

# The Rise of a Master: It Starts With Rejection

Just then, Felix's phone rang. When Sasha and the others saw the caller ID, their fury was immediately extinguished.

A phone call from Wendy Kinsley?

Everyone knew of Wendy. She was the daughter of the richest man here, the drop-dead gorgeous CEO of Avesburgh, and the dream woman of countless men. Just this guy? Did he really have access to Wendy's mobile? That was beyond belief.

At this point, Felix had already stepped aside to answer the call.

"Are you here?"

"In a few minutes, F-Felix. Since you're there, I've made a reservation at Zenith Pavilion. We can talk there. It's quite quiet. There's no need to change locations."

Although she had Felix's permission to address him by his given name, Wendy still felt distinctly uncomfortable.

"Okay. I'll head over now."

When he hung up, Sasha was about to burst into flames.

"Felix Zeller! Are you not done yet? First, you show off with an edited image. Then, you hire someone to pretend to be the richest man's daughter and call you at such a critical moment.

"Do you think you can manifest these fake things into reality? If you think that's how you can win my favor, you need to stop dreaming!" 1

Felix thought they were thoroughly hopeless. He had revealed so many hints already, yet their arrogant attitudes remained steadfast.

Naturally, he didn't think any further attempts at explaining would yield any results. It would be a mere waste of breath. Hence, he headed outside and grabbed a server.

"Please take me to Zenith Pavilion."

"Yes, sir. This way, please."

In the courtyard, the group's expressions grew increasingly peculiar.

"Zenith Pavilion? Sasha, I must say, this guy's acting skills are rather impressive. From renting a Rolls-Royce Phantom to now this, I have to admit that it's almost admirable," Ruth couldn't help but remark.

Her comment made sense because each villa in this clubhouse had its own name. Zenith Pavilion, being the most extravagant of the lot, didn't really go by the reservation system. It typically only hosted the real big shots. So when Felix mentioned that he was heading over there, it only seemed like a massive joke.

"Sasha, I think you might be overthinking it. That Felix guy is probably going to end up in a mental hospital within a month."

Sasha glanced over at Ivan with curiosity and asked, "Why?

Who the fuck would spend all their time devising strategies to show off? If that's not some sort of mental disorder, what is?"

As soon as he finished speaking, the group burst into laughter. Sasha was in absolute hysterics-she couldn't

agree more.

Outside, Wendy had just handed her car keys to the valet when a voice called out to her.

"Wendy? What are you doing here?"

She turned toward the source of the sound and was greeted by Hugo.

She smiled. "Ah, Hugo! I'm here for a meeting. What about you?"

Meeting Wendy here was a rather pleasant surprise for him

"Some kids are having a barbecue here, so I just came to show some support. How's your grandfather's recovery coming along?"

Ultimately, Wendy deeply appreciated Hugo's help. After all, he did summon Xander, who promised to extend Bernard's life by a month. If it weren't for Felix, Xander's contribution would be indescribable.

Hence, after a discussion with Xander, she decided that the Lamberts would receive a different version of the story. She would say that it was a master healer hired by Xander and the Kinsleys who jointly cured him. This way, Xander's reputation would be protected without his role being overstated.

"He's doing great, and we only have you to thank, Hugo."

Hugo was quick to offer a modest response, saying, "Don't mention it. Without the master healer your family recruited, Dr. Fielding alone wouldn't have been able to cure your grandfather. All he would have done was prolong his life." Deep down, Wendy knew that Hugo wasn't half bad. However, she wasn't oblivious. She knew his intentions extended past genuine affection. It was more about interests.

As they entered, Wendy took the first turn toward Zenith Pavilion. Hugo only found it fitting given her status. It would be more surprising if she had gone somewhere else.

As soon as Hugo arrived, Ivan and the gang welcomed him enthusiastically.

"Hugo, you're late! Some freeloader appeared at Sasha's place, asking for her hand in marriage. All on the basis of an old connection. T

was an absolute comedy show. He was showing off in various ways, but he didn't even consider who we were. I'm not sure he thought it through-did he really think he could pull that off?"

Hugo sat down, surrounded by admiration.

He asked casually, "Is that so? Where is he? Has he left already?"

At the mention of this, Ivan's laughter intensified.

