

The Ashes 1595

Chapter 1595

Just like that, it was already after work hours, and the streets were packed with heavy traffic.

Andrew drove toward the office building of Gabo Creek's Chamber of Commerce.

Rachel had been harassing him several times already, saying that if Andrew, as chairman, did not show up soon, there would be complete chaos within Gabo Creek's Chamber of Commerce.

Andrew himself felt somewhat guilty too. He had promised George to take over this chairman position, but he had not managed things for even a single day. The only time he did anything was when he beat the crap out of Duncan, one of the important big shots within the chamber.

Looking back, even Andrew had to admit he was absolutely unqualified.

Suddenly, a loud crash sounded, and Andrew saw his car's front end get completely smashed in.

Someone had cut him off. They had tried to cut him off several times, and Andrew had avoided them each time with his superior driving skills. Finally, the other party lost patience and performed a direct side-swipe from the left lane, crashing into him and forcing him to stop.

This car belonged to Lauren's family. While it wasn't some luxury vehicle, just a Mazda, Andrew was genuinely pissed off. He kicked open the car door, stepped out, and looked coldly at the culprit.

The vehicle that had cut him off was a black Hummer, and the car door had a military insignia.

The accident forced the surrounding traffic to slow down considerably. Quite a few of Blumedale's rich kids, playboys, and socialites were driving their fancy cars and originally wanted to start cursing.

However, as soon as they saw the insignia on the black Hummer's door, they quickly shut their mouths.

At the same time, they glanced at Andrew's little beat-up car and Andrew himself, the owner of this little wreck, barely stifling a laugh.

After all, what kind of idiot would go head-to-head with a military vehicle?

Even if it was clearly the Hummer's fault for cutting lanes, who the hell did this nobody think he was, messing with someone from the armed forces?

Everyone around figured Andrew was screwed, but the next second, everyone around widened their eyes in complete disbelief.

They clearly saw the owner of the little beat-up car walk over and punch the military vehicle's side mirror to pieces with one blow. Then, he yanked the door open and barked, "Get out. You're paying for the damage!"

Inside the black Hummer sat two women.

The one behind the wheel looked like she wanted to rip Andrew's face off, but the woman in the back seat, dressed in formal uniform and polished knee-high military boots, was the picture of calm.

"Don't worry, I'll compensate you for your car at full value. But before that, get in. I have something to discuss with you!" Her tone brooked no argument and carried the weight of a direct command.

When Andrew opened the car door and saw these two people, he immediately cursed his bad luck. Still, without hesitation, he climbed into the Hummer and slammed the door shut behind him.

"Ms. Phelan, can we cut to the chase? Just say what you need to say. I'm extremely busy and don't have time to deal with you right now."

Yes, the woman who had cut him off was none other than the long-absent pride of the Phelan family—Luna, the ice queen of Holtrien's military and a Major General to boot.

At the wheel was her aide, Leslie, someone Andrew had crossed paths with once before.

Leslie said coldly, "Andrew, watch your tone. You're not talking to some civilian. That's a general of the Holtrien Armed Forces sitting beside you."

Andrew snorted. "And what, being a general gives you the right to run people off the road and destroy private property?"

Leslie's face twisted with fury, but before she could speak again, Luna lifted a hand.

"Enough. Let it go." Her eyes flicked toward Andrew, and a faint smile tugged at her lips. "To be honest, I'm

surprised. I thought you'd be

crushed by now in Blumedale. Instead, you've only climbed higher."

Andrew's expression didn't change. "Guess I'm just lucky. Dumb luck, really."

Luna frowned slightly. "Andrew, I don't appreciate the way you speak to me."

Andrew let out a soft laugh. "What do you expect? That I fawn over you? Flash a fake smile and kiss up like some bootlicker?"

Luna shook her head slowly. "Most

people bore me. I find no value in false flattery or weak attempts to gain favor. But you, Andrew, you're not ordinary. That much is clear. And yet you still insist on playing aloof, acting indifferent, brushing me off. Don't you think that's childish?"

Andrew rubbed his temples and exhaled. "Have you ever considered that maybe I really just don't like you? That maybe I'm not faking my coldness or irritation-that maybe it's just completely, genuinely real?"

Luna fell silent. Her flawless face darkened slightly as a subtle anger slowly crept into her eyes.