

## The Ashes 801

### Chapter 801

Michael was getting anxious. Both the Stevens and the Wellers had already made their moves, yet Rhodes Corporation was still sitting on the sidelines, doing nothing

Desperate, he quickly said, "Master Shiloh, as long as you're willing to step in and support Rhodes Corporation, we're willing to offer you a deal that will guarantee your complete satisfaction!"

Behind the sheer curtain, Shiloh remained silent, as if she could not be bothered to acknowledge him.

Harvey laughed loudly and said, "Michael, with your kind of reputation? You're a criminal-one who's committed arson and murder. There's no way Master Shiloh would ever entertain the likes of you. You can forget about trying to win her over. Rhodes Corporation should give up on this pipe dream!"

Even Aspen and Christina sneered at Michael. At this point, it was clear that Shiloh would only consider working with the Wellers or the Stevens.

They believed Rhodes Corporation, Michael, and Andrew had no shot because Shiloh's complete lack of response made it obvious-she had zero interest in dealing with Rhodes Corporation.

Michael's face darkened, but he still wanted to try.

Andrew, however, said coldly, "Step back. You've been rambling on and on, but where's the substance? Why should Master Shiloh even acknowledge you, let alone work with you?"

Michael's face turned red with anger. "Andrew, it's easy for you to criticize when you're not the one under pressure! If you think you can do better, then be my guest!"

Andrew nodded. "You said it yourself-I can, and I will. Move aside."

Michael scoffed, humiliated, but stepped back. He wanted to see what Andrew could do. It was obvious that Shiloh was already leaning toward Stevens Corporation. At this point, talking was pointless.

Andrew stepped forward, staring straight through the sheer curtain at Shiloh. At the same time, the woman behind the veil lifted her head. Though her face was partially hidden, her bright, captivating eyes met Andrew's gaze through the fabric.

Enraged, Aspen snapped, "Andrew, how dare you look directly at Master Shiloh? Do you have no sense of respect or etiquette?"

Christina scoffed, "Andrew, don't waste your time. We invited Master Shiloh because we want her to share her wellness expertise with the public-to help people understand the importance of health and longevity."

She added, "But you? You're just like the Wellers-scheming to use Master Shiloh for your own personal gain. Absolutely shameless!"

Harvey smirked. "Christina, don't act so high and mighty. Your motives aren't that pure, either. But one thing you got right-Andrew is definitely up to no good. A person like Master Shiloh, a true recluse, would never give him. the time of day."

Andrew ignored their attacks and said calmly, came all the way to The Southern Highlands with just one goal to invite Master Shiloh endorse two of my miracle

formulas. One is the Vitality Bill, and the other is the Titan Essence Pill."

He continued, "I understand that money might not be a priority for you, Master Shiloh, but I know you're not exactly swimming in funds right now. That's why I'm offering you 20 million a year for this endorsement."

The room fell silent. Even Shiloh, hidden behind the veil, seemed momentarily stunned. The next second, a burst

of laughter rang out.

"Andrew, Andrew... You really are an uncultured brute, aren't you? Master Shiloh is a woman of great wisdom, someone who sees money as nothing more than dirt beneath her feet And you think she'd be interested in your 20 million?"

The one laughing was Harvey, looking at Andrew with sheer disdain.

## Chapter 802

Aspen shook her head with a chuckle. "Master Statohy, I told him, using something as vulgar as money to taint your

you this Andrew is nothing but a schemer just booked

It's new. I honestly disgraceful!"

Christina shot Andrew a mocking look. "Andrew, are you seriously throwing out a measly 30 million? How shameless. Do you really think someone like Master Shiloh cares about money? If she wanted it, all she'd have to do is say the word and half of Jayrodale would be fighting for the chance to shower her with wealth"

Michael smirked sarcastically. "Andrew, you really outdid yourself. I thought you had some genius strategy, but it turns out, you're just making a complete fool of yourself."

He continued, "At least Stevens Corporation has some class they send antiques paintings and even handcrafted harps. But you? You walk in here, waving cash around. It's tacky-absolutely tacky!"

Andrew ignored their ridicule and continued watching the figure behind the sheer curtain

Then, in an unhurried tone, he added, "Of course, twenty million is just the first year's endorsement fee if my two miracle formulas sell well and profits soar, your payment, Master Shiloh, will increase accordingly."

Christina snapped, "Enough, Andrew! I won't let you pollute Master Shiloh's ears with your filthy money talk. If she ever needed financial support, any one of us could provide it-and far more than you ever could.

