

The Ashes 301

Chapter 301 Since youre not leaving, suit yourself, Michael said with a shrug.

He had his men bring over a couch and plopped down at the entrance like a stubborn bouncer.

But today, our hotel is closed to the public, so we might as well get comfortable waiting here. You idiot, Natasha snapped, her temper flaring Looks like III need to teach you a lesson. since you think Im bluffing.

However, Andrew merely chuckled.

Since Mr.

Rhodes seems to enjoy playing concierge so much, lets not disturb his new career choice.

Michaels facetwitched as he suppressed his rage while Andrew kept taunting him with concierge jokes, making the humiliation almost unbearable.

He had no choice though Finley was currently having a steamy affair with Atlas mistress inside. Michael had to guard the hotel well because the consequences would be devastating if this got exposed. However, if he could satisfy Finley, Michael would finally have an involvement with the Hidden Dragons organization

Andrew returned to the car with Natasha and ordered everyone to withdraw immediately

Finley and Yvonne are right inside! Are we really going to let this golden opportunity slip away? Natasha and Dylan protested reluctantly.

Who said were letting it go? Andrew replied with complete composure.

Natasha and Dylan exchanged confused looks

They had pulled back their people was that not the definition of letting it go? Andrew smiled slyly.

If Michael won't let us in, we'll simply send someone he wouldn't dare stop.

Come on, darling

Stop being mysterious and just tell us, Natasha urged impatiently.

Michael is so reckless he even dared to stop me.

Who else could possibly make a difference? Andrew's smile widened.

You'd be surprised

For instance ... Atlas ! Dylan perked up excitedly.

Mr.

Lloyd, are you suggesting we tip off Atlas right away? Let him.

catch them in the act? Andrew replied, Exactly.

Instead of wasting energy trying to dig up dirt on Finley, why not go for a live show? Let Atlas catch them red handed that'll be more effective than anything else we could do

Natasha stared for a moment before breaking into delighted laughter

Darling, I'm discovering you're absolutely wicked, and I love it! Orab Meanwhile,

in the Northern District, Atlas was meeting with important guests Aspen and Christina.

I'm very pleased with your proposal, Ms.

Stevens, Atlas said cheerfully as he signed the cooperation agreement.

This makes our partnership official.

Aspen smiled radiantly.

Excellent insight, Mr.

Giordano.

With your influence combined with the Bridgefields Stevens familys backing, none of the other families in Jayrodale can compete with us.

Atlas was in high spirits but added, of course.

Though, according to our agreement, Ms.

Stevens, while you can freely conduct business in my Northern District territory, that 150-million dollar investment needs to come through quickly.

Aspen simply made a phone call and smiled confidently.

Mr.

Giordano, its already done the 150 million has been transferred.

Ms.

Stevens, you handle business more decisively than most men, Atlas praised admiringly.

The Stevens family has produced two remarkable young ladies who truly prove women can match any

man

Aspen shook one finger playfully, saying with pride, No, you should say we dont just match men we surpass them.

Having just secured a massive investment, Atlas was happy to flatter her.

He chuckled and praised, With ambition like that, Ms.

Stevens, your achievements will certainly outshine countless men!

Chapter 302 Aspen stood up gracefully and said, Well then, Christie and I will take our leave. And Id like to offer my early congratulations to you on your inevitable dominance of Jayrodales. underworld this will create an even better foundation for our partnership.

Atlas was thoroughly pleased with himself.

He boasted, Ms.

Stevens, you clearly have excellent foresight, knowing that III soon control all of Jayrodales underworld. Before long, youll witness the golden age of our Northern District.

Just then, one of Atlass top lieutenants entered with a troubled expression and signaled urgently to speak with him.

Atlas maintained his composure and said smoothly, In that case, ladies, please excuse me from seeing you out.

Farewell, Mr.

Giordano, Aspen replied with a polite smile.

After leaving the Northern District, Christina turned to Aspen

Aspen, investing 150 million dollars just like that makes me nervous.

Aspen exuded complete confidence as if everything was already perfectly calculated.

She explained, Christie, were high level players making big moves.

Remember, in business, the worst thing you can do is be timid.

Since Im representing our family in expanding business in Jayrodale and helping strengthen your branch, we need to make bold moves that showcase the main Stevens familys power

Aspen clenched her fist triumphantly and smirked

Besides, you heard how he reacted when I stroked his ego.

