

## The Ashes 711

### Chapter 711

Finley was all for Aspen's devious schemes. As long as it was against Andrew, he did not care who it was-he was more than happy to watch.

On the other hand, Christina secretly thought that perhaps this was an opportunity to test Andrew's true abilities. Winston, being the heir of Blumedale's Wright family, certainly wielded tremendous influence.

If Andrew had provoked such a powerful young man, she wondered how he would handle the situation. If he crumbled instantly before Winston and begged for mercy, it would only prove he was not anything special after all.

As time passed, more and more guests filled the hotel lobby. Many had not received invitations but had snuck in just to watch the drama unfold.

A Reckoning Toast ceremony was not something you saw every day. Since it was being hosted by Raymond, the owner of Dream Paradise himself, whoever was on the receiving end would likely end up in a miserable state. "Damn it, he still hasn't shown up. This little bastard is really asking for death!" Raymond cursed impatiently. Winston, trying to impress Aspen and Christina, waved his hand casually and smiled. "Calm down. What's the rush? With me personally overseeing this, when he shows up, his only option will be to kneel and apologize Winston continued. "If he doesn't come, well, I'll personally visit his home tomorrow and make sure his whole family is kneeling at my feet!"

As time continued to slip away, Christina frowned. She wondered if Andrew was too afraid to show up. Finley was also gritting his teeth, thinking Andrew was cunning, treacherous, and despicable. He might actually be standing them up, deliberately embarrassing Raymond.

Just then, there was a commotion at the main entrance. Everyone's attention immediately shifted in that direction.

Stephen led the way, with Andrew walking in the center, Dylan and Natasha flanking him on either side, followed by more than a dozen skilled fighters, all walking in unhurriedly.

The crowd immediately erupted into whispered discussions.

"He actually dared to come. This Andrew has some serious guts!" someone commented.

Another said, "If I were him, I would've bought a plane ticket and fled overseas by now. Most of the third day has already passed, so there's no point in coming now. Mr. Chapman won't accept his apology!"

"What an idiot! Coming to apologize but bringing backup? Isn't he just provoking Mr. Chapman and asking for a beating?" someone else remarked.

"Dylan and Natasha better keep their distance if they know what's good for them. Otherwise, Winston might get angry and wipe out Jayrodale's entire underground in one fell swoop!"

Andrew heard almost all the comments from those around him. However, he remained unfazed as he walked directly toward Raymond.

Raymond waved his hand, and immediately, someone brought over a table with alcohol on it.

"Since you're here, don't waste time. Just kneel and toast first," Raymond commanded coldly.

Andrew's late arrival had infuriated

him. Nonetheless, he thought at least the kid knew what was important and had shown up. Raymond planned to toy with him first, humiliate him thoroughly, and then beat him half to death to vent his anger.

Andrew seemed to ignore Raymond's command and instead glanced around the room. When he saw Aspen and Christina, he could not help but think they were really everywhere. Then, there was Finley, looking smug as ever, though Andrew knew the guy was just another pathetic loser.

As for the rest? They were unfamiliar, so he paid them no mind.

"Andrew, are you deaf? I told you to kneel and make the toast!" Raymond shouted again.

He silently cursed at Andrew, 'Damn it, this little bastard is completely ignoring me, looking around instead. He really needs to be taught a lesson!'

Winston sat with one leg crossed over the other, his personal bodyguard Jason standing beside him.

Winston mocked, "This little nobody

is somewhat interesting. Though

he's weak as hell, he's putting on

quite a show! No wonder Raymond couldn't handle him. Seems like he's got something, but not much!"

Aspen smirked coldly. "Andrew, you'd better listen to Mr. Chapman's words. When he tells you to kneel,

you kneel. When he tells you to toast, you toast."

## Chapter 712

Otherwise, your luck runs out today, and you might not even know what killed you!" Aspen threatened. 1 Andrew gave her a dismissive glance. "Aspen, who do you think you are to tell me what to do? You can't find anyone to rely on in Jayrodale anymore, can you? Hah, you're nothing more than a stray!"

Aspen's expression changed dramatically as she gritted her teeth. Inwardly, she was shocked, wondering if Andrew had really taken out Gordon. After all, he would not say such things if he did not.

