

The Ashes 791

Chapter 791

Lauren furrowed her brows, about to ask why. However, before she could, Andrew

had already waved over the head of the public relations department.

"You're Mr. Brown, right? Come here. I need a word with you."

Jay Brown strode over, his face ice-cold. "Mr. Lloyd, what do you want to talk about?"

Andrew's tone was calm yet sharp. "I want to discuss how you blatantly disobeyed the CEO's orders and what consequences you should face for it."

Jay's eyes widened in shock before he snapped in fury. "Andrew, stop acting like you have real authority! Do you think I'm scared of you?"

Andrew did not waste time arguing his face remained cold as he delivered a brutal slap. Jay did not even have time to grunt before blood gushed out from his mouth, and he was sent flying. The moment he hit the ground, he passed out cold.

The effect was immediate-several of Michael's lackeys, who had been acting tough just moments ago, shut their mouths tight. One by one, they lowered their heads and kept quiet, suddenly remembering how to behave.

Andrew flexed his wrist like he had just swatted away an inconvenience. Then, as if nothing had happened, he said, "Someone, take Mr. Brown to the infirmary."

He added casually, "Since he got injured on the job, the company will cover his medical expenses."

'Injured on the job? Are you kidding me?' Michael and his lackeys were in disbelief at Andrew's audacity.

Lauren stood there speechless for a moment, stunned by Andrew's ruthlessness. Nonetheless, desperate times called for desperate measures, and she was not about to object to his methods.

Andrew quickly refocused and addressed the room. "Let's not forget-Mrs. Rhodes has officially handed over authority to Ms. Rhodes and me."

Andrew glanced at the others, his voice calm but firm. "Cooperate, and everything will run smoothly. Once the company is back on track, everyone gets paid. But if anyone wants to be a troublemaker and play games with me, just take a good look at what happened to Jay."

No one dared to speak.

Andrew's approach since arriving at Rhodes Corporation had left an undeniable impression. There were only two options when dealing with him—either completely overpower him or fall in line. And if you couldn't suppress him, the smart choice was to cooperate.

Lauren continued, "Now, the biggest

issue we're facing is the online attacks against our company. Mr. Chapman, I'm putting you in charge of handling this. Whether it takes money, influencers, or PR

campaigns, do whatever it takes to réstore our company's public image as soon as possible."

Marcus nodded. "Rest assured, I'll take care of it."

Michael's face darkened as he snapped, "Mr. Chapman, watch your words! The

acting CEO right now is Mrs. Rhodes, not anyone else."

Marcus remained unfazed. "I don't

see anything wrong with what I said. With Ms. Rhodes and Mr. Lloyd working together, saving this

CS only a matter of time net

So, let's be honest-if anyone

deserves to take over Rhodes Corporation in the future, it's Ms. Rhodes."

Michael's expression twisted in anger. "You-"

Andrew cut him off, pointing at him. "Mr. Rhodes, you're driving me somewhere later."

Michael's face turned beet red. "What did you just say? You want me to be your driver?"

Andrew shrugged. "Is there a problem? Mrs. Rhodes gave me authority, so if I tell you to drive, then you drive."

The moment he heard Tiana's name, Michael could not argue anymore. He clenched his jaw and hissed, "Fine, I'll drive. But my skills are terrible—if I drive us off a cliff, don't blame me."

Andrew let out a chuckle. "As long as you go down with me, I won't complain."

Chapter 792

Michael's face darkened as he cursed Andrew in his mind. "That bastard... Like hell I'd want to die with him!"

Lauren barely held back a laugh, secretly loving Andrew's antics. She was touched, knowing that Andrew was going after Michael just to stand up for her. She continued methodically, addressing each urgent matter one by one.

"Last two things—do everything possible to win back the business partners we lost," she instructed. "They only cut ties with us because they were misled by the online smear campaign. If we can convince them otherwise, we can restore those partnerships."

Toward the end, she hesitated, her brows slightly furrowed, as if struggling with something.

Andrew chuckled. "You're stressing over handling the Wellers' warehouse fire, aren't you?"

Lauren nodded. "Dr. Lloyd, you really do get me. Most of our other problems can be dealt with through PR, advertising, and strategic business moves. But the Wellers' warehouse fire is already a national scandal. To be honest, I have no idea how to handle it."

