

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew) Chapter 1155

---- Chapter 1155 News of the bodies floating in Blumedale's reeking drainage canal reached both the Goldings and the Haywoods within hours.

"The first few were just appetizers.

If they die, so be itcannon fodder at best," Elon said coldly.

"Andrew, you might have some skills, but you haven't seen my real trump card yet." Elon's pudgy face darkened with a sinister grin.

He had not expected those initial meres to succeed anywaythey were nothing but disposable thugs, and their deaths did not faze him one bit.

Standing at the edge of the Goldings' main hall, he clapped his hands slowly.

A thin, shadowy figure emerged, walking in with a dry, grating laugh.

"Mr.

Golding, I knew you'd eventually call me in," the man rasped.

Elon spoke evenly.

"300 million dollars from the Goldings, plus another 100 million from Dr.

Lake.

That's 400 million in total, Mr.

Black Wolf.

Same deal as alwaysthe second Andrew's head hits the floor, the money hits your account." The shadowed figure stood in the backlight, face obscured by darkness.

He chuckled again, the sound rough and unpleasant.

---- "No worries.

I've done dirty work for elite families like yours more times than I can count here in Blumedale.

Now that I'm involved, Andrew won't live to see another sunrise." With that, he turned and walked off into the night.

Elon never saw the man's face.

Just then, Richard, head of the Goldings, stepped out from the inner chamber and moved to stand beside his son.

Elon immediately stood up from the central seat and greeted him respectfully.

"Father, I didn't expect you to come." Richard waved him off.

"That seat will be yours one day, so no need to move.

You've done well, Elon.

Bringing Black Wolf in means you put in the work." Elon did not look too happy.

"Black Wolf is in the same league as Phantom Eye and the othersmaybe even more dangerous when it comes to assassinations, but the guy is insanely greedy.

"He wants the full 400 million for himselfthree from us, and one from Dr.

Lake.

Father, it feels like a rip-off." Richard gave a knowing chuckle.

"You're still young, Elon.

Sometimes, money isn't something you need to clutch so tightly.

"Sure, four hundred million is a loteven for us.

It's a massive expense, but remember this: as long as the job gets done, spending more is never a problem.

Taking down Andrew will restore the ---- Goldings' reputation, and our reputation is everything.

Got it?" Elon lowered his head.

"Your words are wise, Father.

I understand now.

If we went as far as hiring Black Wolf and burned through three hundred million, then that Andrew...

well, even his death will be considered a high honor." Richard scoffed.

"That little bastard is one of the most deceitful snakes I've ever seen.

He waltzed into Blumedale and made a fool out of me! What's worse is that he humiliated you too.

That insult cannot stand!" Elon's face twitched.

"Father, t-the thing with me eating crap, that's all in the past! The entire Goldings clan agreed to keep that buried.

No one's supposed to talk about it anymore!" Richard froze for a second, then nodded solemnly.

"You're right.

That incident is behind us.

No one should bring it up again."

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