Winston frowned when he saw Aspen's displeasure. He said coldly, "Raymond, what are you waiting for? Teach him some manners."

Raymond acknowledged with a grunt, then turned to Andrew with a vicious smile. He snarled, "You little bastard, I'll give you one last chance. Hurry up, get down on your knees for the toast, and then accept whatever punishment I decide to give you!"

Andrew raised an eyebrow. "And if I don't? Are you going to bite me?"

Raymond was momentarily stunned, then flew into a rage. You really don't know when to quit, do you? Are you not afraid of dying? Open your damn eyes and look around. Do you think things will end well for you toda don't kneel?"

The others who had come to witness the Reckoning Toast ceremony broke into an uproar.

"Wow! This guy's got some nerve. Looking at him, you'd think he was going to defy Mr. Chapman!"

someone

commented.

you

Another person said, "What an idiot. Even at this point, he doesn't recognize how serious the situation is. He's digging his own grave!"

"Maybe he thinks having Natasha and Dylan backing him means he doesn't have to fear anything. But I heard that Mr. Wright, who Mr. Chapman invited, is the real deal. Dylan and Natasha won't be able to save his miserable life!"

Dexter had also arrived, hiding in a corner, afraid to be seen. His eyes were filled with hatred and resentment as he looked at Andrew.

The day Dream Paradise was trashed, he had been severely beaten, almost to death. Upon learning that Raymond had invited Winston as his ace, he had come specifically to watch, desperately hoping that Raymond would kill Andrew outright.

Natasha frowned. "Mr. Chapman, you should know the real reason behind what happened at Dream Paradise If your son hadn't been following someone else's orders to cause trouble with Mr. Lloyd, things wouldn't have escalated to this point."

Raymond snorted. "I don't give a damn about the reason. Anyone who trashes my club has to pay the price!"

Dylan laughed coldly. "Raymond, when did you become so full of yourself? Do your parents know about this?"

Raymond sneered. "Dylan, in the past, I would have shown you some respect and kept my mouth shut. But I'm sorry to say, today I'm going to take you all down."

"Either this little punk gets on his knees right now to apologize, or he can prepare to die!" Raymond declared.

He was truly baffled. Did Stephen not inform Andrew about Winston? Despite knowing that Winston was backing him up, the bastard still dared to stand there talking back-it was suicide.

Andrew finally spoke up. "I did come here today for a toast and an apology."

Raymond sneered. "Stop dragging this out. If you already know what to do, just get on with it! Kneel down, hurry up!"

Andrew smiled coldly. "Not so fast. The apology and toast mentioned aren't from me. It's you, Raymond, who should kneel and apologize to me!"

Andrew's words sent Raymond into a rage. Winston, too, was so angry he could only laugh.

As for everyone else present, they all looked at Andrew with disbelief in

their eyes. They wondered if Andrew was out of his damn mind and if the pressure had finally gotten to him.

## Chapter 713

Aspen sneered. "Andrew, do you really think Mr. Chapman has no one backing him? Mr. Wright is the real power behind tonight's Reckoning Toast. If you're still acting so clueless, you're as good as dead!"

Winston let out a light chuckle. "Ms. Aspen, you're exaggerating. I'm just here for the show. Raymond can handle this. That little nobody isn't worth my time."

He did not even spare Andrew a proper look, acting every bit like the elite spoiled rich kid he was. A few young women in the crowd practically swooned, their eyes gleaming with admiration.

Men like Winston, born into wealth and power, had a way of dazzling naive girls. After all, in this world, money was the ultimate advantage.

Christina remained silent, watching Andrew closely. She wanted to see how he would handle the pressure from both Raymond and Winston.

After all, Winston arriving in Jayrodale was a big deal-he was the real power player in the room. In her opinion, Andrew would not dare go up against him if he had any sense.

Raymond, growing impatient, suddenly raised his hand and swung at Andrew. "You little shit, I told you to kneel and pour the damn drink! If you keep dragging your feet, I'll slap you twice first-then we'll see how fast you drop!"

Before Raymond's hand even got close, Andrew's slap landed first. The sheer force sent Raymond-a man weighing over 300 pounds-flying across the room.

Andrew scoffed. "You idiot. Are you really that ignorant that you can't tell who should be begging for mercy tonight?"