"All you ever talk about is business and money. Don't you feel embarrassed, bringing such crude topics into a sacred place like this?"

Harvey's eyes gleamed as he grinned. "Master, if you're willing to grace the Wellers with your presence, I promise we'll never trouble you for anything.

"All you'd have to do is enjoy your days, painting, playing music, and exploring the countryside. Before my father passed, he collected an extensive collection of masterpieces-every single one of them, I'd be honored to present to you."

Not wanting to be outdone, Aspen immediately followed. "Master Shiloh, I would never stoop to the level of some people here, trying to taint your presence with money. Please, come with me to Stevens Corporation. Christie and I will fully support your wellness initiatives."

Christina, her tone sincere, pleaded, "Master, please come with us. The people of Jayrodale are eagerly awaiting your return so they can learn your ways of longevity and health."

Michael, growing impatient, glared at Andrew and growled, "Andrew, this is all your

who screwerault! You're the one

everything up-it has

nothing to do with me. When we return to headquarters, if Aunt Tiana asks, I'm making it clear that i take

no responsibility for this mess."

Andrew

ned unfazed. "You've

always been useless. You can't even drive properly, and yet, you think

ever

counted on you?"

"Andrew..." Michael clenched his fists, burning with humiliation, unable to find the words to retaliate.

Just as the room bristled with anticipation, a soft voice came from behind the

curtain. "You said 20 million... Are you serious?"

Christina and Aspen froze, momentarily convinced they had misheard.

Even Harvey and Michael's eyes widened in disbelief.

They all wondered what was happening, especially since Shiloh was supposed to

be a reclusive sage, untouched by worldly concerns.

Why was she suddenly interested in money?

Andrew smirked slightly. "I gave my word, and I never go back on a deal. The 20- million-dollar endorsement is absolutely real."

They could see Shiloh shift Set in. After a brief pause, she

from behind the curtain as if

, Meurico dollars or Holtrien

dollars?"

At that, not just Aspen, Christina, Michael, and Harvey-but even Andrew-was

momentarily caught off guard.

## Chapter 803

Andrew paused for half a second before finally catching on. He chuckled and said, "Twenty million in Holtrien dollars. As for Meurico dollars, well, we'll see about that later.

"Since Master Shiloh hasn't endorsed my product yet-I can't just throw numbers around blindly, can I?"

Shiloh nodded in agreement. "That makes sense. Then let me ask one last question-do you pay upfront, or do I get paid only after I endorse your product?"

Andrew smiled. "You don't have to worry about that, Master Shiloh. With your reputation, I'd naturally pay in advance."

Shiloh responded with a soft hum, offering no further comment. However, anyone with half a brain could see it- she was clearly tempted by Andrew's offer.

In an instant, Harvey, Christina, and Aspen became visibly unsettled.

"Master Shiloh, you are a revered sage, a woman who has renounced worldly desires! There's no way you'd let this lowly man's money sway you!"

"Exactly! Master Shiloh, if you truly needed money, all you'd have to do is say the word. Stevens Corporation wouldn't hesitate to offer 50 million, let alone 20!"

"Master, you must be joking with us, right? This is just a test of our sincerity, isn't it?"

"Yes, I understand now! You must be testing us to see if we truly respect you from the bottom of our hearts."

"Andrew is insulting you by reducing everything to money, but we would never degrade you like that. We would never try to measure your purity and virtue with material wealth!"

Christina and Aspen were all righteous indignation, avoiding the topic of money entirely. Instead, they went on and on about fine art, rare collectibles, and sophisticated pleasures, as if refusing to acknowledge that Shiloh could ever care about something as mundane as cash.

To them, Andrew was just makin a spectacle of himself-disrespecting Shiloh and embarrassing himself.

Soon enough, they expected Shiloh to be so offended that she would throw Andrew straight out of The Southern Highlands.

Michael, panicked, leaned toward Andrew and pleaded, "Andrew, I'm begging you, stop talking about money! Can't you use your brain for once? Do you really think someone like Master Shiloh cares about wealth? What she values is peace, wisdom, and spiritual fulfillment!"

Andrew scoffed. "Peace and

wisdom? Can that fill an empty stomach respect the pursuit of spiritual enlightenment, but if your material needs aren't met, then talking about 'higher meaning is just empty nonsense.