He was so full of himself that he revealed all his cards about the Northern Districts ambitions and strength to dominate Jayrodales underworld

She continued, Think about it if Atlas really becomes the king of Jayrodales underworld, imagine the market potential and profits

Thats why I invested so heavily Im playing the long game.

Dont worry, Atlass success will be our success too

Its a shame that barely anyone in Jayrodales business world had the brains to see this opportunity.

Her tone dripped with mockery as if no one in Jayrodales business circles could match her vision and intelligence

Christina nodded thoughtfully.

Youre right.

.

Lately, there have been widespread rumors about Atlass growing dominance in Jayrodales underworld.

Ill prove to that brainless widow Natasha just how stupid and ignorant she was to reject me for some gold digging man, Aspen spat bitterly Natashas previous insults and rejection still stung as a proud heiress who never lacked power or connections, Aspen always made those who dared to disrespect her grovel at her feet

Meanwhile, in Atlass office, he was lounging with his feet up on the desk.

Whats so urgent? You look stressed, he asked casually.

Having just secured a 150 million dollar deal with the Bridgefields Stevens family was another win for the Northern District.

Once they eliminated South City and West End, things would only get better.

Atlas man remained grimly silent as he slapped a stack of photos on Atlass desk.

Whats this ? Atlas asked as he began looking through the photos.

Within seconds, his face turned red with rage.

How dare that perverted bastard touch my woman! Finley has a death wish! Atlas roared indignantly.

Chapter 303 Atlas man quickly said, Mr.

Giordano, please calm down.

These photos are from an unknown source and might not tell the whole story, and we should investigate first.

Besides, Mr.

Moore is our ally, and if we let this scandal tear us apart wouldn't that play right into our enemies hands? Atlas snapped out of his rage and nodded repeatedly.

You're right! I almost lost my head.

there

His expression darkened as he realized these photos were likely Natasha's or Dylan's handiwork, meant to drive a wedge between him and Finley.

Dylan, Natasha, you're both quite devious, he muttered through gritted teeth.

But unfortunately for you, I'm not so easily manipulated.

He silently vowed to deal with them both as soon as possible.

Just then, another of Atlas's trusted men burst in looking even more distressed than the man before. Atlas frowned

What now? Why does everyone look like they're at a funeral? The man's face was grimed as he reported, Mr.

Giordano, I just received word that Mr.

Moore and Ms.

Fuller are ... Atlas's eye twitched

Are what? They're ... at the Rhodes family hotel ... in bed together! the man finally forced out.

Atlas barely contained rage exploded as he jumped to his feet.

What did you say? Mr.

Giordano, t this might not be true please stay calm, the man stammered.

The other guy quickly jumped in.

Mr.

of Mr.

Moore and Ms.

Fuller, and now ordano, we just received those intimate photos a coincidence.

news about them having an affair its too much of Atlas clenched his fists, his face twisted with fury
Coincidence or not, anyone who dares to cuckold me deserves to die! His men exchanged worried
glances, knowing Atlas was clearly beyond reason and trouble was brewing.

Before they could say more, Atlas had already dark out his phone and dialed with a expression.
Were sorry, but the number you have called is currently unavailable.

Please try again later

Atlas tried twice more with the same result.

Yvonne, you worthless tramp, he snarled.

He had explicitly ordered his mistress to keep her phone on 24/7 for him.

He had spent a fortune on her, and if she could not even meet this basic requirement, he would have
kicked her to the curb long ago.

Mr.

Giordano, perhaps Ms.

Fuller has some urgent matter to attend to? Maybe try calling later? his man suggested nervously, alarmed by Atlass increasingly murderous expression.

Her only urgent matter should be serving me ! Atlas roared, his eyes blazing.

She dares to ignore my calls? She must have a death wish! He then tried calling Finley, only to find his phone was turned off too

Atlas could not sit still any longer.

Get the men ready.

We're going to the Rhodes family hotel right now! Mr.

Giordano, with your status, why dirty your hands personally? This could be a trap set by Dylan or

Natasha ! Are you deaf ? I said get the men ready! Atlas exploded.

I'm the king of the Northern District, Jayrodes top dog not some pushover or coward! Do you think I can swallow this insult of someone messing with my woman?

Chapter 304 After his furious outburst, Atlas continued in an ice cold voice, Besides, even if this is Dylan and Natashas trap, what do I have to fear? Do you think theyd dare to make a move against me on Rhodes family territory? His men had to admit he had a point.

