

The Ashes 661

Chapter 661 Andrew quickly realized that in Dream Paradise, the so called foreign masseuses that everyone raved about were not actually imported at all.

They were just local girls wrapped up in fancy packaging, and they only knew a handful of common phrases

Yet, somehow, their broken Eastonian still managed to charm young men into emptying their wallets just for a chance to be here.

Sighing, Andrew muttered, Man, ignorance is a scary thing.

The woman on his left immediately switched gears, dropping her fake accent and blurting out in a thick, local dialect, Oh, come on, big guy! Are you looking down on us or what? Once you get a massage, you have to pay up- our boss will mess you up if you dont ! The one on his right chimed in, her accent just as heavy, Exactly! Youre acting all stingy and wont even go for the premium options whats up with that? Youre the first guy Ive ever seen who came here just for a plain old massa

Are you sure its not a performance issue? Andrew did not get mad.

Instead, he just laughed.

Oh, my staminas just fine.

But ladies, tell me since when do Eastonians speak my hometown dialect so fluently? The two fake foreign masseuses stiffened, realizing they had slipped up

Quickly, they tried

play it off, mentioning a few common Eastonian phrases.

The massage lasted 40 minutes, and Andrew thought his experience was completely forgettable. Meanwhile, Marcus was still going strong he had not reappeared yet.

Andrew waited a bit longer.

However, seeing that Marcus was not showing up, he headed to the front desk to settle the bill. Marcus had insisted it was his treat, but Andrew did not really care.

Whoever footed the bill made no difference to him.

The receptionist greeted him with a professional smile.

Sir, for both of you, the total comes to 5,206,000 dollars

She continued, Since its your first time at Dream Paradise, you qualify for our new customer discount, so well waive the extra 6,000.

You only need to pay 5.2 million dollars.

Andrew raised an eyebrow.

I just got a massage, and even if my friend got, uh, extra services, theres n

no way it adds up to ovel

million.

The girl at the counter did not miss a beat, extending her hand expectantly.

Theres nothing wrong with the charges the total is 5.2 million dollars.

five

Will that be cash or card? Andrew chuckled, but there was not the slightest hint of humor in his eyes.

He mumbled, Looks like Ive walked into a scam joint.

Interesting

Since the bill is this outrageous, bring it here.

Id love to see exactly how this place justifies its prices.

Before the receptionist could respond, a stern faced man approached.

The name tag on his suit read: Bryce Turner, Manager.

If the guest wants to see the itemized bill, then show it to him, Bryce instructed, his voice cold.

A moment later, Andrew had the receipt in hand.

One glance, and he could not help but laugh harder.

Ten grand for a bottle of water? Damn, It must be divine nectar

Two million for a 40 minute massage? Honestly, I think you undercharged.

A high end place like this should be charging at least ten million, dont you think? He added, And this

disposable slippers, another tenet

N'

grand for a pair? They must be solid gold, huh? Funny, because, distinctly remember them being plastic.

Without another word, he tore the receipt in half and let the pieces float to the floor. Bryces eyes narrowed dangerously.

Sir, what do you mean by this? Are you trying to enjoy the service without paying? Do you think you, can just walk out of here? Andrews tone remained calm as he replied, Youre the manager, right? Go get your boss.

Id like to ask them in person do they really think this pricing is reasonable?

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Bryce let out a cold chuckle.

Sorry, but Mr.

Sean doesnt have time for this.

Feel free to file a complaint if youre unhappy with the price.

But first, you need to pay the bill.

As he spoke, he snapped his fingers, and within seconds, about five massive bodyguards stepped forward, surrounding Andrew

These guys were not just for show road shoulders, thick beards, and the kind of dead- serious expressions that screamed they had seen blood before.

Marcus had just finished his business, buckling his belt as he walked into the lobby.

The moment he saw Andrew surrounded by muscle bound enforcers, his face darkened with rage.

He growled, What the hell is this? Dream Paradise, what do you think youre doing? Bryce gave him a smirk that did not reach his eyes.

Mr.

Chapman, your friend here doesnt seem to understand how things work.

He agreed to pay, but once he saw the total, he suddenly decided he couldnt afford it.

Looks like hes trying to skip out on the bill.

Heh, maybe you can explain to him what happens to people who act tough in Dream Paradise ?
Marcus frowned

Skip out on the bill? Thats impossible Mr.

Lloyd isnt that kind of guy.

