

The Rise of a Master: It Starts With Rejection

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"Please, Dr. Fielding! Save my father. I'll give anything!" Vincent pleaded desperately.

Bernard's life was crucial for the family, and as his son, Vincent was willing to do whatever it took.

Xander sighed. "Your father will not make it through the night. But since I'm here, you have another option. I can extend his life by a month. Decide quickly."

Before Vincent could respond, Bernard croaked out with great struggle, "D-Do it."

Vincent quickly agreed. Prolonging Bernard's life for a month was better than losing him now.

Meanwhile, Wendy had slipped out of the room, looking visibly torn as she held her phone. She remembered the phone number Felix had given them earlier that day due to her sharp memory. "Grandpa, I'll do anything for you," she murmured, her face set with determination.

At a certain residential area in Avesburgh, Felix stood in front of a three-story villa, feeling a mix of emotions. It had been three years since he last saw Warren Quinton.

Warren had been his father, Matthew Zeller's, best friend since childhood, and they shared a bond closer than that of blood brothers.

Just as Felix was about to ring the doorbell, he received a phone call from an unknown number.

"Hello?"

"This is Wendy, who brought over the Miracle Card earlier today. First, I want to apologize. Can you please come to check on my grandfather? He's coughing up blood like you predicted." Felix couldn't help but smirk. Some people just needed to learn the hard way.

"Alright, Send a car to pick me up. I'm at Villa No. 6 in Azure Residences."

"Okay. By the way, we have a master healer here who claims he can extend my grandfather's life by a month."

Felix replied casually, "Tell him to leave. Doing so will only make your grandfather beyond saving"

As soon as he hung up, a voice called out, "Felix?"

Looking up, Felix saw a middle-aged man in the yard, staring at him in disbelief.

"Uncle Warren, it's been three years. You look even younger than when I last saw you.

Warren's eyes instantly filled with tears. He couldn't believe it was his best friend's son standing before him. Thank God! My prayers have been answered!"

He rushed out and hugged Felix tightly, tears streaming down his face.

After a brief but heartfelt reunion, they went inside the villa.

"Nattie! Sasha! Look who's here!"

In the living room, a woman was lounging on the couch while watching TV, her legs extended in full view.

"Ah! Pervert, what are you looking at?" she screamed when she locked eyes with Felix. Upon realizing he was a stranger, she bolted upstairs.

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"Warren, really? Sasha was practically naked. You should've told us someone is coming! Who is he anyway?"

Felix immediately recognized the two women. One of them was Warren's wife, Nattie Wood, and the other was their beloved daughter, Sasha Quinton. 1

"Nonsense! She's not naked. And even if she were, so what? Felix isn't a stranger."

Nattie scrutinized Felix, and then it clicked. "Felix Zeller?"

Her expression unexpectedly became bitter as she said, "What? Are you back to freeload off us?"

Felix understood her implication. After his parents passed away, he lost interest in managing the family business, which was subsequently taken over by his relatives. Later, he met Gerald and decided to give the millions of dollars left by his parents to Warren for safekeeping. But little did Nattie know that Felix no longer cared about money. "Shut it! Prepare some food. Now that Felix is finally back, we're going to have a drink. Stop spouting nonsense if you don't want me to get pissed."

Sensing Warren's rising anger, Nattie reluctantly went to the kitchen.

As Warren led Felix to the dining table, he beamed with joy,

"I'm so glad you're back. If it weren't for your financial support, my company wouldn't be where it is today. You basically own half of the company. "Also, I once made a promise with your father to arrange a marriage between you and Sasha. It's about time we start planning your wedding Before Felix could refuse, Sasha, now dressed properly, reappeared.

"No way! Dad, you want me to marry him? Absolutely not!!

Sasha was undeniably beautiful, but the disgust on her face was off-putting.

"Do you think you get to decide?" Warren bellowed,

Sasha was near tears. "I won't marry him! You said he spent the last three years working as a doctor in a small clinic in some village. How could he be good enough for me?

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"So what if he gave us millions of dollars before? The money would be long gone by now if he had kept it. Anyway, can't we just repay him the money?"

When Warren stood up, Nattie quickly intervened, holding him back as she placed a plate of food on the table." Warren, calm down. This is all so sudden. Sasha needs time to process it. We should let them get to know each other first." Felix spoke up as well, "Uncle Warren, Aunt Nattie is right Marriage is a lifelong commitment, for each other should be mutual."

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He knew Warren well-he was straightforward and valued loyalty. He rarely went back on his word. So, this way, they could ease the tension and find a reason later to call the marriage off.

Nattie gave Sasha a look, and the latter relaxed a bit. "Dad, I'm sorry. It was just too sudden."

As expected, Warren visibly calmed down. "Alright. You have three months. Then, you two will marry."

Food was served, and Nattie smiled warmly. "Make yourself at home, Felix. You're like family." Chapter 41

Sasha sneered. "Mom, he came empty-handed."

Felix ignored the two of them. He had only come to see Warren after all. He had known for years that Nattie and Sasha were extremely opportunistic.

"Uncle Warren, here's to you." Felix raised his glass, cutting off Warren's impending outburst.

"Felix, tell me. What have you been up to? Three years ago you said you were going to work at a clinic in a village, then changed your number. Do you know how worried I was? "Matt is gone, but I treat you like a son. Just let me know if you have any difficulties."

Despite Warren's company growing bigger over the past three years, he remained humble, which was Felix's only solace.

"Warren, you're overthinking it. Felix is capable and doesn't need our help," Nattie interjected, her tone implying that she didn't want Felix to freeload off them.

If he were to insist, they would repay the million dollars he had given them, without interest, of course.

"Exactly, Dad Felix is outstanding. He doesn't need us," Sasha added.

Felix was about to say something when the housekeeper, Brenda Criss, entered. "Mr. Quinton, there's a Rolls-Royce Phantom parked outside. They say they're waiting for Mr. Zeller." A Rolls-Royce Phantom was a rare sight in Avesburgh.

Felix replied, "They're here to pick me up."