"Hugo, I'm sure you'd laugh, too. That guy held a straight face the whole time as he told a server to bring him to Zenith Pavilion! I bet he only found out about it by chance and knows nothing about the reservation system. Isn't he such a joke?" Ruth added, enjoying the mockery, "When he returned to Avesburgh, he rented a Rolls-Royce Phantom. Sasha sawi through it immediately, but her father was adamant that it reflected his success.

Hugo

guffawed along.

"It's quite interesting, indeed-because I know who's at Zenith Pavilion right now. That only goes to prove how big of a bluff that kid is."

"Oh?" The group perked up in curiosity.

"Who?"

"Wendy! I met her at the entrance when I got here. If time allows, I might drop by to say hello in a bit."

Again, everyone knew Wendy. There was only one person whom Hugo would speak about this way it was Wendy Kinsley, daughter of the richest man. In addition, it was also

common knowledge that Hugo was openly courting her. But it was at this moment that Hugo sensed something amiss from the bizarre reactions amid the group.

"What's the matter?"

Being her outspoken self, Ruth blurted, "Could it be true? Did Felix actually receive a call from Wendy before heading to Zenith Pavilion?"

## The Rise of a Master: It Starts With Rejection

Chapter

12

Hugo's brows knitted together as his deep gaze landed on Ruth.

"Are you saying Felix-the guy freeloading at Sasha's-has Wendy's phone number?"

Ruth shrank back in fear, while Sasha stepped in to smooth things over.

"Hugo, I'm afraid you've misunderstood. That guy just loves to show off. If you let me explain, I'm sure we can clear things up for you."

After learning about Felix's actions at Concord Bank and his presence here, Hugo let out a disdainful sneer.

"That's more like it. If someone like that had access to Wendy's contact, even pigs could fly!"

Ivan quickly chimed in, "You're right. It was just too much of a coincidence! We almost let that bastard fool us again."

Hugo patted him on the shoulder. "How dare that piece of garbage that even Sasha despises pretend to have Wendy's number? Don't you guys agree that he needs a lesson?"

Ivan caught his message without fail. He had long been thinking about teaching Felix a lesson for harboring thoughts about his woman. Now that he was trying to tarnish Wendy's name, too, he best believed there be consequences to his actions!

""Don't worry, Hugo. Leave it to me."

Sasha didn't intervene in this decision. Given Warren's sentiments, she ought to refrain from drastic actions. In fact, it was a massive relief that someone else was stepping in.

There was no way she would stop them. Meanwhile, in Zenith Pavilion, Wendy felt a mix of nervousness and excitement. She couldn't explain why, but she found Felix somewhat mysterious yet incredibly charming.

"The Kinsley family's influence in Avesburgh must mean you know some secrets others don't, right?"

Once Felix started speaking, Wendy grew serious, too. If this mission turned out successful, it would bring them

closer.

"What exactly are you referring to?"

"Medicinal herbs used in traditional medicine-the kind that are extremely rare and unobtainable on the market."

The cogs in Wendy's mind started cranking. A moment later, her eyes lit up.

1. up. 1

"Ah, yes. There's a company named Sunrise Bids. They're quite powerful and have auction houses all over the country. There's one in Avesburgh where they hold one auction a month. You can find all sorts there, including contraband." A slight frown furrowed Felix's brows.

"One auction a month. That's far too long."

Clearly, Wendy wasn't finished.

"They also accept commissions. However, the fee is quite substantial."

Felix smiled. That sounded brilliant.

"Do you have their contact?" he asked.

Wendy didn't want to miss such a perfect opportunity. She had a long chat with Vincent yesterday, all about how extraordinary Felix was. His medical skills alone were sufficient to make Xander bow down. They were far beyond what the Kinsley family could achieve.

"I do, but dealing with them might be inconvenient for a new face. I'll take you there. Once I set a time with them, I'll notify you."

"You can call them now."

The marriage weighed on Felix's mind like a burden. Therefore, it was his top priority to cure Curtis.

"Okay."

Sensing the urgency, Wendy hastily pulled her phone out. She wondered what could've motivated his haste. Her mind wandered. Could it be a woman? A girlfriend? A wife? A lover?

After ending the call, she reported back, "All set. You can arrange the commission after sunset tonight. It happens to be the monthly auction day today, too. I'll also see if I can pull some strings to help you acquire those herbs."

Felix nodded and rose to his feet.

"Pick me up when it's time."

