely sure what was on her mind.

## Chapter 743

"Alright, it's getting late. Let's lock up and head home," Andrew said with a smile after taking a few sips of the tea Nyla had prepared.

Cedric chuckled. "I'll head back to the Aicker residence Fran, you and Dr. Lloyd can go back to Moonlit Sanctuary."

Francesca rolled her eyes playfully. "I got it, Grandpa! You don't have to spell it out!"

The two of them locked up Moonlit Apothecary and were just about to leave when a luxury car pulled up, stopping right in front of the store.

"Sorry, we're closed for the night. If you need a doctor, come back tomorrow," Francesca said politely.

However, as soon as she saw who was stepping out of the car, her expression turned strange.

"Well, Andrew, what's this? You're not going to welcome me?"

The one speaking was none other than Irene, accompanied by her entire family- including Christina in a sleek white dress-and Aspen, their driver.

Andrew ignored her completely, his gaze settling on Christina instead. He asked indifferently, "What do you want?"

Christina forced a sweet, flawless smile. "Andrew, sorry for bothering you so late. I happened to pass by on my way home from work and saw a rotisserie chicken place, so I picked one up for you! I remember you used to love roasted chicken."

She held out the paper bag with a hopeful look, but Andrew only smirked-his smile laced with mockery.

"Ms. Stevens, I think your memory's a little off. My favorite isn't roasted chicken. It's spicy grilled chicken."

Christina's smile froze, and she suddenly looked flustered. "Oh? It was spicy grilled chicken? Haha... I must have remembered wrong. Hold on, I'll go get you one right now!"

Andrew's voice was cold. "No need. I wouldn't dare trouble the esteemed 'pure and untouchable' CEO to buy food for me. After all, I was never worthy, was I?"

Christina clenched her jaw, clearly frustrated. "Andrew, I know I wasn't there for you enough in the past. But I haven't even had dinner yet, and still came all the way here just to bring you something. Couldn't you at least show a little appreciation?"

Andrew let out a sharp laugh. "Did I ask you to bring me anything? Did I need you to? And why force yourself? You don't even know what I like to eat, yet here you are, putting on a show. Don't you think that's just... embarrassing?"

Irene's face darkened. "Alright, that's enough, Andrew! Don't push your luck! Do you even know who Christina is? She's the CEO of Stevens Corporation—a woman so busy she doesn't even have time to lift a finger for herself!

"Do you really think she has the time to remember what you like to eat? The fact that she even thought about bringing you food is already a huge blessing. You should be grateful!"

Leroy chimed in immediately.

"Exactly! Andrew, do you realize how lucky you are? If my sister ever did this for another man, he'd probably pass out from happiness! She's never shown this much patience or sincerity to anyone else. You're the only one she's ever cared about this much, so stop acting ungrateful!"

Andrew snorted. "Oh, so what? Am I supposed to be honored? Should I be thanking the heavens for this 'privilege'? Bringing me a roasted chicken is supposed to be some grand display of affection?"

Leroy scoffed. "Obviously! Even I don't get this kind of treatment. Andrew, you should count your blessings—your good days have officially begun!"

Irene stepped forward, her face all smiles as she tried to butter him up. "Andrew, what's done is done, right? Let's just put the past behind us."

She continued, "If even I, as the elder here, can let bygones be bygones, shouldn't a young man like you do the same? You're a smart, promising young man. You shouldn't be holding onto old grudges. Life is about moving forward!"

Andrew smirked, his eyes filled with disdain. "Cut to the chase. What do the Stevens want this time?"

Irene beamed. "It's simple! Come back home and patch things up with Christina. With your connections and abilities, you can lead Stevens Corporation back to the

top!"

Leroy, desperate not to miss his

chance, blurted out, "Andrew, my beloved brother-in-law-my request is simple! Come back to the Stevens family If you do, we'll all welcome you with open arms, and Christie will finally treat you right!"

## Chapter 744

Leroy said, "You just need to manage Stevens Corporation, make good money, hand over your G-Wagon to me, and introduce Natasha to me as my future wife. That's all!!

Andrew burst out laughing-so hard his stomach hurt. He mocked, "Hah! The Stevens sure are straightforward with their demands. And wow, so polite about it too!"

However, Irene did not seem to catch the sarcasm in his tone. She beamed. "Of course! Andrew, just come back and patch things up with Christie. You two were meant to be together! Don't worry, as your future mother-in-law, I'll treat you well from now on. Everything that happened in the past? Consider it forgotten!"