His voice was ice-cold as he took two steps forward, stopping right over Raymond's sprawled-out body. Then, without hesitation, he lifted his foot and stomped it straight onto Raymond's face.

A bloodcurdling scream tore through the hall as Raymond's entire face caved in-his mouth, nose, and even his teeth crushed under Andrew's boot.

"You little bastard! How dare you dare lay a hand on me?! You're dead! Your whole family is dead!" Raymond howled in fury.

His mind was boiling with rage. At this point, Andrew should have been groveling, not fighting back. This was not just an insult to him-it was an insult to Winston.

The crowd erupted in chaos, and everyone stared at Andrew in disbelief.

Someone exclaimed, "Am I seeing this right? He actually fought back right in front of Mr. Wright?! Does he have a death wish?!"

"This guy is insane! Not only is he dead, but his whole family, everything he owns-it's all going to be wiped out by Mr. Wright!"

"Raymond's teeth are on the floor... Goodness... He must've already accepted his fate-now he's just going all out before he dies!"

Aspen smirked darkly, her eyes

glinting with cruel satisfaction. This

was exactly what she wanted. She

knew Andrew would not just

surrender and that he would strike

back.

The more he resisted, the angrier Winston became; the angrier Winston became, the worse Andrew's fate would

Finley gulped down the rest of his

drink, grinning ear to ear Last time, the hunchbacked old man Aspen brought failed to take Andrew down-it had been a huge

disappointment.

However, with the ruthless Winston around, Finley believed Andrew was screwed. No way was he getting out of this alive.

Meanwhile, Christina's heart was

pounding as she thought 'Andrew, you actually fought back. Do you seriously think you can take on the Wright family?'

Shock, doubt, and disbelief swirled inside her. She thought Andrew was really reckless,

Just then, Andrew suddenly lifted his foot and kicked Raymond straight in the stomach.

Raymond's entire body spasmed, nearly passing out from the pain. His mouth opened wide, gasping for air, while his face and neck twitched uncontrollably.

"You fucking... How dare you..."

Andrew stood over him, looking down with cold indifference. "Shut up."

Chapter 714

With another vicious kick, Raymond's massive body was sent flying across the room, rolling like a ragdoll before slamming into the far end of the hall. With a loud thud, he crashed into the wall and collapsed to the floor, completely unconscious.

The entire room fell into dead silence. One by one, the spectators stood frozen, their eyes wide with shock, unable to process Andrew's sheer audacity and brute force.

Finley's face twitched in disbelief. "Does Andrew seriously not care about pissing Winston off?"

Christina's lips parted slightly. She had known that Andrew had changed, but she never imagined he had grown this fearless.



Yet, before anyone could recover from the shock, Andrew did something even more outrageous. He flicked his wrist casually and ordered, "Drag that fat pig over here. He still hasn't kneeled to apologize, and now he wants to take a nap? Not happening."

Dylan grinned darkly and strode over, grabbing Raymond by the leg before yanking him across the floor like a piece of trash.

Natasha, holding a glass of liquor, suddenly splashed the contents straight onto Raymond's face.

With a sharp gasp, Raymond jolted awake, choking on the burn of the alcohol. "Andrew, I swear to God- I'm going to kill you! I'll fucking kill you!"

Andrew grabbed him by the collar and brutally slapped him. The slaps kept coming, one after another until blood streamed down Raymond's swollen face.

"Say it again," Andrew demanded coldly.

Raymond spat, "You motherfu—"

A few more slaps, and this time, Andrew's strikes completely shattered Raymond's nose. His entire face swelled, and he was barely recognizable.

"Try again," Andrew said flatly.

Raymond's lips trembled as he stuttered, "I... I..."

The absolute ruthlessness in Andrew's eyes had drained the last bit of defiance from him. The arrogance he once had was gone, replaced by raw fear.

He could not fight back. So, there was only one option left-beg for help.

Desperately, he turned toward Winston and screamed, "Mr. Wright, save me! Please, save me!"

The sight of Raymond reduced to a pathetic mess, wailing for mercy, sent shivers down everyone's spine. Someone gasped. "Holy shit. Andrew is insane!"