At this moment, Wendy seemed to remember something and hurriedly stopped him.

"Um..."

Felix spun around. "Was there anything else?"

"Xander once mentioned a big shot to you. Her grandfather is ill, so she just wanted to see if she could get your contact."

Without hesitation, he refused, "I'm not available."

There was no need to talk to Felix about being a benevolent healer. Gerald had taught him a great deal about that.

When Gerald's medical skills saw great improvements back in the day, he started practicing medicine to help the world. However, he didn't get many returns on his good deeds. People were ungrateful, which led to all kinds of conflicts and complaints. In a fit of anger, Gerald issued nine Miracle Cards. This would turn out to be the token to obtain medical help from him. Each card was sure to come with a sizable cost-it would depend solely on whether one could shoulder it.

Before Wendy could offer to see him off, Felix walked off in the direction of a real estate project he had found interesting online. He figured it was time to move out on his own.

There was no way he could continue freeloading at Warren's, where he had to endure the disgusting presence of Nattie and Sasha.

As he passed an alley, he was stopped by a boy about 12 or 13 years of age.

"Sir, would you like your shoes polished? For just two dollars, I'll make them shine bright. If they're not clean, there'll be no charge," he began. He had shoe polish smudges on his face, but his smile was exceptionally pure. "Sure."

He entered the alley, where a simple chair waited for him. As soon as he sat down, the boy got right down to work

"Where's your family?"

The boy was hard at work, answering as he went.

"My parents have both passed away. It's just me and my little sister."

Felix expected no less. Otherwise, there was no reason for a young child like him to be roaming around doing this instead of studying at school. No one would hire someone so young, either. That would be child labor. "How old is your sister?"

"She's six and in her last year of kindergarten. Thankfully, elementary school doesn't cost much now with education being compulsory. But I still need to earn more, or she won't get proper nutrition."

At the mention of his younger sister, the boy's eyes overflowed with affection.

"Sir, I'm done. Are they clean enough?"

Felix nodded with a smile.

"They're very clean. Little guy, do you trust me?"

The child scrutinized Felix for a moment, taking an extra deep look at his eyes.

"I trust you! You give me a different feeling than others. Therefore, I trust you."

Felix pulled out a 20-dollar note and asked the boy to get a pen and a piece of paper. When he returned, Felix scribbled something on the paper. Then, he handed it back to the child, along with the Miracle Card he had recovered from the Kinsleys. "I won't give you the two dollars, but this here is called a Miracle Card. Consider it your payment."

The boy scratched his head in puzzlement, yet he didn't seem upset about not getting his two dollars.

"But sir, how do I use this?"

Felix chuckled.

"Go to the entrance of Luxe Dining Follow your instincts and give this to one of the patrons entering the restaurant. Tell them you want to sell this card according to the conditions on the paper. From then on, your life and your sister's will change." The recovered Miracle Card had to be spread out again as per Gerald's orders. Seeing this determined, sensible boy, Felix's heart was stirred.

Only wealthy people could afford to dine at Luxe Dining. Those who didn't recognize the card wouldn't bother with the boy, but those who did would need no further explanation.

As the boy watched Felix leave the alleyway, he rubbed the Miracle Card between his palms and gritted his teeth. His mind was made. "That man's eyes are really clear. I trust him. I'm going to Luxe Dining!"

## The Rise of a Master: It Starts With Rejection

The Miracle Card worked in a rather straightforward way. On its flip side were multiple layers of a special coating. Each time it was retrieved, a layer would be peeled off to reveal a new phone number. This would be Gerald's latest contact information

This system seemed to have no safeguards, yet it topped any high-tech security system. Only two people in the world could process the card for its next use-Felix and Gerald. They practiced the same unique technique, which was the only method to remove the coating.

By now, the little boy had arrived at the entrance of Luxe Dining. He held the Miracle Card in his hands. The previous coating had already been peeled off by Felix, thus making it ready for use.

The boy hastily stopped a heavily bejeweled woman and asked, "Excuse me, ma'am. Would you like to buy this?"

Disgust instantly clouded her face.

"Go away! Where on earth did this little beggar come from? How useless can the security be at Luxe Dining? How could they let him linger around by the entrance?"

Hearing the commotion, a security guard rushed over and pulled the boy aside without another word.