Leroy stretched out his hand expectantly and smirked. "Andrew, give me the keys to the G-Wagon now. I'll take it for a spin at the club tonight-gotta impress the ladies! And about Natasha, no rush! Just talk to her and let her know that becoming my wife would be an honor. She should be grateful, honestly!"

He was already lost in his own fantasy, grinning like an idiot, practically drooling at the thought.

Natasha was a force to be reckoned with in the underground world. Back then, Leroy would not have even been worthy of licking the dirt off her shoes.

Nonetheless, with Andrew as a connection, all his fear disappeared, replaced by pure greed. He did not just admire Natasha-he wanted her.

Standing to the side, Francesca was already fuming, her fists clenched tight. She thought the Stevens were insanely delusional.

How could they say something so shameless with a straight face?

Nonetheless, since Andrew had not spoken yet, she held back her anger. Still, she secretly vowed-no way in hell would she let him get back together with Christina.



Andrew was hers-and her best friend Lauren's. No one else was taking him away. "Andrew, please... come back to me," Christina called out softly, her eyes filled with longing.

The evening breeze made her long hair dance around her, her white dress glowing under the streetlights. With just one look, it was easy to see why so many men saw her as their dream girl.

Yet, to Andrew, she might as well have been a dead tree by the roadside-dull, lifeless, and completely unremarkable.

"Sorry, but I don't do second chances," he said casually.

Then, his gaze swept over Irene and

Leroy, his voice filled with scorn. "And you two... I don't know if it's God or just sheer delusion that gave you the confidence to say something this ridiculous. Hah! Me? Becoming your perfect son-in-law? Just the thought makes me sick.

"And you, Lergy-do you really think a useless, spoiled rich boy like you is worthy of Natasha? Do yourself a favor -look in the mirror. What exactly do you have that would

make her even glance in your direction?"

Andrew's words cut deep, striking at the very core of the Stevens family.

Especially Leroy, who had the audacity to set his sights on his subordinate, Natasha. Andrew's disgust for him was undeniable.

If Natasha found out this fool was drooling over her, she would probably turn the Stevens mansion into a bloodbath by morning-and Leroy? He would wake up missing a very important part of himself.

"Well said!" Francesca finally let out a breath, grinning as she clapped in approval. Then, as if to make her stance clear, she slipped her arm around Andrew's and leaned in close, flashing Christina a sweet, triumphant smile.

While they stood there looking intimate, the Stevens trio all turned an ugly shade of green.

Irene was the first to explode. "You shameless, disgusting air! How dare you get all touchy-feely in front of Christie? Have you no shame?!"

She jabbed a finger at Andrew, her

voice shrill with fury. "Listen here, you little punk! You have two choices: return and dedicate yourself to the Stevens family, help Christie reclaim her success, and do your duty... or prepare for hell, because I will make sure you never have a single peaceful day for the rest of your life!"

## Chapter 745

Leroy sneered. "Andrew, you and Christie had a history. Back when you were struggling, she was the one who helped you! Now that you're successful, it's only right that you repay her. If you refuse, then you're just an ungrateful traitor-and trust me, if you don't cooperate, I make sure you're ruined!"

Andrew's eyes turned ice-cold as he let out a sharp, mocking laugh. "Christina helped me when I was at my lowest? Leroy, the Stevens family really has no shame, huh? When I was living under your roof, did I ever take a dime from you? Did I ever owe you anything?"

"If anything, it was you-and your greedy, money-grubbing mother-who kept taking from me, milking me for every cent you could get."

Ignoring how Irene and Leroy's faces darkened, Andrew turned to Christina and scoffed. "And you, Christina- what is it? Now that I have everything, you think you can just swoop in and claim a piece of it?"

Christina opened her mouth, struggling to explain. "I-I'm not the kind of person you think I am, Andrew. I just feel guilty about the past, and I want to make it up to you. I want you to come back to the Stevens family so I can fix what I did wrong!"

Andrew waved her off dismissively. "Save it. I don't want anything from you, Christina-not now, not ever."

Christina's voice rose in frustration. "So that's it, huh? Now that you have Lauren and Francesca, you just think they're better than me?"

Andrew's expression remained calm. "You finally got something right. In my eyes, you're nothing now. Lauren and Fran? They're a thousand times better than you."

Christina clenched her fists, her pretty face twisting in anger. She had spent all this time dressing up, picking the perfect moment to "win his heart"-only to be slapped in the face with rejection. 3

What did Lauren and Francesca have that she did not?

