

The Ashes 841

Chapter 841

Christina said calmly, "I would never sell my body in exchange for wealth and status. But you and Mom aren't wrong-Finley is someone I can take advantage of. Aspen is useless now, so I'll be the one to take over this alliance with Finley."

Irene beamed with excitement. "Then what are we waiting for? Christie, call him right now and invite him over for dinner. I'll cook a feast myself—we have to treat him well!"

Christina hesitated. "Inviting him to the house might not be the best idea. I think it'd be better to meet at a restaurant instead."

Irene quickly objected, "A restaurant? That won't show enough sincerity! Think about it, Christie. If we invite Finley to our home, it sends a message that we value him. Once he's in a good mood, he'll be much easier to manipulate!"

Leroy chimed in, "Exactly, Christie! Have him come over-I can drink with him too. As long as we keep him happy, you won't even have to sacrifice yourself. We can just use Finley's influence as our family's safety net!"

Christina nodded. "Alright then, we'll have him over."

Without wasting time, she took out her phone and dialed Finley's number.

...

Meanwhile, on the other side of town, Andrew dragged Aspen into Natasha's West End headquarters.

"Mr. Lloyd, and Ms. Aspen, please have a seat!" The Westside crew was extremely polite, welcoming Andrew and offering them tea.

Andrew chuckled as he sat down. "She's just a servant now-she can stand. No need to ruin the rules."

Aspen had just been about to sit when her body froze. Humiliation and rage flashed in her eyes, but she did not dare say a word. Instead, she clenched her hands into tight fists and remained standing.

Life was unpredictable. Not long ago, she was the proud daughter of the Stevens family in Bridgefields—an untouchable heiress adored wherever she went.

After coming to Jayrodale, she had looked down on Andrew at every turn, seeing him as nothing more than an eyesore. She was convinced that crushing him would be effortless.

But now? Aspen's pride had been shattered. Andrew had nearly wiped out her entire family, flipping her world upside down in an instant. She felt like fate had been especially cruel to her.

She wondered why she had to cross paths with this devil at the peak of her youth when she had the most ambition.

"Where's Natasha?" Andrew asked, paying no attention to Aspen's furious and humiliated expression.

Conan, who was highly respected among Natasha's crew, smiled and replied, "Mr. Lloyd, she just got back. She's checking on the new recruits to see how their training is going."

Andrew nodded. "You've been using the serum I gave you, right? How's it working out?"

Conan's grin stretched from ear to ear. "It's incredible! At my age, I had already given up on advancing in martial arts. But this serum you made it's absolutely miraculous! It's nothing like the countless tonics and remedies I spent half my life searching for!"

Andrew smirked. "Glad to hear it's working."

Aspen, who had been standing silently, suddenly lifted her head, her face filled

with shock. "Andrew, you can make serums for martial artists?"

Andrew's expression turned cold. "I'll give you one chance to rephrase that."

Aspen gritted her teeth in anger. After taking two deep breaths to suppress her frustration, she forced herself to say, "Mr. Lloyd, may ask if you can formulate serums for martial artists?"

Andrew chuckled. "Why the hell does that concern you?" "Hey!" Aspen nearly bit through her own lip in frustration.

She finally understood that Andrew truly saw her as nothing more than a servant. No, worse than that. He was treating her like a slave. Nonetheless, that was indeed the choice she made in exchange for her family's safety.

Chapter 842

Aspen had no say in how Andrew would treat her or what he planned to do with her. She could not run, nor did she dare harbor even the slightest thought of rebellion against him.

As long as the Stevens family in Bridgefields still existed, she had no choice but to bow her head. Otherwise, any reckless move on her part could spark Andrew's wrath, and with just one command, her entire family would be wiped out.

Not long after, Natasha returned. She noticed Aspen standing there, her face flushed with frustration, and asked in surprise, "Aspen, why are you just standing there? Sit down and rest for a bit."

She added, "Like it or not, you're kinda one of us now. Even though I have to keep an eye on you so you don't steal my man, I can't help but feel a little bad for you."

Aspen clenched her jaw and stiffly replied, "No need!"

She would have loved to sit down, but a certain petty bastard clearly did not see her as human.

