

The Ashes 911

Chapter 911

A slightly overweight man in a gray suit walked slowly toward Francesca. With a polite demeanor, he introduced himself, "Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Elon Golding, the eldest son of the Golding family from Blumedale."

He paused, then added, "Ms. Aicker, if you don't mind, please come with us."

Francesca did not panic. She responded coldly, "Mr. Golding, as far as I know, the Aickers have no issues with you or your family."

Elon shook his head, his tone dripping with arrogance. "The Aickers are nothing but a minor family, hardly worth the Golding family's attention. But that boy, Andrew-I'm going to make him get down on his knees before me, begging me for mercy as I crush him like the insect that he is."

He smirked, his voice growing darker. "And you, Ms. Aicker, as one of Andrew's beloved, will be the perfect tool to break him. Once I have you, I can make that little bastard suffer however I please."

His wide grin stretched unnaturally as he spoke, almost as if his mouth had split open. Francesca shivered. For a moment, his face looked monstrous-twisted, bloodthirsty, like a beast ready to devour its prey.

The Golding family of Blumedale was no ordinary foe.

Her last thought before losing consciousness was a silent plea. 'Andrew, please be careful...'

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Meanwhile, Andrew was speeding down the mountain road in his G-Wagon, heading straight for West End.

About 20 minutes later, he burst into the West End headquarters and immediately asked, "Is there any news on the Golding family or Kenny entering Jayrodale?"

Dylan and Natasha were already

waiting for him. Dylan spoke first, his voice serious. "At dawn, my people spotted members of the Golding family and Kenny arriving in

Jayrodale. But after entering the city, Kenny didn't go to the Rhodes

residence. Instead, he went somewhere else immediately."

Andrew frowned. "Where?"

Dylan shook his head. "We don't know yet. The Golding family had some skilled people with them, and we lost track halfway. We're not even sure which high- ranking member of the Golding family is here."

Andrew chuckled, though there was no humor in it. "Interesting. They know Michael is in my hands, and his life hangs by a thread. Yet, Kenny and the Golding family show up in Jayrodale without a word, not even demanding a negotiation."

He glanced at his two trusted allies and asked, "What do you think they're up to?"

Dylan thought for a moment before hesitantly suggesting, "Maybe Kenny and the Golding family have other urgent matters to attend to first."

Andrew scoffed. "Nothing is more urgent than a life hanging in the balance."

Natasha chimed in, her brow furrowed. "I think Kenny and the Golding family are preparing for the negotiation. They might be trying to gather some leverage quietly before making their move. This could be their way of tipping the scales in their favor."

Andrew nodded, his expression grim. "That makes sense. The Phantom Eye's silent downfall in Jayrodale must have put Kenny on edge. He's not charging in recklessly this time. Instead, he's playing it safe, probably looking for something-or someone to use against me."

Dylan's face tightened with concern. "Mr. Lloyd, what should we do?"

Natasha added quickly, "Kenny isn't like his brother Jameson. Back when he was in Jayrodale, Jameson was known for being calm and diplomatic, but Kenny? He was ruthless and vicious. If he finds something to hold over us, this could get ugly."

Chapter 912

Andrew let out a cold snort, showing no sign of panic. "If Kenny pushes me too far, I won't hesitate to take him out. The only thing I'm concerned about is the Golding family. I don't know much about them, so it's better to tread carefully."

Dylan chimed in, his voice tense. "But right now, the enemy is in the shadows, and we're out in the open. It's hard to be cautious when we don't even know what they're planning. Even if the Golding family and Kenny are up to something, we won't find out anytime soon."

Andrew smirked, his tone icy. "There's always a way. If they won't show themselves, we'll force them out. Natasha, call Kenny right now."

Natasha grabbed Michael's phone and dialed Kenny's number. When the call connected, Kenny's voice came through, dripping with mockery.

"Andrew, don't get too impatient. I'm still in the city, but soon, the Golding family's experts and I will be in Jayrodale. So, you'd better start thinking about running or surrendering."

Andrew's voice was cold and unyielding. "You have ten minutes to give me a location. Or you can start planning Michael's funeral."

