

The Ashes 1596

Chapter 1596

Leslie let out a cold laugh. "You're just being stubborn! Andrew, no man has ever been able to ignore Ms. Phelan. Because in this world, whether men or women, everyone pales in comparison to Ms. Phelan's brilliance. You dare deny that?"

A mocking smile appeared on Andrew's face. "I'm not denying anything. Ms. Phelan really is a one-of-a-kind beauty-flawless, even. But pride is the deadliest of the seven sins. I just hope Ms. Phelan doesn't fall too deep into her own reflection."

Luna's tone was cool and calm. "There is one thing I lack compared to you."

That actually caught Andrew off guard. He had not expected her to admit to any shortcomings.

"Oh? And what might that be, Ms. Phelan?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

Luna replied, "Alchemy."

Before he could respond, she continued flatly, "I only came to see you for one reason—I need you to teach me alchemy. I saw your performance at the Grand Medical Summit—it was, frankly, flawless. Andrew, you have what it takes to be my instructor."

Andrew listened through her pitch and then responded dryly, "So what now? Should I be honored, or should I be overwhelmed with gratitude?"

Luna's voice was frosty. "I don't care how you feel. I have only one demand—come to the Phelan estate and teach me alchemy. In exchange, I'll handle the big trouble you've stirred up in Blumedale!"

Andrew looked puzzled: "Big trouble? What big trouble do I have?"

Leslie jumped in with a sneer. "Wow. You really have no idea you're dancing on the edge, huh? Rafael, an important member of the Driscolls, is already dead. As for how he died, word within the Driscolls is spreading that it's connected to you!"

Andrew remained unfazed. "So?"

Leslie scoffed. "So you'd better accept Ms. Phelan's offer while you still can. If the Driscolls launch a full-blown investigation into you, there won't be a hole deep enough for you to hide in. And let's not forget—Joe, their golden boy, and a once-in-a-generation genius, has his eye on you now.

"He likes that girl from the Rhodes family—Lauren. And you, Andrew? You were stupid enough to get involved with her. Trust me. In this city, not even Governor McCormick can save you—only Ms. Phelan can."

Leslie finished with a look of pure glee, eager to see Andrew's expression twist with fear. However, what she got instead was disappointment.

Andrew looked calm, relaxed even.

"Thanks for the warning. Seems like I'm about an inch away from death. Anyway, that's your business. Bye now. And don't forget that you owe me for that busted car. I want every penny."

With that, he casually opened the door and stepped out.

Leslie shouted after him, furious. "Andrew, are you really not afraid of dying?"

He did not even look back as he said, "None of your damn business."

The inside of the Hummer fell into awkward silence.

Leslie was practically shaking. "Miss, just forget about him and let him die. That bastard's too full of himself to know what's good for him! He has no idea who he's talking to!"

Luna frowned slightly. "I don't care about his life or death, but his alchemy is remarkable. It'd be a real waste if someone like him just died."

Leslie gritted her teeth. "But Miss,

you saw his attitude! He was

completely out of line! In this whole

damn province-no, in all of

Holtren-who else dares talk to you

like that?"

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A sharp glint flashed in Luna's eyes. "Then maybe it's time someone put him in his place. He's climbed fast, gotten cocky, and now he thinks Blumedale belongs to him."

Leslie lit up. "I've been waiting for you to say that! The guys back at the base-Xavier and his crew? They've been dying to put Andrew in his place."

Luna gave a cool nod. "Spread the

word that I'm taking a vacation

down south. Until I return, all military

matters in Blumedale are to be

handled by their respective

departments. I'm staying out of it."

Leslie's grin turned wicked. Once word got out that Luna was officially 'on leave', every hothead in the military would take that as their cue to stir up chaos.

That punk Andrew might be able to flex among spoiled heirs but in the eyes of real soldiers? He would not even be worth a pile of dirt.