It wasn't until the lady had entered the restaurant that he warned, "Hey, kid, this is no place for you to loiter. Can you try not to put me in a difficult position?"

The kid nodded in response, then left to stand a bit further away this time.

A few minutes later, a Mercedes S600 pulled over, and out stepped a well-dressed middle-aged man. There was

clear kindness in his features.

In a heartbeat, the child once again rushed ahead to stop him in his path.

"Sir, would you like to buy this?"

Despite being turned down once, he still firmly believed in Felix's words.

"You little brat! Are you seeking trouble?" The guard from earlier was furious. At once, he seized the boy by the neck. However, it only took one glance in their direction before the man's interest was piqued. "Let go of him."

Startled, the security guard released the child instantly and returned to his post. He figured the boy must have struck gold and met a kind man this time around.

"Are you selling this to me?"

"Yes, sir. If you are to buy this, you must do as the paper says," stated the little boy earnestly.

After taking the little piece of paper from the boy, the man felt excitement surge through him. No. His eyes were not playing tricks on him. In his hands was a Miracle Card!

No one could forge such a thing. Plus, the wealthy were no fools. They would detain the seller, only to free them once they could verify the Miracle Card by contacting the miracle doctor. The possibility of a counterfeit was virtually zero. He unfolded the paper, and a few lines of words came into view:

"A 1,600-square-foot house in a central location within the city, five million dollars in cash, plus someone to take care of this little boy and his younger sister until they graduate from college."

The man was ecstatic.

A Miracle Card! Something that would fit into your palm that, at an underground auction, once fetched a price of over two billion dollars. Yet, he had just been posed with the opportunity to acquire it for way less!

All the expenses added up, including the house and other items, wouldn't exceed ten million dollars. He was on cloud nine.

"I'll take it! Come with me. Don't worry. I won't hurt you."

It didn't matter who wrote the note. As long as the miracle doctor was involved, no one would dare go back on their word. This man was sure to honor the deal.

He clutched the Miracle Card, and his lips curled into a smile.

"Honey, you'll be able to walk again soon, like any other normal person."

Meanwhile, Felix was heading to the sales office that was now only three streets away. He didn't deem it necessary to take a cab.

Out of the blue, a van pulled up behind him. Five men leaped out and blocked his path.

"If you know what's best for you, kid, come with us quietly. That way, you'll suffer less."

The few burly men had expected Felix to scream or resist. However, to their surprise, he merely nodded and followed them into the van.

One of them chuckled. "I've done this many times, but it's obedient ones like you I like the most.

Felix sat in the van, restless from the curiosity brewing in him. He wondered who it was to devise such heinous plans against him. He had to admit that that was the main reason he complied so willingly. A little over ten minutes later, he was brought to an unfinished apartment.

"Hank! Efficient as usual!"

sa

Two men sat on the first floor, one of whom was none other than Ivan. The other was a man in his 30s with long hair, whose gaze was glacial and sinister. 1 Accompanying them were about a dozen more men standing around-just the typical mobsters.

"When have I ever failed to fulfill your orders, Mr. Cameron?"

Ivan flashed him a grin. He rose to his feet and turned to Felix..

"Felix Zeller, I bet you didn't expect to find me here, did you?"

Felix shook his head.

"Indeed. It was unexpected. I understand there exists some conflict between us over Sasha. But I don't suppose we've had any direct clashes, have we?"

The smirk on Ivan's face quickly disappeared. He spat on the ground.

"Damn it! How are you still so calm? Even if we set aside the issue with Sasha, who gave you the balls to hire someone to impersonate Wendy and give you a call? Do you think you're free to act cocky?" Now that these words were out, there was simply no room left for negotiation.

+25 BOWES

"Well, then, it seems we'll just have to do what we have to do. You are right about one thing, everything comes with a price."

A cold sneer played on Ivan's lips as he fell back into his chair. He made himself comfortable in anticipation of Felix's cries.

With a slight wave of his hand, Hank's underlings immediately charged at Felix.

Thuds and crashes ensued, but within seconds, Hank furrowed his eyebrows. Ivan, too, was in utter disbelief. All his dozen or so men had been taken out before they could retaliate.

"Hah! No wonder why you were so calm. You are a martial arts practitioner. But if you think you can walk out of here unscathed..."

Ivan's disparaging smile returned to his lips.