Natasha glanced at Aspen, noting the barely contained anger on her face, then turned to Andrew, who remained calm and indifferent.

Something clicked in her mind, and she asked, "Darling, are you leaving Aspen with me for now?"

Andrew scoffed in disgust. "That's why you're smarter than this clueless new slave. I still don't get why I let Zephyr and the others walk free, only to be stuck with this useless burden."

Hearing that, Aspen could no longer hold back. "Andrew, don't forget-you already promised not to go after the Stevens family anymore! I know you hate me and look down on me. But you made a promise, and your word should mean something!"

Andrew waved her off. "Relax. As dumb and irrationally confident as you are, I don't go back on my word. I'll just chalk this up as a business deal where I took a loss."

Aspen let out a cold laugh. "This is

the first time've ever heard of

someone from the prestigious

Stevens family being reduced to act

servant and still getting rejected! But don't worry. I won't be useless. You'll see I'll make sure your so-called 'loss' turns into a profit."

Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Oh? That so? Then tell me what exactly can you offer?"

Aspen snapped, "Haven't you already seen what I'm capable of? Whether it's my looks, combat skills, business sense, or any other quality, I'm not inferior to any of the women around you!"

Andrew smirked. "Oh, I've seen what

you're capable of, alright. That's exactly why I'm sitting while you're standing If I tell you to get on your knees, you'll kneel. If I tell you to strip you will. Your so-called 'capabilities' mean nothing to me. Get it?"

Andrew's cruel words cut through Aspen like a blade, and her eyes instantly turned red with anger and humiliation. "Andrew, I swear I will escape from you one day. And when I do, I make you pay for every bit of humiliation you've put me through!"

Her tears welled up, but she refused to let them fall. She glared at Andrew, gritting her teeth, determined not to break down.

Andrew sneered. "You can't even guarantee your own survival, and you're still dreaming about revenge? Do you not realize that I could make your life a living hell with a single word?"

Aspen lifted her chin stubbornly, her voice filled with hatred. "Then do it. Kill me if you dare. Because if you don't, as long as I'm alive, I'll always have a chance."

Natasha clicked her tongue in amusement. "I have to hand it to you, Aspen. You've got guts."

Andrew rolled his eyes. "Guts? My ass. Aspen, I'm ordering you to take off your clothes. All of them. Then, I'll decide whether or not I should gift you to my West End boys for some fun."

Aspen's arrogance vanished in an instant, her face draining of color. She trembled and stuttered, "A- Are you really going to humiliate me like this? You would strip me of my last shred of dignity?"

Chapter 843

After being violated by Rodney, Aspen developed a deep-seated hatred for men. It had worsened over time, turning into something almost pathological.

She could not stand being near any man, let alone strip in front of hundreds of West End's men to serve them.

Andrew looked at her, his expression cold and indifferent. "Take it off. Or, I'll personally take you to see how the Stevens family in Bridgefields is wiped out. You know better than anyone that erasing your family would be effortless for me."

Aspen let out a bitter laugh. "Andrew, you're ruthless. Fine, I'll do it."

Due to her recklessness, the Stevens family had nearly faced complete

destruction. Now that they had barely escaped the jaws of death, she would never let them fall into ruin again.

With trembling fingers, she unbuttoned her blouse and slowly slipped it off, revealing her smooth skin.

Natasha watched with amusement. "I have to admit, her body and skin are flawless. Darling, are you sure you don't want to take my suggestion? She could make a fortune selling herself. With that face and figure, men would be lining up for her."

Andrew responded lazily, "I'll think about it. It all depends on how she performs. If she disappoints me, I'll leave her to you to deal with."

Hearing their conversation, Aspen's resentment deepened, turning into an overwhelming sense of fear. Her remaining pride and defiance were being stripped away, piece by piece, by Andrew.

As she swallowed her humiliation and reached behind her back to unclasp her bra, Andrew raised a hand and said flatly, "That's enough. Put your clothes back on. You're too flat-nothing worth showing."

Aspen froze, then her face twisted with fury. "Andrew, do you think this is funny?" Andrew's tone remained indifferent. "I'm your master now. When I tell you to strip, you strip. When I tell you to get dressed, you get dressed. Don't question me. Just do as you're told-understood?"

