

## The Ashes 831

Chapter 831

One announcement after another rang out as a dense crowd flooded in, shocking everyone present-Zephyr, the Stevens family from Bridgefields, and even

Christina's entire household.

One by one, their faces turned pale as fear set in.

Irene's legs trembled so much she nearly lost her footing. WW-Why are you showing up uninvited? What do you want?"

At the front of the crowd, Dylan spoke in an eerily calm tone. "To kill."

Irene was so terrified she almost let out a scream before collapsing onto the floor.

Leroy's forehead was drenched in sweat as he looked desperately at Christina. "Christie, what do we do? What do we do?"

Both he and Irene were filled with overwhelming regret. If they had known this would happen, they never would have run their mouths in front of Zephyr.

Now, they had gotten themselves into serious trouble-trouble bigger than they could ever handle. Never in their wildest dreams had they expected to stir up such

a storm, bringing so many powerful people straight to their doorstep.

Christina's face had lost some color too, but she managed to keep herself composed.

Gritting her teeth, she reassured herself in her mind, 'There's nothing to be afraid of. Mr. Zephyr and the Stevens family's top fighters are here. These people shouldn't be here to start a fight. If they were, Mr. Zephyr would step in and ensure justice is served.'

At the head of the main hall, Zephyr sat expressionless, silently watching the crowd pour in. Some of Jayrodale's most influential figures were leading them. With so many of them had arrived all at once, he could not help but wonder what they were planning.

With a polite chuckle, Zephyr stood up, clasped his hands together, and

addressed the group. "Everyone, I am Zephyr Stevens. It's a pleasure to meet you all!"

As the head of his household, he had no clue why they had come, but he maintained his courtesy regardless. However, to his surprise, not a single one of the Jayrodale elites responded.

It was as if they did not even see him, completely ignoring his greeting. Without sparing him a glance, they strode into the Stevens mansion's grand hall, making themselves at home as if they owned the place, choosing their

seats at will.

"How dare you!"

The two Stevens family enforcers flanking Zephyr instantly roared in anger.

Zephyr's expression darkened as well. Had they not heard his greeting? Or were they deliberately ignoring him?

At last, the big shots had all taken their seats. Then, without hesitation, one sharp, unfriendly gaze after another locked onto Zephyr.

He felt a chill creep down his spine,

his mind filling with unease. Among

these people were repres

from every major industry in Jayrodale-each one, on its own, was no small player. To top it off, even someone from Wealthroller Investments was here.

That made things even more unsettling. If Jayrodale's wealthiest force was getting involved, what did it mean?

Taking a deep breath, Zephyr narrowed his eyes and spoke in a steady yet firm voice. "Everyone, now that you're here, are you friend or foe? I'd appreciate some clarity."

His tone carried a slight edge as he continued, "The Stevens family of Bridgefields. came to Jayrodale for one purpose only-to deal with that brat Andrew. We have no past grievances with any of you. So tell me what is the meaning of this?"

Dylan remained expressionless as he responded, "Mr. Zephyr, what's there to be confused about? Haven't you already made your intentions clear? You said you were looking to settle the score with our boss."

Natasha let out a cold laugh. "Well, here we are. Why don't you tell us how you plan to 'settle' this?"

Rodney, from Madblade Martial

Academy, sneered as he glanced at

Zephyr. "Zephyr, have you forgotten?

Jayrodale is our turf. Your family waltzed in here acting like you own the place, and now even you, the head of the family, are putting on airs?"

He scoffed in open disdain. "Honestly, you're no different from that arrogant daughter of yours, Aspen-both of you are just too stupid to realize you're asking for death!"

Zephyr's expression hardened. He had not expected Rodney-a junior-to have the audacity to show him such blatant disrespect.

Zephyr immediately flew into a rage. "Rodney, you little bastard! I haven't even settled the score with you for messing with Aspen! After I take care of that punk Andrew, I'll be visiting Madblade Martial Academy too!"

Rodney's expression turned cold. "Great. I'll be right here waiting for you. But honestly, I doubt I'll ever get the chance. After today, it's still up in the air whether your Bridgefields Stevens family will even exist."

Zephyr's fury burned hotter as he finally saw it for what it was-these people had come together just to take down his family.

Nonetheless, he was not so easily intimidated. "Mr. Garner, Madam Vostokoff, what's the meaning of this? Who is this 'boss' of yours? As far as I know, my family has never crossed paths with him."