Andrew cast a glance at Michael, smirking. "I'm guessing you all don't know this yet, but that warehouse was practically waiting to be burned down. In other words, Harvey set the whole thing up."

Marcus looked shocked. "Mr. Lloyd, what do you mean?"

The others were equally curious, waiting for Andrew to explain.

Andrew said, got word that there was nothing inside that warehouse no inventory, nothing Their so-called multi-million-dollar losses were completely fabricated to fool the media and the public

"As for why? The first reason is obvious-they want to force Rhodes Corporation to compensate them.

And second, they want to contron

public opinion, making us the

scapegoat for all the vel

Michael's face flickered with doubt. "You're telling me this was all staged? Did Harvey really play me that day?"

Andrew scoffed. "And that, my dear Michael, is why Harvey ranks number one among the four in Jayrodale, while you're stuck at number two. You really need to do some self-reflection."

Michael's expression twisted with anger. He hated how Andrew looked down on him and sneered, "Even if I got played by him, it's no loss to me."

He then grinned smugly at Andrew. "Harvey might think he's slick, sneaking around with Serena, but he has no idea-he wasn't the only one enjoying her. Guess what? I had my fair share too. In fact, you could say I was screwing Harvey's mom. Doesn't that mean I got the last laugh?"

The sheer arrogance on his face was impossible to miss.

Andrew raised an eyebrow, giving Michael a slow clap. "Mr. Rhodes, I have to hand it to you. When it comes to being a complete degenerate, you take the crown."

The rest of the executives were torn between disgust and fury, but no one dared call Michael out as Andrew did.

Lauren's voice turned ice-cold. "And you think that makes you impressive? In the end, you're no different from Harvey."

Michael remained unfazed, even smirking as he scoffed, "You wouldn't understand the taste of married women and lonely housewives."

Chapter 793

No one paid any attention to Michael and his twisted comments. Everyone was waiting for Andrew and Lauren's next instructions.

Andrew said, "Lauren, I don't think we should go head-to-head with the Wellers over the warehouse fire."

Lauren nodded. "I was thinking the same. Right now, the public is on their side, and the internet is flooded with support for them. If we try to argue our case directly, people will just see Rhodes Corporation as the villain."

Andrew smirked. "Which is why we should shift the focus."

Lauren thought for a moment before her eyes lit up. "You mean we create a new media storm-one big enough to replace the warehouse fire scandal and divert public attention?"

Andrew gave her an approving look. "That's my girl-always quick on the uptake."

Excited, Lauren's mind raced, quickly coming up with possible solutions. "Dr. Lloyd, I swear, you're a lifesaver. The moment you pointed it out, everything just clicked. If we create a bigger national talking point, the public's focus will shift, and our crisis will fade into the background."

She clenched her fist with renewed determination, looking at Andrew with gratitude. Not only was he clearing obstacles for her in the real world, but he was also opening up new ways of thinking for her.

A man like him was an absolute gem-Christina had really let a priceless treasure slip through her fingers.

Lauren's assistant, Eunice, hesitantly raised her hand. "But, Miss, whatever we come up with needs to be big enough, shocking enough to completely overshadow the warehouse fire. Where are we supposed to find something like that on such short notice?"

Lauren's excitement was momentarily dampened as she frowned, deep in thought.

Andrew chuckled. "If there's no immediate scandal to use, then we just wait. People are already tearing us apart online-what's a little more noise on top of that?"

Lauren laughed. "Dr. Lloyd is right. There's really no point in worrying about this. Alright, everyone get to work. Focus on handling your current tasks first."

Without hesitation, the executives got moving, following Lauren's orders. Andrew, meanwhile, motioned to Michael. "Michael, it's time for us to go." Michael's face twitched, but he gritted his teeth and kept quiet.

They arrived at Moonlit Apothecary, where Andrew had been before. Francesca was no longer there she had started her shift at Jayrodale General Hospital.

Cedric had just finished seeing a patient and was taking a break. When he saw Andrew, a smile crossed his face. However, the moment his eyes landed on Michael, his expression darkened.

Andrew waved dismissively. "Mr. Aicker, we're here on business. This is just my driver-don't bother with him."

Michael's anger flared. "Andrew, I let you walk all over me at the company, but do you really think you can treat me like this outside too?"

