

Chapter 3

Meanwhile, Andrew had already settled into a Rolls-Royce, heading toward Jayrodale General Hospital. His phone rang, and to his surprise, it was Christina calling. Since their relationship was over, Andrew saw no reason to answer.

Yet, the phone kept ringing, seemingly urgent. Frowning, Andrew finally decided to pick up.

"Andrew, listen to me. Turn yourself in immediately!" Christina's voice blared through the speaker, catching Andrew off guard.

"That King of Diamonds is worth 7.5 million dollars, Andrew. Have you lost your mind? I know you did this to make me happy, but have you considered the legal consequences? Turn yourself in now, while there's still time. Don't worry, with Stevens Corporation's influence in Jayrodale, I'll do my best to keep you out of jail!" Christina's voice was filled with righteous indignation, feeling disappointed in Andrew.

Andrew finally understood—she thought he had stolen the King of Diamonds. "You've got it wrong. I didn't steal it," he said simply, not wanting to explain further.

Christina's anger flared. "Andrew, are you still trying to deny it? Shawn and the Stevens Corporation employees told me everything."

Her accusatory tone left Andrew feeling cold. "Christina, is that really what you think of me? You trust someone like Shawn over me?"

Christina hesitated, her voice softening slightly. "I'm sorry if I've hurt your pride, Andrew. But this is serious. The owner of Radiant Jewelers is someone even I'm wary of. Don't you understand? I can't protect you from this!"

Andrew could not help but scoff at her misplaced confidence. He replied in an icy tone, "Even now, you still believe that I stole it. Fine, if that's what you want to think, go ahead. You can call the police or tip them off. I'm not afraid."

"Andrew, why are you being so—" Christina's words were cut off as Andrew ended the call.

Christina stared at her phone in disbelief, her lips parted in shock. The old Andrew would never have hung up on her like that. Moreover, he had rejected her well-intentioned advice.

"Andrew, I never realized you could be so stubborn and ungrateful," she muttered. "I guess I was foolish to care. Our relationship is over anyway, so do whatever you want. I won't bother anymore."

As she spoke these words, Christina felt relieved that calling off the wedding had revealed Andrew's true nature to her.

"I told you, Christina. Andrew's nothing but a thief," Shawn chimed in, his voice dripping with disdain. "It's a good thing your relationship is over. Who knows how he might have dragged you down?"

Christina felt irritated. Although she could usually maintain her composure, Andrew's behavior truly disappointed her. Trying to change the subject, she asked, "Shawn, what brings you to Stevens Corporation today?"

Shawn winced as he spoke, his swollen face causing pain with every word. "Christina, don't you remember? Tonight's the fundraiser for the South City Orphanage. Many powerful players in Jayrodale have their eyes on that property. We need to be prepared!"

At the mention of business, Christina snapped back into her role as the sharp CEO. "You're right. The South City Orphanage property is incredibly valuable. We must secure it."

Shawn saw an opportunity and seized it. "I knew you wouldn't let this chance slip by. My family is ready to support Stevens Corporation fully. With our forces combined, it's practically a done deal."

Christina's face lit up with a smile. "Thank you, Shawn. That's very kind. Of course, we'll be sure to return the favor to your family in the future."

Encouraged by her positive response, Shawn beamed. "Oh, Christina, I brought you some flowers—blue roses, your favorite. They're as beautiful as you are!"

As he said this, Shawn reached for the carefully prepared bouquet, only to find it crushed and stained with his own blood from the fight with Andrew. His face fell in embarrassment.

Irene, ever the stuck-up, quickly interjected, "Oh, it's no big deal! It's just a few petals. If Christina doesn't want them, I'll take them. It's been ages since anyone gave me flowers!"

Shawn's face twitched as he silently cursed Andrew, vowing revenge.

Meanwhile, at the entrance of Jayrodale General Hospital, a Rolls-Royce came to a stop. The driver, Marvin Yates, turned to Andrew with a respectful tone.

"Mr. Lloyd, should I take care of this? Say the word, and I can make Stevens Corporation go bankrupt overnight. They'd vanish from Jayrodale without a trace. They're nothing but worthless scumbags."

Andrew, seated in the back, calmly replied, "My relationship with Christina may be over, but I'm not the type to seek petty revenge. That's beneath us, Marvin."

He continued, "By the way, Marvin, you're Jayrodale's wealthiest man now. Try to shake off some of those rough edges from your street days. You don't need to curse all the time."

Marvin grinned sheepishly. "You're right, Mr. Lloyd. I'll try to be more sophisticated. But reaching your level of class? That's going to be tough!"

Andrew shook his head, feeling helpless with Marvin's antics. Then, he quickly made his way into Jayrodale General Hospital after Marvin opened the car door for him. He was currently a doctor at this hospital.

While he moved swiftly, the people passing the hospital entrance were dumbfounded by what they saw.

"Wait, look at that guy getting out of that car. Isn't that Marvin Yates, the richest man in Jayrodale?"

"Holy cow, the wealthiest guy in town is playing chauffeur? Who's that young man?"

"You know, he looks familiar. Isn't that Dr. Lloyd from Jayrodale General?"

"Get real! A mere hospital doctor wouldn't have Marvin opening doors for him. Must be some big shot's son we don't know about."

"You're right. Since Marvin has the say in Jayrodale, it must be someone really powerful and not from around here."

As Andrew changed into his white coat, his colleague Philip Hackett approached him with a smirk.

"Well, well, Andrew. Word on the street is that Christina dumped you," he said, his tone laced with mockery.

Andrew frowned, wondering how news of his breakup had spread so quickly.

Philip, noticing Andrew's reaction, continued with increased glee. "Oh, you haven't heard? Stevens Corporation just dropped a bombshell, announcing her union with Harvey. They're practically telling the world that you've been kicked to the curb, Dr. Lloyd. No offense, I'm just calling it like I see it!"

Andrew regarded Philip indifferently. "I appreciate the straightforwardness. So let me be clear: if you're done talking, would you kindly get lost?"

Philip's face darkened. "Listen here, Andrew. When you were with Christina, no one dared to go against you. But Christina's protection isn't going to save you anymore. Without her backing, you're nothing in this hospital. You get that, right?"

Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Is that what this is about, Philip? Aren't you just jealous?"

Philip's face flushed red, caught off guard by Andrew's bluntness. Indeed, he had always been envious. He could not understand what Christina saw in this pretty boy who always acted so high and mighty.

Suddenly, a commotion in the hallway interrupted their confrontation. A group of men in black suits rushed in as they shouted one after another.

"Excuse us, coming through!"

"We need the best doctor in this hospital. Ms. Rhodes is requesting for immediate assistance!"