

The Rise of a Master: It Starts With Rejection

Chapter

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By the time Felix stepped out of his room, everyone was already gone. With his departure, his fellow apprentices likely wouldn't stay in Eden Village either.

Thinking about it made Felix fume. Three years ago, Gerald had brought him here and then disappeared without trace. It was utterly irresponsible of him. The sounds of knocking pulled Felix from his thoughts.

He looked up to see several unfamiliar faces standing at the courtyard gate. Even though the gate was open, they hadn't entered, showing some degree of politeness. Felix walked over and noticed a few Mercedes G-Wagons parked outside the clinic. Evidently, these were wealthy individuals.

"Excuse me. Is the miracle doctor here?" asked a middle-aged man with gold-rimmed glasses, looking very refined. His name was Vincent Kinsley.

"The miracle doctor left this place almost three years ago."

Vincent's face fell. The miracle doctor was a legend in Dragonia's medical world. He was their last hope, and now, he was gone.

Beside him, a striking woman in a black jumpsuit gritted her teeth and pulled out a black-and-white card, throwing it to the ground in frustration.

"Dad! I told you the Miracle Card is a scam, but you wouldn't listen!"

Miracle Card?

Felix crouched down and picked up the card without minding the dirt on it.

After examining it, he said, "This is indeed a Miracle Card. Who's sick?"

The so-called Miracle Card was issued by Gerald. There were only nine in existence, and whoever possessed one could request the miracle doctor's services. As Gerald's apprentice, Felix was well aware of this rule.

"Do you know where the miracle doctor is?"

Hope filled Vincent's eyes, and the woman looked over as well.

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debut since you have a Miracle Card, I can help you."

According to Gerald's instructions, Felix wasn't allowed to reveal their mentor apprentice relationship to outsiders. Hence, this was the best he could do.

"You? Dad, let's go. The greater the hope, the greater the disappointment."

The woman turned to leave, but Vincent grabbed her wrist

"Wendy, your grandfather's life is hanging by a thread. Since this young man says he can help, why not give it a try? He recognized the Miracle Card, which means he must be able to do something." Wendy Kinsley gazed at Felix with disdain.

"Seriously? You think he can save Grandpa? Dad, you must be crazy! He looks too young! Even if he started practicing medicine from a young age, what can he possibly do now?"

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Felix frowned. He was willing to help anyone who presented a Miracle Card, but Wendy's back-to-back mockery was starting to annoy him.

Still, he glanced at the ambulance behind the line of Mercedes G-Wagons.

"Your grandfather is probably in that ambulance, right? After sunset, he'll start coughing up blood every hour. His breathing will become labored, and it'll take about five minutes to stabilize. "After the third time, he'll even start coughing up black clots. This is my phone number. Call me when you change your mind."

Felix was willing to help, but he wasn't going to beg to do it.

Watching as Felix walked away, Wendy remained scornful. A country bumpkin with delusions of grandeur. He probably saw our luxury cars and thought he could squeeze some money out of us." Vincent sighed but didn't say anything more. He had taken Felix's phone number, holding on to it as a sliver of hope.

At that moment, Wendy's phone rang. Her eyes widened as she listened to the call intently. 1

"Dad! Let's hurry home. Hugo has managed to bring the master healer, Dr. Fielding, to Avesburgh!"

Vincent was astounded, thinking, "What? Dr. Fielding, one of the top ten healers in Dragonia? That's excellent news! Surely, Dad would have a chance now."

By late afternoon, Felix had arrived in Avesburgh, where Xena resided, and headed straight to the address stated on the marriage contract.

Despite feeling indifferent toward Xena, Felix knew he had to follow Gerald's instructions. Everything depended on Curtis' decision.

After slipping the security guards with a few bills, Felix smoothly entered Silverwood, one of Avesburgh's most luxurious residential areas. Interestingly, this neighborhood didn't exist when he left Avesburgh three years ago.

Arriving at Villa No. 8, he found the gate open, a sign of the owner's confidence in the security measures of this residential area.

He rang the doorbell, and soon, woman appeared.

She had an assertive demeanor, short hair, fair skin, and most strikingly, impeccable features that rivaled some of Felix's fellow apprentices. She was dressed in military attire, seemingly preparing to head out.

"Who are you?"

"Felix Zeller. You must be Xena."

Xena's expression shifted slightly, then she stepped aside. "Come in."

Once Felix was seated in the living room, Xena spoke up, "Tam Xena, alright. Haven't I made myself clear enough in the letter?"

Her expression remained stoic, occasionally betraying a hint of disdain in her eyes.

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"You have, but my mentor has repeatedly emphasized that only Mr. Summers Senior can speak on this matter. You don't have that authority."

Xena was genuinely stunned for a moment before laughing in disbelief.

"What did you say? I'm the foremost goddess of war in Dragoula, and you, a doctor from a small village, dare to say I lack authority? It seems you've been isolated from reality for too long. Felix could sense her air of superiority, but he remained unfazed. "Where's Mr. Summers Senior?"

Xena sat down as well, saying, "For Grandpa's sake, I'm showing you some respect by letting you inside. You should learn some humility.

"Our social standings are worlds apart, not just in this lifetime, but for generations to come,"

When Xena saw that Felix was unmoved by her words, her gaze turned colder. "From what it seems, you haven't torn up that marriage contract, have you?

Felix nodded. "As I said, the decision lies with Mr. Summers Senior."

The next second, Xena's right hand held a handgun, its dark muzzle aimed squarely at Felix's forehead.

"Did you think I was being kind? Either tear up the marriage contract now or die for offending a goddess of war. Choose."

Even though Felix had never had a gun pointed at him, he showed no fear. If he wanted, he could resolve the crisis in a blink of an eye.

"I don't care what you do. Your grandfather will be the only decision-maker."

"You!"

Xena glared at him, filled with anger and frustration. It was just a bluff. She wouldn't actually shoot him.

The day after her promotion, her parents had presented her with the marriage contract.

Proud and independent, Xena couldn't fathom letting others choose her future husband. Particularly, she couldn't accept someone like Felix—a seemingly ordinary man, even bordering on mediocrity. "Fine! You want to see Grandpa, right? Follow me.

They reached the top floor of the five-story villa, where Felix saw Curtis lying in the bedroom.

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"This is my grandfather. He fell into a coma a year ago and hasn't woken up since. I even sought the master healer, Dr. Fielding, but he couldn't help.

"So, you won't be able to get anything from him. I'm offering you one last shred of dignity. Destroy the marriage contract, and I'll do you a favor when you're in need."

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