He stared at Aspen with utter disdain.

"... Understood!" She forced the word through clenched teeth, her entire body shaking with suppressed rage.

She had wanted to lash out with some biting remark, but Andrew's cold, sharp gaze made her swallow her words.

Natasha looped her arm around

Andrew

come

giggled. "Darling,

with me. Let's check out

End's latest recruits."

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Andrew smirked. "Alright. I hope you've got something impressive to show me."

Natasha beamed. "Of course! You won't be disappointed."

Soon, she led Andrew and Aspen into West End's training hall. Inside, over a hundred shirtless, muscular men were hard at work, shouting as they pushed through rigorous drills.

Some were sparring, others were practicing complex maneuvers, and

Vere swinging long swords

and knives, engaging in real combat.

On the sidelines, Conan and a few other trainers were instructing them on striking

techniques and footwork.

Natasha grinned. "So, what do you think of my guys?"

Andrew nodded. "They're decent."

Natasha pouted. "Just decent? Come on, you're way too picky."

Aspen seized the opportunity to throw in a sarcastic remark "If I'm not picky, how else would I make myself seem special?"

Aspen scoffed. "It's not 'special'-it's just putting on a show."

Natasha smirked. "You see? Even Aspen thinks my men are impressive. Darling, you're just too hard to please!"

Chapter 844

Andrew leaped onto the center of the ring and motioned to two burly men wielding long blades. "Attack me with everything you've got. If either of you so much as grazes the hem of my shirt, you win. I'll personally reward you with a pill that guarantees you entry into the senior grandmaster level."

The two men's eyes lit up with excitement, and they turned to Natasha, awaiting her command.

Natasha frowned slightly and looked at Andrew. "Darling, are you sure you want to fight two at once? They're armed, and the blades are razor-sharp-one misstep, and you'll be bleeding. You're unarmed. This is dangerous."

Andrew stood motionless, his gaze fixed ahead. "It's fine. Let's go."

Without hesitation, Natasha gave the order. "Do as Mr. Lloyd says!"

Still, she kept a close watch, ready to call off the fight at any moment. Aspen secretly hoped that one wrong move would lead to these two swordsmen cutting Andrew down. That would be true justice.

With two loud shouts, the men charged, swinging their blades at Andrew from both sides. Long blades were among the deadliest weapons in combat, designed to kill swiftly. In an instant, Andrew's space was completely locked down-with nowhere to dodge.

Natasha's fingers clenched instinctively. If it were her, she would have immediately retreated to create distance. That was the smart move.

However, Aspen focused intently on Andrew. After all, this was the man who had killed Gordon. She wanted to know just how real his skills were.

Perhaps these two fighters were not a match for him, but with their blades, landing a hit on his clothes should have been easy-even she could have done it. Besides, these were not amateurs-they were elite swordsmen.

Then, in the final moment-Andrew moved. He did not retreat or dodge, but instead, he lifted his hands at lightning speed and struck forward.

Two thunderous impacts echoed through the air, and the two swordsmen trembled as if struck by a bolt of lightning. Their blades, which they had been gripping tightly, were sent flying out of their hands with just one slap from Andrew. Before they could react, Andrew flashed forward, appearing right in front of them.

With two fingers pressed against their throats like a blade, he could have ended their lives with the slightest push. Frozen in place, the two men could only stare in disbelief.

"We teamed up... and still lost in one move?"

Reality sank in, and with bitter expressions, they bowed respectfully to Andrew,

silently acknowledging their crushing defeat.

Natasha's eyes widened in shock.

She wondered, 'What level is he even at? Barehanded against blades,

countering in a split second... This kind of strength is inhuman!

This man was terrifying, but no one felt the weight of it more than Aspen. She had reached the junior grandmaster level-a martial prodigy in her own right. Yet, after witnessing Andrew's technique firsthand, she realized just how outclassed she was.

Her strength was not even worth comparing to his.

Now, there was no doubt in her mind-Gordon, the top fighter of the Stevens family, haded by Andrew's hand.

