



Chapter 1161

Dylan and Natasha arrived in Blumedale the same night Andrew's orders were sent back to Jayrodale. They were accompanied by none other than the semi-martial king himself—Reuben. 1

"Mr. Lloyd, that opportunity you mentioned... the one that could set me free—what is it exactly?" Reuben asked eagerly the moment he saw Andrew.

Andrew waved his hand and said, "No rush. I haven't figured it out yet, but it won't be long."

Reuben held back his excitement and simply nodded, saying nothing more. The more time he spent around Andrew, the more he realized just how unfathomable this man truly was.

Back when he followed Elon to storm Jayrodale, he had been taught a brutal lesson. Now, there was not a shred of resentment left in him—only fear and awe.

After all, a man who dared to kill a direct descendant of the Haywoods would have no problem ending him with a snap of his fingers.

Reuben had only martial skills but no powerful family backing him—if Andrew ever wanted him dead, he would not last a second.

Once Reuben left, Natasha instantly leaned in close to Andrew, her breath warm and teasing. She purred, "Miss me while you were in Blumedale, darling?"

Her eyes were sultry, filled with mischief and longing.

Clearly, she had dressed up just for this visit—her low-cut, form-fitting dress hugged her waist tightly, and flared out provocatively at the hips, drawing out every dangerous curve.



Ever the tactful one, Dylan cleared his throat and wandered off to check out the rest of Serenity Villa. After all, Andrew and his flirty subordinate had not seen each other in nearly ten days. 1

He thought that even if Andrew had the discipline to stay cool under pressure, it would not mean Natasha could control herself.

Some good old-fashioned tension and passion seemed inevitable.

However, Andrew did not have the time or the mood for anything too intimate right now. He gently pushed her head away and said seriously, 'Natasha, calm down. Let's talk business first.'

Natasha pouted, clearly not happy. "I know business matters more, but do you have any idea how much I missed you these past few days?" 1

Seeing her all moody and clingy made Andrew chuckle helplessly. "Alright, alright. I missed you guys too."

Natasha beamed. "Missing me's not enough though. Let me kiss you, and then we can talk business, deal?"

Andrew sighed. "Fine, go ahead."

Natasha rose slightly on her toes and, catching him completely off guard, gave him a kiss right on the lips.

Andrew's expression darkened a little, and he thought the seductive little widow was getting bolder by the day. He had assumed she would go for a quick peck on the cheek, not a full-on kiss.

"Darling, the kiss is already done. Dylan was nice enough to give us space. So, what do you say? Do you want to spend the night with me?"

She giggled flirtatiously, covering her mouth as she hinted shamelessly.

Before Andrew could respond, the door to the next room swung open. Aspen stepped out, face frosty as ever.



"Madam Vostokoff, long time no see," she said coldly.

Natasha blinked in surprise. "Long time no see indeed!"

Then, she turned to Andrew, a puzzled look on her face.

"You two are staying in rooms right next to each other?"

Aspen's cheeks flushed slightly, but she scoffed. "That's something you should ask a certain pervy boss!"

Natasha giggled. She looked at Andrew and teased, "Darling, did you already have your way with this pretty thing?"

Aspen's face turned even redder, now tinged with embarrassment and annoyance.

Andrew stayed calm. "It's not what you're imagining. I stayed next door to protect her, that's all. But now that you're both here, it's no longer necessary."

Natasha gave Aspen a slow once-over, then nodded in approval. "Gorgeous face and killer figure... It's no wonder men can't help but drool."



Comments



Support



Chapter 1152

Natasha joked, "Aspen, of all times, you could've walked out, you just had to pick the moment I was getting cozy with my darling. You're not jealous, are you? Trying to ruin the mood on purpose?"

Aspen let out a cold laugh. "Madam Vostokoff, you're overthinking it. If you two want to flirt or even start going at it right here, it has nothing to do with me. If you think I was interrupting, then I apologize. I'll leave right now so you two can carry on."

Natasha chuckled. "Come on now, Snow Queen, we're all on the same side here. I was just teasing. Don't take it to heart."

The icy look on Aspen's face finally faded a little. "I'm heading out. A small firm is requesting investment from Supreme Capital Group, so I'm going to check them out and see if they're worth our time."

She threw that out to Andrew with zero warmth, then strutted off, her hips swaying confidently as she left Serenity Villa.

Andrew immediately instructed Dylan's crew to follow and keep her safe.

Natasha scoffed. "Aspen is still the same—always full of her little schemes. She totally couldn't stand seeing me getting affectionate with you, so she came out just to interrupt us. But of course, she won't admit it."

Andrew shook his head. "She already said it—you're reading too much into it."

Natasha smirked. "We're both women. I know exactly what's going through her head. Darling, trust me, Aspen's definitely developed feelings for you. How ironic. A servant falling in love with her boss." 1

She giggled, leaning in closer. "You know what a girl like Aspen, with that twisted obsession for power, can give you?"



Before Andrew could respond, she went on with a wicked grin. "It means the more you dominate her, the more you control and humiliate her... the more she'll crave you. Honestly, she's probably dying to have you ravage her every night right now.