Natasha and Dylan exchanged glances before both of them let out mocking laughs.

"Mr. Zephyr, who in the world gave you the confidence to bring your entire family here to Jayrodale without even knowing what's going on? You're hilarious-running your mouth about taking out our boss when you don't even know who he is."

"Zephyr, you ought to use your brain a little. Even now, you still don't get what's happening! No wonder Bridgefields Stevens family is about to go down in flames!" Even Stephen joined in on the ridicule, chuckling at Zephyr's clueless expression. They had to give him credit-marching in without a single clue yet still acting like he was in control? That was some next-level arrogance.

Zephyr's heart pounded as realization hit him. "W-What did you just say? Are you telling me that your boss is Andrew?!"

Natasha looked at him like he was a complete idiot. "You're just now figuring that out? Mr. Zephyr, you really are a bit slow, aren't you?"

Zephyr's face instantly turned grim as he thought, 'So, Aspen was telling the truth all along. Andrew has taken over Jayrodale's entire underground scene, and Dylan and Natasha are working under him.'

Nonetheless, Zephyr was not afraid. The Bridgefields Stevens family had brought all their top fighters here. Even if Jayrodale's underground forces got involved, Zephyr was confident he could still put up a fight.

His gaze shifted to Silas, the head of Radiant Group and the representative from Wealthroller Investments. His voice was steady but heavy. "And what about you two? Surely you're not standing with Andrew too?"

Silas answered in an indifferent tone. "Mr. Lloyd is one of our people here in Jayrodale. We don't need outsiders from Bridgefields coming here to pick fights. Besides, it's not just your Bridgefields Stevens family—even if someone from Jayrodale tried to challenge Mr. Lloyd's authority, Radiant Group would have no problem dealing

with them."

The Wealthroller Investments

representative was even more direct. "Mr. Zephyr, Mr. Lloyd said

your family must be itching for a net

beating. So he sent me and my men to personally escort your entire family—to their graves."

Meanwhile, Cedric was unfazed by the tension and simply smiled. "I work at Mr. Lloyd's Moonlit Apothecary. I'm just here to watch the show and see how your family meets its end." en

For the first time, a cold dread crept into Zephyr's heart. The two senior grandmasters standing beside him broke into cold sweats.

As for the other Stevens family elites? They were all pale, their nerves stretched thin, fear gripping their very souls.

After all, there were just too many of them. This was not a simple feud—this was a full-blown crackdown on the Bridgefields Stevens family.

Eight of the most powerful organizations in Jayrodale had joined forces to crush them. How the hell were they supposed to fight back?

Zephyr was caught between fury and disbelief. He silently cursed at his luck.

Andrew had not even shown up and had already gathered this massive force against them. He wondered if this was really the end for the Bridgefields Stevens family.

### Chapter 833

Even Zephyr was starting to feel that he had miscalculated maybe he had been too reckless. Of course, if he was feeling that way, then Christina's family was in an even worse state of mind.

'Is Andrew really capable of rallying so many powerful figures?' Christina wondered as she clenched her teeth, her expression darkening.

If this was the comparison, then as the mere CEO of Stevens Corporation, she was nowhere near Andrew's level.

Leroy swallowed hard, his scalp tingling as he muttered, "Mom, Christie, it looks like the main family is about to get crushed. What do we do? Should we run while we still can?"

Irene kept telling herself to stay calm. "No, we have to hold our ground. Mr. Zephyr is the head of the Stevens family-as long as he's here, no matter how many people Andrew has, he won't be able to do anything to us!"

Yet, even she did not believe her own words.

Suddenly, Dylan grabbed the glass in front of him and smashed it against the floor, shattering it into pieces.

"Zephyr, I'll say this once-get on your knees, apologize to Mr. Lloyd, and wait for his judgment!"

Natasha's voice was icy. "Or we can just wipe out every last fighter in your family and see how much of a big deal you really are, daring to come to Jayrodale to challenge him!"

Rodney snorted impatiently. "Mr. Garner, Madam Vostokoff, why waste your breath on him? Seriously, it's just some second-rate family from Bridgefields. With Mr. Lloyd's strength, he could crush the entire Stevens family with a single step. And Zephyr still wants to act tough? What a joke!"

Zephyr gritted his teeth, his face twisted in anger. "You lot better not push things too far!"

Rodney's temper flared. He stepped forward and, without warning, slapped Zephyr across the face. The crisp sound echoed through the hall.