Even if it was a trap, who would dare touch Atlas when he brought all his Northern District enforcers ? Still, what truly terrified them was the possibility that Finley really was fooling around with Atlas woman In their world, there were certain unwritten rules, and messing with another mans woman was asking for a brutal death

Ten minutes later, over a dozen SUVs screeched to a halt in front of the Rhodes family hotel.

Atlas led the charge with dozens of his Northern District muscle trailing behind him, storming toward the hotel entrance.

Michael was still lounging at the entrance with his legs crossed.

He muttered, Mr.

Moore, I'm sticking my neck out for you here.

You've got some nerve going after Mr.

Giordano's woman, but hey, once you're done having your fun, there better be something in it for me. Just then, a security guard rushed up, trembling.

Sir, someone's coming! Without looking up, Michael scoffed, What, Andrew, Natasha, and Dylan still won't give up? Even if God himself showed up today, no one will disturb Mr.

Moore's good time

The words had barely left his mouth when a thunderous voice boomed, Get out of my way! Michael jumped up, his face ashen, but his knees began to shake when he saw who it was.

M- Mr.

Giordano ... what brings you here? Atlas grabbed him by the collar and growled, I hear my woman and Finley are getting cozy in one of your rooms? Michael's mind buzzed in panic.

Mr.

Giordano, you must be mistaken! Mr.

Moore and Ms.

Fuller couldn't possibly be here, he stammered with a forced laugh while inwardly cursing

Which bastard had tipped off the Northern Districts crime lord? With so many of Atlas enforcers present, any one of them could easily kill him.

Atlas said coldly, Whether I'm mistaken or not, I'll find out for myself

Now, would you kindly step aside? The murderous tone made Michael's blood run cold.

If he moved aside, Finley would be caught in the act.

While he did not care what happened to Finley, Michael knew he would be implicated for providing the room for their affair. Atlas would skin him alive, Mr.

Giordano, were closed for business today, Michael said quickly, trying to buy time.

Let me arrange a presidential suite at a five star hotel for you instead.

However, Atlas had lost all patience.

He slapped Michael hard across the face, sending him sprawling

To hell with your hotel ! Stop with the bullshit and get out of my way! As Michael lay there seeing stars,

Atlas and his men stormed into the hotel like a pack of wolves, searching room by room.

Lying on the ground, Michael felt his limbs go cold with despair, realizing it was all over.

Chapter 305 However, Michael was not ready to give up just yet.

He struggled to his feet, wiping blood from the corner of his mouth while silently cursing Finley for getting him into this mess.

He grabbed a nearby security guard and barked urgently, Quick use the stairs and warn Finley and Yvonne to escape through the back door! The guard, startled by Michaels intensity, stumbled away toward the stairwell

Afterward, Michael frantically tried calling Finley, but the phone was still off.

At least Atlas men would need some time to search all the rooms.

There was still a slim chance of avoiding disaster.

Meanwhile, Andrew, Dylan, and Natasha were seated at a cafe across from the hotel, calmly sipping

their coffees Darling, your plan worked perfectly

Atlas just stormed in with his men, Natasha said excitedly to Andrew.

Now we just sit back and enjoy the show? Andrew set down his coffee with a smile.

We'll enjoy the show alright, but first, we need to block all the escape routes at the back of the hotel. Always thinking ahead, Mr.

Lloyd ! Dylan praised him with a thumbs up.

Natasha quickly summoned her people.

Get those reporters here now, she commanded.

Soon, over a dozen journalists with their equipment were rushing to help Andrews group secure the hotels rear exits

When did you arrange for reporters ? Dylan asked, impressed.

Natasha shot Andrew a smug look.

Darling, youre clever, but Im no amateur either.

I had those reporters on standby before we even arrived.

Andrew chuckled

Finley really had the worst luck crossing paths with someone as ruthless as you.

They dont call me the Black Widow for nothing, Natasha replied with a cold smile.

Catching cheaters is my specialty.

Meanwhile, in the hotel room, Finley jumped up in panic.

He tumbled out of bed completely naked and nearly lost his balance.

Normally, his agility would prevent such clumsiness, but the lingering effects of the drug still weighed heavily on him.

Even with his martial arts training and robust physique, he was struggling to hold it together.

Yvonne's pale skin was marred with red marks, evidence of their rough escapades.