Kenny exploded in rage. "Andrew, you wouldn't dare kill him! We agreed to negotiate today and release him. How am I supposed to get to Jayrodale in ten minutes?"

Andrew laughed derisively. "Stop playing games, Kenny. My people saw you and the Golding family sneak into Jayrodale early this morning. And now you're telling me you're still in the city?"

There was a brief silence on the other end as Kenny seemed to have no response.

Andrew's eyes flashed with a cold glint, and he snapped his fingers. Immediately, Dylan grabbed Michael by the hair, yanking him up and delivering two sharp slaps across his face.

Michael, who had been sleeping soundly, woke up screaming in pain, blood trickling from his mouth. "Please, stop! Don't hit me anymore!"

His pitiful cries echoed through the phone.

Kenny's furious roar came through the line. "Andrew, if anything happens to Michael, I swear you'll pay with your life! Do you hear me?"

Andrew chuckled darkly. "He isn't just in trouble, Kenny. He's in deep troubles So, I'll ask you again-three tes. Where's the meeting point?"

Kenny shouted, "You just said ten minutes! How did it become three?"

Andrew's voice was calm but menacing. "One minute left. Give me the location, or you'll be picking up Michael's body."

Kenny was seething, his anger

boiling over. Ten minutes had turned

into three, and now, in what felt like

blink, it was down to one. Andrew

was toying with him, and he had no choice but to comply.

"Jayrodale Grand Hotel, the Royal Suite," Kenny spat out.

"Listen carefully, you little punk. Bring Michael to me unharmed. If he has so much as a scratch, I promise you'll regret it. You may have had the upper hand before, but now I have leverage too. Let's see who comes out on top!"

After quickly giving Andrew the location and throwing in a final threat, Kenny hung up, sounding confident and in control.

Chapter 913

Andrew's expression turned icy as he stared at the now-silent phone in his hand.

Natasha clenched her teeth and hissed, "Just as I thought. Kenny is cunning, and the Golding family is ruthless. They've already made their move."

Dylan looked at Andrew, urgency in his eyes. "Mr. Lloyd, we need to figure out what Kenny meant by 'leverage'. If we don't, we'll be walking into a trap at the Jayrodale Grand Hotel."

Andrew's face remained stoic as he replied, "No need to confirm. It's Fran. They've taken her."

Natasha blinked in surprise. "Ms. Aicker? Darling, how can you be so sure without any evidence?"

Dylan was equally baffled. How could Andrew know what Kenny and the Golding family had done so quickly? It seemed almost supernatural.

While the two were visibly anxious, Andrew stayed calm and methodical. "If the Golding family and Kenny want to threaten me, they'd go after someone close to me. I don't have any major assets in Jayrodale besides Moonlit Apothecary, and they haven't touched that. Mr. Aicker hasn't reported any issues, so the business is safe."

He paused, then continued, "That leaves the people around me. Lauren is at the Rhodes residence with Tiana, so she's protected. The only person they could've taken is Fran."

As he spoke, Andrew had already tried calling Francesca three times. Each attempt went straight to voicemail.

Natasha's eyes widened in realization. "You're right. Those bastards are dragging innocent people into this!"

Dylan's voice was cold and determined. "Mr. Lloyd, you and Natasha should take Michael to the Jayrodale Grand Hotel. I'll handle rescuing Ms. Aicker."

Andrew shook his head. "It won't work. Kenny's familiar with Jayrodale. If he wants to hide someone, it'll be easy."

Natasha growled, "So we're just supposed to let them control us like this?"

Dylan sighed. "The Golding family and these big-name families from Blumedale are no joke. They're tough to deal with."

Andrew smirked, his confidence unshaken. Tough? The Golding

family isn't even worth my time. I have a good idea where Fran is

being held. You two, find Shiloh. Tell her

pay her 10,000 dollars for half a day of her time to help with the rescue."

Natasha and Dylan exchanged stunned looks. Then, Natasha asked in disbelief, "Darling, you can guess where Ms. Aicker is being held?"