Aspen and Christina were about to lash out when, suddenly, Shiloh chuckled behind the curtain.

She said, "Mr. Lloyd makes a good point. Spiritual pursuits do require material support. I appreciate straightforward people, and I like Mr. Lloyd's honesty. That being the case, I will go with Mr. Lloyd to Rhodes Corporation and take a look,"

Aspen and Christina felt like their minds had gone blank as if someone had struck them over the head. They could not believe that Shiloh was agreeing to join Andrew so easily.

Harvey looked just as stunned, his face filled with disbelief. He blurted out, "Master Shiloh, you are a transcendent figure, beyond the desires of the mortal world How... How could you be moved by something as

petty as 20 million?

"The Wellers have offered you freedom-to live as you please, to practice without constraints. If anything, you should be coming with us!"

Shiloh stood up, her tall and graceful figure becoming more distinct through the sheer fabric. Her voice was cool and composed.

She replied, "First of all, 20 million is not a small sum-it's enough for me to accomplish many things. Second, the Wellers have done nothing but make empty promises, offering me nothing but vague ideals. Som sorry, but I don't need whatever you're offering."

Harvey's body stiffened as if he had been punched in the gut. His face went pale

as he stammered, "Then... what is it you need?"

Shiloh seemed to smile as she replied, "I need real money. The kind that heals the sick, shelters the homeless, and reveals the true nature of humanity. Enlightenment must be grounded in reality."

#### Chapter 804

Shiloh's voice remained calm as she said, "Neither the Wellers nor the Stevens have grasped what I truly practice. You are all too fixated on appearances."

Christina could not help but interject, "Master Shiloh, even if you need money and believe that your teachings should be grounded in reality, then why not come to Stevens Corporation? We're willing to offer an even higher price."

Aspen, growing anxious, quickly added, "Master Shiloh, you and I go way back! Just come to the Stevens instead. If it's money you want, Christie and I are willing to offer 50 million-no, 80 million!"

However, Shiloh shook her head. "This isn't about money.

Aspen and Christina instantly froze. They had refrained from mentioning money earlier, yet Shiloh had chosen to follow Andrew, who had offered payment.



But now, when they were willing to pay even more, she suddenly claimed it was not about the money?

Their minds felt like they were about to split apart. Why was a revered figure like Shiloh favoring Andrew?

Harvey seized the opportunity and declared, "Master Shiloh, the Wellers have plenty of money too. If you join us, I'll give you a hundred million-right now!"

Shiloh shook her head again. "I already said-it's not about the money. Besides, the Wellers' money is tainted, and I have no interest in it."

Harvey's expression darkened instantly. He finally saw it for what it was this damn nun did not know how to appreciate a good offer.

Then, in one graceful motion, Shiloh lifted the sheer curtain and stepped forward.

Her long, dark hair cascaded down her back, and though her face was veiled, the glimpse of her exposed skin was smooth and flawless, like porcelain. Her eyes, clear and deep, sparkled like the stars.

Michael and Harvey immediately locked their gazes on her, unable to look away. They had been with countless women, but in that moment, they both realized Shiloh was undoubtedly a rare beauty.

Even if her face was not stunning, her aura, her slender yet graceful figure, and that perfect balance between softness and strength made her utterly mesmerizing. Both men instantly felt the heat rising in their chests as their thoughts wandered into dangerous territory.

Even Andrew, though composed, was taken aback as he studied the woman Cedric had recommended.

Her white veil added an air of mystery, and her light, fluid movements made her seem almost weightless-like a woman straight out of a Gabo Creek legend, carved by the Gods themselves. He had seen Shiloh in short clips before, but she felt entirely different in person.

With a gentle nod, Shiloh gracefully lowered herself into a bow. Her voice was soft and melodious. "Mr. Lloyd, let's make a move."

Andrew smiled. "Of course. I appreciate you making the journey back to Jayrodale with me."

Shiloh replied, "No need for formalities. Just call me Shiloh from now on."

Andrew raised an eyebrow slightly and said thoughtfully, "I hope you won't find me rude, but may I ask your age? If the difference is too great, I wouldn't dare address you so casually."

For a brief moment, confusion Shiloh's eyes before she said, "If I remember

"If I remember co

should correctly,

be around 82 years old."

Andrew did not react with shock-his brows merely furrowed.

On the other hand, Michael, Harvey, Aspen, and Christina sood frozen in absolute disbelief. Especially

Michael and Harvey, who suddenly felt their stomachs drop in horror.

