

The Ashes 1629

Chapter 1629

Andrew finally came face to face with the so-called golden boy of the Driscoll family, who everyone raved about. He had to admit that Joe was pretty good-looking.

He had sharp eyebrows, bright eyes, a high nose bridge, and thin lips. His polished, aristocratic expression stayed frozen in a constant state of aloof detachment, the kind of poker face that did not impress Andrew at all.

Nonetheless, for girls like Liliana, his appeal was devastating.

All the spoiled brats moved aside to clear a path for Joe, and he walked up to Andrew. He did not stop until there was less than half a meter between them.

Andrew remained calm, waiting for the other party to speak.

Joe said flatly, "You're Andrew Lloyd, right? You're not worthy of Lauren!"

It was a direct verdict.

Andrew grinned and asked, "If you say so. Anyway, I guess I can leave now, right?"

Joe frowned, but he did not say a word. Instead, the spoiled brats around them

burst into mocking laughter.

"What? Are you scared, you little nobody?"

"You think you can just walk away? That easy?"

"Get on your knees, apologize to Mr. Driscoll, and swear you'll stay away from Ms.

Rhodes forever. Then, you can crawl out of here!"

They shouted one after another, like it was standard procedure.

Andrew looked around at the crowd and chuckled. "You think you can tell me what

to do? Oh, please."

They instantly turned red with fury.

Leon Mercer snapped. He raised the revolver in his hand and pointed it straight at

Andrew. He growled, "You arrogant piece of trash! When Mr. Driscoll says jump,

you ask how high! One more word, and I'll blow your damn head off!"

Gary, ever the bootlicker, sneered, "Even if Mr. Driscoll lets you live, you're still

leaving Nova Fight Club like a dog-on all fours."

Andrew completely ignored these pieces of trash and turned to leave.

Liliana, Gary, and the others were all

shocked. They could not help but

wonder if this guy was seriously

unafraid of a gun.

How did he have the balls to expose the back of his head like that?

Leon felt deeply insulted. Taking a step forward, he roared, "You bastard, you really think I won't dare shoot you dead?"

His finger tightened on the trigger, about to fire.

Meanwhile, Joe watched with quiet

amusement. He could not believe

that Andrew would dare expose his

back so completely. At that range,

even he could not guarantee a

dodge if a bullet was fired.

But the next second, Joe's expression darkened slightly.

Andrew really was ignoring the gun barrel behind him, having already walked several steps to the stairway entrance.

Leon's face twisted slightly as he shouted, "You get your ass back here!"

His arm raised as he aimed for the kill.

Just then, Joe suddenly grabbed the revolver. "Leon, put the gun down!"

Looking at Andrew's back, he called out coldly, "Mr. Lloyd, please wait a moment.

I'd like to have a proper conversation."

Andrew stopped and turned around,

grinning. Now that's the attitude

like to see. Since you're being civil

and Sincere, Mr. Driscoll, I guess I

can be generous and hear you out."

He returned to the seat he had taken before and plopped down, relaxed as ever.

Liliana was seething. "Andrew, do you really think you're someone special?"

She glanced at Joe, unable to make sense of what he was doing.

Why was Blumedale's golden boy, her perfect prince, treating this guy like an

equal?