"Mr. Lloyd not only did you figure out they took Ms. Aicker, but you also know where they're keeping her? Do you have a mole in the Golding family?" Dylan added,

equally shocked.

Andrew remained calm. "If I had a mole in the Golding family, this wouldn't have happened. My conclusions are based on logical reasoning. I can teach you both later, but right now, we need to focus on rescuing Fran."

He quickly explained where he believed Francesca was being held. Dylan and Natasha, still puzzled, gathered their team and set off to recruit Shiloh for the mission.

Meanwhile, Andrew had Antonio bring someone up from the underground cell.

Phantom Eye, still locked up, glared at Andrew through the bars. "Kid, if you're not going to kill me, why keep me here? Once I recover, I'll snap your neck."

Andrew glanced at him, unimpressed. "If that day ever comes, it'll be your neck that gets snapped, not mine."

Chapter 914

Phantom Eye let out a cold snort and asked, "So, Kenny and the Golding family are in Jayrodale now, aren't they? I bet Kenny brought along his son-in-law, Elon Golding, the eldest son of the Golding family. That fat guy is infamous for playing dirty. Trust me, he won't negotiate politely with you."

Andrew nodded calmly. "You're right. He's already made his move by kidnapping someone close to me."

Phantom Eye paused, then burst into laughter. "Then you're done for! A small-time player like you doesn't stand a chance against someone like Elon, who comes from one of the Five Apex Families. These guys aren't just spoiled rich kids- they're ruthless and resourceful. Crushing you would be child's play for him."

Andrew raised an eyebrow, his tone indifferent. "Is that so? Well, we'll see about that. Personally, I think this Elon guy is no different from a dumb pig."

With that, Andrew turned and walked away. Phantom Eye called after him, laughing. "However this plays out, Elon will destroy you. Why not let me out? Maybe I'll feel generous and help you out."

Andrew did not respond. Instead, he simply raised his middle finger without looking back. Phantom Eye's face darkened, his expression turning furious.

He shouted, "You're just a nobody from Jayrodale, trying to go up against a Golding family heir? You're digging your own grave! I'll stay right here in this cell and watch how you get yourself killed!"

Andrew ignored him, grabbing Michael and speeding off toward the Jayrodale Grand Hotel. As he drove, he made a call to Donald, the police commissioner.

"Mr. Warren, Mr. Aicker's granddaughter, Francesca, has been kidnapped by the Golding family from Blumedale and Kenny. I'm going to need your help again."

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Meanwhile, at the Jayrodale Grand Hotel, the hotel manager was fawning over Elon Golding like a loyal servant. Elon waved him off dismissively. "Get out of here."

The manager bowed deeply, backing away. "Of course, Mr. Golding. If you need anything, just call for me personally."

Elon then gestured for the manager to come closer. "I heard that a guy named Andrew Lloyd caused quite a scene here a while back. He even beat up Winston from the Wright family of Blumedale. Is that true?"

The manager forced a nervous

smile. "Yes, sir. That Andrew fellow is quite the troublemaker. He showed up at a banquet hosted by a local businessman, Raymond Chapman, and didn't even show respect to Mr. Wright. He ended up slapping Winston until his face was covered in blood. It was brutal."

Elon chuckled, shaking his head. "Winston's nothing but a spoiled playboy who only knows how to chase women. It's no surprise he got beaten. What's surprising is that a nobody like Andrew had the guts to lay a hand on him. You'd think the Wright family would've done something about it."

Kenny, who was sitting nearby, laughed. "Elon, why bother with the Wright family's drama? That Andrew kid is already a dead man walking. He's got too many sins to count."

Elon smirked. Still, I have to admit,

it's impressive that this little punk had the nerve to hit Winston. Maybe he's got some guts after all. If he gets down on his knees before me and swears to serve me for life, I might even consider making him my lackey."

Chapter 915

Kenny's face darkened as soon as he heard Elon's words. "Elon, that little punk almost killed Michael. How can you even think about making him your lackey? You should be avenging Michael!"