Chapter 845

Looking at the two defeated West End fighters, Andrew smirked. "You two weren't bad. Even though you didn't meet the challenge's conditions... I'll still reward you with something. Take It."

With that, he tossed them a small bottle. Inside were two weaker versions of the Cleansing Pill-leftovers from when he refined the real thing.

The two swordsmen were stunned for a moment before their faces lit up with excitement. They nearly dropped to their knees in gratitude.

"Mr. Lloyd, we lost. We couldn't even last a single round against you... Why would you still reward us?"

The two looked at him, completely baffled."

Andrew waved them off. "You both have potential. That alone makes you worth investing in."

Natasha shot them a look. "What are you idiots standing around for? Say thank you!"

Snapping back to reality, they quickly bowed. "Thank you, Mr. Lloyd!"

Andrew stepped down from the ring and turned to Natasha. "Now, do you understand why I said your people are just decent"?"

Natasha sighed in defeat. "Fine, you win! But don't worry I'll keep a close eye on their training until they meet your standards."

However, Aspen could not stand his attitude. To her, this was just another display of arrogance, a strong man nitpicking the weak.

She let out a cold laugh and said, "Some people are ridiculously powerful, yet they still act like it's a big deal to judge those weaker than them. It's honestly amusing.

"Natasha's men are strong enough to serve as an elite guard for an entire noble family. If even that only counts as decent' to you, I can't imagine what would actually impress you."

Andrew narrowed his eyes and glanced at her coldly. "Aspen, I've noticed you have a habit of butting in whenever I speak. Is that intentional?"

Aspen froze for a second before scoffing. "I'm just stating facts. Andrew, you're holding everyone to your own ridiculously high

standards. Sometimes, admit

someone else is good at something isn't that hard."

Andrew let out a mocking laugh. "Oh? So, you think you're good enough?"

Aspen's pride flared up instantly, and she lifted her chin with confidence. "I wouldn't say I'm the best, but I'm definitely not below your so-called 'standards'!"

Andrew's smirk deepened. "Is that so? Then let's do this-won't move, and I'll even give you a handicap by using only one hand. Same deal as before. If you can land a hit on me, I'll let you go free. Sound faira

Aspen's heartbeat spiked as adrenaline rushed through her veins. "You mean it?"

Andrew's eyes gleamed with amusement. "Oh, I mean it. I couldn't be more

serious. But don't expect to walk away unscathed if you fail to touch me."

Aspen did not hesitate. "If I can't even brush against your clothes while you're standing still and only using one hand, I might as well drop dead. Andrew, I'll make you eat your words. You underestimate me, and that's going to be your downfall!"

Andrew spread his legs slightly, planting his feet firmly on the ground. One hand was tucked behind his back, while his free hand gestured at her lazily.

"Come on, then. Let's see if the so-called 'pride of the Stevens family' is any different from an old lady."

Aspen's face burned with anger. She lunged forward with a burst of speed, her long leg sweeping toward Andrew's torso with full force. She was determined to make him regret looking down on her.

Natasha folded her arms, watching with amusement. If her guess was right, Aspen was about to learn a painful lesson.

She did think Andrew was being a little too dismissive, standing there unmoving and offering only one hand. Nonetheless, it did not matter-Natasha had absolute faith that Andrew would never lose.

Chapter 846

As Aspen's leg came swinging straight for Andrew's midsection, he remained completely unfazed. Instead of dodging, he let his body fall backward in a perfectly straight motion.

Her kick swept right over his head, missing entirely.

The nearby West End fighters, who had been training just toments ago, quickly gathered around to watch. The moment they saw what Andrew had done, their jaws nearly hit the floor.

He still had not moved from his original position, yet his body bent backward at an impossible angle, nearly parallel to the ground.

This was not something an ordinary person could pull off. Only someone with absolute control over their body- on a monstrous level-could achieve such a feat.

Aspen gritted her teeth. She had missed, but she did not hesitate to press forward. As her leg came down, aiming to plant her foot on the ground and follow up with another strike, Andrew suddenly smacked the floor with one hand.

In an instant, his body spun like a top, twisting away effortlessly.

Aspen's second strike hit nothing but air.