"Hey, old bastard! So what if I do push it? What the hell are you gonna do about it?" He jabbed a finger in Zephyr's face and openly mocked him.

Zephyr was shaking with rage. As the head of the Bridgefields Stevens family, he had spent years at the top and had never been slapped in the face. Yet now, it was not even a rival patriarch who had hit him-it was some junior punk.

"Mr. Zephyr, since they're being this aggressive, why don't we just start killing?" one of the Stevens family fighters gritted out.

Meanwhile, most of the Stevens family members were utterly panicked. If a fight broke out, they knew they were outmatched. At best, the main Stevens family forces could go toe-to-toe with Dylan and Natasha.

However, Madblade Martial Academy and the men working for Jayrodale's wealthiest mogul, Marvin, would completely slaughter them. Zephyr understood the situation and quickly raised a hand to stop them.

He shouted, "No one moves! I'll handle this!"

Natasha remained cold. "Mr. Zephyr, the only way you handle this is by kneeling and bowing before Mr. Lloyd!"

Zephyr clenched his jaw so hard it almost cracked. "Fine, I admit it. The Bridgefields Stevens family walked right into this trap-we got played by that bastard Andrew. But where is he? Let him come out and talk to me face-to-face."

He continued, "I want to ask him directly-does he really think he can handle the weight of making me kneel?"

Dylan's eyes narrowed as a vicious glint flashed across them. He was just about to strike.

Natasha was fed up too. This idiot kept talking-letting him kneel was already giving him a shred of dignity, yet he still dared to act tough?

Forget it. They might as well knock him down first and make him kneel later. "Hold it!" Just then, a laid-back voice rang through the hall

Andrew strolled in unhurriedly, entering the grand hall of the Stevens mansion alone. The moment he appeared, a wave of excitement ran through his people.

"Mr. Lloyd, you're here!"

"Mr. Lloyd, perfect timing! Just give the order, and we'll wipe them out!"

"Mr. Lloyd, you didn't even need to come-we could've handled this in three minutes. If a single Stevens family member were still standing by then, I'd personally take responsibility!"

One after another, the crowd called out, eager for action.

Rodney was still fuming, glaring at Zephyr with undisguised hostility. "Mr. Lloyd,

don't waste time just say the word and we'll finish them off!"

Before Andrew could speak, Christina let out a cold laugh. "Andrew, this is what you've done-string up all these people

just to go after Mr. Zephyr. Have you even thought this through? This is Jayrodale. Sure, you have the numbers advantage now



She added, "But once the top fighters in Bridgefields hear about this, do you really

think they won't hunt you down the moment you step outside?"

Andrew glanced at her with a calm expression. "And when did you see me rallying all these people against Zephyr?"

Chapter 834

Christina snapped. "The facts are right before us-how is it not? If you didn't pull the strings, why are all these people targeting the main Stevens family?"

Andrew let out a mocking smirk. "Christina, you're underestimating me. I don't need to manipulate anyone- understand? I ordered them directly. That's not the same as manipulation."

Christina's face stiffened. Direct orders? Was he seriously claiming he had the authority to command Marvin and Radiant Group's people?

She did not believe it.

Nonetheless, Andrew did not care whether she believed it or not.

He turned to Zephyr and gestured. "Zephyr, I'll make this simple. Give me an answer-if I'm satisfied, you and your family can leave. But if I'm not satisfied, you're not returning to Bridgefields."

Zephyr let out a bitter laugh, his anger barely contained. "Andrew, you injured Aspen and humiliated my family. Now you want me to give you an answer? Do you think that's possible?"

Andrew remained calm. "You should ask your precious daughter what really happened. Your family is in this position because of your own actions-you brought this on yourselves. But I'll give you one last chance. Show me the right attitude. Otherwise, you and every last one of your people will stay here."

Zephyr roared, "Andrew, do you think I fear you? Even if you have the advantage in timing, location, and

numbers, I'd like to see what you can do for me!"

Andrew chuckled. "Mr. Zephyr, you've got some guts. Guess I wasted my breath on you."

Turning to Dylan, Natasha, and the others, Andrew asked, "Who was it that said they'd bring me their head if any Stevens family members were still standing after three minutes?"

Rodney laughed awkwardly. "That was me... I was just showing off."

Andrew nodded. "Two minutes. I'll give you two minutes."