Bryce let out a mocking laugh.

Then you should ask him yourself.

Marcus immediately turned to Andrew.

Mr.

Lloyd, whats going on? I told you, this was my treat.

Andrew gave him a half smile

Alright then, go ahead pay for it

Without a second thought, Marcus stepped up to settle the bill.

However, the moment he saw the total over five million his expression turned ice cold

He snapped, What the hell is this? Im a regular here, and youre seriously trying to shake me down like this? Thats low

Bryce remained unfazed.

Mr.

Chapman, either you pay up or you walk away and leave your friend to handle it himself.

Marcus argued, We came here together and you expect me to just leave him? What kind of bullshit is that Bryces tone grew colde

Mr.

Chapman, I suggest you dont get involved.

Mr.

Sean wants this price paid today, and if your friend cant cover it, then hes not walking out of Dream Paradise.

Internally, Bryce almost felt bad for Andrew.

He had no idea what this guy did to piss off Sean, but he was clearly out of luck tonight.

Meanwhile, Marcus expression was as dark as a thunderstorm.

He had brought Andrew here for a good time, only to end up in this ridiculous mess.

The whole situation had already ruined his mood, but what angered him the most was the blatant disrespect.

Dream Paradise pulling this kind of stunt was not just screwing over Andrew it was an insult to him. Wheres Sean? I want to have a word with him.

We come from the same circles, and if this is his idea of hospitality, then hes got no shame at all. Marcus demanded to speak to the real mastermind behind this setup.

Before Bryce could respond, a

Gean strolled in,

swa amet

accompanied by Dexter and of other spoiled rich kids belongs to

Mr.

Chapman, you were looking for me? Sean asked, smirking as he approached.

Marcus tone was laced with anger.

Sean, Ive known your father for years, and weve always had mutual respect.

But this this is crossing the line.

Is this really how you treat my friends? Sean let out a lazy chuckle, completely unbothered.

I heard your friend here is the most famous gold digger in Jayrodale.

Even managed to leech off Rhodes Corporations heiress and that busty Francesca chick.

He continued, If hes got the skills to

mooch off rich women, then surely a few million on a night out

ising, right? a

Chapter 663 Marcus immediately caught on Sean was deliberately looking for trouble with Andrew. Nonetheless, since Andrew was his guest, he was responsible for stepping up and handling the situation

He said, Sean, if you keep this up, Ill be taking this straight to Raymond! Sean snorted.

Go ahead.

Im his only son do you really think hed scold me over some outsider ? Marcus anger flared even more as he realized Sean was really a piece of work.

Before he could respond, Andrew raised a hand, cutting him off

Mr.

Chapman, Ill handle this

Its just a scam joint either they want your money, or they want your life.

Since theyre so eager for cash, Ill play along.

Marcus gritted his teeth.

Mr.

Lloyd, dont worry.

Dream Paradise wont get away with this Ill make sure they give us an explanation ! Andrew smirked.

An explanation ? Thats not even worth a dime.

They just want money, right? Fine, Ill give it to them.

Marcus was stunned.

Mr.

Lloyd, you ... Andrew had already pulled out his wallet, looking like he was about to obediently pay up a complete pushover Sean and Dexter exchanged triumphant grins.

They had expected some resistance, but Andrew folded without so much as a word no backbone at all just meekly handing over the cash.

Andrew, I didnt realize you were so loaded! Dropping over five million on a single night at a club ? No wonder they call you the ultimate sugar baby! Mr.

Combs, thats not quite right.

Whether hes got money or not, hes still coughing up the five million tonight.

If he doesnt, Mr.

Seans bodyguards will probably beat him to death! We party hard, bring in ten girls, and still dont even spend close to that.

But this guy? 40 minutes five million! Hah! The biggest sucker Ive ever seen! Thats just how it is. Were tight with Mr.

Sean, so we get the VIP rates

But for outsiders? They gotta pay full price.

Honestly, 5.2 million is a steal ! Aint that right, boys? The group of spoiled rich kids laughed and jeered at Andrew

Sean, in particular, was enjoying himself, licking his lips as he grinned maliciously.

Scamming people was his specialty

Tonight, he would not be satisfied until he stripped this pretty boy of every last cent.

Dexter, meanwhile, was practically giddy.

Had he known Andrew was this much of a pushover, he would not have even needed Seans help. Marcus was livid.

Mr.

Lloyd, were not paying a dime! Well wait for Raymond to give us a fair ruling! Sean scoffed.