Andrew let out a casual "Oh?" before turning back to Cedric. "Mr. Aicker, as I said, he's my driver-also a part-time arsonist, the Wellers stepmother's boy toy, and a

premature ejaculator..."

As Andrew rattled off the labels one by one, Michael was fuming with rage. Without another word, he stormed out of Moonlit Apothecary and sulked in the car, seething.

'That damn bastard!' Michael silently swore he had to get rid of Andrew. If not, he would be living in hell for the rest of his life, feeling like his entire body was crawling with ants

Inside the clinic, Cedric chuckled. "Only you, Dr. Lloyd, could put that Rhodes Corporation scumbag in his place. To be honest, Michael and his father, Kenny, are exactly the same. I could tell from a young age that they were both rotten to the core."

Andrew got straight to the point. "Mr. Aicker, I came to ask about the spokesperson you mentioned for our two miracle drugs. Who is it?"

Cedric stroked his beard and said slowly, "This person is an old acquaintance of

mine. They've been living in seclusion in the hills just outside Jayrodale."

Chapter 794

Cedric said, "When it comes to holistic medicine and wellness, this person has made quite a name for herself. In fact, in the entire Gabo Creek region, she's renowned for her expertise in health and longevity."

He added, "Many high-society women from Jayrodale line up just to seek her advice on beauty and anti-aging remedies whenever they get the chance."

Andrew's face lit up. "A wellness expert? That's perfect-getting her to endorse our miracle drug would be an ideal fit."

Cedric, however, frowned. "It's a good idea, but there are two major obstacles."

"First, my old friend isn't very social-she prefers solitude and spends most of her time in The Southern Highlands. Over the years, plenty of wealthy elites and high- ranking officials have tried to meet her, but most never even get past her front door.

"Second, her background is rather unique-she isn't exactly someone from 'our world.' If you wanted to consult her for wellness knowledge, I could arrange that, but getting her to endorse a product? That's a different story entirely."

Andrew raised an eyebrow. "I get that a wellness guru might not be the most social person. After all, people who dedicate themselves to health and longevity usually lead peaceful, detached lives. But what do you mean by 'not from our world'? What's so special about her identity?"

Cedric took a sip of tea before answering, "Because she used to be a nun-she once lived in a monastery in Everglade Mountain. That's why I said she has a unique background-she's not someone attached to worldly affairs."

Andrew was speechless for a moment. "A nun? Mr. Aicker, are you kidding me? How am I supposed to get a former nun to endorse a commercial product?"

Cedric shook his head. "That's not as big of a conflict as you might think. We live in a time when everything is evolving. Even some high-ranking masters from monasteries are out there driving luxury cars, smoking cigars, and running live- streaming accounts."

He continued, "My old friend is actually quite grounded. To make a living, she even runs a small business and creates short content to grow her own audience."

Andrew let out a laugh. "You can't be serious."

He was starting to think Cedric was just messing with him.

Cedric pulled out his phone, opened up TikTok, and handed it to Andrew. "See for yourself. This is her content. I swear, every word I said is true-I'm not messing with you."

Andrew watched the short video on Cedric's phone, his face full of surprise.

On the screen, a woman draped in a light veil was preparing tea. The video itself was an in-depth discussion about the differences between Holtrien's and Eastonia's tea cultures.

The background music was an elegant harp piece-tranquil and sophisticated,

adding a refined touch to the entire atmosphere.

After watching, Andrew nodded. "She's definitely knowledgeable. Her

understanding of wellness is deep and well-researched."

Cedric retrieved his phone and, with a flick of his finger, casually switched over to

a video of a suggestive dance.

His eyes were glued to the screen, locked onto the dancer's long legs as he casually said, "Told you I wasn't lying; Dr. Lloyd. My old friend's name is Shiloh Greene. You can see her account-she goes by 'Master Shiloh' online. All I can do is

put in a good word for you. But whether or not she agrees to meet you-I can't guarantee anything."

Andrew said, "That's fine. Just let her know I'll be visiting. I'll head to The

Southern Highlands right now and try to bring her back."

Cedric nodded. "No problem."

Andrew did not waste any more time. He left Moonlit Apothecary, got into the car,

and ordered, "Drive to The Southern Highlands outside Jayrodale."