"Does he not realize he just humiliated Raymond right in front of Winston? Andrew just crossed the line!" "Look at Winston's face. It's darker than a storm cloud. Andrew might've gotten away with hitting Raymond, but there's no way he's getting away with this."

In the corner, Dexter turned pale, his lips trembling. Beside him, Sean's entire body shook, his face drenched in cold sweat. His pants were nearly soaked.

Andrew's brutality was beyond anything they could have imagined.

Even with Winston right there, he still dared to treat Raymond like garbage.

Sean clutched his head in terror, screaming, "I don't care about revenge anymore! I just want to go home! I want my mom!"

Suddenly, a wine glass shattered on the floor.

Winston's expression twisted in rage as he slowly rose from his leather seat, his movements deliberate and filled with menace.

"So, you're Andrew Lloyd," he said,

his voice low and dangerous. "Listen carefully. I'm only going to say this once kneel. Let me crack your skull open and break all four of your limbs. en

"Or... You can resist. And if you do, I won't just kill you-I'll erase your entire family. Everyone you've ever cared about will suffer. Even in

trapped in the hell I create for you.

death you'll exist in eternal fear,

His teeth clenched so hard they nearly cracked. His eyes burned with a murderous fury, his killing intent nearly tangible in the air.

Winston did not give a damn about Raymond he was just a pawn. Yet, for Andrew to humiliate his own. people right in front of him? There was no way Winston could let this insult slide. 1

Even the slightest stain on his pride had to be repaid in blood.

Chapter 715

"It's over. Mr. Wright is furious, and the consequences will be severe!" someone whispered.

"Andrew is good as dead! When Mr. Wright gets angry, it's like the sky is falling!" another added..

"I really admire this guy's guts. Even now, he's not begging for mercy on his knees. He must be an idiot to think he's untouchable," a third voice said.

The onlookers' gazes toward Andrew were filled with both pity and mockery. If Winston went on a rampage, no one could help Andrew. Whatever Andrew had done to Raymond, Winston would pay back a hundredfold.

"Andrew, you might be able to humiliate Mr. Chapman, but in front of Mr. Wright, all you can do is grovel," Aspen said with a cold smile.

Andrew remained unmoved by the chatter and discussions surrounding him. He slightly turned his head, glanced sideways at Winston, and asked casually, "And who are you?"

The crowd erupted again. They thought Andrew was insane and just too arrogant. Winston had already stepped forward in anger, yet he dared to ask who he was. He was basically treating Winston as if he were nobody.

Everyone was sure that Andrew was doomed.

Winston was furious but managed a vicious smile. "Listen carefully, punk. My name is Winston Wright, and I'm from Blumedale's Wright family. I could crush you with one finger!"

He had expected Andrew to be terrified, especially after he had announced his identity. The Wright family name from Blumedale carried tremendous weight in the region.

Yet Andrew just shook his head and said calmly, "Sorry. I'm not familiar with any Wright family. I've never heard of them. Besides, today is about the grudge between Raymond and me. It doesn't seem to concern you.

The spectators all gasped, each thinking Andrew had lost his mind.

"I can't believe he actually spoke to Mr. Wright like that! How many lives does he think he has?" one person

muttered.

"Even in the state capital, no one dares to talk to Winston like that. This kid is either completely fearless or completely stupid!"

"What should have been a simple Reckoning Toast ceremony has turned into a public execution scene because of this guy. I bet Mr. Wright will definitely kill him, no doubt about it!" a third person commented. Christina's heart was racing. She thought, 'Andrew, how can you not take Winston seriously? Where the hell is this confidence coming from?'

Winston let out a dry laugh, his gaze sharp as a knife. "You've got guts, I'll give you that. I've been running this city for years, and I've never met someone as reckless as you

He snarled, "Fine. If I don't kill you tonight, I don't deserve to be a Wright!"

Winston's eyes were blazing with fury, and he was determined to kill Andrew. This was not just about avenging Raymond anymore. It was about salvaging his dignity as the heir of the Wright family. "Well, if you don't think you're worthy to be a Wright, how about this: if you can't kill me, you can take my last name. I'll treat you like my godson from now on. I'm feeling generous," Andrew suggested casually.

Winston was beyond furious, howling, "Mr. Lowell, take him down! Kill this punk! I don't just want him dead-I want his entire family erased!"