As they realized they had just been fantasizing about an 82 year-old woman, they

cursed at themselves.

That was beyond shameful of them.

Deep in thought, Andrew murmured, "Master Shiloh, you must be unwell."

## Chapter 805

Shiloh's bright eyes flickered with surprise. "You noticed? No wonder Cedric speaks so highly of you, Mr. Lloyd. Your insight is truly remarkable. You're right-I do have a condition. That's why, despite being over 80, I don't look my age."

Andrew nodded but did not press further. That was her personal business, and prying any more would have been rude.

Meanwhile, Aspen and Christina were fuming.

Aspen stepped forward, blocking their path. "Master Shiloh, I just don't understand. Why would you choose to leave with Andrew over a mere 20 million?"

Christina gritted her teeth. "Master Shiloh, we already told you-we're willing to offer you a better price. Why won't you accept our offer?"

Shiloh's expression remained calm. "It's simple. Mr. Lloyd understands what I actually need, unlike you all, who keep making empty promises without any real grasp of my practice. But most importantly, Cedric told me that Mr. Lloyd is a remarkable physician. So I thought, perhaps he might be able to help me with my condition."

Harvey, utterly frustrated, snapped, "So what, Master Shiloh? You think Andrew understands you just because he's offering money? And only 20 million, at that?"

Christina scoffed. "Master Shiloh, you are someone devoted to your spiritual path. What could Andrew possibly understand about that? If anything, I believe I can have a far deeper discussion with you. After all, we both have aspirations-we're dreamers with real goals!"

Shiloh shook her head and smiled at Andrew. "Mr. Lloyd, they're blinded by illusions. Would you mind helping them see the truth?"

Andrew nodded. "It would be my pleasure."

Looking at Aspen and Christina's darkened expressions, as well as Harvey's tense demeanor, Andrew calmly began to explain.

"First of all, Master Shiloh isn't practicing some untouchable, mystical path like you imagine. In today's world, there are no gods, no immortals, none of those fantasy ideals you're chasing."

He continued, "There's only reality-things like food on the table, money to survive, and the struggles of everyday life. You all came to this monastery, but did you even notice how rundown it is? Master Shiloh isn't just practicing her teachings- she's also filming videos and posting them online. Have you ever wondered why?"

Harvey hesitated before answering stiffly, "Isn't it to educate people about wellness and healthy living?"

Andrew smirked. "Maybe partly. But the real reason is simple-she's trying to make a living. Am I right, Master Shiloh?"

Shiloh chuckled. "Absolutely. I make short videos for views and income."

Christina looked stunned. "It's really that simple?"

Shiloh nodded. "That simple."

Aspen still refused to accept it. She clenched her fists and said angrily, "With your reputation, Master Shiloh, if you needed money, you wouldn't even have to lift a finger. People

would line up to give not

"Why go through all this trouble, living a frugal life here in The Southern Highlands? And why settle for Andrew's 20 million when you could have so much more?"

Shiloh's tone remained indifferent.

"First of all, I don't like accepting

handouts. I am not a beggar.

Second, 20 million is not a small amount. More than that would serve me no real purpose.

"And finally Mr. Lloyd is a miracle

doctor. He might be able to treat my condition. You, on the other hand, cannot. It's as simple as that. Mr. Lloyd, let's head down the O mountain."

Andrew grinned. "Of course. Right this way, Master Shiloh.

Chapter 806

Shiloh corrected him immediately. "Just call me Shiloh. I don't like being addressed in a way that makes me sound old. Also, while I once trained at Everglade Mountain, it was a temporary practice.

"I never fully took vows-I'm merely a lay disciple, so you don't need to call me 'Master' or anything like that. And one more thing-I see myself as young. So don't call me by addresses that make me sound ancient. I won't remind you again!"

Andrew chuckled and nodded. "Got it, Shiloh."

He had never expected this woman to have quite a fiery temper. Then again, no woman liked being called old, so Andrew understood.

Michael, on the other hand, was practically vibrating with excitement. He could not believe it-Andrew had actually secured an endorsement from the most respected wellness expert in Jayrodale.

For Rhodes Corporation's pharmaceutical division, this was nothing short of a miracle.

Eager to please, he grinned and stepped forward. "Master Shiloh, this way, please!"

Andrew sighed. "Michael, you're in trouble."

"Huh?" Michael blinked in confusion.

Before he could react, Shiloh slapped him hard across his face.