Michael's expression turned grim. "What the hell? I'm warning you-the roads outside the city are dangerous. There are sharp turns and steep cliffs everywhere. If we're not careful, we'll end up driving straight off a cliff and die!"

Andrew said calmly, "Well, if you don't want to die, you'd better focus on driving."

Chapter 795

However, Andrew had overestimated Michael's driving skills. Once they left Jayrodale and hit the winding roads toward The Southern Highlands, Michael miscalculated a sharp turn and scraped the car against the guardrail.

Luckily, he hit the brakes in time. Andrew stepped out to inspect the damage and found only a minor dent-not enough to affect the car's performance.

Michael climbed out of the driver's seat, looking annoyed. "Damn it! These roads are absolute garbage. Why don't they just widen them or make the turns less sharp?"

Andrew shot him a glance. "Oh? So instead of admitting you suck at driving, you're blaming the roads?"

Michael stiffened and huffed. "Am I wrong? If these roads were as wide as the city highways, I wouldn't have hit anything!"

Andrew let out a cold laugh. "By that logic, if I were your dad, does that mean I could smack you upside the head right now?"

Michael's expression immediately darkened. He did not dare talk back-out in the middle of nowhere like this, he was genuinely afraid Andrew might just finish him off.

Andrew said casually, "The car's fine. Let's keep moving."

Michael waved a hand. "I'm done. You drive."

Andrew smirked. "Already scared?"

Michael argued, "I'm not scared. I just wanna take a break."

"If you're scared, just admit it. No need to pretend. I can see your legs shaking."

Michael replied, "Andrew, for the last damn time, I just wanna rest! Do you really think I'd be scared? Since when have I ever been scared?"

"Then why won't you drive?"

"Because I just don't feel like it! What's it to you?"

"Then you're just a coward—no need to hide it, Michael Rhodes, the Mouse."

"You little—"

Andrew's taunts nearly infuriated Michael. He pointed a trembling finger at Andrew, too furious to speak.

Andrew scoffed. "Fine, I'll drive. Honestly wouldn't trust your terrible skills anyway. Also, you might wanna step aside. Standing in the middle of a sharp turn like this is just asking for an accident

Michael sneered. "What, you trying to scare me? If anyone dares to hit me, I'll make sure they regret it for life!"

Still sulking from their argument, Michael deliberately ignored Andrew's warning.

Andrew shook his head, done wasting his breath. He opened the car door and got into the driver's seat.

Just then, a loud boom rang out.

Andrew turned his head just in time to see Michael getting launched into the air after being hit by a Bentley coming around the corner. He barely had time to scream before slamming into the ground like a

ragdoll. n

Right where he landed, a road sign loomed over him, and bold letters stated: [Dangerous Curve Ahead-High Accident Rate. Over 32 Fatalities. Drive With Caution.]

Andrew raised an eyebrow, wondering if the idiot just got himself killed. Suppressing his amusement, he got out of the car and walked over to the

groaning mess on the ground.

"You dumbass! Who the hell drives like that? Get the fuck out of your damn car!" Michael roared, voice full of pain.

His whole body felt like it had been disassembled and barely put back together, Ignoring his injuries, he pushed himself up, his ragee

outweighing his pain as he stomped toward the Bentley.

Michael had never felt so humiliated. One second, he was arrogantly arguing with

Andrew. The next, he was flying through the air like a crash dummy.

Was Andrew's mouth cursed or something?

The Bentley had come to a stop, and two women stepped out. The moment Andrew saw them, his expression darkened.

He recognized them instantly-Aspen and Christina, the infamous Stevens. He had not expected to run into them here, of all places.

"You blind bitches! Do you even know how to drive?! Who the hell do you think you are hitting me?! If you don't wanna die, I swear I'll—"

Michael was mid-rant when he finally got a clear look at them, and he immediately stopped mid-sentence.

His fury twisted into something cold and calculating. "Oh. It's you two. Well, I don't care if we know each other-you still owe me money."

Chapter 796

Aspen, who was behind the wheel, glanced at Michael with a cold expression.

"Oh, it's you, Michael. I have to ask-why the hell were you standing in the middle of the road like a damn utility pole? Trying to get yourself killed?"