Looking at his frenzied state, his face contorted with rage, was clear that Andrew had pushed him to the absolute limit.

The others were almost numb by now, with some even admiring Andrew's sheer audacity. Even while staring at death in the face, he still dared to verbally spar with Winston. 1

They had to admit, he truly had a death wish. Unfortunately no matter how tough he was, a person only had one life. Once dead, it was all over.

No matter how arrogant Andrew was or how much he disrespected Winston, he would ultimately be killed. So, his act of defiance seemed pointless to them.

Jason stepped forward with one hand behind his back, his tall, lean frame moving with an eerie calm.

"I don't want to dirty my hands, so kneel and let Mr. Wright crush you to death," he threatened.

He added, "Otherwise, I'll first shatter your kneecaps, making you wish you were dead. Then I'll crack open your skull, ensuring you die with your eyes wide open in agony!"

## Chapter 716

Jason's cold, emotionless voice echoed, and the onlookers quickly backed away. They were frightened by the chilling aura emanating from him-it felt like being targeted by a

mous snake.

Aspen's face filled with uncertainty as he sized up Jason. She thought Winston's personal bodyguard was impressive, possessing fighting skills matching Gordon's, at the peak senior grandmaster level. It was indeed just as expected from the elite families of Blumedale.

Gordon alone was enough to make the Stevens family of Bridgefields walk with their heads high. If Jason was not

surpassed the senior

even the strongest in the Wright family, then the other experts in the family must has

grandmaster level.

In an instant, Aspen became absolutely certain that Andrew had met his match. No matter how hard he struggled or how lucky he got, death was inevitable.

"How dare you!" Natasha and Dylan tensed up, glaring at Jason.

Jason chuckled. "You two wimps-if you don't want to die, move. With your pathetic skills, even dogs are more useful than you."

Winston fixed his gaze on Andrew, smiling icily. "Andrew, I have to say, I haven't seen someone with your a long time. The more courage you show, the more satisfying it'll be when I crush you.

"So don't disappoint me-resist, resist with everything you've got. That way, when I kill you, I'll feel fulfilled and exhilarated!"

Winston finished with a maniacal laugh, bloodlust gleaming in his eyes.

Andrew waved his hand. "Dylan, Natasha, stand down. This old bastard has some skill-you're no match for him right now."

Dylan and Natasha immediately complied and stepped back They could feel Jason's overwhelming presence pressing down on them, making it hard to breathe. Nonetheless, Andrew was their boss-if he had ordered them to fight to the death right now, they would not have hesitated for a second.

Winston smiled arrogantly. "What's this? Scared now? Too terrified to man up? If you'd shown some sense earlier, I wouldn't have needed to step in myself. But now?

He pointed at his belt and sneered. "Crawl under this first, then I might consider leaving your corpse intact."

The surrounding crowd burst into

laughter-this was the true

dominance of the Wright family.

Andrew, might have crushed

Raymond, but he was nothing compared to Winston-the gap between them was simply too vast.

"Kneel to you? Winston, I think you might be brain-damaged," Andrew said coldly. "This is Jayrodale, not Blumede. You come to my territory acting tough, and I'm supposed to respect you? Who the hell do you think you are?"

Winston felt his chest nearly explode with rage. "Mr. Lowell, don't hesitate anymore-kill him immediately! Tear him to pieces! Now, now, now!"

His voice cracked with fury as he stomped his foot.

Jason's eyes turned vicious as he chopped toward Andrew's head. Andrew slightly tilted his head to avoid the palm strike, then rammed his shoulder hard against Jason's body

Jason's pupils contracted as he sneered, "You've got some skill, but it's not enough against me."

His tall figure suddenly rose up, and the air trembled with a series of rapid thuds. Then, his legs alternated

flurry of rapid kicks aimed at Andrew's chest.

He snarled, "Let's see if you can block this! If you can take my Unstoppable Chain Kicks, then maybe I'll acknowledge you as a real fighter!"

Chapter 717 Jason taunted Andrew as he launched a flying kick.

Any peak senior grandmaster worth their salt had signature techniques they relied on Gordon had his deadly Plaguebringers Palm, while Jason was known for his vicious Unstoppable Chain Kicks.

Unfortunately for Jason, he was facing Andrew.