Irene suddenly screeched and lunged forward, her hands clawing toward Francesca's face. "You little homewrecker! You shameless tramp! Andrew belongs to Christie, not you-get your filthy hands off him!"

Francesca's expression turned cold as she took a step back. "Madam, I was trying to be polite since you're old, but if you come at me again, I won't just stand here and take it.

However, Irene was not backing

down. She thrashed wildly, screaming "I'm going to tear that pretty little face of yours apart! You and Andrew are nothing but a pair of filthy cheaters! You should both just die!

Francesca's patience snapped. Without hesitation, she slapped Irene across the face, sending her stumbling backward.

Leroy roared, "Mom!" and rushed to help her, but Irene shoved him away.

Instead of getting up, she threw

herself onto the ground, wailing at the top of her lungs. She flailed her arms and kicked her legs like a crazed lunatic. "Somebody help!

Moonlit Apothecary is abusin

their

customers! I'm an old woman, and they hit me!

"Where's the justice?! Where's the law?! Someone, please, stand up for me!"

Passersby started to slow down, casting curious and judgmental looks. A few

even began whispering among themselves.

Francesca's face darkened in fury. "Are you seriously playing the victim right now? You started this! You attacked me first!"

Irene shot her a venomous glare before shifting her gaze to Andrew. "You did this, Andrew! You forced my hand. If you refuse to come back and serve the Stevens family, then fine. But I will ruin you. I'll make sure your little Moonlit Apothecary is shut down for good!"

She flailed harder, raising her voice to an ear-piercing screech. "Everyone, listen! This scumbag abandoned my daughter for another woman! He's a heartless traitor who deserves to be torn to pieces!"

Chapter 746

Francesca had enough. She turned to Christina and snapped "Christina, are you seriously going to stand there and let your mother humiliate herself like this?"

Christina's face burned with shame. She was beyond embarrassed, but Andrew's attitude toward her was something she could not accept.

So instead, she steeled her voice. "Andrew, there's no denying that my mother was hit. You probably don't want this to escalate, so here's the deal-come back with me to the Stevens mansion, and I won't pursue this any further."

Andrew let out a short laugh. "Go ahead. Let her make a scene all she wants. In fact, I have a pretty good relationship with Donald over at Jayrodale's law enforcement division. I'm sure he'd love to look into a case where a crazy old woman is harassing my business."

The second Andrew reached for his phone, Irene instantly panicked. She scrambled to her feet so fast it was almost comical-no trace of the poor, battered old lady was left.

She shrieked, "Andrew, you bastard! You're a heartless, ungrateful wretch! You bully me, you bully my daughter-I swear, karma's coming for you!"

Her voice was venomous, her fingers shaking as she pointed at him.

Suddenly, Leroy's expression twisted with rage, and before anyone could react, he lunged forward and kicked at Francesca. "You little bitch! How dare you lay hands on my mother? I'll kick you to death!"

Francesca gasped, completely caught off guard. She had not expected Leroy to attack, and there was no time to dodge. If that kick landed on her stomach, she would be seriously hurt-maybe even cough up blood.

Yet, before Leroy's leg even reached her, Andrew's icy voice rang out. "You're digging your own grave!"

At the last second, Andrew lashed out with his own kick, and Leroy's chest took the full force of the blow. He was sent flying backward, crashing nearly 15 feet away. He hit the pavement hard, his body curling up in pain as he groaned.

Andrew did not spare the Stevens family a single glance. He simply grabbed Francesca's hand, led her to the car, and drove off.

Behind them, Irene fell apart, wailing like a madwoman. "Andrew, you bastard! You come back here! You hear me? Get back here right now!"

Christina ran over and crouched beside Leroy, her voice urgent. "Leroy! Are you okay?"

Leroy's face was covered in dirt, his hand clutching his chest. He gritted his teeth and snarled, "Christina, you have to do something about him, This isn't the first time Andrew's beaten me! If he refuses to respect us, then fine! We don't need him anymore! Just find a way to get rid of him already!"

Christina did not respond immediately. Her lips pressed together as her eyes darkened with something cold and ugly.

Jealousy and resentment boiled in her chest, twisting into something dangerous.

"Fine," she muttered under her

breath. "If this is how Andrew wants to play, then won't hold back anymore? You want to humiliate me? To push me aside like I'm nothing? Let's see how long that lasts. One day. Andrew, you'll be on your knees, begging for my forgiveness." 2

Jealousy was a terrifying thing-stronger than logic, more consuming than fire. And

in Christina, it festered,

growing more twisted with every passing second.