Michael exploded. "Aspen, you're the one trying to get yourself killed! You hit me pay up!"

Without hesitation, Aspen pulled out a hundred-dollar bill and casually tossed it onto the ground. "There. Take it and go get yourself checked out, Michael."

Michael stared at the bill, his fury skyrocketing. "You bitch! How dare you humiliate me? Do you have a death wish?!"

He lunged at Aspen from behind, raising his leg to kick her. However, Aspen was no ordinary woman-she was a junior grandmaster at her peak. Without even turning her head, she sneered and swung her elbow back in a ruthless counterattack.

Her strike landed squarely against Michael's face, sending blood spurting from his nose as he crashed to the ground, groaning in pain.

Aspen shot him a look of pure disdain. "Pathetic."

Without sparing him another glance, she climbed back into the Bentley, and with Christina beside her, they sped off.

As the car passed Andrew, Christina lowered her window, casting him a cold, piercing glance. Andrew remained expressionless. For a moment, their gazes locked in midair-sparks seemed to fly.

Michael clambered up from the ground, nose bleeding, and screamed, "Chase them! I swear to God, I'll kill that bitch! I'll make her pay!"

Andrew ignored his tantrum and leisurely walked over to pick up the hundred-dollar bill from the ground. Then, without hesitation, he stuffed it into his pocket right in front of Michael.

Michael gawked at him, utterly baffled. "Andrew, are you seriously keeping that measly hundred bucks?"

Andrew raised an eyebrow. "A hundred bucks is still money. I can be stubborn about a lot of things, but one thing I'll never go against is money."

Michael, still pressing tissues against his nose, gritted his teeth. "But that's my medical bill! Why the hell do you get to take it?"

Andrew rolled his eyes. "You said you didn't want it. And besides, money left on the ground? Finder's keepers."

Michael was rendered speechless. Andrew was not bothered to argue further. He motioned for Michael to get in the car and floored the gas pedal.

Unlike Michael's sloppy driving, Andrew's skills were on a completely different level. The difference between the two of them was like night and day.

He tore through multiple consecutive sharp turns without even braking, drifting through each one with absolute control.

At first, Michael thought it was thrilling. Then, as the speed increased, his face turned pale, then green.

After that, he started retching violently.

By the time Andrew took another

high-speed drift, Michael was

clutching his stomach and dry

heaving. "I can't-Slow down! We

need to stop! If you keep driving like

this, I'm going to die!"

Andrew casually shifted gears and accelerated again, the car roaring as it shot past another tight turn.

Only then did he glance at Michael. "What was that? You want me to speed up? Alright. Your wish is my command!"

Michael's eyes turned bloodshot as he shrieked, "I said slow down! Let me out! Not speed up!"

He shouted, "Slow down! Hit the damn brakes! Brake_"

Andrew nodded. "Got it. Accelerating now."

Half an hour later, Andrew had completely outpaced Aspen's

Bentley, leaving it far behind in net

dust They were the first to arrive at The Southern Highlands.

As soon as Andrew parked, Michael tumbled out of the car like a rolling barrel. His eyes were bloodshot, his face deathly pale, and his entire body was drenched in sweat. He

was covered in his own vomit, stinking to high heaven.

Andrew straightened his suit, ignoring Michael's sorry state, and turned his attention to the monastery before them. Without hesitation, he strode inside.

The moment he stepped in, a familiar voice rang through the air. "I'm Harvey Weller, and I'm here to pay respects to you, Master Shiloh!"

Chapter 797

Andrew frowned slightly. First, he had run into Aspen and Christina on the road. Now, at the monastery, he had to deal with Harvey.

This trip was shaping up to be more trouble than expected. Still, he had already come this far—there was no turning back. Besides, he was not the type to be

intimidated by anyone.

Meanwhile, outside, Michael had managed to clean himself up a bit using the creek water.

As he stepped into the monastery, his expression was full of resentment. "Andrew, you trying to kill me or something? If anything happens to me, neither Lauren nor you will get out of this alive!"

Andrew sighed in annoyance. "Relax. If I really wanted you dead, it wouldn't take more than a few seconds. Focus. The Wellers got here first, and it looks like they're trying to win over Master Shiloh. We can't let that happen."