The crowd erupted into cheers, completely blown away by Andrew's precision and agility.

Aspen cursed under her breath. Frustration burned inside her as she lunged forward, launching a flurry of punches at him.

Yet, it was pointless. Each time her fists were about to make contact, Andrew would vanish from her reach- dodging left, right, up, or down like a phantom.

She poured every ounce of her strength into the attack, fists and legs flying like a raging storm. Even so, no matter how fast or aggressive her attacks were, it was useless.

Her blows looked powerful, but they never landed. No matter how hard she tried, she could not touch him.

Aspen was both shocked and infuriated. Her breathing grew heavier, sweat forming on her brow as she realized just how ridiculous Andrew's reflexes were.

The fact that she could not even brush against him was an outright humiliation. Then, just as she was about to go for another strike, Andrew finally countered.

His hand shot forward toward her like lightning.

Aspen's eyes lit up with excitement, thinking this was her chance. It did not matter if she could not match his strength-she only needed to touch him to win. She quickly raised her hand to intercept his strike, aiming to make contact at all costs.

However, the moment their hands were about to meet, Andrew's palm twisted in midair with an unnatural movement. It bypassed her completely, sliding past her arm and

heading straight for her and

Aspen's face turned scarlet with rage and embarrassment, thinking, 'What a bastard! Was he really about to grab me there?

Before she could react, Andrew's hand changed direction again-this time, his palm struck her across the face and a bright red mark instantly bloomed on her cheek.

Aspen's eyes widened in pure disbelief, unable to process what had just

happened. For a brief moment, she stood

frozen. Then, ignoring the burning pain and humiliation, she clenched her jaw and charged at him again.

Andrew dodged effortlessly, sidestepping her attack with ease. Before she could react, his elbow came up and slammed into her back.

Aspen gasped, feeling the breath knocked out of her as pain exploded in her chest.

Andrew was not done. Grabbing a fistful of her hair, he yanked her backward before delivering another vicious slap

-this time, to the other side of her face.

The sound echoed through the training hall, and a second red imprint now marked her flawless skin.

Aspen stood there, stunned, unable to process what had just happened. Tears welled up in her eyes as she mumbled, "You..."

Not from the pain-she had suffered worse.

Not even from the slaps themselves.

She had trained since childhood, endured grueling discipline, and built unshakable mental strength.

But this? This was humiliation.

Andrew was not just hitting her-he was degrading her. Moreover,

an entire

had done it in front of

crowd, trampling her pride into the dirt.

Chapter 847

Andrew's expression remained emotionless, his eyes devoid of any sympathy. "Didn't you say you were confident? That you were exceptional? I gave you every possible advantage. Yet look at you you still couldn't even touch me.

He added, "So, tell me... doesn't that make you completely worthless?"

Tears finally spilled from Aspen's eyes. She gritted her teeth and hissed, "Andrew, don't get cocky! I'll fight you to the death!"

Andrew's eyes narrowed slightly. With a flick of his wrist, his hand cut through the air, heading straight for Aspen's face.

She shut her eyes in despair, bracing herself for another slap. However, it did not land on her cheek this time. Instead, his palm came down hard-right on her backside.

This was not a playful slap-it was pure, calculated punishment.

A sharp gasp escaped Aspen's lips as a searing pain shot through her body. Her legs buckled, a numbing ache spreading through her lower half, making it impossible to stand.

The sheer force of the strike sent her crashing to the ground. She curled up, gripping her legs as she trembled from the pain.

Andrew dusted off his hands. "Game over. Trash is still trash-boring and useless."

Aspen slowly lifted her head. Her eyes burned red with hatred, tears still clinging to her lashes.

"One day... I'll make you eat those words," she swore, her voice shaking with rage. "I'll prove to you that the 'trash' you look down on will be someone you have to look up

to!

Andrew did not even bother responding since he was not interested in empty promises.

He dusted his hands and turned to Natasha. "Keep this Stevens family brat here for now. Throw her into training with your people. Let's see if she ever improves from being the absolute weakest."

Natasha grinned. "Sure, whatever you say. But honestly, it feels like a waste to put such a stunning woman through combat training. There are plenty of better ways for her to be useful than swinging a sword around."