Andrew's success was a slap in her face, a painful reminder of Stevens Corporation's decline and her own failures. Instead of blaming herself, she funneled all that hatred straight at him.

Meanwhile, Aspen had been watching from the sidelines the entire time, completely indifferent to the chaos unfolding around her. She had zero sympathy for Christina Leroy, or Irene.

In fact, seeing Christina slowly unravel brought her genuine satisfaction. Her own life was a disaster-so why not let her dear cousin share the experience?

After all, what were fake friendships for, if not for dragging each other down?

Chapter 747

With Francesca in the passenger seat, Andrew drove swiftly through the city. Before long, they arrived at Moonlit Sanctuary.

Just as they reached the gated community, a loud rumble echoed across the sky, followed by heavy rain. The sudden downpour was intense, with flashes of lightning cutting through the darkness.

Francesca hugged herself, her voice soft with unease. "Andrew, it's storming... I don't like being alone when there's thunder. Can you stay with me for a while?"

Andrew pulled the car to a stop along a quiet street. Towering trees lined both sides, their silhouettes barely visible in the dim light, while the car's warm interior glowed softly.

"Alright, I'll stay until the rain stops."

Francesca's face lit up with joy. "Andrew, you know... ever since I was little, thunderstorms have always scared me. But right now, with you here, I don't feel afraid at all. Actually, I feel... safe."

Andrew glanced out the window. Raindrops pounded against the glass, the steady drumming filling the silence between them.

"This storm isn't letting up anytime soon. Looks like we'll be here for a while, Fran."

Francesca shook her head. "I don't mind. But... do you need to get back and rest?"

Andrew chuckled. "I'm fine. I'll wait it out with you."

A comfortable silence settled inside the car, the only sound coming from the steady patter of rain outside.

Francesca rested her chin in her hands and murmured, "Andrew, can you turn down the air-conditioned a little? It's getting kind of cold."

Andrew adjusted the settings without a word, his gaze fixed on the rain outside. Meanwhile, Francesca stole a glance at him, studying his sharp profile.

She thought he was actually handsome.

Suddenly, Andrew turned his head.

Francesca had been staring too intently, and before she could look away, their eyes met. Flustered, she scrambled for an excuse. "Ah-uh, is the rain letting up? If it is, I should probably head home!"

Andrew smirked. "Nope, it's actually getting heavier. At this rate, you might not be sleeping alone tonight."

Her cheeks turned scarlet. She stammered, "I-It's fine... I'll just wait a little longer, then."

Andrew raised a brow. "Fran, why is your face so red? Are you running a fever?"

He reached out, pressing the back of his hand against her forehead. Her skin was burning hot.

Francesca pulled away shyly, mumbling, "I don't think I have a fever... I just feel warm."

Andrew frowned. "Then why did you ask me to turn down the air-conditioned?"

Francesca groaned in frustration.

"My body feels cold, but my chestet

and

t feel like they're on fire. I

don't know why!"

Andrew studied her quietly.



Francesca hesitated, then slowly met his gaze. Her eyes shimmered, filled with an alluring softness.

Andrew leaned in, closing the distance between them.

Francesca's fingers tightened

around the hem of her dress, heret

heart pounding wildly. She wondered if Andrew was about to kiss her.

The space between them grew smaller and smaller. Her mind raced, torn between resisting and letting it happen.

However, before she could make a decision, her body answered for her.

Her lips parted slightly, and she instinctively closed her eyes, waiting for his touch. Seconds passed.

And then... nothing.

Confused, Francesca peeked one eye open-only to see Andrew casually unbuckling her seatbelt.

With a click, he freed the strap and leaned back.

"If you're feeling too hot, don't keep

the seatbelt on. You'll be more comfortable if you just relax,". Andrew said casually and leaned back into his seat.

## Chapter 748

Francesca sat there, completely stunned. It felt like all the air had been sucked from her lungs. She thought, 'Did... did this guy just do what I think he did?'

She had practically offered him her lips, yet he did not kiss her. All he did was unbuckle her damn seatbelt.

Francesca silently cursed Andrew for being an idiot. The perfect moment was right there, and he ruined it.

Her face burned with embarrassment as frustration bubbled up inside her. Then, she let out a huff, sulking like a child.

Andrew raised a brow. "What's wrong, Fran? Are you feeling sick again?"

Francesca let out a sharp laugh. "Nope. Don't worry about it!"

Andrew smirked. "Say that again."