Hank himself was a martial arts partitioner, with a formidable record of taking down 30-odd opponents with a knife-a specialty kitchen knife for vegetables, whether hard-skinned items or leafy greens. His performance history was no joke. Sure enough, Hank stood up and stretched his shoulders as he stalked over to Felix.

""You're dead!"

He threw out his right fist quickly and powerfully. Felix's lack of response in this timeframe was within his expectations. He knew his own strength well.

Yet, in the next second, Felix managed to strike first. He landed a slap square in Hank's face.

It rang so loud and crisp, echoing throughout the space.

Then, Hank fell to the ground, motionless as if dead.

Ivan sprung up in disbelief. He would have never imagined that even Hank could be defeated.

"Felix Zeller! What do you want? You're dead if you dare lay even a finger on me!"

Unfortunately, his threats were to no avail.

When Felix left the scene, everything was in shambles. Everyone in the building was either knocked out cold or writhing in pain, Ivan included. While his face was fine, his body throbbed in absolute agony. "Just you wait!"

Rage blazed in his eyes, but at that moment, his phone started ringing. As soon as he saw the caller ID, he forced himself to answer the call. He was terrified of his father discovering what he had done. "Dad"

"Ivan, come home right now. I've just gotten my hands on the Miracle Card by chance. We can summon the miracle doctor to treat your mother now."

Ivan's eyes widened into saucers. Exhilaration washed over him, numbing the pain coursing through his body.

"S-So, you're saying Mom can walk again?"

"That's right. Come back, quick."

## The Rise of a Master: It Starts With Rejection

The Phoenix Legion was formidable force led by Xena. Apart from the highest authorities in Dragonia, the army only answered to Xena.

The legion was stationed on the outskirts of Avesburgh. They occupied a vast area and were equipped with all sorts of advanced weaponry. Whenever they were deployed victory was guaranteed.

Because her unit was based here by national orders, Xena also had to reside in Avesburgh.

At this moment, Xena was in her office at the headquarters of the Phoenix Legion, reviewing some documents,

"There's a possibility that the S-ranked fugitive group-the Menacing Four-could make an appearance in Avesburgh in the coming days? Ha! Where did these thugs get the balls to come and make a mess in my territory?"

Just then, her office door swung open, and in walked her subordinate, Belle Frost. She was drop-dead gorgeous, a stunning beauty who had been under Xena for a few years now.

"Milady, there's news about the miracle doctor."

Xena leaped to her feet. She hadn't expected to hear back so soon.

""Let's hear it."

"The head of one of the affluent families in Avesburgh, Winston Cameron, has obtained a Miracle Card and has activated it. The miracle doctor is expected to arrive at sunset." Almost immediately, a frown appeared on Xena's face.

"The Camerons? They are ranked lowest among the reputable families in Avesburgh. How did they manage to get their hands on a Miracle Card?"

Life could truly be unfair at times. She was the nation's first goddess of war, yet she struggled to obtain a Miracle Card. On the other hand, the measly Cameron family managed to.

In fact, she knew a few families who owned Miracle Cards. But they were all of such high status that she couldn't simply force them to give it up. She did try negotiating with them over the phone, but no one was willing to part with the card. After all, a Miracle Card was their means of preserving a life on the brink of death.

To think that a Miracle Card would end up in this tiny piece of land called Avesburgh. It was just odd."

"Clear my schedule for the afternoon. I'm paying the Cameron family a visit."

Xena knew this was a delicate matter, and no one would dare allow outsiders. Not without the miracle doctor's permission. But who was she? The Cameron family wouldn't dare turn her away. "Yes, ma'am!"

Meanwhile, Felix had just stepped into a real estate office when he received a phone call from an unknown number.

""Who's this?"

"Felix, where are your manners? This was not how I taught you to behave."

It was Gerald!

The Phoenix Legion was a formidable force led by Xena. Apart from the highest authorities in Dragonia, the army only answered to Xena.

The legion was stationed on the outskirts of Avesburgh. They occupied a vast area and were equipped with all sorts of advanced weaponry. Whenever they were deployed, victory was guaranteed.

Because her unit was based here by national orders, Xena also had to reside in Avesburgh.

At this moment, Xena was in her office at the headquarters of the Phoenix Legion, reviewing some documents.

"There's a possibility that the S-ranked fugitive group-the Menacing Four-could make an appearance in Avesburgh in the coming days? Ha! Where did these thugs get the balls to come and make a mess in my territory?"