Mr.

Chapman, even if you wait for my father, hes going to take my side.

And honestly, dont hold your breath my old man is way too busy to waste his time on some broke nobody

Just then, Andrew finally found the money he was looking for and grinned.

Alright, here you go this should cover our bill

Keep the change

Dexter, you and your boys can use the extra to buy yourselves a drink.

Dexter and Sean both turned to look, their faces instantly confused.

Marcus froze as well.

Mr.

Lloyd... thats ... a one dollar coin? Andrew tossed the coin in the air, catching it effortlessly. tonight.

Seans expression twisted with rage.

Are you seriously me get away with this? Do you wanna lose a limb little shi Dexter let out a sinister laugh.

Sumb, you

Andrew, you just never lear mommys playground

who

With Lauren and Francesca nowhere here alive? Chapter 663 Marcus froze as well.

Mr.

Lloyd... thats ... a one dollar coin? Andrew tossed the coin in the air, catching it effortlessly. Yeah, one dollar

Thats the total for our expenses tonight.

Seans expression twisted with rage.

Are you seriously messing with me

right now? Do you really think you can get away with this? Do you wanna lose a limb, you little shit? Because I'll break you right here and

now Dexter let out a sinister laugh.

Andrew, you just never learn, do you? This is Dream Paradise not your sugar mommys playground.

With Lauren and Francesca nowhere

in sight, what makes you think you

can

walk out of here alive?

Chapter 664 The other rich kids burst into laughter, mocking Andrew without restraint. One mocked, Kid, you're way too full of yourself.

You'll be watching your own blood spill across the floor in no time! Others joined in, saying, Sean, stop wasting time with him just beat the crap out of him and make him wash dishes in the back for a week! (1 You really thought you could get away with paying a single dollar? And that crap about buying us water? If you don't die today, I'll change my last name to yours! Andrew's expression darkened, the amusement in his eyes vanishing.

This is what I'm willing to pay.

One dollar.

Take it or leave it.

If not, then I'm walking out.

Seans face twisted with rage, and he roared, Lock the doors! If this piece of trash doesnt pay up the way I want, then hes not leaving here alive! 1 Dexter sneered.

Andrew, your luck just ran out.

The last guy who tried skipping out on a bill at Dream Paradise is already buried six feet under.

The bodyguards moved into position, blocking every possible exit.

Yet, Andrew remained perfectly calm.

He said, Mr.

Chapman, since they wont let us leave, then guess well just stay.

With that, he casually plopped down on a nearby couch, completely unfazed.

Seans eyes flashed with malice

Are you seriously not afraid to die? Either pay up right now, or III make you regret it for the rest of your

life! Andrew glanced at him, his eyes as cold as ice.

He replied, A minute ago, I was willing to give you a dollar.

But now? You wont be getting a single cent.

In fact, Im going to make sure Dream Paradise is nothing but rubble by the time Im done.

Without another word, Andrew pulled out his phone and dialed Dylan and Natasha.

He ordered, Bring the crew to Dream Paradise.

Tear everything down.

Sean and Dexter both froze

Then, as if processing the absurdity of what he had just heard, Sean burst into laughter.

Dexter, did you hear that? This

Just called his friends t

club! Dexter grinned

mockingly.

Andrew, do you really think thatll work? Dream Paradise isnt some random dive bar. Who the hell do you think you are? The other rich kids chimed in, their faces full of scorn.

Demolish Dream Paradise? Ha! You dont even have the balls to fight back, and now youre talking about tearing this place down? Listen up moron this place is a regular spot for city officials, top tier fighters from Madblade Martial Academy, and every big shot in Jayredale.

You so much as scratch a wall, and youll be buried six feet under.

Man, forget him.

If this guy

here, I

my

Calls someone

myself sticking

into a ceiling fan! Andrew smirked.

Thanks for reminding me I should probably call Rodney too.

Might as well have him join the fun.

Chapter 664 With that, he dialed Rodney's number.

On the other end, Rodney answered immediately, his voice respectful.

Mr.

Lloyd ? What can I do for you? Andrew leaned back.

Im at Dream Paradise.

I heard youre a regula Rodney chuckled.

Eh, I swing by sometimes when I have free time.

But honestly? The only real attraction here is the handful of actual Eastonian girls.

The rest? Just cheap knockoffs.

Andrew's voice was calm.