"And if you threw in some leather straps, a little spanking, maybe made her cry a little... this girl would probably get addicted to it."

Andrew finally cut her off. "Alright, alright! That's enough. Let's talk business now."

This seductive widow was so experienced that even he had to admit defeat when it came to the way she talked. 1

He said, "Dylan and your people need to be fully mobilized. Serenity Villa has to be guarded around the clock. Anytime Aspen leaves the house, you or Dylan must be with her—no exceptions."

Andrew laid out the plan in a crisp, no-nonsense tone.

Natasha nodded, her voice turning serious. "Don't worry. Now that you've clashed with the Haywoods, we've got no more room for hesitation. It's either them or us; when it comes down to it, we'll let our fists do the talking.

"Besides, with your enhancers and Reuben's training, the team we brought is top-tier. Keeping Serenity Villa safe is well within our power. Unless one of the Five Apex Families sends in their full-blown family security force, no one's getting close to you or Aspen."

Andrew said calmly, "It's not that extreme. The Five Apex Families aren't as invincible as everyone makes them out to be. Also, Reuben will be stationed here full-time. If someone serious shows up, he'll take care of it."

The Sovereign Residences already had world-class security in place. Still, Andrew had to stay on guard—after all, some people would do absolutely



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Chapter 1153

It turned out, Andrew's caution was more than justified. That very night, three separate groups of infiltrators attempted to breach The Sovereign Residences.

Two of those groups were quickly detected and driven out by the estate's elite security team. However, the last group was on a whole different level—professionals who bypassed surveillance and snuck past the guards, heading straight into Serenity Villa.

What they did not expect, though, was that Andrew had already set a trap and was waiting for them to take the bait.

With Natasha leading her squad and Reuben providing the knockout blow, it did not take much effort before the entire crew of a dozen-plus assassins was taken down.

Fighting for his freedom, Reuben had zero mercy—he snapped a few necks with his bare hands. In the end, only three assassins survived, trembling in fear, eyes wide with horror.

"Mr. Lloyd, please! Don't kill us!" the leader begged, a senior grandmaster drenched in cold sweat as he knelt on the floor.

"We were just following orders! We didn't have a choice!"

Andrew sat back in a chair Natasha had brought over, his tone cool and detached. "Who sent you?"

The three looked at one another but stayed silent, gritting their teeth.

Andrew did not even need to signal. Reuben, expressionless, casually twisted one of their necks and let the body drop. The remaining two



completely lost it, collapsing to their knees, voices trembling.

"We'll talk! Please, Mr. Lloyd, don't kill us! It was... it was Elon, the eldest son of the Goldings! He's the one who hired us!"

Andrew spoke slowly. "The Goldings issued a 300 million bounty for my head, and none of you ever stopped to wonder why I'm still alive?"

The two exchanged a quick glance. This time, sweat rolled off their foreheads like rain.

One replied, "We did wonder, but we assumed it was because you had a powerful protector by your side! If we'd known someone like that was guarding you, we wouldn't have come, not even for a fortune!"

Andrew nodded slightly. "At least the two of you have some sense. You're not completely useless."

Their eyes lit up with hope. "Then, Mr. Lloyd... would you consider sparing us? If you let us live, we'll become your blade! Whoever you want taken out—we'll handle it!"

Andrew gave a faint smile. "No thanks. I don't work with trash."

Their faces froze instantly. Before they could beg again, Natasha and Reuben struck simultaneously, killing them on the spot.

"Toss the bodies out. Let the Goldings and those desperate mercs take a good look at what happens when you come for us," Andrew ordered coldly.

Not long after, the corpses of over a dozen assassins were found dumped in one of Blumedale's sewage canals. But before they could even catch their breath, another group showed up at Serenity Villa.



Same story—Reuben, Natasha, and the elite squad from Jayrodale took them all down in one swift move.

"You think having a hidden trump card makes you invincible?" barked the leader of this new crew.

"I'll have you know, we were sent by Mr. Xavier of the Haywoods! If you dare lay a hand on us, he'll hunt you down himself!"

His accent was thick, not quite fluent in Holtrien-standard dialect, but the threat was unmistakable.

Andrew yanked off the man's mask and saw exactly what he expected—a foreign mercenary. These guys were infamous for being cold-blooded killers who followed money, not morals.

And Xavier, the Haywoods' eldest heir, had ties to the military, so it was no surprise he could hire brutes like these.

"I already killed that idiotic Seth, the third son of the Haywoods. You think I'd hesitate with you bottom-feeders?" Andrew sneered, then casually backhanded the mercenary leader.

That one slap—just a slap—was enough to crush the nearly 250-pound, six-foot-six merc into the ground. His eyes bulged out as he died on the spot, skull cracked, with no chance to even groan.

Watching this, Reuben's eyelids twitched hard. He thought this devil's strength was terrifyingly hidden—he looked calm, even lazy, yet that single slap killed a battle-hardened killer.

Even he, a semi-martial king, could not have pulled that off. That comparison made one thing crystal clear—Andrew's power was on another level entirely.