With that, he clasped his hands behind his back and casually walked out of the hall. Immediately after, Natasha and Dylan struck first, launching a direct attack on Zephyr

Rodney and Marvin's top fighter charged at the two Stevens family senior grandmasters. However, Rodney was not strong enough to handle a senior grandmaster-he was sent flying with a single move.

Natasha ordered in a cold tone, "Mr. Rodney, work with Dylan and gang up on Zephyr. I'll deal with your opponent myself."

Within seconds, the fight turned into a massacre. By the end of the first minute, only three people remained standing-Zephyr and his two senior grandmasters.

After taking the Cleansing Pill, Dylan and Natasha's strength had surged dramatically. Natasha, in particular, had nearly reached the peak level of a senior grandmaster.

One of the Stevens family enforcers facing her was the first to cough up blood, and his body flung backward in utter shock.

Natasha's eyes turned ruthless, fully embodying the Black Widow's nature. She lunged forward and, without hesitation, slammed her palm into his skull, shattering it instantly.

Zephyr let out a grief-stricken roar as he witnessed one of the family's strongest fighters gone just like that. For a

split second, his attention

wavered and that was all it took for Dylan's palm to strike him square in the chest, sending him crashing to the floor as blood sprayed from his mouth.

Dylan stepped forward, planting his foot on Zephyr's chest and looking down at him condescendingly "Now, make your family get down on the ground, or I'll stomp your skull into pieces!"

Zephyr's face flushed red, half from his raging blood and half from sheer humiliation and fury.

Rodney stepped up and smacked him across the face again. Old bastard, Mr. Lloyd's two-minute deadline is almost up! If you don't cooperate, we'll have no choice but to wipe out every last member of your Bridgefields Stevens family!"

Zephyr let out a miserable laugh, his voice hoarse as he shouted, "Stop! Everyone, stop!"

He knew it now-his family had been utterly defeated. Their trip to Jayrodale was

supposed to be a victorious one, yet they suffered horribly.

At this moment, Zephyr had nothing but regret.

## Chapter 835

By the time Andrew walked back into the grand hall of the Stevens mansion, he was pretty satisfied with what he saw. Just as expected, not a single member of the Bridgefields Stevens family was still standing.

One enforcer was dead, and the other was gravely injured. As for Zephyr-the once proud head of the family-he had been forced onto the ground, his face pressed against the floor, humiliated beyond measure.

"Andrew, if you want to kill me, then do it!" Zephyr roared, his voice filled with defiance. "I won't beg!"

Andrew scoffed. "Zephyr, I gave you a chance, but you didn't cherish it."

Dylan spoke up. "Mr. Lloyd, why don't we just finish Zephyr off? Then we can head north overnight and wipe out the entire Bridgefields Stevens family!"

Natasha smirked cruelly. "I agree! Once we flatten Bridgefields Stevens family, we'll kill all the men and sell the women overseas as prostitutes."

Andrew fell silent. Not because he was hesitating, but because he was not used to how ruthless his people were. It was a bit too much for him, definitely not for the weak.

Zephyr's body trembled violently, his voice breaking as he Howled, "Andrew, you can kill me if you want! But my family has no personal grudge against you-how can you be so heartless?"

Andrew's voice was calm as he answered, "There's nothing heartless' about it. To stop something from happening again, it's best to eliminate it completely. You came to Jayrodale looking for trouble, and if I let this slide, people will think I'm weak."

He continued, "Besides, if our positions were reversed-if i were the one on the ground-tell me, Mr. Zephyr, would you have shown mercy?"

Zephyr could not respond, and a bitter chill spread through his heart.

This was all his fault-his recklessness, his arrogance. His stubbornness had doomed the entire Bridgefields Stevens family. At this moment, he regretted not listening to Aspen and charging in like this.

He had never imagined that Jayrodale had someone like Andrew lurking in the shadows. Over the years, he had studied all the major players in Jayrodale-yet he had never even heard of Andrew.

Around him, the remaining Stevens family fighters lay trembling on the floor, too scared to move.

As for Christina and her family, their souls had practically left their bodies. Irene and Leroy were so terrified that they had collapsed completely, unable to even get up.

Irene, in particular, had lost control of herself-literally. A foul stench spread across the hall.

Christina pressed her lips tightly together, staring at Andrew like she was seeing him for the first time.

He was not shouting, nor was he making a threatening expression. Yet, every word he spoke felt like a noose tightening around their throats, suffocating them.

