

The Ashes 1602

Chapter 1602

Andrew reached the restaurant entrance and decided to bail early. After the treasure hunt, he had not had time to reconnect with his three demanding girlfriends who were already pissed about his social dinner. They were already bombarding him with texts, each calling him 'honey' and begging him to come home.

A delivery driver in a yellow uniform came drifting to a stop right in front of him, grabbing his order bag before rushing into the restaurant. Working in that industry was not easy, so Andrew stepped aside to make way for him.

Watching the guy's walking movements, Andrew's medical instincts immediately told him this person had previously broken his leg. Moreover, he probably only had one kidney left-his body movements were uncoordinated, and he was already breathing heavily after just a few steps, looking extremely weak.

The delivery guy unconsciously muttered his thanks and looked up.

When Andrew saw him, he could not help but show a mocking expression.

"I-It's you!" The delivery guy stammered, blinking in shock.

Andrew smiled and said, "It's me!"

Leroy wiped the sweat from his face, his cheeks flushed red as he said, "Mr. Lloyd, hello!"

Andrew asked, "Can you support your family doing deliveries?"

Leroy gave a bitter laugh. "I don't have any real skills. I'm just a useless bum who takes and eats whatever's handed to him. Christie's the one carrying all the weight at home."

Andrew chuckled. "At least you're self-aware. Though compared to how stupid you were back then, you have made some progress!"

Leroy's face was tanned and weathered from long hours in the sun. He hesitated for a moment before saying, "Mr. Lloyd, are you... still unwilling to forgive Christie? She's been through a lot already. She's paid her price. I'm begging you—please help her."

Andrew's face turned cold. "Whatever suffering she's endured has nothing to do with me. You've got it twisted if you think I care whether the three of you live or die. As for helping? Yeah... not happening."

Leroy let out a hollow laugh. "Looking back at how I used to act... man, what a dumbass I was. Mr. Lloyd, ever since I started working deliveries, I've come to realize just how powerful you really are."

He added, "Anyway, I'll head off now. I'm about to be late, and if the customer complains, I'll lose my commissions!"

With that, he dashed off as if his life depended on it.

Word had it that Irene had been bedridden ever since their downfall, too crushed by the blow to even get up. The Stevens family had gone bankrupt, leaving Christina and Leroy scrambling to find work just to survive.

Christina was capable, so she chose

to start from the bottom. Now, she had gained Rachel's favor and had been promoted to floor manager at one of her upscale restaurants. Meanwhile, Leroy had no skills or abilities, so he had taken up delivery work.

Andrew remained indifferent to all of this. To him, it was all just karma. Everyone had their fate, and life had its own way of balancing things.

With that, he left the restaurant and made his way toward his beat-up little car.

Hopefully, Luna would actually make good on her word and compensate him for the damage.

Suddenly, two sharp clicks echoed as two black gun barrels extended from behind a nearby SUV, aimed squarely at Andrew.

A raspy voice growled, "We're from the Driscolls. Answer what you're asked, or we'll personally send you to meet your maker."

The voice sounded like metal scraping against metal that could send a chill down anyone's spine.

At the same time, the window rolled down, revealing a pale, beardless, extremely feminine old face.

Andrew did not move, nor did he

seem the slightest bit nervous. "If you're here about Mr. Rafael... keep it short. He's dead. Died a horrible death, by the way

The old man let out a strange laugh. "The Driscolls already know about that matter. What we want to know about is something else entirely! In that ancient tomb of the Fallen Crimson Dynasty, there was a precious item called the Elixir of Immortality. You got your hands on it, didn't you?"

Andrew turned his head and smiled. "Sorry, castrato. I have no clue what you're talking about."

"What did you just call me?" he demanded angrily.

Andrew replied matter-of-factly, "Castrato, of course. Is there a problem with that?"

The old man's voice became even more shrill. "Young man, if this were back in my prime, your head would already be rolling on the floor!"