Completely exhausted, she lay sprawled on the bed, fast asleep, looking like she had barely survived the night.

Finley hurriedly threw on his clothes while roughly shaking her awake.

Yvonne, wake up! We need to leave right now! he urged, his voice trembling with urgency.

O Yvonne batted his hand away, her eyelids heavy with sleep.

Leave? Why? You beast, you nearly broke me last night, she murmured.

I cant even feel my legs right now.

Let me sleep a little longer, you heartless brute.

In his panic, Finley fumbled with his clothes, even putting his underwear on backward in his haste. Damn it, stop sleeping! We need to get out of here, or were in serious trouble! Annoyed, Yvonne shot back, If you want to leave, then go ! Im not moving.

You hit it and quit it, huh? Dont think III let you touch me again after this! Finleys patience snapped as he slapped her across the face, his voice dropping into a growl.

You idiot! Do you even realize whats happening? Mr.

Giordano is downstairs right now! Yvonnas face paled, but she stayed silent as Finley continued to seethe

If we dont leave this second, its going to be your funeral literally.

And youre talking about next time? Goddamn it, youve got to be kidding me.

Regret churned in Finleys gut like a storm

Sure, the thrill of last night had been intoxicating, but he was paying for it in the worst way possible.

It had been fun while it lasted, but the consequences were proving far deadlier than he had ever imagined.

Chapter 306 Atlas had personally shown up with his crew.

Even with Pinleys usual reckless bravado, he could not help but feel a pang of guilt and sheer terror. Meanwhile, Yvonne went pale as a ghost when she heard Atlas was there

Atlas ... Is here ? A Are you sure? she stammered, her voice trembling, tears already welling In her eyes

Finley shoved her clothes at her and barked, Put them on! If were caught lingering, neither of us is getting out of this alive! Yvonne, shaking uncontrollably, burst into tears as she fumbled with her outfit. She cried, This is all your fault! Youre the one who wouldnt take no for an answer! You drugged me Finley ! You forced me into this Im the victim here! Finleys face turned beet red as rage consumed him. Seeing her blame him while still not dressing herself drove him to the edge

He spat, You lying tramp! Were you forced, or were you the one itching to get involved? Dont pretend you didnt Janow what you were doing! And now that its done, do you really think Mr.

Giordano is going to listen to your excuses? Hell kill you without a second thought! Yvonne was too terrified to argue, her hands trembling too much to even button her clothes.

Finley, on the verge of snapping, practically shoved her into the outfit himself before yanking her to her feet.

He dragged her out of the hotel room, heading straight for the back exit.

They took the secret passage Michael had tipped them about, narrowly avoiding Atlas men at every turn. Panting heavily, Finley finally stopped to catch his breath.

His flashy red dress shoe was missing he did not even know when he had lost it and Yvonne was leaning against him, sobbing uncontrollably.

She walled again, This is all your fault! We wouldnt be struggling like this if you hadnt worn me out so much.

Now I cant even walk! Finleys temples throbbed as his patience snapped

Shut up, you useless woman! he roared, his chest heaving as he tried to steady his breathing.

Truth be told, he was as exhausted as she was.

After a short rest, they crept their way to the hotels back exit on the ground floor.

Yvonne perked up immediately at the sight of the door.

Hurry! If we make it outside, well be safe! she whispered, urging him frantically.

With what little strength he had left, Finley wrenched the iron door open.

The cool night air hit him, and for a split second, he felt like he had cheated death itself.

However, before he could savor the moment, a flurry of cameras,

smartphones, and microphones swarmed them like a pack of vultures.

Mr.

Moore, how does it feel to humiliate Northern Districts crime lord by stealing his woman? one reporter shouted.

As a man of status, dont you think its disgraceful to have an affair with Mr.

Giordanos partner? another chimed in.

Ms.

Fuller, you can barely stand! Is sneaking around really that thrilling? Finley and Yvonne froze like deer caught in headlights, their faces drained of color

The barrage of pointed questions and flashing lights overwhelmed them, forcing them to retreat back into the hotel

With a loud slam, Finley locked the door behind them.

Get lost! he shouted, his voice breaking as desperation set in.

Outside, laughter erupted.

Natasha clutched her sides as tears streamed down her face.

This is too good! This is priceless! she said, nearly doubled over in laughter

Standing beside her, Andrew and Dylan watched the chaos unfold with equal amusement.