Her voice was cold as ice as she shouted, "I already told you don't call me 'Master' or anything of the sort. Are you deaf?"

Michael stood there, stunned, clutching his cheek. He had never expected someone known for health and meditation to have such a short fuse. Face burning with both pain and embarrassment, he growled, "You-"

Yet, before he could finish, Andrew had already led Shiloh out of the monastery.

Christina, filled with resentment, turned to Aspen. "Aspen, what do we do? People adore Shiloh- especially the wealthy socialites in Jayrodale. They swear by her wellness teachings and follow her religiously.

"With someone this influential under Andrew's control, he's definitely going to use her to turn Rhodes Corporation's Pharmaceutical Division around!"

Aspen's fury only grew. She snapped, "Andrew, you'll die a miserable death!"

She had been so confident that she would crush Andrew this time. Yet once again, she had lost in his hands. Her frustration boiled over, and for the first time, she began to doubt herself.

Was she truly inferior to him? No matter how hard she tried, would she always lose to him?

Aspen refused to accept it.

Meanwhile, Harvey's expression darkened with malicious intent. He turned to the two elder enforcers of the Wellers and ordered, "Let's go. We'll just take her by force.

"Damn it, if this stubborn nun doesn't know what's good for her, then we'll drag her back ourselves. And while we're at it, I'll finally rip that veil off and see what she really looks like underneath. If she turns out to be a stunner -well, then, lucky me!"

The two elder enforcers immediately shot him a warning glance.

"Mr. Weller, you'd best keep your behavior in check. If we try to take her by force, we risk Andrew getting involved.

Harvey sneered. "If he dares to interfere, he's signing his own death warrant. With the two of you working together, he won't stand a chance."

The two enforcers exchanged a look. One of them had fought Andrew before-and had been utterly defeated in a single move. Nonetheless, with both of them attacking together and the additional training they had recently

undergone, they felt far more confident.

A two-on-one fight? That was a completely different story

"Alright," one of them finally said. "We'll follow your orders, Mr. Weller. Let's take her now. As long as we bring Shiloh back under the Wellers'

control using a few extreme measures is nothing out of the ordinary."

Both enforcers had been the Wellers' most ruthless enforcers in their younger years. Now that they had made up their minds, they did not hesitate any longer. With Harvey leading the way, they stormed off in pursuit of Andrew and Shiloh.

## Chapter 807

Andrew led Shiloh toward the car, with Michael trailing behind. As they walked, Shiloh turned her head for one last look at the worn-down monastery."

Her voice was soft as she mumbled, "Perhaps I won't be coming back here again."

Andrew chuckled. "If you ever decide to return, I can have the entire place renovated for you. I'll get a team to rebuild it, plant some trees and flowers, and turn it into a beautiful retreat-maybe even a landmark in Jayrodale."

Shiloh shook her head. "No need. I have no attachment to this place."

Michael, unable to hold back his curiosity, blurted, "Mas-h... Shiloh, can you take off your veil?"

He had almost called her "Master" again. That would have earned him another slap for sure.

Shiloh remained indifferent. "No one is allowed to see my face. Especially men. If any man sees my real face, I'll kill him."

Michael frowned. "Seriously? Just one look, and you'd kill someone? What are you, the queen of some ancient empire?"

Shiloh cast him a cold glance. "Why don't you try and find out?"

Michael's heart skipped a beat. He was tempted-curious to know if she was a breathtaking beauty or just hiding a face not worth showing. In the end, he suppressed the thought-messing with a woman who might actually be insane was not worth the risk.

Andrew pulled open the car door. "Shiloh, get in."

However, Shiloh did not move. Instead, she spoke calmly. Mr. Lloyd, we might have trouble."

Andrew raised an eyebrow. Then, following her gaze, he spotted Harvey approaching with the two elder enforcers of the Wellers, their expressions dark and hostile.

"Master Shiloh, I suggest you come with us to the Wellers, Harvey said coldly. "Otherwise, I'd have to use force."

With a flick of his wrist, the two enforcers spread out, positioning themselves on either side of Andrew, forming a subtle encirclement.



Andrew did not react much. Instead, he glanced at Shiloh, slightly surprised. She had sensed the threat even before he had.

That meant one of two things-either Shiloh's skills surpassed even his, making her unfathomably powerful, or she had an extraordinary gift-a heightened perception that allowed her to detect danger before it even arrived.