Just then, her office door swung open, and in walked her subordinate, Belle Frost. She was drop-dead gorgeous, a stunning beauty who had been under Xena for a few years now.

"Milady, there's news about the miracle doctor."

Xena leaped to her feet. She hadn't expected to hear back so soon.

""Let's hear it."

"The head of one of the affluent families in Avesburgh, Winston Cameron, has obtained a Miracle Card and has activated it. The miracle doctor is expected to arrive at sunset." Almost immediately, a frown appeared on Xena's face.

"The Camerons? They are ranked lowest among the reputable families in Avesburgh. How did they manage to get their hands on a Miracle Card?"

Life could truly be unfair at times. She was the nation's first goddess of war, yet she struggled to obtain a Miracle Card. On the other hand, the measly Cameron family managed to.

In fact, she knew a few families who owned Miracle Cards. But they were all of such high status that she couldn't simply force them to give it up. She did try negotiating with them over the phone, but no one was willing to part with the card. 1 After all, a Miracle Card was their means of preserving a life on the brink of death.

To think that a Miracle Card would end up in this tiny piece of land called Avesburgh. It was just odd.

"Clear my schedule for the afternoon. I'm paying the Cameron family a visit."

Xena knew this was a delicate matter, and no one would dare allow outsiders. Not without the miracle doctor's permission. But who was she? The Cameron family wouldn't dare turn her away. "Yes, ma'am!"

Meanwhile, Felix had just stepped into a real estate office when he received a phone call from an unknown number.

""Who's this?"

"Felix, where are your manners? This was not how I taught you to behave."

It was Gerald!

TH

Felix rolled his eyes.

"You old bastard, you left me in Eden Village for three years under the care of my fellow apprentices! All while you were out galavanting on your own."

Evidently, he had underestimated how shameless his mentor was.

"Don't get too nitpicky on the little details. You had nine beautiful fellow apprentices surrounding you all day long. Oh, many men would kill to be in your position! Why are you grumbling at me?" Nonsense! The issue was that these beauties that surrounded him were ones he couldn't touch. Surely there was nothing more torturous than that.

"Stop talking crap. I'm hanging up," remarked Felix flatly,

Gerald flew into a panic.

"You think you're all grown up now, huh? How dare you hang up on me!"

"Get straight to the point, then. I'm busy."

Of course, Felix was just trying to pull Gerald's leg. He wasn't going to end the call for real.

"Someone just activated a Miracle Card in Avesburgh. Handle it. I'm a little tied up here."

Felix felt the muscles in his face twitch with anger. How frustrating!

"Somehow, you know of my whereabouts all too well! You old coot, you were the one who created the Miracle Cards and distributed them. And now you're shirking responsibility?"

The dots finally connected in Felix's head. Gerald must have orchestrated the Kinsley family's trip to Eden Village after their initial contact. This way, he could evade his duty and leave Felix in charge. From then on, whenever a Miracle Card was activated, he would be responsible for handling it while Gerald continued to live his life.

Just then, a dainty female voice on Gerald's end of the line interrupted their conversation, "Sir, my time is almost

up."

"Extend it! Ahem, I need to go now. Head to the designated location, and someone will pick you up."

Felix's expression darkened. He had been breaking his back working, all while Gerald enjoyed a massage.

Despite his dissatisfaction, he still had no choice but to follow Gerald's orders. Although he spoke disrespectfully to him, it was out of familiarity, not genuine disrespect.

"Sir, what type of property are you looking for, and how big of a space do you desire?"

The sales associate's voice interrupted Felix's train of thought, pulling him back to reality.

"Do you have a villa that's fully furnished and ready for me to move into?"

He wasn't trying to show off with a villa. He simply longed for some peace and quiet.

The salesperson's eyes lit up at the mention of a villa.

"Yes, there is! However, the furnished villas won't be officially launched for another three days. Shall we exchange contact information? I will inform you as soon as the sale is live."  
"Sure."

Felix couldn't be bothered having to deal with furnishing his own place. Hence, this was the best option for him.

The seconds ticked by slowly.

The Cameron residence consisted of six interconnected villas, boasting a spacious area. Considering that they were the least affluent of the affluent, one could only imagine the extravagance of higher-ranking families. "Dad! Is Lady Summers really coming to our house?"