From the look of pure despair on Finley and Yvonne's faces, they could tell the two had completely lost it.

Chapter 307 At the hotel's front entrance, Michael felt his heart pounding in his chest.

Mr.

Giordano, we've searched every room, but there's no sign of them, one of Atlas men reported. Atlas stood with his hands behind his back, his face cold and unreadable.

On the other hand, Michael let out a long sigh of relief.

Thank goodness Finley managed to escape, he thought.

At least now, he would not have to bear the consequences of this disaster.

Mr.

Giordano, like I've told you before, you must have made a mistake, Michael said with a forced smile. Our hotel isn't even open for business today.

Trying to sound as casual as possible, Michael was eager to get Atlas to leave before something went wrong

However, Atlas gave him a sharp, icy glare, and Michael forced himself to stay calm, staring back without flinching

After all, he reasoned, Finley and Yvonne had already slipped out the back.

Even if Atlas suspected something, he would not have any proof.

Without evidence, there was nothing for him to fear.

Mr.

Giordano, Michael said, feigning a tone of helplessness, having your men search my hotel like this isn't exactly good for business.

How do you expect the Rhodes family to maintain its reputation with things like this happening? Atlas' expression did not change, but his voice was cold as ice.

I'll ask you one more time- are you sure Finley and Yvonne aren't here? Michael stood tall, speaking firmly and confidently.

Mr.

Giordano, do you really think I'd dare lie to you? I believe this is just a misunderstanding.

Mr.

Moore is your close friend, and Ms.

Fuller is your woman! How could anything like this possibly happen? His words were calm, deliberate, and designed to absolve Finley of any suspicion.

For a moment, they seemed to work.

Atlas hesitated, his expression softening slightly, Maybe, just maybe, Dylan and Natasha had fed him a pack of lies to stir up trouble

Yvonne had always been loyal to him, and with his reputation as the Northern Districts boss, she would not dare betray him

As for Finley, while he was undoubtedly a shameless womanizer, he usually knew where to draw the line when it really mattered

Atlas was just about to admit his mistake when one of his men rushed over, looking nervous.

Mr.

Giordano... Mr.

Moore and Ms.

Fuller ... we've found them, the man stammered, barely able to meet Atlas eyes.

The calm on Atlas face vanished in an instant, replaced by pure rage

Where are they? Bring those shameless traitors to me right now! he roared, his voice shaking the walls.

Michael's ears rang from the outburst, and his knees nearly gave out as he wondered how they were caught.

Michael felt like the world was collapsing, and he could not believe what was happening.

Before he could piece together what went wrong, Finley and Yvonne were dragged in by Atlas men.

Finley looked disheveled, his clothes in disarray, while Yvonne's messy hair and bruised body told the rest of the story

Atlas eyes burned with unrelenting fury as he glared at the pair.

Where did you find them? One of his men replied nervously, At the back door, sir.

It looked like they were trying to sneak away, but... but for some reason, they came back and ran into

us.

Yvonne immediately threw herself at Atlas feet, grabbing his leg and sobbing hysterically

It's not what you think! Please, let me explain I'm innocent! she wailed, her voice trembling with desperation.

Chapter 308 Atlas hand swung fiercely, landing a thunderous slap across Yvonne's face.

You bitch! At this point, you still dare to lie to me? I'll kill you! he roared with unrestrained fury. The force of the slap sent Yvonne flying several feet across the room

She crashed to the ground, coughing up blood before falling limp and motionless.

Michael watched in horror, his heart pounding as cold dread seeped into his veins.

Atlas was not just angry this man was ready to kill.

Mr.

Rhodes, Atlas growled, his piercing gaze locking onto Michael.

Didn't you swear to me that this filthy pair wasn't in your hotel ? Michael stumbled backward, his voice shaking

Mr.

Giordano, I... I didn't Atlas did not wait for an explanation.

With a wave of his hand, he barked, Take this lying fool outside

Don't kill him I don't need the Rhodes family breathing down my neck but sure he suffers.

I want him begging for mercy, wishing he were dead

Two Northern District enforcers grabbed Michael without hesitation, yanking his hair and dragging him toward the door.

Mr.