Well, Dream Paradise has locked me in, and they're planning to rough me up.

What do you think I should do? Rodney's tone instantly turned icy.

They what? Mr.

Lloyd, give me five minutes no, three.

I'll be there immediately and level that damn brothel to the ground!

Chapter 665 Andrew set his phone down and glanced at Sean. Rodney's on his way

He said he's coming to tear down your club

11 Sean and Dexter exchanged looks before bursting into laughter.

Dexter clutched his stomach as if he couldn't breathe.

Andrew, you're really putting on a show here! If I didn't already know what a nobody you are, I might've actually believed you! Rodney was one of Jayrod's Four Most Eligible Bachelors and he ranked higher than Dexter.

Not only that, but because he trained at Madblade Martial Academy, he was notoriously arrogant.

He did not even give guys like Harvey and Michael the time of day, let alone someone like Dexter.

So, the idea that Rodney would rush over because Andrew called? That was laughable.

If anything, Dexter figured that if Andrew did run into Rodney, he would probably drop to his knees in terror.

However, Marcus shot Andrew a deep look, knowing that this underground king was done playing. Dream Paradise -and that idiot Sean -were about to suffer.

At first, Marcus had actually hoped to reason with Sean, since they were both from the same family. But now ? He realized Sean had completely brought this on himself.

Sean strutted up to Andrew and reached out to slap him.

Its been minutes, dumbass.

Wheres your help? Im so scared! Hurry up and get your guys to wreck my club! If no one shows up, I swear, Im breaking you tonight! A sharp glint flashed in Andrews eyes.

Without warning, he grabbed Seans hand and squeezed.

Then, a sickening crack rang out Seans palm was crushed.

A bloodcurdling scream erupted from the pudgy, rich kid as he collapsed, cradling his ruined hand.

His face twisted in agony as he lifted his hand, only to see his mangled fingers hanging limp, completely useless

Dexter, the other rich brats, and even Bryce all froze in horror.

A single squeeze was all it took for Andrew to turn Seans hand into pulp.

They could not help but wonder just how much force he had used

Sean shrieked at the top of his lungs, What the hell are you all standing around for? Kill him! My hand! Bryce snapped out of it and roared, Get him! Anyone who dares lay a hand on Mr.

Sean deserves death! Just then, the clubs glass entrance exploded, shattered by a powerful kick from outside.

Dream Paradises goons

lately turned toward the

entrance, momentarily momentarily forgetting Andrew.

Even Dexter and his fellow friends jumped in shock, startled by whoever had just stormed in. Then, they saw him -Rodney.

He was

40 men all from Madblade Martial Academy, and they marched in like they owned the place.

Talone he brought at least

Mr.

Lloyd, are you alright? Rodney's first words were not for Sean, Dexter, or anyone else.

They were for Andrew.

He did not even glance at the others.

Andrew remained seated, his tone calm.

Im fine.

Since youre here, do what you came to do

Rodney's icy gaze instantly locked onto Dexter. You.

Get over here and kneel.

Did you have a hand in disrespecting Mr.

Lloyd ? Rodney did not even ask if Dexter was involved he outright assumed he was guilty.

After all, who cared if they were both from Jayrodales elite? To Rodney, Dexter was nothing more than a worm.

Dexter, meanwhile, was terrified.

Y You know this loser? He stammered, unable to comprehend what was happening.

Rodney did not bother answering.

Instead, he delivered two brutal slaps across Dexters face, sending his teeth flying.

Blood splattered onto the floor as Dexter staggered backward, barely staying on his feet. Rodney snarled, How dare you call Mr.

Lloyd a loser ? Fine III show you what a real loser looks like.

With a wicked grin, he grabbed Dexter by the hair, ignoring his screams of pain.

Then, without hesitation, he started beating the living hell out of him.

Chapter 666 Rodney's fists rained down on Dexter like a brutal storm, smashing into his face , his head, his back even between his legs.

Within seconds, Dexter looked like his soul had nearly been beaten out of his body.

The other rich brats, including Sean, were completely paralyzed with fear

They stood frozen, trembling violently, their minds unable to process what was happening.

Andrew had actually called Rodney.

Not only that, but Rodney had really shown up with a full squad from Madblade Martial Academy.

They wondered how the so called kept man, the pretty boy, the spineless loser they had mocked pulled this off

It finally dawned on them that Andrew was not bluffing, and he was dead serious from the start.