The latter simply said indifferently, What a pathetic trick! With that, Andrews right hand shot forward, cutting through Jasons flurry of kicks.

In one swift move, he grabbed Jasons ankle and twisted it violently.

Jason let out an agonized scream as Andrew snapped his tendon.

Large beads of sweat dripped from Jasons forehead as he crashed heavily to the ground, clutching his ruptured Achilles tendon and howling in pain.

Everyone was stunned into silence, unable to believe their eyes that Jason had actually been brought down.

After all, that devastating chain kick of his could shatter a car, yet Andrew had countered it like it was nothing.

Christinas face paled in horror, and she wondered how Andrew could be this powerful.

On the other hand, Aspens mind went blank as she feared Jason was actually losing to Andrew.

Finleys expression turned ugly, almost grotesque.

He thought, Damn it, is Jason going to meet the same fate as that hunchbacked old man? Winston frowned.

Mr.

Lowell, whats going on? Get up and finish him for me! The searing pain from his severed tendon was more than any ordinary person could bear .



Even Jason felt dizzy from the agony.

Upon hearing Winstons command, Jason immediately shouted, Mr.

Wright, be careful! This guy is hiding his true strength ! His abilities are definitely beyond my- Before he could finish warning that Andrew was stronger than they imagined, Andrew stomped on his other leg.

Jasons agonized screams echoed through the air.

He screamed, Ill end you ! Jason had not expected Andrew to go this far, but he was not about to let himself get crushed.

He slammed both palms against the ground with explosive force.

Andrews expression remained unchanged as he threw a punch.

His fist collided brutally with Jasons fingers, and with a sickening crack, Jasons fingers shattered.

Andrews eyes remained cold as he pressed a single hand against Jasons chest, using a lethal close range energy strike.

Within that small space, power surged like a flash flood.

Jasons shirt tore open from the back with a loud ripping sound, revealing a gaping wound drenched in blood.

For the first time, Jasons eyes filled with sheer terror.

W Who the hell are you?! That technique youre using Inch Force! Its exclusive to one of Chetvines powerhouse families how do you know it? Andrew remained silent, his expression never changing.

With a single palm strike to Jason's shoulder, as casually as swatting a fly, he knocked Jason unconscious.

The powerful energy continued to crackle through Jason's body even after he passed out.

Jason lay sprawled on the ground, blood flowing from his mouth, his limbs occasionally twitching in a spine-chilling manner.

Silence fell, a deathly stillness.

Even Dylan and Natasha could sense the murderous aura Andrew was barely containing.

My precious darling is definitely not an ordinary person, Natasha warned herself.

While she knew Andrew was

powerful, knowledgeable, and skilled in both medicine and combat,

she had never questioned where he came from.

After witnessing what he had just

done, she realized something she

could not comprehend even a

fragment of the techniques he was using.

Chapter 718 This kind of situation usually indicated only one thing: a high-level expert had unknowingly slipped into their territory.

Winston gulped audibly, unable to believe what he was witnessing.

You actually defeated Jason? Impossible! This can't be happening! He stepped backward, desperately trying to deny the outcome before his eyes.

Jason was a personal bodyguard and servant assigned by the head of the Wright family specifically for Winston.

The Wright family paid ten million Holtrien dollars per month for his services, plus all the training resources Jason required for his martial development.

Yet, Andrew had taken down this ten million a month expert in just a few moves.

Even though Winston came from a powerful family, his entire worldview was severely shaken.

My dear boy, nothing is impossible, Andrew said as he approached Winston and delivered a stinging slap across his face.

If it seems that way, it just means your experience is too limited and your perspective too narrow ! With those words, he followed up with another slap. Winston, already scrawny to begin with, was sent spinning from the impact.

Dazed and seeing stars, he collapsed onto his knees.

You bastard! How dare you slap me? Andrew, I can't believe you fucking hit me ! You're dead! You'll die no matter what ! Winston screamed hysterically after regaining his senses on the ground.

Jason being taken out meant there was no turning back Andrew had already made himself the Wright family's mortal enemy.

Yet, this lunatic was even slapping him across the face.

Winston was humiliated.

After all, he was the heir of the Wright family.