Andrew glanced down at Aspen, his lips curling into a smirk. "Nope, not worth it. Her chest? Slightly better than a chopping board. Her ass?

Honestly, I just tested it-not even et

close to Fran, Lauren, or you. And as

for that face of hers... Well, at this point, she might as well be competing with a troll. No one's gonna be interested."

Aspen's entire body stiffened. She nearly choked from sheer rage, doubting her own existence for the first time in her life.

Was she really that pathetic now?

A short while later, Andrew left West End's headquarters. For now, he did not have any solid plans for Aspen.

As much as Natasha joked about selling her off, Andrew was not that cruel, and that was a line he would not cross.

At the same time, it was clear that Aspen had not learned her lesson as she was still as arrogant as ever. She was stuck in her delusions,

clinging to the pride of a noble

family heiress.

Andrew had humiliated her for a reason-to break her stubbornness and force her to-face reality. However,

beyond that, he was not the type to torment people for fun

If Aspen could learn and grow, she might actually be useful one day. After all, her background was not all that different from Lauren's or Francesca's-she had been raised in an elite family and had the education to match.

Andrew figured that if she ever got her act together, she could assist Lauren in the future,

Meanwhile, the promotional campaign shot by Shiloh had officially launched, and Rhodes Pharmaceuticals was finally seeing some positive traction.

The flood of negative press, attacks, and bad reviews had begun to slow down.

On top of that, Michael's viral video scandal had completely stolen the spotlight.

With public attention shifting elsewhere, Rhodes Corporation's biggest crisis was finally

Chapter 848

Michael stood at the front of the group, his face twisted with rage. "Andrew,

answer me was that viral video your doing? Were you the one who sabotaged me at the studio?

"You're going to clear my name today and restore my reputation, or I swear, this won't end well for you!"

Andrew glanced at him and let out a chuckle. "Mr. Rhodes, you're looking pretty good. I saw the video, and even I have to admit you sure know how to move your ass. And those hair on your chest and legs... damn, absolutely sensational."

Michael's life had turned into a nightmare. If he was not hiding at his company, he was locked up at home.

Going out in public was a disaster-he had to stay fully disguised, making sure not a single inch of his face was exposed.

The moment people recognized him, phones came out, cameras flashed, and strangers started whispering and pointing.

The worst part? Those outspoken middle-aged women and elderly folks who hated public indecency had no sense of boundaries. They would outright scream at him in public, calling him disgusting, perverted, shameless, and downright filthy.

As if that was not enough, some extra bold individuals even slid into his inbox asking if he was into men.

At this point, Michael had completely lost the ability to function as a normal person. He gritted his teeth and snarled, "Andrew, you cunning bastard! I'll ask you one last time-did you leak that video?"

He glared daggers at Andrew, ready to rip him apart.

Andrew shrugged. "And if I said no, would you believe me?"

Michael let out a cold laugh. "What do you think? Bane had already checked my system. That night, someone drugged me with an insanely strong aphrodisiac. And only you would pull something that twisted!"

Andrew put on a solemn expression. "Mr. Rhodes, you're deeply mistaken. When your video leaked, I was just as shocked as everyone else. In fact, I actually assumed you recorded it for personal entertainment and just accidentally uploaded it!"

Michael nearly blacked out from rage. He trembled violently, his voice exploding with fury. "Andrew, do you even hear yourself?! Do I look like the kind of guy who'd record something like that?!"

Andrew sighed dramatically. "That's the real mystery, isn't it? Who could've done such a thing? Because I watched that clip multiple times-just for investigative purposes, of course.

"And if you're saying you were forced... I find that hard to believe. In fact, I'd say you were really into it. Twisting your hips, moaning-Mr. Rhodes, are you sure you weren't enjoying yourself?"

Michael's face turned a deep shade of red. He looked like he was about to either scream or pass out from sheer humiliation.

"That was "He gritted his teeth,

barely holding himself together. " was completely out of it! I wasn't aware of what I was doing! You really think I'd act like that on purpose?" en

Andrew smirked. "Who knows? Maybe you're just repressing your

true self. Maybe deep down, yet

the kind of guy who plays the straight-laced businessman by day but behind closed doors, you're a secret freak who just had to let loose."

