

The Ashes 1627

Chapter 1627

Chantelle said, "Andrew, I'll wait for you to come back! Ever since you returned from that treasure hunt, we haven't had dinner together!"

Stammering awkwardly, Chantelle felt embarrassed and deliberately avoided looking into Andrew's eyes. "Um, I want to personally cook you a meal!"

Andrew honestly did not know what to say. If there were no outsiders present, he would have checked to see if Chantelle had a fever. Although this aloof woman's attitude toward him had changed significantly, offering to cook for him was definitely way out of her character.

"Uh, alright, I'll definitely try your cooking when I get back!" Andrew nodded with a smile.

Gary silently scowled, jealousy twisting in his chest. He found it impossible that Andrew had actually won Chantelle over. After all, she was the golden girl of the government, flawless, untouchable.

Only someone like Joe should have been good enough for her.

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Following Gary, Andrew arrived at a large martial arts club in Blumedale. Looking up, he saw it was called Nova Fight Club. There were many martial arts enthusiasts and people with real fighting skills coming and going.

Gary said coldly, "Mr. Driscoll is inside. Follow me!"

Andrew ignored him and pulled out his phone to make a call.

Seeing this, Gary could not help but sneer. "You're already here, and you want to call for backup? It's useless. Even if Ms. Garcia followed you here, no one can save you under Mr. Driscoll's nose!"

Andrew simply said into the phone, "Fran, I'll be home for dinner. Make extra."

After hanging up, he gestured for Gary to lead the way.

Gary looked incredulous. "You're already half a foot in the grave and still thinking about going home for dinner? Are you really not scared, or are you just putting on an act?"

Andrew's expression remained blank. "If I hear you run your mouth one more time, you can kiss your tongue goodbye!"

Gary was furious, his face turning bright red. He was silently raging, determined to have Joe kill this bastard later.

Anyone who could open a martial arts club in a place like Blumedale was no ordinary person, and even

Andrew had heard of Nova Fightnet

Club before. It seemed to be owned by a young member of the Peck family, one of the Five Apex

Families.

Climbing to the club's third-floor VIP area, the crowd around them thinned considerably.

"Ms. Peck, I brought him!" Gary quickly ran ahead, putting distance between himself and Andrew.

Inside, a dozen flashy, rich kids were lounging around, loud and rowdy. Some held expensive champagne, while others, despite being underage, pretentiously puffed on cigars.

There was even a kid with a nose

ring and bleached blonde hair

playing with a revolver. From his skillful handling and that

insufferable smirk of his screamed pure arrogance; dude was practically basking in his own glory.

Andrew glanced at these people once and then looked away. To him, they were nothing but a bunch of trash, useless spoiled brats.

"Gary, you're finally here!" A woman in a crop top with an incredible figure, wine-red hair, and stunning beauty smiled toward Gary.

When she noticed Andrew, her charming face immediately turned to ice, filled with disdain and hostility.

"Alright, cut the games. Someone go get Joe. Judgment time has arrived, and it looks like we've got our evening entertainment!"

Her tone made it clear that Andrew was not a guest but a sacrificial lamb. She was not even treating him like a person, just something disposable. She even used the word "judgment" like she was a damn executioner.

The pierced kid with the revolver jumped to his feet. "I'll go get him! I can't believe some dumbass actually showed up to our turf. And this dumbass thought he could compete with Joe over a woman? I swear, I better see him on his knees begging for his life before the night's over!"

One by one, the rest of the rich kids stopped what they were doing and turned to stare at Andrew.

Every face was dripping with mockery.

The blonde with the revolver made a slicing motion across his throat with a mocking expression.