The moment Michael heard Harvey was here, his eyes turned bloodshot. He clenched his fists and snarled, "That bastard? Perfect. I've been waiting to settle the score."

Andrew's voice dropped into a warning tone. "Don't do anything stupid. We don't know what kind of person Master Shiloh is yet. If you start a fight with Harvey and piss her off, ruining my plan, then I promise you your ride back to Jayrodale will be nothing but a nonstop vomit session."

Michael's face paled instantly. Just the memory of Andrew's reckless driving made his stomach churn. He was terrified, feeling pure, bone-deep fear. Without another word, he swallowed his anger and shut his mouth.

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Stepping into the monastery's main hall, Andrew immediately spotted Harvey standing respectfully in front of a sheer curtain. Behind him were two Wellers elders, both equally deferential.

Behind the curtain, a row of candles flickered, casting a warm golden glow throughout the room. The entire scene radiated a serene, almost sacred aura.

Seated on a meditation cushion, a

woman's figure was barely visible through the thin veil. She sat in absolute stillness, her posture elegant and composed. Though her face was obscured by a delicate silk covering, her presence alone was striking.

Michael, unable to help himself, took two steps forward and muttered, "I can't see her face, but judging from that figure... Damn, she's gotta

total knockout. A bit of a waste a

though. A woman like that becoming a nun? Imagine taking her back, dressing her up in black stockings and high heels-now that would be something."

His voice was not exactly quiet, and the Wellers men all turned their heads at once, their expressions filled with outrage.

Harvey was momentarily stunned before breaking into a cold laugh. "Well, well. Look who it is-Michael. Honestly, I'm surprised you're not in prison yet. What a shame."

Michael's expression darkened. "You set me up, Harvey. Don't think I'll forget that. As of today, our so-called friendship' is dead."

Harvey smirked. "Friendship? You actually thought we were equals? Please. With your pea-sized brain, you're not even worthy of standing next to me. Once Rhodes Corporation falls, the Wellers will be the undisputed rulers of Jayrodale!"

Andrew ignored their pointless exchange and stepped forward. "I am Andrew Lloyd, here at the recommendation of Mr. Cedric Aicker, to meet you, Master Shiloh Greene."

Since Cedric had introduced them, it

was only respectful to refer to

himself as a junior in front of her. However based on the videos Cedric had shown him-and what he could observe now-Andrew had a feeling this Shiloh was not as old as her title suggested.

That said, he could not be sure.

After all, she was both a wellness expert and a spiritual practitioner. If she had mastered the art of preserving her youth, she could very well be in her 70s while still appearing as young as a woman in her 20s.

From behind the curtain, a gentle yet composed voice rang out. "So, you are the one sent by Mr. Aicker. Please, have a seat."

Andrew nodded and continued, "Since I have come all the way to The Southern Highlands, I assume Mr. Aicker has already informed you of the reason for my visit."

Chapter 798

Andrew spoke clearly, "Master Shiloh, I hope you won't refuse our request. Please come down from the mountains and endorse our two miracle medicines."

Behind the sheer curtain, there was only silence.

Harvey sneered. "Andrew, do you really think someone like you has the ability to convince Master Shiloh to leave her retreat? What a joke.

"In Jayrodale, countless wealthy elites, high-ranking officials, and socialites have tried to invite Master Shiloh into the business world, and none have succeeded. Do you think you, of all people, have what it takes?"

Andrew remained calm. "Harvey, you talk as if you've succeeded where I've failed. Master Shiloh is a woman of wisdom and purity, living above the corruption of the world.

"Meanwhile, you the infamous head of the Wellers are nothing but a

degenerate, a disgrace. Honestly, the fact that she hasn't damned you straight to hell is already a mercy."

For once, Michael was on the same page as Andrew. He pointed at Harvey and quickly spoke toward the curtain.

"Master Shiloh, this man is Harvey Weller, the head of the Wellers. In Jayrodale, his name is synonymous with filth and disgrace.

"You might not know this, but this guy was caught having an affair with his own stepmother, and it was exposed all over the internet. Right now, there isn't a single person in Jayrodale who isn't calling for his castration!"

Harvey's expression twisted in fury. He had not expected Andrew and Michael to expose his dirty secrets right in front of Shiloh. He had come here today to invite her to become an honored guest of the Wellers, but if they ruined this for him.

