

The Ashes 1623

Chapter 1623

It was rush hour, so cars were hard to come by and traffic was jammed. Standing by the roadside, Christina kept checking her watch, worried about being late for work. Then, she spotted a beautiful sports car driving past.

While trying to determine who owned this 911, she thought, 'Blumedale is really full of rich people.'

She froze when she saw Andrew behind the wheel, driving with one hand. Christina quickly looked away and pretended to stare at the ground!

Andrew stopped in front of her and asked flatly, "Waiting for a ride?"

Christina stammered nervously, "Um... yes. One should be here soon... No need to trouble yourself, Mr. Lloyd!"

Andrew chuckled and said, "I never said I'd give you a ride, Ms. Stevens. Don't flatter yourself!"

With that, he hit the gas, and the 911 roared as it shot forward.

Christina watched the sports car and its owner disappear into the distance before lowering her gaze with humiliation and bitterness. If she had made the right choice back then, she would be sitting in the passenger seat of that 911 right now. A luxury car with a beautiful woman-it would have been a perfect match.

Unfortunately, time could not be rewound, and reality had no "what-ifs". She had created this miserable situation with her own hands. Meanwhile, the man she had once looked down on had reached heights she could not even imagine, let alone aspire to reach.

Suddenly, a loud crash sounded.

Andrew's brand-new Porsche 911 had barely made it through day one before getting slammed by another car. From the looks of it, this was clearly intentional, just like Luna's stunt before.

"Son of a bitch!" Even with Andrew's good temper, he could not help but curse out loud.

The other car was no ordinary vehicle either. It was a Koenigsegg, one of those globally limited edition models. Moreover, the car had numerous illegal modifications all over its body.

Yet, it was driving openly on the main road, and even though traffic cops were nearby, no one stopped it. This could only mean that the car's owner was someone even the police could not touch.

The car door opened, and a thuggish young man covered in designer brands with a fierce gaze slowly got out. He casually leaned against his car door, ignoring the stream of vehicles rushing past around them.

Looking at Andrew, he flashed a malicious grin and said, "If Mr. Driscoll hadn't given the order, that crash would've totaled your ride, and probably you with it."

He continued with a sneer, "Follow me. He wants to see you! Or... you could be a coward and run. That'd be even easier. If you do, I'll torch your company and kill your women. Your call."

Without waiting for a reply, the punk slid back into his car and peeled off, tires screeching.

Andrew sat still for a moment, then laughed softly to himself. "People really think I'm soft, huh? Luna crashing into me, I let it slide

because she's got the skill to bol net

up. But now even Joe's mutt thinks

it

he can pull the same stunt? Yeah... that's not flying."

The Porsche let out a deep, ferocious growl as Andrew floored it. Four thick exhaust pipes blasted violet-blue flames as the car shot forward like a missile.

Within seconds, he was right on the Koenigsegg's tail.

The smug driver checked his rearview, already preparing a sneer, only for his face to twist into sheer panic the next second.

Two massive crashes sounded as the Porsche 911 delivered a devastating rear- end collision, slamming straight into the Koenigsegg.

This brutal impact came fast, hard, and precise.

The thuggish young man only had time to let out a wild scream before he and his car went flying and flipped upside down.

How dare this bastard do this? He was furious beyond belief.

Struggling to crawl out of his wrecked car, the young man was covered in blood,

with one arm clearly broken. He looked absolutely miserable.

What made it even worse was seeing his beloved car sparking everywhere, about to burst into flames.

A multi-million dollar supercar was completely destroyed just like that.

The punk lost it completely, roaring like a deranged beast as he lunged toward Andrew. He screamed, "You bastard, I'm going to kill you!"