

Chapter 12

The hostile blond guy was none other than Christina's good-for-nothing brother, Leroy Stevens.

"Couldn't win fair and square, so you're resorting to threats?" Andrew's expression remained blank, completely unfazed by the knife in Leroy's hand.

Irene snarled, "Andrew, don't forget, you're nothing without Christie. She gave you everything for three years. How dare you do this to her!"

Andrew laughed at their audacity, his tone full of mockery. "You should be asking what I gave her during those three years, not the other way around."

"Bullshit!" Irene exploded. "You've been mooching off Christie. What could you possibly have given her? You've got nothing to your name, you shameless parasite!"

Andrew scoffed, "Is that so? If I recall correctly, I negotiated several key contracts for Stevens Corporation. And wasn't I the one who bailed your deadbeat son out of jail? Your family seems to have lost all sense of decency."

Irene, flushed with anger and embarrassment, "You ungrateful bastard! Back then, you were with Christie. It was just a small favor, and you think doing a few errands makes you special?"

Leroy cut in impatiently, "Mom, stop wasting breath him. Let me teach him a lesson!" Then, he raised the knife threateningly. "I'll give you one last chance. Are you handing over that property or not?"

Andrew replied coldly, "The property's no longer in my possession. I'm

sorry, but I can't hand over what I don't have."

Leroy's face contorted with rage, veins bulging on his forehead. 1

Yet, before he could act, Andrew continued, "Besides, even if I did have it, why would I give it to you with this attitude? If you're here to ask for a favor, show some respect. If you're here to play tough guy, sorry, I'm not interested in your games."

With that, Andrew turned to leave, not sparing a glance at Leroy.

Leroy's eyes were bloodshot as he screamed, "You bastard! Take one more step, I dare you! You're not leaving until you sort this out!"

Irene sneered, hands on her hips, "Andrew, you'd better cooperate. You know Leroy's temper. Who knows what might happen if you upset him?" 1

Andrew's lip curled in disdain. "Oh really? I'd like to see him try."

Without Christina's influence, Leroy was less than an insect in Andrew's eyes. 1

"You asked for it!" Leroy was furious as he swung the knife at Andrew. 1

With Christina as his sister, Leroy was used to throwing his weight around both at home and in public. No one dared to defy him. Meanwhile, Irene had not expected Leroy to actually attack.

She cried out in panic, "Leroy, stop! You'll kill him!"

Nonetheless, it was too late. Leroy snarled, "I'm going to make him bleed today. Not even God himself could stop me."

Andrew swiftly dodged the knife, causing Leroy to miss his aim.

Andrew's eyes turned ice-cold. "You're worse than an animal. Since Christina can't keep you in line, I'll teach you some manners in her stead!"

Immediately after, he slapped Leroy so hard that it sent Leroy spinning, his head ringing. However, Andrew was not done. He continued to slap Leroy's face several times, followed by a powerful kick to the stomach.

Leroy let out a pitiful wail, violently expelling the contents of his stomach. Irene stood frozen in shock. Seeing Leroy on the ground, his face swollen and barely recognizable, she quickly snapped out of it and rushed to his side. 1

"Leroy! Leroy, are you okay? Doctor! We need a doctor here!" she screamed.

Andrew's voice was cold as he replied, "I'm sorry, but our hospital doesn't treat trash like him."

It was then that Irene remembered Andrew was a doctor himself. She glared at him venomously. "Andrew, you bastard, you'll pay for this! Leroy is Christie's brother. She'll make you answer for this!"

Crying and yelling, Irene helped Leroy up and hurried off to find another hospital.

Andrew's face remained expressionless as he entered Jayrodale General Hospital. He had actually held back. Otherwise, Leroy would not just have a swollen face—he would have been dead. 1

Before he reached his department, Lauren texted him.

[Dr. Lloyd, care to join me for dinner tonight?]

Andrew did not want to get too entangled with Lauren and simply replied, [Sorry, Ms. Rhodes. I'm busy tonight.]

Lauren sent back a devious emoji and texted, [But I've got some info on what you're looking for, Dr. Lloyd. Are you sure you're still busy?] 1

Andrew sighed. [Fine, I'll stop by tonight.]

Meanwhile, at the Rhodes family mansion, Lauren lounged in a revealing nightgown that left little to the imagination. Putting down her phone, she laughed mischievously. "Oh, you sweet thing. You won't escape my grasp that easily!" 1

After changing into his white coat, Andrew arrived at his office right on time. As he was about to open the door, he heard a woman's desperate plea from inside.

"Dr. Philip, please don't do this! I - I have a boyfriend!" Andrew recognized the panicked voice as Nyla Goth, a pretty nurse at the hospital.

"Like I give a damn about your boyfriend. Be a good girl and use that mouth, or I'll have you fired with one word."

"Dr. Philip, we're at work! How can you ask such a thing? What if —"

"What if someone sees? Do you think I'm scared? My dad's the deputy chief here. The Hackett family runs this place. Now get on with it." 1

Nyla began to sob. "Dr. Philip, I've always respected you like an older brother. Why are you doing this to me? Please don't do this!" 1

"You little slut, playing hard to get? If you really respect me, satisfy my needs. Make me happy, and I'll get my dad to promote you to head nurse."
"

"No, I can't..."

A loud slap echoed, followed by Nyla's cries.

Andrew's face turned grim, and he burst through the door. Inside, he found Philip with his pants around his knees, eyeing the tearful Nyla with a sleazy gaze.

Nyla's sweet face, usually adorned with dimples when she smiled, was streaked with tears. Seeing Andrew, she ran behind him. "Dr. Lloyd, please help me!" 2

Andrew's face was cold as ice as he addressed Philip. "Pull up your pants, now!"

Philip sneered, unashamed. "Make me. What are you going to do about it? Honestly, Andrew, I've been sick of you for a long time. Sure, you're a hotshot doctor and Lauren's pet. But at the end of the day, you're still a loser who relies on women." 2

"Without Christina or Lauren, you're nothing. I dare you to lay a finger on me!" 1

Philip's pants were still down as he glared at Andrew smugly.

"Alright," Andrew replied coldly. "If you won't pull them up, you won't need them anymore." 1

In a flash, Andrew kicked at Philip's groin. There was a sickening crunch that could make anyone's skin crawl. Philip immediately let out an agonized scream, his face turning an ugly shade of purple. 1

He collapsed to the ground, clutching himself in agony, his body convulsing as he foamed at the mouth.



The nurse gasped in horror. "Dr. Lloyd, did you just... crush his..." 1



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