A foul stench filled the air as Sean dropped to his knees with a loud thud, his face pale as a ghost.

He had lost all control, wetting himself in sheer terror.

Rodney! I was wrong! Please, you can beat Dexter all you want, but dont touch me ! I hate pain I really do! Watching Dexter get turned into a bloody pulp had shattered his last ounce of courage

The only thing keeping him from passing out was the fact that he was already on his knees. Rodney sneered.

Oh, so you were involved too? Good.

Just great.

He tossed Dexter aside like trash and grabbed Sean by the ear, yanking hard.

Seans screams pierced the air, his face contorting in agony as he convulsed.

The trickle of urine beneath him turned into a full flood.

However, Rodney did not just pull he ripped.

With a sickening tear, the lower half of Seans earlobe came clean off, blood gushing from the wound. Bryce and the front desk girl had long since collapsed onto their knees, their faces blank with terror. They did not / even dare to make a sound, horrified by Rodney's ruthlessness.

Marcus, watching from the sidelines, felt his heart pounding

He thought Rodney was completely unhinged but he knew this show of force was not just for fun, and that Rodney was doing it to prove a point to Andrew.

If Andrew even hinted at it, Rodney would not hesitate to kill Dexter and Sean for good.

Who the hell gave you two the balls to mess with Mr.

Lloyd ? Rodney roared

Not only are you two done, but this whole damn place is getting wiped off the map ! He did not stop at Dexter and Sean he grabbed the other rich kids by the collars and attacked them without mercy. Before long, the club was soon filled with the sounds of wailing and desperate cries for help Sean, clutching his bleeding ear, crawled toward Andrew, leaving a trail of red behind him. Mr.

Lloyd ! I was wrong! Please please, tell Rodney to stop! If this keeps up were dead! At least he had some sense left, knowing that begging Rodney was pointless and that Andrew could save him now. Andrew leaned down slightly, looking at Seans tear streaked, bloodied face with a smirk

He teased, Why are you begging me? Werent you just acting all high and mighty ? Get up.

Also, werent you robbing me just a second ago? Five million, right? Here, III pay.

Sean shook his head so fast it was a blur

His voice was hoarse from screaming

No, no! Theres no way III accept it! Mr.

Lloyd, I was wrong! I was just following Dexters lead! I swear, III never cross you again just please, please let me go! Andrew wrinkled his nose.

Back up.

You reek

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Sean protested, Mr.

Lloyd, I- Just as he spoke, a powerful kick sent him flying across the room, crashing into a table with a sickening crack.

He coughed violently, his insides twisting in pain

Standing at the entrance were Dylan and Natasha, their crew right behind them.

That last kick had come from Dylan.

Raymonds club had officially crossed the wrong person.

Dylan cracked his knuckles.

Damn, Dream Paradise must think theyre untouchable if they thought they could scam Mr.

Lloyd

Natasha swept her icy gaze around the room, her sultry face full of malice as she ordered, Smash everything.

Floor to ceiling I want this place leveled.

Chapter 667 In an instant, the hundred plus men Dylan and Natasha had brought with them unleashed absolute chaos upon Dream Paradise

Glass shattered, furniture splintered, and the deafening sound of destruction filled the air.

They did not stop until the last intact piece of glass was reduced to nothing but shards on the floor. Dexters throat bobbed as he struggled to breathe, his body locked in pure terror.

He could not believe the sudden turn of events

Andrew was supposed to be a spineless nobody a worthless, pretty boy who lived off wealthy women.

Yet not only had he summoned Rodney, but he had also brought in Dylan and Natasha, two of the most feared underground figures in the city.

Each of them alone was already untouchable.

Together? Even the Combs family would not survive if they wanted it gone.

Before long, a foul stench filled the air again.

Dexter, following in Seans pathetic footsteps, had completely pissed himself. Andrew no, Mr.

Lloyd ! Mr.

Lloyd, please! Have mercy! You're a generous man don't lower yourself to our level! I was wrong! I swear, I was wrong! Please, let this go! Andrew scoffed, his expression filled with cold amusement.

I told you before, if you had just stayed in your lane, I would've ignored you.

But no

You insisted on buzzing around like an annoying little fly.

Now you want mercy? Too late.

Dexter's entire body shook as he wailed

Mr.

Lloyd, I swear Ive learned my lesson ! Ill stay far away from you! Ill never cross you again just give me one chance ! Andrews gaze was indifferent.

Why would I let you go? Do you think people like you actually change? No.