Behind Michael, his own men struggled to contain their laughter. Truth be told, they had all seen the video too,

and it was hard not to think it was the most natural Michael had ever looked.

At this point, it did not even matter who had filmed it or how it had ended up online.

Michael knew he would not get a straight answer from Andrew. No matter how much he pressed, Andrew would never admit to anything.

Nonetheless, deep in his gut, he had no doubt-his reputation had been completely destroyed, and it was all because of Andrew.

The worst part? He could not prove it.

With no evidence, he had no choice but to swallow his fury, grit his teeth, and take

it. Still, he refused to accept defeat.

Stepping closer, Michael leaned in, his lips curling into a twisted grin. "Andrew, you and Lauren won't be laughing for long."

A wicked gleam flickered in his eyes as he whispered in Andrew's ear. "You probably don't know this yet,

but the Pharmaceutical Divisions

sales are finally picking back up. Now, Thave completely defeated Lauren. When I take over as CEO, I'll make sure you pay for this!"

Chapter 849

Andrew said, "Alright then, let's wait and see who comes out on top in the end!"

He ignored Michael's threats and headed upstairs to find Lauren.

The moment Lauren saw him, her face lit up with excitement. She exclaimed, "Dr. Lloyd, Shiloh's influence is even stronger than I expected! You probably haven't checked yet, but Rhodes Pharmaceutical's sales for your two signature pills have been doubling every single day since Shiloh's endorsement!"

Andrew was not surprised. The main reason was simple-the Vitality Pill and Titan Essence Pill were high-quality products. Once people understood their benefits, they naturally trusted them and bought without hesitation.

On top of that, Shiloh had always maintained a strong and positive reputation online. With her loyal fan base rallying behind her, there was no way the two pills would not go viral.

Lauren clenched her fist, brimming with energy. "At this rate, our advantage is growing by the day. As long as we have the Vitality Pill and Titan Essence Pill, we can solidify our position against the Pharmaceutical Division.

"Plus, the PR crisis that had Rhodes Corporation tied up before? Thanks to Mr. Chapman's efforts and Michael's little... distraction-public attention has finally shifted away!"

Andrew nodded. "That means it's time to confront Mrs. Rhodes. I've said it before-no one's taking that CEO position away from you."

Across the room, Shiloh had been quietly scrolling through her phone. Suddenly, she lifted her gaze and looked at Andrew. "Lauren, you told me you and Mr. Lloyd are dating, right?"

Lauren smiled, completely unfazed. "That's right. Dr. Lloyd is my man."

Shiloh tilted her head and muttered, "That's interesting... because I can strongly smell another woman on him."

Lauren blinked. "Another woman's scent?"

Her gaze instantly turned suspicious as she locked onto Andrew.

Andrew coughed lightly and, in the most straightforward way possible, admitted, "Fran couldn't sleep last night, so she came over, and we had a long chat."

Without missing a beat, Lauren pulled out a small notebook and started jotting something down.

Andrew frowned. "What are you doing?"

Without looking up, Lauren answered, "I'm keeping track of how many times

you've slept with Fran. That way, however many times she gets, I'll definitely be getting more- because I'm the main girl, and I can't have less."

Andrew felt an immediate headache coming on. He wondered why Lauren's thought process always had to be so weird.

Hoping to escape the topic, he turned to Shiloh. "How's Moonlit Apothecary? Are you comfortable staying there?"

Shiloh tapped on her phone,

chuckling as she replayed Michael's viral video. "Not bad. I actually like the place. Plus, Cedric's there, so we chat a lot. It's nice."

Andrew raised a brow. "You just call him Cedric?"

Shiloh nodded. "Yeah. He's younger than me, so it only makes sense to call him by name."

Technically, that logic was sound, but something about it still felt off to Andrew.

Shiloh's amnesia made her way of

thinking very different from normal

people and with her ageless

syndrome, she still looked like a

young woman-completely

unaffected by time.

The mere thought of Cedric following her around, acting like an eager little intern,

made Andrew feel weird.