Winston stood at the entrance of their residence, with his son, Ivan, beside him.

"Of course. Straighten up now, will you?"

The news of Xena's visit almost made Winston jump for joy. Lady Luck had finally smiled upon him. First, he acquired a Miracle Card at minimal cost. Now, Xena was coming over.

Ivan, too, was in awe. The tingling in his scalp hadn't disappeared as he fantasized about meeting such a big shot.

-one whom even the richest couldn't easily summon. That could only signify the beginning of their family's rising fortunes!

"By the time Lady Summers arrives, you should be on your way out to pick up the miracle doctor. Remember, Everything must go accordingly. There is no room for error."

Ivan nodded earnestly. "Don't worry, Dad. This is Mom's chance to be able to walk again! I won't mess up."

Just then, Sasha called him. He picked up her call.

"Darling, has Felix been admitted into the hospital yet?"

When Ivan heard Felix's name, the blood in his veins started to boil. After their previous encounter, he had to consult a traditional medicine practitioner for a massage to relieve his pain. Nevertheless, he remained sore. "Soon, my dear. I've got Hank on the job. I've got to go."

Honestly speaking, he didn't have to get involved further. Hank had his own connections. Considering the state he had been left in, Felix could only expect a more intense retaliation.

As the call ended, a car pulled into their driveway. Xena emerged from the vehicle, followed by Belle. Both were clad in their military uniforms, bringing with them an imposing air. "Welcome, milady, to my humble abode."

Xena returned a slight nod and said, "Let's talk inside."

"Sure!"

Once seated, she didn't beat around the bush. With her status, she didn't need to bother with the pleasantries with Winston.

"I heard your family managed to acquire a Miracle Card. I would like to stay and meet the miracle doctor."

Winston gritted his teeth at her request. Yet, he dared not hesitate much.

"Of course, Lady Summers. I, Winston Cameron, will obey your every command."

The corners of Xena's lips quirked upward into a slight grin. Things were going perfectly as expected. There was no way he would reject her request.

She would finally come face-to-face with the miracle doc, Curtis.

Chapter 15.

## The Rise of a Master: It Starts With Rejection

## Chapter

15

At sunset, Felix stood near a café in Avesburgh. He waited by the roadside for someone to pick him

1. up.

He was in quite a good mood now. He was clad in white from head to toe, including a pair of snow-white shoes.

"The old man definitely did this on purpose," he muttered.

This attire was Gerald's requirement, as a distinctive mark for recognition. He strongly suspected it to be a prank Gerald was pulling on him, but he ultimately had no choice in the matter.

Since the Miracle Card was still in Avesburgh, it had to be the one he handed to the little boy. Its reputation and immeasurable value had to have made it an easy sell. It didn't take long at all for it to change hands.

As he pondered this, a Mercedes S500 pulled up to him. The driver's door swung open, and Ivan stepped out of the

car.

He scanned his surroundings and reluctantly locked eyes with Felix.

"Felix Zeller! What are you doing here!"

As per Winston's instructions, Ivan was here to pick up someone dressed entirely in white. He looked all around, but Felix seemed to be the only person fitting the description.

Felix sized Ivan up, sighing internally about how interesting things were becoming. It was clear that he was here to pick someone up. He had to admit that he hadn't expected that the Miracle Card would end up in the hands of the Cameron family. What a twist of fate! "Motherfucker! I'm speaking to you!"

Having been ignored, Ivan wasn't pleased. He wouldn't get intimidated by Felix just because he beat him up.

Once he found the time for revenge, he was confident that there were at least a thousand ways he could get back at Felix. After all, such was the difference in their status. Felix couldn't possibly fight back.

"Did your family get a Miracle Card?"

Ivan froze on the spot.

He exclaimed, "How do you know about the Miracle Card?"

"Stop talking nonsense. I'm the person you need to pick up. Let's go."

Regardless of personal grudges, Felix knew he had to fulfill the commitment tied to the Miracle Cards. These were two separate issues altogether.

When Felix casually opened the car door and helped himself in, Ivan simply blew his top.

"Get out! What right do you have to sit in my car? I haven't even settled the score with you yet."

Without warning, Felix landed a slap right on his face.

"Watch your tongue. If I get out now, who are you going to bring home to your family?" he warned.