Andrew leaned toward the second option. Since Shiloh had lived a life of discipline and detachment, her heightened awareness likely made her extremely sensitive to hostility.

Michael's face darkened. "Harvey, what's this about? You lost fair and square, so now you're resorting to kidnapping? How pathetic can you get?"

Harvey scoffed. "Shiloh is a fool. She doesn't know any better and falls for Andrew's little money trick. I, however can't just stand by and watch her be deceived. Rhodes

Corporation is clearly taking

advantage of her, and I won't allow it!

He acted as if he were some righteous hero saving a helpless woman from danger.

Andrew snorted. "Harvey, if your father could see you pulling this shameless stunt, he'd probably be rolling in his

grave-too pissed off to even rest in peace."

Harvey's face twisted in rage. "Shut your damn mouth, Andrew! You don't get to

talk about my father. You're not worthy!"

Andrew smirked. "Oh, I'm not

worthy? But you are? So worthy, in fact, that you seduced your father's woman and even played a hand in

his death? Wow. Truly a 'devoted'

Harvey's face turned red with fury. He lost it. "You bastard Shut the hell up! Both

of you-what are you waiting for? Kill him!"

The two Wellers enforcers hesitated for a brief second. After all, Harvey's actions

had already left a bad taste in their mouths.

## Chapter 808

Nonetheless, for the Wellers, their rise to power was the only thing that mattered. Harvey might have been a disgraceful excuse for a leader, but he was still the head of the family.

One of the elder enforcers spoke in a cold voice. "4.row. you know too much. That leaves us with no choice-we have to take you out."

Andrew smirked. "Of course you do. That way, no one will ever know just how filthy the Wellers' secrets really are, right?"

The two Wellers elders roared in unison, "Arrogant fool! Die!"

Andrew casually lifted his foot and kicked Michael straight into them, sending him flying toward the two elders. One of the enforcers scoffed, effortlessly swinging a palm and smacking Michael aside like a ragdoll. His body went flying, landing in a heap-his fate unknown. 1

Andrew's face turned cold. "Shiloh, get in the car. I'll handle the Wellers, and then we'll head back to Jayrodale."

However, Shiloh stood her ground, completely unfazed. "No need for that. They came here to take me by force, so I'll deal with them myself."

Andrew watched, stunned, as Shiloh took a single light step forward. With effortless grace, she raised her delicate hands and flicked them toward the approaching Wellers elders.

Her movement was casual-almost as if she were swatting away a couple of flies.

The two enforcers sneered, not even bothering to defend themselves. She was nothing more than a weak woman to them-her attacks were meaningless.

Suddenly, two loud bangs echoed.

Shiloh's hands never even touched them, and the mere sweep of her billowing sleeves slammed into their chests with the force of a sledgehammer.

Their ribs caved in instantly, and both men spewed blood as their bodies sent hurtling backward, crashing more than ten meters away.

The two elite enforcers of the Wellers-men who had built their reputation as the family's most fearsome warriors-now lay on the ground, clutching their chests, their faces twisted in agony and disbelief.

They pointed at Shiloh, their fingers trembling. "Y-You..."

However, the sheer shock of what had just happened left them unable to even finish a sentence. A second later, their eyes rolled back, and they collapsed, unconscious.

Harvey looked like he had seen a ghost. His legs wobbled, and his breath came in short, panicked gasps. He staggered backward, his wide eyes locked onto Shiloh as if she were some kind of monster.

Shiloh turned, her expression completely calm as she glanced at Andrew. "Mr. Lloyd, let's go."

She opened the passenger door herself and got in.

Andrew let out a deep breath and cast a glance at the two unconscious enforcers in the distance. He thought, 'Damn. Both my earlier assumptions have been completely wrong. Shiloh was not just naturally perceptive or some spiritually attuned monk with heightened senses-she was a force of nature, an absolute powerhouse.' People like her existed only at the pinnacle of martial arts martial artists so advanced that they hid their strength effortlessly, appearing no different from ordinary people. However, the moment they struck, they were

unstoppable storms, unstained by blood yet leaving carnage in their wake.

Shiloh was one of those people.

Andrew wasted no time. He grabbed Michael's unconscious body, threw him into the trunk, and started the car. Without another glance back, he sped down the winding roads of The Southern Highlands, heading toward Jayrodale.

Meanwhile, Harvey scrambled toward the Wellers enforcers, shaking their limp bodies.

"Wake up! Come on, wake up!"