"I said-don't worry about it! Don't. Worry. About. It. What are you gonna do about

it, huh?" Her voice rose in irritation, her temper flaring as she glared at him.

Without warning, Andrew's large hand pinched her soft, delicate cheek. He grinned and teased, "Say it one more time."

Francesca's eyes widened in shock. Flustered, she squirmed. "Andrew, you jerk! Let go! It hurts!"

Yet, Andrew did not let go. Instead, he leaned in-pressing his lips against hers in a deep, heated kiss.

Francesca's eyes flew open in shock. Her mind went completely blank. Soon, a fiery, overwhelming heat surged through her, taking over her senses like an unstoppable wave.

"Andrew... softer," she whispered breathlessly, her voice barely louder than a kitten's purring.

Without thinking, she wrapped her arms around him, pressing herself closer. She could feel the firm muscles beneath his shirt, the defined ridges of his chest. The heat radiating from his body made her pulse race, her whole body tingling.

Her lips were completely captured by his. Her eyes fluttered open for brief moments before closing again, lost in the sensation. It was as if she had no control over herself-every part of her was sinking into him.

Andrew let out a low, husky breath near her ear.

Francesca's heart pounded wildly. A rush of anticipation swirled in her chest, making her dizzy.

Her mind raced as she thought, 'Oh no... this is happening. It's really happening!'

Suddenly, she gasped as her whole body was lifted off the seat. Before

she could process it, Andrew had pulled her into his arms, placing her directly onto his lap.

"Andrew, you..."

Her heart was racing so fast it felt like it might burst. There was excitement, but also nervousness flicker of hesitation mixed with the thrill.

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Last time, everything had been hazy, a blur between consciousness and unconsciousness. However, this time was different.

This time, she was fully aware of every touch, every caress-every place his hands lingered. And every single one sent shivers down her spine.

Andrew chuckled, his voice laced with amusement. "I seem to remember someone sending me a lot of late-night texts, trying to tempt me."

He leaned in closer, his breath hot against her skin. "Well, Fran... since you wanted it so badly, I think it's time I grant your wish."

Francesca barely clung to her last shred of sanity. She struggled slightly, her voice

soft and pleading. "Andrew, wait-I-I'm not ready. Not yet."

Andrew's eyes darkened with heat as he took in her flushed cheeks and her trembling body.

He smirked. "That's okay. I'm ready, and that's all that matters."

Francesca gasped and quickly pressed a hand over his lips. Her eyes were wide, filled with desperation.

"Andrew, please listen to me first," she whispered, barely able to meet his gaze.

Andrew arched a brow. "And what exactly do you have to say?"

Francesca bit her lip, hesitating. Her voice was almost too soft to hear just... Just think we should move to the bedroom. The car is too O cramped."

## Chapter 749

Andrew paused for a moment, surprised that she was not ready-not because of hesitation, but because of the location.

With a light chuckle, he gave Francesca's soft bottom a playful pat. "Don't move. We'll be home soon."

He shifted gears, released the brakes, and stepped on the gas. The G-Wagon roared to life, speeding toward the Moonlit Sanctuary estate at the top of the hill.

Francesca's lips curled into a satisfied yet bashful smile. With a mischievous glint in her eyes, she leaned forward and bit Andrew's chest playfully. "You big pervert! You jerk!"

However, deep down, she was already scheming. 'Lauren, you better not blame me for this. You're the one who told me to take good care of Andrew first. Hehe... once your little purity mark is out of the way, the two of us will make sure Andrew completely surrenders!'

And so, that night, the master bedroom of Moonlit Sanctuary's hilltop estate was anything but quiet.

Francesca, at first nervous, soon found herself completely immersed—until eventually, she was left begging for mercy, tears welling in her eyes.

The next morning, glistening dewdrops clung to the trees outside the window. Judging by the drenched branches, the storm had raged all night, only subsiding at dawn.

Inside, the scene was no different—only here, the storm had been far more intense. The air still carried the lingering warmth of last night's passion. Clothes were scattered across the floor, evidence of the battle that had taken place.

Francesca slowly opened her sleepy, exhausted eyes. The soreness in her limbs made it almost impossible to move. She turned to the mirror, her face flushing as she examined herself.

There were marks—on her front, on her back—deep red traces of last night's relentless conquest.

Each mark, each little "souvenir," was proof of how thoroughly she had been broken down—only to be pieced back together again.

"That bastard... he didn't leave a single spot untouched!" Francesca bit her lip and let out a soft, frustrated hum.