This smack brought Ivan back to his senses. However, instead of acting rashly driven by anger, he carefully scrutinized Felix.

"The miracle doctor. Are you the miracle doctor?"

"I'm not the miracle doctor, but if I can stand here, I can solve your family's problem. Let's go."

Ivan thought he was going nuts. It was an undeniable fact that Felix met all of Winston's criteria-he was at the right location in the right attire. Even if he wasn't the miracle doctor himself, he had to be an acquaintance. Heck, he might even possess extraordinary medical skills himself Good God! That could only mean that this fellow wasn't faking it before-it was all genuine.

At this thought, Ivan started trembling. His teeth chattered

"Felix Zeller, no, Felix, I apologize for my disrespectful behavior from before. You can do whatever you want to me, but please don't take it out on my mom. She desperately wants to be able to walk again."

Given the circumstances, Ivan couldn't afford to continue picking on Felix. In fact, he was overwrought about the impending treatment. Who could have guessed that he had offended such a powerful yet low-key figure?

"That's a different matter. Once I decide to help, I won't hold back. Come on. Let's go."

Ivan couldn't put a finger on his emotions at the moment. If things hadn't unfolded like that today, his plans for revenge further down the line would undoubtedly displease Felix. What would then happen to him? He didn't want to brood over the possibilities. "By the way, don't tell Sasha," Felix added.

If an opportunistic woman like Sasha found out, she was sure to start pestering him endlessly.

He could certainly ignore her and block her out, but it would be a tricky feat to explain things to Warren.

Reflecting on his own actions, Felix realized he needed to handle things better emotionally.

It was a good thing no one believed his previous attempt at flaunting his wealth. Nevertheless, he ought to be more cautious in the future. One silly mistake could snowball into a sticky situation.

"Yes, yes, Felix. Please rest assured. I promise I won't tell anyone."

Ivan wasn't stupid. He knew his place. Surely, there were reasons for Felix's actions. Who was he to interfere? Even if they couldn't be friends, he had to avoid making him an enemy.

If that idiot Sasha were to learn that she had a golden suitor right beside her, she would probably bawl her eyes

OUL

Would Felix marry Sasha? That sounded highly unlikely.

Despite being in the low rankings among the affluent families of Avesburgh, the Camerons still surpassed Warren's status. Even Ivan wouldn't marry Sasha-it was practically decided that she was unqualified. She was just someone he was fooling around with. "Did you say it was your mother who needed treatment?"

In truth, Felix couldn't give a flying fuck about Ivan. Now that the Miracle Card was involved, treating the patient. was paramount.

"Yes, Felix. My mom's legs were paralyzed four whole years ago. She didn't fall or injure herself. She just suddenly lost the ability to walk. We've even consulted overseas specialists all across the world, but no one could diagnose a cause. At this point, we're desperate." At this, Ivan grew emotional.

"Please, Felix, you must help my mom. It is her ultimate dream to be able to walk again."

Felix smiled

"Looks like your parents share quite a good relationship."

The Miracle Card was meant to save lives. Cheryl Lloyd was 't dying. She was only paralyzed. Using the card for this said a lot about her relationship with Winston.

Half an hour later, they arrived at the Cameron residence. Winston was on tenterhooks about his decision to allow Xena's presence. He was afraid that an outsider might upset the miracle doctor and shatter Cheryl's newfound hope.

Yet, he didn't have a choice. Xena's superiority meant they couldn't afford to turn her away. She was perfectly capable of ruining their lives and sending them back to square one. All with an effortless flick of her finger. Winston's phone buzzed with a message from Ivan.

He hurriedly turned to Xena, "Lady Summers, the miracle doctor is almost here."

Nodding, she stood up.

"I'll go out with you to welcome him."

In his eyes, her offer was only appropriate. Though Xena was the legendary goddess of war, she wouldn't dare act arrogantly before the miracle doctor. After all, who could guarantee they would never need medical help? What he didn't know, though, was that Xena herself was a bundle of nerves. She could lower herself and beg, the miracle doctor refused to help, her options would still be limited.

Ultimately, her status as a goddess of war meant nothing to the miracle doctor. She was no different than any other person. 1

Soon, the Mercedes arrived. Ivan speedily climbed out and opened the rear door.

Xena had been taking deep breaths to calm herself. When she saw the supposed miracle doctor, her expression froze.

""It's you!"