One of the enforcers groaned in pain and finally opened his eyes.

Harvey, still shaken, demanded, "What the hell just happened?! How did that

woman take you both down in a single move?!"

The enforcer weakly fumbled for a healing pill, swallowing it down before his face regained a hint of color. Almost immediately, his entire body began trembling.

"Mr. Weller, he stammered, his

voice hoarse with fear. "That woman-Shiloh-she's beyond a senior grandmaster. She's at the level of a martial king."

"We... we can't afford to cross someone like that."

Harvey's face twisted in disbelief. "Martial king? Are you telling me that this damn little nun is actually a martial king?"

## Chapter 809

The two Wellers enforcers exchanged uncertain glances, hesitation flickering in their eyes.

"Even if she isn't a full-fledged martial king, she's definitely close-an elite martial artist at an unfathomable level. But something about this doesn't add up. Why would someone that powerful be hiding away in a rundown monastery in the Southern Highlands?"

"Not to mention, she was practically living in poverty. Someone of her caliber could easily dominate all of Jayrodale, if not the entire southern martial world. She should be one of the top three powerhouses, at the very least."

Harvey sucked in a sharp breath. The next second, his jealousy exploded.

He yelled, "Are you telling me that a martial king-level master just fell into Andrew's lap for free? Absolutely not! I don't care if I have to throw everything the Wellers have into it-I need to bring Shiloh into our ranks!"

One of the enforcers shook his head and sighed. "Mr. Weller, if you don't want to die young, you'd best drop that idea. Something about her is strange. She even admitted that she's sick, but even weakened, she's still far beyond our reach."

Harvey clenched his fists, unwilling to accept reality. "Then what? Am I just supposed to sit back and let Andrew walk around with a martial king at his side? How the hell am I supposed to kill him now?"

The enforcers chuckled. "That's not something you need to worry about. Shiloh seems detached from worldly matters. She's not the type to get involved in violence or power struggles. That means Andrew won't be able to use her to his advantage."

"If we make our move against Andrew, there's no guarantee that Shiloh will intervene. So, we still have plenty of opportunities."

Harvey's expression finally eased, though he still looked frustrated. After a moment of silence, he grumbled, Fine. Let's get back to Jayrodale. Rhodes Corporation is already struggling. I'll make sure it never recovers and falls completely out of the top ranks in Jayrodale!

"And as for Christina and Aspen... those two wretched women-once I get the chance, I'll make sure they're both begging at my feet."

The return trip to Jayrodale was much smoother.

Loud thuds echoed from the trunk as Michael kicked at the walls, his angry voice muffled but relentless.

"Andrew, you bastard! Let me out! You trying to suffocate me in here?!"

Each time he yelled, Andrew would press the gas pedal, drifting hard around a curve. A moment later, the trunk filled with the sound of retching and weak, breathless curses.

Glancing at the passenger seat, Andrew asked, "Shiloh, how are you feeling? Do you get carsick?"

Shiloh shook her head. "No."

Of course, she would not. A martial artist of her caliber getting motion sickness would be the biggest joke of the century.

Still, Andrew had only asked to mess with her.

He leaned back casually and said, "Shiloh, your strength... must have reached martial king level by now, right?"

He was not usually one to pry, but Shiloh was a mysteryd potentially dangerous. Andrew needed to know what he was dealing with.

"Martial king?" Shiloh's voice carried genuine confusion.

Even though her face was covered, Andrew could tell she had no idea what he was talking about.

She did not even know what a martial king was?

Andrew frowned slightly before explaining, "There's a strict hierarchy of strength in martial arts. It starts with base martial artists, then moves up to junior grandmasters then senior grandmasters, and then peak senior grandmasters.

"Beyond that, when someone surpasses the grandmaster realm, they become a

martial king-ruling by strength alone. And from there, the levels continue to

martial emperor and beyond."

brief

pause, she shook her head. "I don't know anything

Shiloh listened quietly, her expression unchanged. about what you just said. To be honest, aside from my name being Shiloh Greene and the fact that I'm 82 years old, I don't remember anything else about myself."

g, "Then do you remember how you arrived Andrew's expression shifted. He hesitated for a moment before asking, "Then do you remember how you arrived

in Jayrodale? Or why you've been living in that monastery?

A flicker of doubt passed through Shiloh's eyes. She seemed to try recalling something, but in the end, she just shook her head. "I can't remember. None of it."