That was the pressure of a true leader.

And in that instant, Christina understood that even if the entire Bridgefields Stevens family fought with everything they had, they still would not be able to shake Andrew.

Had he truly become this terrifying?

Christina did not want to think about it-because the more she thought, the more afraid she became, and the

more she regretted it.

"Andrew, please-I beg you, don't kill my

desperate cry rang through the hall as Aspen ran in, her face drenched in tears.

de Don't kill my family!" Ane

Before Andrew even said anything, she dropped to her knees before him.

Zephyr shut his eyes in pain and turned his face away. "Aspen, I did this to you. I should've listened to you."

Aspen sobbed. "No, Dad, I was the

one who made the first mistake. I was reckless and arrogant, and I kept provoking Mr. Lloyd again and again was too proud, clinging to my fragile ego, refusing to admit when I was wrong."

She continued, "I was blind, and because of my foolishness, I doomed our entire family!"

Tears streamed down her face as she knelt before Andrew. There was no trace of the arrogance she once carried- only deep regret and fear.

She had known they would lose, but she never imagined it would be this horrible.

And the scariest part? Andrew had not even personally made a move.

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## Chapter 836

Aspen did not even want to imagine what would happen if Andrew had personally taken action. Even Gordon, the strongest fighter in the Bridgefields Stevens family, had already fallen.

Now, there was no one left in the family who could even dream of challenging Andrew.

Andrew glanced at Aspen kneeling before him and smirked. "Aspen, I was more used to you standing tall, looking at me with that arrogant gaze, speaking to me like you owned the world."

Aspen's body trembled, and she quickly shook her head. "No, no, Mr. Lloyd! I wouldn't dare—I truly know my mistakes! If you want to kill me, sell me, torture me—whatever it is, I won't resist."

She continued, "I just beg you, please spare my father and the rest of the Bridgefields Stevens family. They only came here because of me! If anyone deserves to die, it's me, not them!"

Andrew scoffed. "The moment Gordon died, you should have known when to cut your losses. But your arrogance blinded you, Aspen. So tell me, why should I spare anyone from the Stevens family now?"

Aspen's entire body shook harder as she heard the cold finality in Andrew's words. Tears filled her eyes as she struggled internally—until finally, she gritted her teeth and made a decision she had never wanted to make.

She shouted, "No, Mr. Lloyd—just spare my family! I'm willing... willing to give myself to you, to let you own me, use me however you please. From now on, I will serve you as a slave, obey your every command, take whatever punishment you give me!"

She lifted her tear-streaked face, her delicate features looking pitiful yet alluring. Right now, the only thing she had left to bargain with was herself.

She was undeniably beautiful, just as stunning as Christina-if not more. Most men would not be able to resist her charms.

Zephyr roared furiously. "Aspen, you will not do this! Even if I die, I will never let you sell your body to survive!"

Aspen did not say a word-she just let the tears fall, her eyes fixed on Andrew, waiting for his response.

Rodney licked his lips and rubbed his hands together. "Mr. Lloyd, how about this- why don't you let me take Aspen? In exchange, I'll take care of the rest of the Bridgefields Stevens family for you!"

Andrew stroked his chin, pretending to consider it. "Hmm... that's actually not a bad deal.

Rodney's face lit up. "So that means you agree, Mr. Lloyd?"

Aspen's heart nearly stopped. She could already imagine the nightmare awaiting her if she fell into Rodney's hands.

Her voice cracked in terror.

"No-please, no! Andrew, I truly know my mistakes-I swear I do! Please, don't be so cruel. You don't have to wipe my family out-please, beg you!"

She pleaded desperately, "I swear, for the rest of my life, I'll serve you however

you wish-just please, don't kill them... I'm begging you..."

Aspen, once proud and untouchable, was now kneeling, completely broken, sobbing uncontrollably.



Zephyr's face twisted with rage, his eyes burning with hatred. "Andrew, if you're going to kill someone, kill me! I swear, I'd rather die than sacrifice my daughter!"

Andrew sighed impatiently. "Enough! You two are so loud I'm getting a headache! Aspen, fine-I'll spare your father and your family,"

Aspen's breath hitched, her teary eyes widening in disbelief "D-Do you mean it?" Andrew's expression remained indifferent. "Of course. But the price won't be cheap."

The hope on Aspen's face flickered,

and a bitter smile spread across her lips. A faint blush colored her pale skin as she slowly stepped forward, standing right before Andrew completely vulnerable and willing.