Giordano, please! I didn't mean to deceive you! Michael's screams echoed through the hall

I'm part of the Rhodes family! If you do this to me, they'll make you pay ! Stop! Please, I was wrong! I was wrong! Atlas smirked coldly, unimpressed

The Rhodes family wouldn't risk their entire alliance with the Northern District over an idiot like you. Meanwhile, Finley stood frozen, his eyes glued to the floor, unable to face Atlas.

But with Yvonne and Michael already dealt with, he knew there was no escaping his turn.

Mr.

Giordano, I- Finley forced a nervous smile, trying to break the suffocating tension.

Shut up! Atlas snarled, swatting the air dismissively.

Dont you dare! Youre nothing but filth, and I wont let you sully my ears with your lies. Finleys face twitched, but he held onto his forced smile.

Mr.

Giordano, please hear me out.

Youve got this all wrong

Nothing happened between me and your wife nothing at all!.

Atlas laughed a dark, mocking sound.

Nothing happened? Do I look like an idiot to you, Mr.

Moore ? Or are you just that pathetic at coming up with excuses? Finley held his hands up defensively. Believe it or not, I swear on everything I didnt touch her.

Wed had too much to drink at the party, so we came here to sleep it off, thats all! Atlas laughter grew louder, each chuckle cutting deeper

Finley, youre either the most brazen fool Ive ever met, or you truly believe Im too soft to see through your lies.

His expression turned deadly as he grabbed Finley by the collar, pulling him close.

You really think Ill believe any of this nonsense? Finley stiffened, tilting his chin up defiantly.

Mr.

Giordano, if you wont trust a word from your own brother, theres nothing more I can say.

But Ill stand by my truth I did nothing wrong.

My conscience is clear.

He clung to his story, stubbornly refusing to admit fault.

After all, Atlas had not caught them red handed, and without solid evidence, Finley hoped he could ride out the storm.

His plan was simple: let Atlas fury simmer down then work to repair their relationship.

A few grand gestures perhaps a lavish gift or an A list actress to win Atlas over and everything would return to normal.

However, Finleys optimism was short lived.

Reality had a cruel way of proving him wrong.

Chapter 309 Atlas snatched a few items from one of his men and threw them hard into Finleys face. Finley, you claim that you and Yvonne came here just to rest and that nothing happened, Atlas growled, his voice sharp and cold.

Then open your eyes and tell me what are these? Finley shakily removed the items from his face, only to freeze in horror.

His face turned crimson as he recognized the objects: two pairs of underwear that he and Yvonne had left

behind in their frantic escape.

Atlas jaw tightened as he ground his teeth.

He then grabbed one of Finley's lost red heels and a roll of crumpled tissues and tossed them at Finley with a forceful thud.

However, he was not done

With a look of utter disgust, Atlas flung several used condoms at Finley, each hitting its mark. Finley recoiled in horror, dodging the sordid items as best he could.

Around him, the Northern District men stared, some with anger, others with icy indifference, and a few with subtle disdain.

Atlas was not the only one feeling ashamed.

His men, too, felt their pride bruised.

Their leader's woman had been disgraced, and by extension, so had they.

Yet, Finley was not just anyone.

As a member of the Hidden Dragons, his status meant they had no choice but to keep their outrage to themselves.

And then, breaking the awkward moment, a cheerful voice echoed from outside the hotel. Well, well, Mr.

Giordano, Mr.

Moore, what a coincidence to see you both here! In strolled Natasha, Dylan, and Andrew, their expressions casual yet full of hidden amusement.

Atlas turned to face them, his already dark expression twisting further.

Natasha, Dylan what are you doing here? Dylan smirked.

What else? Were here to enjoy the hotel, of course, he said with mock innocence.

I heard the Rhodes familys... specialty hotel has quite the reputation for unique, exotic experiences.

Thought Id bring my girl along to check it out.

Natasha covered her mouth as she let out a soft laugh

Exactly! Even though Im single, I couldnt resist the curiosity, she chimed in playfully.

I hope were not interfering with your ... activities, Mr.

Giordano

Atlass jaw tightened as his eye twitched in frustration

It was obvious these two were not here for the hotel they had come to watch him suffer.

Andrew suddenly gasped, feigning surprise.

Oh my! Mr.

Moore, I remember seeing you and Ms.

Fuller rushing off at the West End villa earlier.

So this is where you were headed! Finley, already seething, exploded with anger

Andrew, dont think I dont know ! he snapped.

This is all your doing every bit of it! Andrew raised an eyebrow, looking genuinely puzzled. My doing? Mr.