Andrew took a deep breath. His suspicions were confirmed as he asked, "You have amnesia, don't you?"

Shiloh responded with a soft hum of acknowledgment, her tone calm and unshaken.

"I have amnesia," she said, her voice as serene as ever. "And I also have a condition-one that prevents me from aging. Someone once told me that would never grow old. That I would stay like this forever

Andrew immediately asked, "Who told you

that?"

Shiloh smiled faintly. "I don't remember."

Andrew fell silent. There was no doubt about it-Shiloh was harboring a massive secret.

Unfortunately, she did not remember any of it. Hence, asking her more questions would be pointless.

## Chapter 810

From the moment Shiloh first mentioned she was over 80, Andrew had suspected she suffered from a rare condition-one commonly known as the "ageless syndrome". As the name suggested, those affected by it never aged beyond a certain point.

Looking at Shiloh, even with her veil on, Andrew could tell she had likely stopped aging in her early 20s-still in the prime of youth. To the outside world, ageless syndrome sounded like a blessing-eternal youth.

Yet, in reality, for many who suffered from it, it was a nightmare. Some stopped growing as infants, toddlers, or even newborns, forever trapped in a child's body.

On the other hand, Shiloh was one of the lucky few she had at least matured into adulthood before her aging had frozen.



Nonetheless, the ageless syndrome was not as wonderful as it seemed. Certain conditions-cold, extreme heat, or even specific lunar phases-could trigger unbearable pain, or worse, episodes of mental instability.

In Shiloh's case, she was not just dealing with ageless syndrome. She also had amnesia.

That meant her memories had been wiped-either entirely or in fragments-and she might continue to forget things as time went on.

Andrew sighed, shaking his head. "With two rare conditions like that, no wonder you chose to live alone in the Southern Highlands."

There was a hint of sympathy in his voice.

Shiloh's tone remained even. "I don't have any friends. I don't remember anyone. If I were around people too often, it would only cause trouble. Living in The Southern Highlands isn't so bad, except for being broke all the time.

"There are so many delicious foods, beautiful things I've never been able to experience. Thankfully, I learned how to use TikTok. That helped me connect with people and make some friends!"

As she spoke, she pulled out her phone and started scrolling through videos.

Andrew, focused on driving, could not look, so he asked casually, "How many followers do you have?"

Shiloh turned the screen toward him with a slight hint of pride. "Not a lot, just a little over a million."

Andrew nearly did a double take. After all, a million followers was no small number. That meant Shiloh was a full-fledged social media influencer. It also explained why so many socialites and wellness enthusiasts in Jayrodale worshipped her.

A second later, another thought struck him. "Wait... if you have that many followers, shouldn't you be making decent money?"

Shiloh replied, "I make some money from my videos, but it's not a lot. The wellness niche isn't as popular as... you know, those videos with girls in sheer stockings, dancing provocatively for views."

Andrew nodded in understanding. On TikTok, nothing attracted traffic quite like long legs, black lace, and borderline suggestive content.

When he first started using the app, before he met Lauren and Francesca, he had sometimes scrolled mindlessly- though, in his defense, he was mostly there for professional knowledge.

The algorithm, however, had its own plans. Sometimes, it would throw those "suggestive" videos his way, and, well... he was not one to reject good research material.

Andrew was starting to feel like Shiloh was a blank slate. With her following, someone should have reached out to

her by now.

He asked, "So, since you've already gained popularity, has anyone invited you to do ads, endorsements, or TV segments?"

Shiloh frowned slightly as if recalling something unpleasant. "No one's ever asked me to do endorsements Especially not someone as generous as you, Mr. Lloyd. But have been contacted by a few... let's just say, questionable people. They even sent me weird videos."

Andrew's brow twitched. "And?"

Shiloh's voice remained neutral. "Nothing much. Just videos of two naked people wrestling. It was completely pointless. I wasn't interested, so I declined. But once, there was an issue.

"Some people somehow found out

where I lived and came to The Southern Highlands in the middle of the night to try and capture me. thought they were being a little too aggressive, so I got annoyed. + killed them all and threw their bodies into the river at the bottom of the mountain."

Andrew was silent for a long moment. The way she said it so casual, so indifferent-it was as if she was talking about brushing away dust instead of committing mass murder.

He almost pitied those poor bastards. Out of all the people they could have tried

to exploit for their seedy film business, they had chosen her.

If Shiloh ever truly lost her temper, even an entire squad of trained mercenaries would not be enough to stop her.