"Alright... I'll pay whatever price you name. If you want me now, then take me I won't resist. Or if you want me later, then name the time

and place-I'm fine with anything!"

## Chapter 837

Dylan, Natasha, Silas, and even Cedric watched Andrew with strange expressions. They were all waiting to see if he would take up on Aspen's offer.

Rodney looked downright disappointed. He thought it was a shame. After all, Aspen might be nothing but trouble, but there was nothing to complain about her beauty.

Especially those long, toned legs he had lost count of how many times he had fantasized about wrapping them around himself. Nonetheless, it was clear that this prime piece of meat was no longer on the menu for him.

Seeing that Andrew still had not responded, Aspen thought that maybe he was not satisfied.

She quickly wiped her tears, smoothed out her clothes, and forced a sweet smile. "If you think there are too many people here watching, and it makes things inconvenient, I can... I can go to a hotel with you right now."

As long as Andrew was willing to spare the Bridgefields Stevens family, she did not care about anything else. If she had to become his personal plaything, then so be it.

Andrew frowned slightly. "Are you sick?"

Aspen froze, then flushed red with embarrassment and anger. "I-I'm not sick! If you think I'm unclean, we can go to a hospital right now so I can get a full check- up!"

Dylan snickered. "Wow! I didn't expect Mr. Lloyd to be so particular in this area!" Rodney grinned shamelessly. "Of course! Mr. Lloyd isn't like us desperate guys- he's got standards. He doesn't just jump on anything with a pulse!"

Natasha pouted. "Darling, you better not be thinking about sleeping with Aspen! I'm telling you right now-I go before her!"

Andrew's patience snapped. "What the hell are you people even talking about? I don't understand a single word of this nonsense!"

Then, turning to Aspen, his voice turned ice-cold. "Put your thoughts away-I don't need them. I asked if you were sick, not because I was worried about cleanliness, but because I genuinely think something is wrong with your brain."

Aspen stared at him in shock. "So... you don't want me?"

Andrew remained indifferent. "I have a girlfriend. And besides... you're too ugly for my taste."

Aspen's face turned bright red, her humiliation boiling over into rage. She could not believe it—she had

practically thrown herself at him et

and he had rejected her. With her face her body, her everything was there any normal man in the world Who would say no?

Andrew ignored her wounded pride and turned to Zephyr. "Take your family and get the hell out."

His voice was flat, almost bored. "Treasure the days you have left because the only reason you survived this is because of her."

Zephyr hesitated for a moment, but in the end, no one really wanted to die.

He was no exception.

Hearing Andrew's words, he finally let out a breath of relief. "Andrew, I won't forget this favor."

He paused, glancing at his daughter. "But Aspen... can she-"

Andrew cut him off coldly. "That's enough. I'm already being generous by letting you walk away alive. Aspen might be arrogant and stupid, but at least she has some value. So she stays-as interest for your family's survival."

Aspen forced a weak smile. "Dad, just take everyone back to Bridgefields. From now on, don't worry about me. Also, never set foot in Jayrodale again. You don't have to think about me anymore."

Zephyr's eyes burned red as he turned to Andrew and growled, "Andrew, name your price! How much do you want for me to take Aspen back?"

Andrew shook his head. "I don't want money. Aspen is staying, first as collateral to make sure you don't try anything after this. Second, the Bridgefields Stevens family needs to pay for what they've done. Keeping her here in Jayrodale is the punishment."

Seeing Zephyr's utterly defeated expression, Andrew added, his tone impatient, "Relax. When Aspen proves useful enough to me, and if I'm in a good mood, then maybe... maybe I'll consider letting her go."

Zephyr knew there was nothing more to say. In the end, those who were

powerless had no choice but to submit.

As for the Bridgefields Stevens family? Whether now or in the future, they would

never stand a chance against Andrew.

## Chapter 838

Since resistance was futile, there was no choice but to submit. Zephyr said, "Aspen, I swear I'll find a way to get you out of this hellhole!"

Leaving behind that one sentence, he led the Bridgefields Stevens family out of Jayrodale in a state of utter defeat.

Aspen watched their retreating figures, silent tears slipping down her face. As long as her sacrifice could ensure her family's survival, then it was worth it.

Andrew glanced around. "That's enough. Let's head back."

Without another word, he stepped out of the Stevens mansion doors.