Pain is the only lesson that works on you.

He turned to Dylan.

Didnt I say I wanted him to experience what its like to swallow his own teeth? Handle it.

Without hesitation, Dylans palm shot forward, striking Dexters face with a sickening crack.

Blood and teeth sprayed from Dexters mouth as he choked out a gurgled cry.

Before he could spit them out, Dylan grabbed him by the hair and forced his head back.

Dexters eyes rolled back as he involuntarily gulped down his own shattered teeth, a wet choking sound escaping his throat

His body convulsed before going limp he had passed out from sheer agony.

Meanwhile, Rodney dragged Sean forward and smirked.

Mr.

Lloyd, this fat bastards name is Sean Chapman

His father is Raymond Chapman, the owner of Dream Paradise.

Hes been desperately trying to squeeze into being one of

Jayrodales Most Eligible Bachelors, so he spends his days sucking up to me Harvey, and Dexter practically throwing himself at us.

He added, Tonight, he admitted that the whole setup was just him trying to impress Dexter. Figured it'd earn him some credit

Andrew glanced at Sean, whose face was now swollen beyond recognition.

You were willing to go this far... just to look cool in front of your friends? Seans entire body trembled as he repeatedly nodded.

No no! I mean, yes! But not anymore! I swear, Mr.

Lloyd, I was stupid! I am nothing! Compared to you, Im worse than trash! Andrew raised an eyebrow.

Becoming one of Jayrodales most eligible bachelors was that important to you? Sean broke down into full sobs

I thought it was! But not anymore

not after tonight! Please, just let me

go

ust want to live a normalife

!Andrew smirked.

Alright then.

Lets talk about my bill.

Should I still pay the five million? Or should I get a discount? Sean shook his head so hard it looked like

it might snap.

A discount ! A big one! No, no free! You dont pay a dime ! Mr.

Lloyd, the fact that you even

stepped into Dream Paradise is an

honor! You made this place shine just by existing here! Andrew patted Seans chubby, blood covered cheek .

Dont make a habit of this.

With that, he turned and led his people out.

Behind him, Dream Paradise a club once known throughout Jayrodale for its so called Eastonian

masseuses lay in complete ruins

The building had been reduced to little more than rubble, inside and out.

Onlookers passing by saw the wreckage and the battered, bloodied figures still groaning on the ground. No one felt pity.

Instead, the city cheered.

Chapter 668 One passerby commented, This kind of sleazy joint should ve been shut down ages ago talk about karma ! Someone replied, Exactly! My husband used to come here twice a month, dropping thousands every time

No matter how much I tried to talk sense into him, he wouldn't stop.

But now? Finally, I can relax ! Another chimed in, Damn... I have to say, I'm going to miss Number 9 and Number 11.

Those nights were legendary! The way they ugh, never mind.

Some memories are just too good to forget! A few seasoned veterans stood outside the wreckage of Dream Paradise, sighing nostalgically at the club's downfall.

Andrew patted Rodney's shoulder and grinned.

Rodney, I owe you one

Rodney quickly waved it off.

Mr.

Lloyd, please this was nothing.

It's what I should do.

Andrew nodded.

Alright, then take your guys and head back.

It's over now.

Without hesitation, Rodney gathered the Madblade Martial Academy crew and left.

Dylan followed soon after, leaving only Natasha behind.

She folded her arms and narrowed her eyes at Andrew

So, tell me what the hell were you doing in a place like this? Don't tell me you actually came to screw around.

Andrew scoffed

Give me some credit.

I was just tagging along with Mr.

Chapman, that's all strictly for a massage.

Natasha shot him a look of pure disbelief.

Oh, please.

A place like this? You expect me to believe you just got a massage? Not buying it.

Andrew chuckled helplessly.

I swear, that's all it was ! Whether you believe me or not, I can't help that.

Natasha's voice dropped to a sultry whisper.

Darling, let me warn you... if you're gonna waste your time on those filthy skanks, you might as well waste it on me.

She let out a soft hum, flashing him a seductive smile before throwing him one last teasing glance and strutting off toward West End

Marcus, watching the exchange, gave Andrew a thumbs up Mr.

Lloyd, was that Natasha Vostokoff from West End? That woman's got every guy in Jayrodale drooling over her.

Never thought I'd see the day she was completely under your spell! Andrew glanced at him.

And what exactly do you mean by under my spell? Marcus smirked wickedly.