Yet, there was no anger in her expression—only the sweet, lingering warmth of satisfaction. She glanced toward the other side of the bed, only to find it empty.

From the kitchen, the soft clatter of dishes and the faint aroma of food filled the air.

Curious, Francesca tiptoed toward the door and peeked inside.

There stood Andrew, dressed in comfortable loungewear, flipping eggs in a pan. Next to him, a freshly cooked steak and a bowl of hot soup sat ready on the counter.

Andrew turned his head, catching her spying. He smirked. "You're awake? Come eat first, then freshen up. I'll take you to the hospital after."

Francesca's heart gave an unexpected thump. She blushed. "Oh, um... thanks for making breakfast, Andrew. That's really sweet of you."

Andrew's smirk deepened. "Oh, I'm not the one who should be tired-you're the one who spent the whole night begging for mercy."

Francesca's face turned completely red. Her sharp little teeth flashed as she glared at him. With a huff, she turned on her heel and darted back to the bedroom to get dressed.

"Jerk! Shameless pervert! You're not gentle at all!" she muttered under her breath.

However, as she reached for her clothes, her body wobbled slightly. Her legs were sore, and just thinking about the waves of overwhelming sensation from last night made her nearly lose her balance.

She pulled her dress over her head, only to wince as a sharp ache shot through her thighs.

Francesca grumbled, "Damn it, Andrew! If I can't even walk properly today, I'm so making you pay for this!"

Just then, her phone rang-Lauren was calling.

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Lauren's teasing voice came through the video call. "Fran, are you at Dr. Lloyd's place right now?"

Francesca's cheeks instantly flushed red. She hesitated for a second before mumbling a quiet "Mm-hmm."

Lauren gasped dramatically before covering her mouth with a giggle. "Oh, so that means... Fran, you got the full Dr. Lloyd treatment last night?"

Francesca gritted her teeth. "Lauren, you better not laugh at me! Do you even know how close I was to being ruined last night? I can barely walk!"

Lauren blinked, looking both impressed and mildly horrified. "Wait... you mean Dr. Lloyd is that intense?"

Francesca huffed. "You'll find out soon enough. When it's your turn, let's see if you can handle it!"

Lauren snickered. "Oh no, no, no—I hate pain. I'll let Dr. Lloyd go wild with you first, and then I'll swoop in once he's all tired out. That way, I can dodge the first wave of his attacks!"

Francesca narrowed her eyes and smirked. "Nice try. Next time, you go first—I'll sit back and enjoy the aftermath. One way or another, you will experience what this guy is capable of. No way am I suffering alone!"

Lauren chuckled. "Alright, alright. I just called because I tried reaching Dr. Lloyd, but he didn't pick up. I figured I'd call you instead, but I did not expect you two to be at war all night. Fran, you poor thing-go get some rest!"

Francesca, still blushing furiously, rushed to wrap up the call. "Fine, I'm hanging up now. Andrew's making breakfast-his phone's probably still in the bedroom."

Just as Francesca put her phone down, a pair of strong arms wrapped around her from behind.

Andrew's deep voice murmured against her ear, his breath warm against her skin. "Fran, breakfast is getting cold. If you don't want to eat, we could just go for another round instead..."

Francesca shivered, her entire body tensing. Without a second thought, she bolted straight for the dining table-completely ignoring the soreness in her legs.

"I'm starving! Let's eat first! You know, breakfast is really important!"

The panic in her voice was almost comical-like she was fleeing from an impending disaster.

Andrew chuckled to himself. He had been extra intense last night on purpose.

This way, the little troublemaker would finally learn her

lesson-teasing and provoking him always came with consequences. If she thought she could just flirt and get away with it, she was dead wrong.

Francesca carefully made her way through breakfast, moving gingerly like a fragile little kitten. The moment she finished, she grabbed her bag and made a break for the door.

Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Where are you running off to? Don't you want me to drive you?"

Francesca glanced over her

shoulder, her face filled with barely contained frustration. She gritted her teeth. "Andrew, you jerk! "I don't need a ride! I'll just call a cab-I know you have a ton of things to do!"

Andrew smirked. "Alright. So, what time should I expect you back tonight? I'll make sure to be ready for you."

Francesca stumbled mid-step, barely catching herself. She turned back, looking absolutely mortified.

"Who said I'm coming back? Dream on, Andrew! I'm never setting foot in your place again!"

Andrew just chuckled. He did not take those words seriously at all.

If she actually stopped coming to him, well that was not a problem. After all, they lived in the same neighborhood-if she did not come to him, he would simply go to her.