Christina clenched her teeth. "Andrew, what exactly do you plan to do with Aspen?"

Andrew did not even turn his head. "I haven't decided yet, but it depends on how she behaves. If she's useless, I'll sell her off abroad and let fate decide the rest."

Aspen, trailing behind him, turned even paler. Right now, she was nothing more than Andrew's property. If he decided to ship her off, she would have no choice but to accept it.

As they left the Stevens mansion grounds, Aspen suddenly spoke. "Mr. Lloyd, may I return for two minutes? I need to ask something."

Natasha smirked. "Trying to use this as an excuse to escape?"

Andrew waved a hand. "Go ahead. I'll give you five minutes."

Aspen lowered her head. "Thank you."

Her tone was submissive-like a servant addressing her master.

Watching her retreating figure, Dylan turned to Andrew. "Mr. Lloyd, what's your plan for Aspen?"

Andrew thought for a moment before shaking his head. "Good question. Besides being somewhat decent-looking, she's completely useless."

Natasha scoffed. "Then just leave her to me. I'll have her working the streets every night. I guarantee she'll make you a few million a month."

Dylan smirked. "A few million is too low. She's a Bridgefields heiress, a woman of noble blood, and stunningly beautiful. In my opinion we should market her properly then marry her off to some wealthy tycoon or influential family turn her into a valuable chess piece for Mr. Lloyd."

Rodney, still unwilling to give up, immediately chimed in. "Why bother with all that

trouble? Mr. Lloyd, I'll pay ten million-just sell her to me!"

Andrew chuckled. "She's a person, not an item for sale."

Rodney sneered. "Come on, she's already a caged bird. Whether we pretend to respect her or not, she's got no say in it. Women like Aspen are used to being so full of themselves, and they need to be broken completely. Crush every last shred of their pride, and then they'll learn their place."

Andrew gave him a bored look. "Forget about Aspen-I have other plans for her."

Rodney narrowed his eyes. "Mr. Lloyd, you're not actually thinking of keeping her, are you? If you do want her, you should've just said so! Obviously, I'd rather let you have the first taste."

Andrew smacked him upside the head. "Do you ever think about anything other than screwing women?"

Andrew had no interest in Aspen's body—what intrigued him was her potential. She came from an elite family, and with the proper guidance, she could be helpful in ways that extended far beyond the bedroom.

At that moment, Aspen returned to the Stevens mansion. She walked straight up

to Christina, her expression blank. "Christie, we've known each other for years. I need to ask you something."

Christina met her gaze with complete calm. "I already know what you want to ask. Yes. I was the one who tipped off the main family."

Aspen nodded, then suddenly smiled. "When I first arrived in Jayrodale, thought you were weak-insignificant. But now, I see how wrong I was. My arrogance was nothing compared to your silent

cruelty. You cut me apart piece by piece, and I never even

saw

the

blade coming."

With that, she turned around and walked out of the Stevens mansion-without looking back.

## Chapter 839

From behind, Irene shouted angrily, "Aspen, what the hell do you mean by that? What do you mean by 'silent cruelty'? Compared to you-selling yourself to Andrew like a cheap whore-Christie is a thousand times more dignified than you!"

Aspen paused, turned around, and smiled as if she had not even heard Irene's insults. She replied, "I'm starting to see why Andrew despises Christie, why he won't accept her anymore. It's because she's really... nothing special."

She continued, "You don't deserve Andrew, Christina. You're not even close to Lauren and Francesca."

Shaking her head slightly, Aspen turned away and walked off without looking back.

Christina's once-composed expression darkened instantly. She had tried to use the Bridgefields Stevens family to crush Andrew and destroy him completely. Yet, in the end, she was the one who lost-completely and utterly.

Moreover, Aspen had seen right through her.

Irene fumed, practically shaking with rage. "That little bitch! How dare she blame us for her mess? Christie, you only called the Bridgefields main family for her sake! You were trying to help her get revenge!

"But Zephyr and his people were useless! They couldn't even handle Andrew- how is that our fault? If anything, it just proves that the Bridgefields Stevens family was always doomed! They destroyed themselves!"

Leroy hesitated. "Mom, that's not exactly fair... Aspen did help us a lot recently. At the very least, with her around, the Wellers didn't dare cause trouble for us. And now, after the main family's humiliating defeat, she's become Andrew's slave. It's honestly pitiful."