He silently swore in his heart that no matter what, even if it cost the entire Wright familys resources, he would make sure Andrew was wiped off the face of the earth.

Oh ? You think youre untouchable? That youre too important to be hit ? Andrew scoffed and kicked Winston straight in the stomach.

Winston immediately squealed and curled up on the ground.

Someone muttered, Hes insane ! Absolutely insane! He actually beat the hell out of Mr.

Wright! He took down Jason, and now hes knocked Mr.

Wright himself to the ground.

The Wright family has truly embarrassed themselves today! another spectator whispered.

Screw this, Im out.

Im not staying at the Jayrodale Grand Hotel any longer.

If the Wright family comes down on this place in a fit of rage, we could all get caught in the crossfire! Andrews assault on Winston had shocked everyone watching

en

They never imagined Andrew would actually dare to hurt Winston.

Everyone knew that while Winston might be useless himself, the Wright family behind him was an absolute powerhouse that nobody dared to provoke.

By striking Winston, Andrew had committed an unforgivable act.

Andrew, are you truly not afraid of the Wright familys wrath ? Aspen shouted angrily.

Andrew gave her a cold glance.

Shut up, or I'll have Natasha slap

some manners into you again! Aspen immediately fell silent, biting her lip with endless hatred in her eyes.

Without Gordon backing her up, she did not stand a chance against Andrew in Jayrodale.

More importantly, seeing Jason killed had brought Aspen to a sudden realization Gordon had most likely died at Andrew's lands.

Even if she rallied the entire Stevens family from Bridgefield, they might still be powerless against him.

For a moment, Aspen genuinely considered buying a ticket and returning to Bridgefields immediately.

Nonetheless, she knew going back would subject her to thunderous rage and punishment.

So, she had no choice but to continue struggling for survival in Jayrodale.

Chapter 719 Bring them all here, Andrew said calmly.

Dylan immediately had his men drag Raymond, Jason, and Winston over, forcing them to kneel before Andrew.

Andrew! Do you even realize who Mr.

Wright is? You actually hit him? You're absolutely Before he could finish his rant, Andrew delivered a slap that sent Raymond's head crashing against the floor.

His eyes rolled back as he passed out again.

The spectators who had gathered to watch the commotion began quietly slipping away.

They did not dare linger any longer, not after seeing Winston beaten so brutally.

It was only a matter of time before the Wright familys enforcers from Blumedale stormed into Jayrodale seeking vengeance.

Andrew, please calm down, Christina urged.

tons status isnt something to be taken lightly.

If this escalates too far and catches the Wright familys attention, you could be in serious trouble.

Andrew smirked.

Ms.

Stevens, are you actually worried about me? Christina hesitated for a second before letting out a self deprecating chuckle.

If I told you I was genuinely trying to warn you, would you even believe me? Andrews expression remained indifferent.

Sorry, but I dont need your concern, Ms.

Stevens.

Aspen scoffed.

Christie, stop wasting your breath.

Let him dig his own grave hes about to suffer for this! Winston lifted his head, his voice laced with hatred.

Its useless, Andrew ! No matter what you try, youre already dead! You hit me, and theres no escaping it! Whether you flee overseas or disappear off the grid the Wright family has a thousand ways to track you down and tear you to pieces! Andrew chuckled.

Who said anything about running? Im staying right here in Jayrodale.

Im not going anywhere, and Id love to see exactly what your Wright family can do

With that, he slapped Winston again.

This time, Winston felt his teeth loosen as his face throbbed in unbearable pain.

He clutched his cheek, his eyes burning with rage and humiliation.

Jason tugged at Winstons leg, silently warning him to stop talking.

There was no point in running his mouth- was only setting himself up for more suffering.

1 Mr.

Wright, lets just get out of here first.

Once were free, well let the real

ventre of of the Wright familyet

of him, Jason

gritted teeth.omet

Trust me, with the weight of the Wright family, crushing him will be as easy as stepping on an ant.

Andrew let out a dismissive chuckle.

He had heard every word Jason said, but he did not care in the slightest.

If they wanted to escalate things, so be it he was not afraid.

he This whole situation started as something small, Andrew said casually, turning his attention back to Winston.

Raymonds son tried to scam me, so I trashed their club.

That shouldve been the end of it.