Moore, whatever do you mean? You know exactly what I mean! Finley snarled

If it werent for you tipping them off and setting up an ambush at the back door, none of this wouldve happened! He bit back the rest of his words, realizing too late that hed almost admitted to his affair with Yvonne

The last thing he wanted was to provoke Atlas any further.

Andrews voice turned cold.

If you didnt want to get caught, you shouldnt have done it in the first place.

You brought this on yourself, Finley.

Finleys glare darkened, his voice dripping with venom.

Andrew, I see it now every time something bad happens to me, youre always lurking in the shadows! Fine

III admit it I lost to you today.

But mark my words, III come after you.

One day, my blade will claim your head. Andrew shrugged, completely unfazed. Go ahead and try.

Just make sure youre ready to die.

Chapter 310 Finley put on his most sincere expression and said to Atlas, Mr.

Giordano, please give me another chance.

I messed up this time, but I promise you, Ill make it up to you and the Northern District by achieving something that will redeem myself.

Atlas face remained tense, the fury in his eyes unrelenting.

Several Northern District enforcers stepped forward, clasping their hands respectfully.

Mr.

Giordano, Mr.

Moore has admitted his mistake.

Perhaps you could show him some leniency? Thats right, Mr.

Giordano.

Its clear he acted out of foolishness.

Now that hes willing to redeem himself, we think he deserves a chance to prove his loyalty.

Sir, youve always been wise and pragmatic

Its not worth holding onto rage over someone who doesnt deserve your energy.

Consider this as throwing out a worthless piece of trash- its just not worth your time.

Atlas took a deep breath, their words clearly working on him.

As much as he despised Finley at that moment, he could not deny that he still needed the mans contributions

Hence, even though the thought of sparing Finley made his blood boil, Atlas chose to endure it. Dylan and Natasha exchanged concerned glances, both growing uneasy.

They could not believe it.

Was Atlas actually letting this slide ? A man as proud and ruthless as him, tolerating such humiliation? What worried them even more was the risk of Atlas and Finley reconciling.

If they patched things up, their plan to drive a wedge between them would fail completely.

Finley smirked, sensing the shift in the room.

Mr.

Giordano, I was wrong in this matter, he admitted, though his tone carried a hint of smugness. But Dylan and Natasha aren't innocent either.

They orchestrated everything from the shadows.

He sneered as he continued, It all started when that woman invited me and... uh, her, to a party in West End

That's how the trouble began, Natasha let out a sharp laugh, her voice dripping with sarcasm

Oh, so let me get this straight -you slept with Atlas woman, and somehow I'm to blame? She folded her arms, her eyes narrowing dangerously.

What's next, Finley? Are you going to claim I control your... impulses too? If that's the case, should I grab a pair of scissors and take care of your problem right now? Her words were as sharp as blades, leaving Finley's face with a twisted look of anger and frustration.

Dylan and Andrew could not help but chuckle, thoroughly amused by her brutal jab.

Atlas roared, his voice cutting through the room like thunder.

Enough! This matter ends here

From now on, if anyone dares mention this again, I'll cut out their tongue and tear their mouth apart!
Andrew remained calm, tilting his head slightly.

Mr.

Giordano, that's quite the declaration.

But don't you think it's a bit ... excessive ? After all, people have a right to speak.

Atlas's eyes turned icy.

Andrew, let me give you some advice.

Stop testing my patience, or you'll regret it.

Finley quickly jumped in, a sly grin on his face.

Andrew, Mr.

Giordano and I are friends again.

Whatever you're scheming to drive us apart forget it.

It's not going to work Several Northern District enforcers glared at Andrew, their voices brimming with hostility

Kid, you're asking for trouble.

This is Northern District business.

Stay out of it.

You can run your mouth, but if we rip it off, that's on us.

Andrew shrugged, unfazed.

You're right I can't take on the entire Northern District by myself.

But there's something I think Mr.

Giordano should know

If he doesn't, it would be an insult to him.

Atlas frowned, clearly intrigued

What did you want to say? Finley immediately sensed danger and tried to stop him.

Mr.

Giordano, don't listen to him.

He's just trying to stir up trouble. Let's leave now.

Atlas raised a hand, silencing Finley with a cold glare.

No.

I want to see what trick this kid thinks he can pull.

Having already swallowed the humiliation of the scandal, Atlas felt untouchable now there- was nothing left to fear.