Come on, man.

Both ways, of course

Let's be real even I wouldn't be able to resist a woman like Natasha.

She's dangerous in all the right ways.

Andrew sighed, rubbing his temple.

Mr.

Chapman, you've got a daughter, a respectable job, and more money than you could ever need.

So tell me why the hell do you still come to places like Dream Paradise? Marcus was unfazed. Why wouldn't I? Mr.

Lloyd, you really need to get out more

For starters, yeah, I have a kid- but I don't have a wife.

And let's be real, a man has needs.

What's the point of making all this money if I can't enjoy myself?

continued, Besides, its not e

half of Jayrodales big shots here.

come

Even the mayor, Michael, and Stephen have all been regulars.

Andrew frowned.

Even the mayor ? Isnt he worried about getting caught? Wouldnt that ruin him? Marcus let out a low chuckle.

Mr.

Lloyd, sometimes youre way too naive.

When Mr.

Thatcher shows up, the whole damn place goes on lockdown.

Security is airtight nobody sees a thing

And even if I happened to run into him inside, wed both just pretend we never saw each other. Thats the unspoken rule.

Andrew raised a brow.

Why? Wouldnt that be awkward as

hell? I mean, imagine running into Michael or someone how do you

even look each other in the eye after that? Marcus smirked knowingly.

Mr.

Lloyd, you clearly dont know the golden rule of these places. Andrew narrowed his eyes.

What golden rule ? Marcus chuckled and replied, In a club like this... no matter who you are friend, rival, enemy, even family the moment you step inside, youre all on the Same team.

Andrew tilted his head.

What team? Marcus grinned.

The Eastonian team!

Chapter 669

Andrew had Marcus figured out by now. If he had to sum him up in one sentence, it would be a closet hedonist, through and through.

The two were originally planning to head back to Rhodes Corporation together. However, before they could leave, Andrew's phone rang-it was Francesca.

"Andrew, where are you? Get to Moonlit Apothecary right now-Nyla's in critical condition!" Her voice was trembling, thick with panic and distress.

Andrew's face turned ice-cold. "What happened? Take a deep breath and tell me everything!"

Francesca broke down into sobs. "That hunchbacked bastard-Aspen's guy-the one she hired! He hit Nyla, Andrew! Please, hurry! The poison is spreading fast-I can't save her!"

Andrew did not waste another second. He hung up, slammed his foot on the gas, and tore through the streets toward Moonlit Apothecary.

If Francesca's description was right, Nyla had been struck by Gordon's Plaguebringer's Palm.

Andrew had survived it before because he was immune to toxins. However, Nyla was just an ordinary woman. Taking a hit from a peak senior grandmaster like Gordon and still being alive was already a miracle.

Nonetheless, Gordon had just signed his own death warrant.

Andrew's eyes burned with pure, lethal intent. It had been a long time since he wanted to kill someone this badly.

Aspen was on the list too. He had tolerated her games long enough. Now that she had come after his people, there was no longer any mercy left for her.

The moment his G-Wagon screeched to a halt outside Moonlit Apothecary, Andrew jumped out and stormed inside.

Francesca was sitting on the floor, cradling Nyla in her arms. Her face was streaked with tears, her expression a mix of helplessness and despair. She had tried to neutralize the poison, but even touching Nyla's skin made her hands sting.

Plaguebringer's Palm—a poison so deadly that even minor contact could spread it.

"Fran, move!" Andrew quickly took Nyla from Francesca's arms and carefully laid her on the bed.

Pulling her collar aside, he saw the blackened imprint of a palm on her shoulder. Tendrils of dark poison had already spread outward, creeping through her veins.

Her breathing was faint, her eyelids shut tight, and even in unconsciousness, her face was twisted in pain. Andrew's gaze shifted to the floor—where a pool of fresh blood had gathered beneath her.

His fury roared even hotter as he thought, 'Gordon... you're a dead man.'

"Andrew, can you save her? If Nyla dies, I swear to God—I'll hunt Aspen down myself!" Francesca's voice was hoarse from screaming, her eyes red with rage.

Andrew pulled out a vitality pill and slipped it into Nyla's mouth,

temporarily preserving her life force Then, with swift precision, he began inserting silver needles into her acupuncture points, drawing out the deadly poison thread by thread.

"Calm down. As long as I'm here, Nyla will not die."

It was only then that he took a second to reassure Francesca.

