

The Ashes 1603

Chapter 1603

The old man said, "Unfortunately, I can't kill you tonight. I've been given strict orders that you're his target, and he wants to deal with you personally."

Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Mind telling me who the person is?"

With a proud smirk, the old man replied, "The pride of the Driscolls in Gabo Creek Joe!"

Andrew nodded. "I've heard the name in passing."

The old man scoffed. "You've got guts, I'll give you that. Daring to snatch a woman Mr. Driscoll likes. I know you've been making waves in Blumedale. Governor McCormick and the Kellers seem to have your back. But kid, don't get cocky. In front of the Three Titans, you're nothing more than a weed waiting to be pulled."

Andrew smiled. "Got it, castrato."

The old man's eye twitched at the insult. "Watch your mouth when you say that word."

Andrew grinned wider. "Sure thing, castrato."

The old man's voice sharpened. "You really have a death wish, don't you?"

Andrew remained unfazed. "What a thing to say, castrato. No one wants to die if they've still got breath in them."

The old man was so enraged that he actually laughed. "You little bastard, you really are as reckless as the rumors say. The Driscolls have their sights on you now, so you'd better get your affairs in order."

With that, the SUV rolled off.

The window slowly rose, masking the old man's twisted, fuming face. He had served the Driscolls for years and was notorious throughout Blumedale's elite circles for his ruthless methods.

Yet, some upstart punk had called him 'castrato' to his face, over and over. Fury boiled in his chest, and he wanted nothing more than to personally skin him alive and rip out his bones.

Watching the SUV disappear, Andrew muttered, "Bah! What joke. The guy's a castrato and still can't handle the truth."

That creep really was missing the goods.

From what Tiana and Chantelle had told him, Andrew already had some background on the Driscolls. The outer operations were headed by Rafael, who was now six feet under and officially reporting to the underworld.

However, the Driscolls' main stronghold remained shrouded in mystery. What people did know was that they had a terrifying private force known as the Shadow Division.

And the head of that force? Supposedly an old, monstrously powerful castrato with venom in his veins and hands soaked in blood.

Andrew had just met him in the flesh, and the pressure coming off him had already reached the level of a martial saint.

And yet, word was, the Shadow Division was only one wing of the Driscolls' forces. Their true military might was still hidden, deep below the surface.

The Three Titans families did have a considerable foundation and could barely be considered elite dynasties. Then again, Andrew had even taken on established noble houses before, so why would he fear some wealthy family?

Andrew drove the battered car all the way back to Serenity Villa. The moment he stepped inside, three sweet voices rang out like a chorus.

"Honey!"

"Darling!"

"Honey!"

In front of him stood three jaw-dropping beauties, all dressed in barely-there sleepwear, clearly waiting for action.

Andrew's body stiffened. He knew right then that tonight would inevitably involve an epic battle.

"Which one of you wants to go first?" he asked boldly, throwing down the gauntlet like a true warrior.

However, his opponents did not play by the rules. All three of them lunged at him at once.

"This time, we're going in together!"

"Honey, you better keep up. If you can't... we're draining you dry tonight!"

"Sweet honey, we're not working tomorrow. You're ours until sunrise!"

They giggled mischievously.

Even someone like Andrew, who had faced monsters and maniacs, felt the intensity of what was coming.

One versus three-and all at once? Even he had to admit, the pressure was real.

Nonetheless, there was no turning back. The arrow was nocked, and the battlefield awaited. With gritted teeth

send a determined heart, he

dove into the fray. fo

That night, in the master bedroom on the third floor of Serenity Villa, Andrew charged headfirst into enemy territory—again and again, never backing down.

Unfortunately, the enemy was

incredibly powerful, and no matter how many waves he broke through or how many charges he made, they refused to fall. With no other option, Andrew ultimately had to fight until dawn broke.