Grinding his teeth, Harvey tried to salvage the situation. "Master Shiloh, please don't listen to their nonsense. Every word they're saying is a lie pure slander! They're only trying to ruin my reputation!"

At that moment, a cold laugh rang out from outside the hall, dripping with disdain.

"Master Shiloh, we are from the

Stevens family. Apologies for interrupting. But we couldn't just

stand by and let you be deceived et

We can personally testify that

feli

Harvey is exactly what they say he is a disgraceful, shameless pervert.

"No, calling him a beast would be an insult to beasts. Master Shiloh, we implore you-do not be fooled by his disgusting façade!"

The voices were sharp, unapologetic, and laced with utter contempt. A moment later, Christina and Aspen stepped into the hall, their expressions ice-cold.

Harvey and the two Wellers elders immediately stiffened, their faces darkening.

Harvey clenched his fists and spat, "Christina, Aspen-you two just don't know when to quit, do you?"

It was already bad enough that Andrew and Michael were ganging up on him. Now, with the Stevens joining in, he was seriously outnumbered.

Christina glanced at Andrew before speaking in a cool, detached voice. "Andrew, know exactly why you came to The Southern Highlands. suggest you take Michael and leave. This isn't a place where you can throw your weight around "

Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Oh? What, do you own The Southern Highlands now? If you can be here, why can't I?"

Christina's expression darkened. She snapped, "I'm warning you for your own good. If this situation escalates, it won't end well for you."

Andrew smirked, unimpressed. "Everyone here is after the same thing—we all want Master Shiloh to come down from the mountains. So if you think you have the skill to win her over, show me what you've got."

Christina let out a bitter laugh. "Fine. Since you insist on embarrassing yourself, won't hold back. I've

asked you time and time again-to return to the Steven family. I've given you the chance to rekindle our relationship, but you've thrown it away every single time.

"Andrew, I won't beg you anymore. Do you think acting high and mighty gives you

power over me? You're giving yourself way too much credit."

Chapter 799

Andrew shook his head and mocked, "Christina, I swear, you're getting dumber by the day. But then again, this isn't surprising. Everyone from the Stevens family is the same—I've gotten used to it."

Aspen let out a cold laugh before turning toward the curtain with a respectful tone. "Master Shiloh, it's been a long time since we last met. But please be careful— both sides here are dangerous. One is the Wellers, a family with no morals, full of filth and deceit.

"The other is the Rhodes-and this Michael is a known arsonist. He's just as rotten as Harvey, nothing but trash."

She cast a frosty glare at Andrew, adding, "And as for Andrew, you must be especially wary of his smooth-talking ways-don't let him fool you.

"He's a manipulative fraud. In Jayrodale, he's infamous for being a gold-digger. First, he climbed his way up by leeching off Christina, then he latched onto Lauren Rhodes and Francesca Aicker like a parasite.

"In short, he's not only a scumbag, but he's also dangerously ambitious. Whatever reason he has for seeking you out-it can't be good."

Michael's face burned with rage. "Aspen, are you out of your damn mind? We're all here trying to invite Master Shiloh down the mountain-why the hell are you making this personal?"

Aspen scoffed. "Master Shiloh is someone I deeply respect. She was once an honored guest of the Stevens family back in Bridgefields, and now that she's residing in Jayrodale, I won't let scum like you deceive her!"

Andrew let out a laugh. "So all this nonsense was just to suck up to her? But Aspen, Master Shiloh is a woman of great wisdom-do you really think she won't see through your little act? Kissing up to her while stepping on us? You're underestimating her intelligence."

Aspen's expression twisted, clearly frustrated at being called out. She quickly turned back to the curtain. "Master Shiloh, I swear, I wasn't trying to put others down to elevate myself! Everything I said was the truth!"

Harvey snorted. "Master Shiloh, don't believe a word Aspen says-she's a compulsive liar. No, let me

rephrase every lie she told about et

me was nonsense. But when it comes to Andrew and Michael, have to admit, she was spot on. These two are absolute bastards!"

Michael immediately shot back, "Master Shiloh, here's the truth-the Wellers and the Stevens are the real scumbags here! Harvey is nothing but a depraved beast. And Aspen? Please she's no better. I heard she let Rodney Sanford from Madblade

Martial Academy feel badblade

over!"

up all

Aspen's face turned red with fury as her darkest past was dragged into the open.