Irene scoffed. "Pitiful? Please. She deserved it. And that little bastard Andrew isn't much better. What, just because he got a little power, he thinks he's hot shit? Acting all high and mighty, dragging all these people here he just wanted to rub it in Christie's face!"

She mocked, "He wanted her to regret it! He just wanted to show off how 'successful' he is now! Disgusting!"

Leroy sighed, still uneasy. "Honestly,

I don't like it either, but I have to admit-Andrew really is something now. The fact that Wealthroller Investments backed him alone is crazy And Rodney? He's one of Jayrodale's Four Most Eligible Bachelors, and he's practically

Andrew's errand boy now."

He continued, "Thinking about it just makes me jealous and pissed off. That bastard really hit the jackpot after leaving us!"

Irene felt the same bitter jealousy twisting in her gut, but she refused to admit it out loud. She turned to Christina and asked cautiously. "Christie, the future of the Stevens family depends on you. Have you thought about... maybe finding a way to pull Andrew back in?"

Christina's expression was ice-cold as she shook her head. "I already extended an olive branch, but you all saw how he treated me. I'm willing to swallow my pride once or twice, but repeatedly lowering myself? Sorry, but even I have limits."

Irene softened her voice, trying to coax her. "I know, sweetheart. I know you have your dignity, your status, your pride-you can't just keep humbling yourself for him."

She added, "But Christie, think about it... Andrew is the real deal now. Those big shots who showed up for him? Just one of them alone is terrifying. Dr. Aicker, Glorious

Pharmaceuticals' Mr. Brunner.

Madblade Martial Academy's Mr. Sanford, and Radiant Group's Mr. Vaughn-every single one of them is someone Stevens Corporation has to look up to!"

With each name Irene listed, Christina's face grew darker and darker.

Chapter 840

In the end, Christina grew frustrated and snapped, "Mom, stop talking. I already have a headache, and all this talk isn't going to change anything!"

Irene pouted. "I'm just worried! Now that the main family won't back us anymore, and that little bitch Aspen has completely cut ties with us! The Stevens family has no one left to rely on! If that bastard Harvey comes back to torment us, what should we do then?"



Leroy thought for a moment, then suddenly brightened. "Christie! Isn't Finley, the Moore family heir, still in contact with you? Back when Aspen was around, we had an alliance with him, didn't we?"

He asked, "Why don't we reach out to him now? With his ties to Hidden Dragons, he could be the perfect shield for our family!"

Irene's eyes lit up. "Yes! That's right—there's still Finley! The leader of Hidden Dragons is his granduncle. Also, he fancies you, right? Christie, think about it—if you can win over Finley, the Stevens family will officially have Hidden Dragons as our backing!"

As she spoke, Irene could not help but fantasize if they became in-laws with Hidden Dragons. Then, she would be of the same seniority as the leader of one of the most powerful underground forces.

Lost in her thoughts, she nearly drooled at the idea.

Christina frowned. "Mom, you're thinking too far ahead. First of all, Finley never explicitly said he liked me. Second, I have no interest in using my body to please anyone—that idea disgusts me!"

Irene waved it off. "Oh, come on, sweetheart. You're at the age where you should be thinking about marriage anyway."

She continued, "And let's be

honest-Finley is an excellent match. He's better than Harvey in every way, and you? You're the Ice

Queen of Jayrodale-with your

beauty, you could have him wrapped around your finger in no time!"

Leroy grinned, clearly on board. "Christie, I think it's a great idea. If you and Finley really hit it off, I can show off that my future brother-in-law is a Hidden Dragons member! And who knows?

"Maybe I could ride that wave and

join Hidden Dragons myself, land a good position there. I've heard that in martialarts sects, the girls are way more pure than those city whores. Unlike the women around here, they're all still untouched."

His expression turned downright sleazy, his fantasies running wild-just like his mother's.

Christina glanced at her brother and

let out a sigh of disappointment.

"Have you ever once considered

working for

your own success? A

you ever think about is leeching off others, taking shortcuts, and

indulging in luxury."

She asked, "Leroy, have you ever stopped to ask yourself what have you done to deserve all these things?"

Leroy scoffed. "If hard work actually worked, then all the farmers breaking their backs every day would be billionaires by now. The truth is, hard work doesn't mean anything. Look at Andrew-did he work for his success?

"No. He climbed his way up by using women. And what's wrong with wanting wealth and women? Mom and I already gave you the perfect solution-if you just get close to Finley, our entire family would be set for life!"