He added, But no, the Chapman family had to come knocking first, so I simply gave them a taste of their own medicine.

Then theres you,

Wright.

Mr.

You could be enjoying your life in Blumedeate, living in luxury, but instead, you came running to.

Jayrodale, thinking you could use me as a stepping stone to show off.

en



So tell me, Mr.

Wright, do you understand your mistake now ? 26 BONUS Winstons eyes

flashed with murderous Intent.

He was just bout to snap back with an insult, b but when he met Audew's

Icy

smirking,, razor sharp gaze, a6] 4

chiff ran down his spine.

He swallowed his fury and forced himself to stay silent.

Hmph, Andrew, I indeed had no grudge against you, but Raymond is a dog I keep, Winston sneered.

If you beat him, arent you essentially humiliating me ? Andrew shook his head. That logic doesnt work.

Even if Raymond is your dog, shouldnt you compensate me for the injury if your dog bites me? Winston laughed coldly.

You can ask around and find out when Ive ever paid anyone compensation.

If theres compensation involved, its usually the other way around.

People kneel before me, beg for forgiveness, and offer me their apologies !

Chapter 720

Mr.

Wright, It seems you still don't understand your situation.

Grabbing Winston by the hair, Andrew slapped him across the face again, his swollen cheeks taking yet another brutal beating.

Then, he asked, Now, do you finally see who should be begging for mercy? Winston's nose and mouth spurted blood as he was slapped into submission.

Never in his life had he been slapped this many times, and Andrew had literally smacked him senseless.

P Please stop hitting me.

W We can talk this out! Winston's voice had taken on a whimpering tone as he shielded his face with his hands.

Andrew nodded with satisfaction and slowly said, That's more like it.

So let me ask Mr.

Wright once more do you acknowledge your mistake? Without a moment's hesitation, Winston nodded frantically Yes, I was wrong! I'll definitely change my ways completely! Andrew immediately delivered two more slaps, the sound making Finley, Christina, and Aspen jump with fright.

They all thought Andrew was truly insane and suicidal.

After all, Winston had already apologized, yet Andrew still slapped him it was like he was trying to push Winston to the brink of madness.

Even Dylan and Natasha were starting to suspect that Andrew was using Winston as a practice dummy but they had no solid proof.

Andrew, why the hell did you hit me again? Winston screamed in frustration after being slapped for no apparent reason.

Andrew replied, I asked if you acknowledged your mistake and all you needed to say was yes.

But you had to add that bit about changing your ways.

Did I ask you to change? Winston looked completely bewildered, staring at Andrew as if he were some kind of monster.

He had seen bullies before, but never someone who bullied with such a complete lack of boundaries.

Finleys mouth twitched as he thought, Andrew, you truly are a demon.

If you want to hit someone, just say so- why bother inventing imaginary crimes? Andrew clapped his hands casually.

Alright, lets put an end to this matter.

What do you say, Mr.

Wright? Though I slapped you, it was because you deserved it.

Raymond provoked me, so I trashed his club.

I treat you all equally and fairly, without any personal bias ! Winstons mouth twitched again as he silently cursed, No personal grudges, my ass! If Andrew thinks this will end here, Des dreaming! Despite the rage boiling inside him, Winston did not dare talk back and obediently replied, Dont worry, I wont hold you responsible for anything.

Andrew raised an eyebrow.

So you were planning to hold me responsible before? Winston nearly wet himself in fear.

No, no, no! I never thought about holding you responsible, truly, never! His pathetic demeanor left Christina and Aspen in disbelief.

Winston, the heir of Blumedaes Wright family, had been reduced to such a submissive state by Andrew acting like a perfect little angel .

Andrew waved dismissively.

That settles it then.

You can go now.

Remember what you said, Mr.

Wright were even! \*

even

Winston supported himself on

Jason as he struggled to his teet

rushing toward the hotel entrance in

panic Absolutely, absolutely!

Iremember perfectly clearly the

called back.

Winston did not even consider helping Raymond he was disposable, and his life did not matter.

Suddenly Andrew called out, Wait a

minute! Was this bastard going to push things even further? Winston and Jason froze in their tracks.

They were just a few yards from leaving the hotel.

Jason turned around shakily and said through clenched teeth, Are you trying to

force me to fight you to the death?