Christina quickly stepped in. "Aspen, calm down! We're here to invite Master Shiloh, not start a fight. Show some respect!"

Andrew found the entire situation ridiculous. Three different families, all pointing fingers at each other, exposing scandals, and tearing each other apart. It was nothing but a pack of rabid dogs biting at one another.

Meanwhile, behind the curtain, Shiloh remained completely silent, likely enjoying the spectacle. Finally, once the argument settled, a soft voice drifted from behind the veil.

She said, "I understand the reason for your visit. Holistic wellness and traditional medicine are sacred knowledge, passed down through generations. They are meant to bring health and wisdom to all people.

"Spreading this knowledge to the world has always been my dream. If you wish for me to join you, it's not impossible-but I must see a true display of sincerity.

"But if your only goal is to use me for personal gain, to chase profit and fame, then I'm afraid none of you will earn my support."

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Harvey was the first to react, his face lighting up with excitement. "Master Shiloh, your wisdom is truly admirable-I have nothing but respect for you!

"My father always spoke highly of you, believing you to be a person of true integrity, untouched by wealth or status. You seek only peace and harmony with nature, remaining above worldly desires."

He continued, "That's exactly why the Wellers need someone like you. Please rest assured that if you join us, we will treat you as an honored guest.

"You will have the full resources of the Wellers at your disposal. With our platform and influence, you can spread your teachings on holistic wellness and healing to benefit countless people. Whatever you need, the Wellers will provide without hesitation!"

Behind the sheer curtain, Shiloh let out a soft hum, neither agreeing nor rejecting.

Harvey, however, felt a surge of excitement. She had not refused, which meant he had a real shot. To him, Shiloh was not just a wellness expert-she was a goldmine.

Her growing social media presence had already made her one of the most sought-after figures in Jayrodale's elite circles.

If he could bring her into the Wellers, even if she did nothing, just having her associated with them would be enough. The flood of attention and credibility she would bring would be worth a fortune.

Christina stepped forward gracefully and gave a respectful nod toward the curtain. "Master Shiloh, it is an honor. I am Christina Stevens, current CEO of Stevens Corporation."

Shiloh acknowledged her with a slight nod. Her tone carried a hint of admiration. "I am aware of you, Ms. Stevens. You took control of your family's corporation at a young age-you are quite the remarkable woman in Jayrodale.

"Aspen, as a daughter of the Stevens family in Bridgefields, is also an outstanding talent. You two are equally impressive."

Hearing those words, Christina and Aspen exchanged a thrilled glance. It was subtle, but the difference in reaction was clear.

When Harvey made his pitch, Shiloh had responded indifferently. But with them? She had not only acknowledged them but had even praised them.

That had to mean she favored them more. Encouraged by this, Christina pressed forward. "Thank you, Master Shiloh, for your kind words. But I still have much to learn from someone as wise as you.

"Aspen and I have come today to respectfully invite you to visit Stevens Corporation. We understand your vast knowledge in traditional medicine and wellness, and we sincerely hope you will step out into the world to bring your Wisdom to those in need

She was careful with her wording-never outright stating that she wanted Shiloh for business purposes. Instead, she framed it as a noble cause bringing wellness to the people.

Aspen followed up with a warm smile. "Master Shiloh, back in Bridgefields, I recall you having a deep love for classical art, painting, and fine instruments.

"So, as a token of respect, I have brought several priceless paintings and a rare harp. Please, accept this small gesture of my appreciation."

Behind the curtain, Shiloh finally spoke again. That is very thoughtful of you, Aspen. I appreciate your sincerity. The Stevens family of Bridgefields has truly raised a remarkable daughter. Your family will surely prosper in the years to come."

Aspen's heart nearly burst with joy. She thought she had sealed the deal-by accepting her gifts, Shiloh had practically confirmed that she was willing to join them.

With a renowned wellness master at their side, Stevens Corporation's pharmaceutical ventures would skyrocket.

More importantly, Aspen would finally be able to recover her losses, securing her standing within the Bridgefields Stevens family.

She cast a triumphant glance at Andrew, her lips curling into a smirk. She thought, 'Finally, Andrew is going to walk away in complete defeat!'