Lauren suddenly asked, "Dr. Lloyd, do you think there's a cure for Shiloh's amnesia and ageless syndrome?"

For Lauren, ageless syndrome was not a bad thing.

Staying youthful forever? That sounded great. However, her amnesia was a real issue.

Now that she and Shiloh had become friends, she genuinely wanted Andrew to find a way to help her.

Andrew sighed. "Both conditions are extremely difficult to treat. Unless

we come across some rare

opportunity or a once-in-a-lifetime miracle ingredient, I don't have a real solution right now."

Amnesia alone was already a complicated mess. There were countless causes- some people lost their memories due to extreme trauma, while others suffered from severe injuries.

Restoring memory often required highly specific triggers or deep psychological stimulation. To this day, even modern medicine had no guaranteed cure.

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Ageless syndrome was an even rarer condition-one that delved into the very fabric of cellular genetics. Even with Andrew's near-miraculous medical skills, altering Shiloh biology was not something he could just do at will.

Shiloh exhaled softly. "Sometimes, my memory loss confuses me. I don't know where I came from, where I'm supposed to go, or what I once wanted. But over time, I've learned to live with it. And honestly, the memories I have now? They're enough."

Pausing for a moment, she added, "As for the ageless syndrome... other than the unbearable, body-racking pain that sometimes makes me wish I were dead-

"The rest of the time, it's actually not so bad. Once the pain passes, it feels like my body reawakens, like I've been reborn. I feel lighter, freer."

Lauren frowned in sympathy. "Even so, I still don't like the idea of you suffering."

Shiloh shook her head. "I don't feel like I'm suffering. I have money now, I live in a big house, and I'm way more comfortable than before. In this city, I can eat what I want, do what I want, and just enjoy myself."

Lauren could not help but laugh. "So, food, fun, making videos, and scrolling on your phone are all you want out of life?"

Shiloh thought about it seriously and nodded. "Yeah. Nothing else really interests me. I don't know why, but I feel like I used to live a really exhausting life. So now, I just want to keep things simple."

Andrew listened carefully, a thoughtful look in his eyes. There was no doubt in his mind that Shiloh's strength was at least at the martial king level.

In martial arts terms, that meant she was not just strong-she was a one-woman army. Yet, a woman with such terrifying power had no ambition beyond eating good food, making videos, and lazing around. She was basically a glorified couch potato.

However, what really caught his attention was when she said she felt like she used to live a really exhausting life.

Andrew started to wonder if Shiloh was not always like this,

Maybe she really had been a legendary fighter-one of those terrifying figures whose name made people tremble.

Maybe she had suffered a devastating injury or betrayal that had left her in this state.

Of course, that was just speculation.

Whatever her past was, Andrew did not feel the need to dig into it. It was her business, and prying into someone else's secrets was just bad manners.

Checking the time, Andrew stretched. "Well, looks like my shift's over. Time to head home."

Lauren groaned dramatically. "Ugh, I wish! Some of us still have to work overtime."

Shiloh packed up her things and got up. "Well, you guys have fun with that. I'm heading out to do some shopping. Maybe see if I can pick up a side gig."

Andrew blinked in disbelief. "Shiloh, you literally have 20 million dollars sitting in your account. Why are you

even thinking about getting a

part time job? Just order takeout and relax!"

Shiloh shook her head. "I completely disagree. Young people shouldn't be lazy. Besides, 20 million sounds like a

lot, but it's not enough to last me a lifetime. And let's be real-I have no idea how long I'm gonna live.

"After wrapping up your commercial, I've got nothing to do. Might as well work some odd jobs, save up a little extra. It adds up over time."

With that, she waved them off and casually walked out of Rhodes Corporation.

Andrew turned to Lauren. "Is she always like this?"

Lauren sighed. "Yep. Ever since you brought her into the company, if she's not busy, she just goes out looking for work. Dishwashing, cleaning houses-whatever random job she can find. I've tried talking her out of it, but she won't listen.

Andrew did not even know how to respond. Shiloh was a martial king-a fighter strong enough to make nations tremble. Yet, she was out here scrubbing dishes for pocket change.

Something about that just felt fundamentally wrong.