The process was grueling. For nearly five hours, Andrew worked tirelessly, extracting every last trace of poison from Nyla's body.

One by one, the silver needles absorbed the toxins, turning black as ink. The moment they touched a bowl of water, the liquid turned pitch-dark, swirling with lethal venom.

Francesca watched in horror. "Oh my... if you had been even a little late, Nyla would've..."

She could not bring herself to finish the sentence. Instead, she choked back a sob, overwhelmed with relief.

The black palm mark on Nyla's

shoulder had faded significantly. To ensure no lingering effects, Andrew fed her a few detox pills, ensuring that every last remnant of the

Plaguebringer's Palm was

eradicated.

Finally, he let out a long breath.

On the bed, Nyla slowly opened her eyes, her voice barely a whisper. "Dr. Aicker... Dr. Lloyd... you're all here..."

Francesca immediately gripped her hands. "Nyla, don't be scared! Andrew's here you're safe now!" Nyla turned her weak gaze toward Andrew, offering a faint smile.

"Dr. Lloyd... thank you... But you need to leave... That hunchbacked man is dangerous He was looking for you... When I said I didn't know where you were, he said... he'd make me e experience a fate worse than

death..."

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Nyla's voice was barely above a whisper. "Then... he struck me with his palm... Everything went dark... I wanted to warn you, Dr. Lloyd, but I blacked out before I could."

Andrew pressed his hands gently on her shoulders. "Nyla, you don't need to say anything else. Just rest." Nyla shook her head weakly, refusing to stay silent. "Dr. Lloyd, run! That hunchbacked old man is terrifying. He said he'd come back. If he can't find you, he'll kill one person a day... until you show up." Francesca clenched her fists, her entire body trembling with rage. "That psycho!"

Andrew's expression turned bone-chillingly cold. "Don't worry. He won't get the chance. Fran, stay here and watch over Nyla. I need to take care of something.

There was something in Andrew's voice-something final-that made Francesca's heart skip a beat. She reached for him in panic. "Andrew, where are you going? Please, be careful!"

Andrew nodded but did not stop. "I won't be long."

His G-Wagon roared to life, tires screeching as he sped straight toward Stevens Mansion. He thought Aspen and Gordon had gone too far, and since they wanted violence, he would give them violence.

...

Meanwhile, inside Stevens Mansion, Aspen sat in her room, sipping freshly brewed coffee. For the first time in ages, she actually felt relaxed.

Ever since coming to Jayrodale, she had suffered one humiliating setback after another.

"Mr. Woods already made his move on Moonlit Apothecary," she mused, taking another slow sip.

"Andrew slipped away by sheer luck, but that doesn't matter. As long as we got one of his little pets killed, it should be enough to terrify him."

A cruel smile curled on her lips; her revenge was just beginning. First, she would take down Andrew. Then, she would eliminate Rodney from Madblade Martial Academy. Next, she would crush Harvey and Rhodes Corporation.

Anyone who had ever opposed her would be destroyed, stolen from, and ruined. It did not matter if it meant bloodshed. After all, she had Gordon, a peak senior grandmaster, backing her.

If someone got in her way? She would have him kill them.

This was not just about revenge anymore. Aspen wanted to strip Jayrodale for everything it was worth, amass an insane fortune, and disappear back to Bridgefields before anyone could stop her.

As for the chaos she left behind? Not her problem. That mess would be for her dearest Christina to clean up.

Lately, Irene and Leroy had started treating her with less respect, whispering behind her back like ungrateful little rats. Of course, she knew why.

Those two were opportunists. As long as she brought them power and wealth, they worshiped her. Yet, now that she had hit a rough patch, they were already preparing to betray her.

Even so, Aspen could not care less. If they pushed their luck, she would have Gordon take care of them both. At the very least, she would make sure they never dared to speak

against her again.

The only one she still had some affection for was Christina. Unlike the others, Christina had always been supportive and respectful toward her.

If things went well, Aspen figured she might introduce Christina to one of the wealthy families in Blumedale. It would be a good trade-Christina was beautiful, and those wealthy heirs loved pretty women.

If she played it right, she could sell Christina off for a damn good price. Aspen smirked to herself. Just as

she was about to take another sip of coffee, a loud crash suddenly sounded.

From the front of the mansion came a woman's furious scream. Then, a gut-wrenching howl of pain.

Moments later, a deep, commanding voice thundered through the entire estate.

"Aspen, get your ass out of here!"