Elon shrugged, completely unfazed. "Let's be honest, Dad. You know what kind of person Michael is. He's a spoiled brat who only gets away with things because of you and Sherilyn's favoritism.

"If it weren't for that, would he dare cause so much trouble outside? Honestly, I'm annoyed that I had to come all the way to this backwater town because of him. Once this is over, I'm going to give him a good talking-to."

Kenny was speechless. His son-in-law was openly insulting his own family right in front of him. Normally, Kenny would have lost his temper, but Elon was the eldest son of the Golding family. So, Kenny had to tread carefully around him, never daring to act superior.

"Elon, are you sure about keeping Francesca in that location you mentioned? I'm a bit worried someone might try to rescue her," Kenny said, changing the subject. Elon waved his hand dismissively. "I don't know Jayrodale well, but it doesn't matter. The Golding family's name alone is enough to scare anyone off. Wherever a Golding family member is, even if it's just a random house or the middle of the street, it's as secure as a fortress. Anyone who tries to interfere will be crushed to dust."

He chuckled, his confidence unshakable. "And even if someone manages to rescue Francesca, it won't change. Crushing Andrew will be as easy as snapping my fingers. He'll probably tremble and beg for mercy when he hears my name." Elon burst into laughter, clearly enjoying himself. Kenny clenched his fists but forced himself to laugh along, feeling a twisted sense of satisfaction.

Kenny had always felt like the lesser sibling compared to Jameson. That was why the family leadership had gone to Jameson instead of him, the eldest son.

But so what? Kenny had a daughter who married into the Golding family. Thanks to her, he now had the backing of one of the most powerful families in Blumedale.

Once things were settled in Jayrodale, Kenny planned to return to Blumedale and take over as the head of the Rhodes family. His life was about to reach its peak.

Just then, Donald walked in with a team of officers. Kenny smirked when he saw him. "Well, if it isn't Mr. Warren. Long time no see."

Donald remained calm and composed. "Congratulations, Mr. Kenny. Moving to Blumedale has really elevated your family's status. I must say, I'm quite envious."

Kenny felt a surge of pride. "Oh, Mr. Warren, you fatter me. It's nothing too grand just a small step forward. If you ever come to Blumedale and need help with anything-say, promotion or some trouble just let me know. I might be able to pull some strings."

Kenny was clearly showing off. As a Jayrodale native who climbed the social ladder thanks to his connection to the Golding family, he could not resist flaunting his newfound status.

Donald, however, was not fazed. He smiled and said, "Actually, I'm here to investigate the disappearance Ms. Francesca Aicker, the

Stake Ael.

granddaughter of Mr. Cedric Alcker. I've heard that she was taken by you, Mr. Rhodes, and Mr. Golding. Is that true?"

Kenny snorted. "That's completely false. Just baseless rumors."

Meanwhile, Elon looked down at Donald with a dismissive smirk.

"You're just a small-town police

commissioner, and you think

can question me? Even if the mayor of Jayrodale showed up, I wouldn't give him the time of day if I didn't feel like it."

Chapter 916

"So, Mr. Warren, why don't you turn around and head back where you came from?" Elon said dismissively.

Donald chuckled inwardly, mocking, 'If it weren't for your family name, you'd be nothing. You're playing with fire going up against Mr. Lloyd. You'll end up just like Winston.'

Nonetheless, he kept his tone polite. "You're absolutely right, Mr. Golding. A small- town police commissioner like me is hardly worth your attention. I'm just a nobody, right?"

He paused, then added, "But if you could just tell me where Ms. Aicker is being held, I can bring Mr. Thatcher into this to handle the matter properly."

Elon's expression darkened. "Are you threatening me with Mark? Get out of here. I don't know anything about this Francesca person. You're wasting your time."

Donald kept his smile plastered on his face. "If you insist, Mr. Golding, then my team and I will have to conduct a search. If we find any evidence, I'm afraid we'll have to hold you accountable."

Kenny waved his hand impatiently. "Go ahead, search all you want. If you find anything, do whatever you need to do."

Elon sneered. "I've booked the entire Jayrodale Grand Hotel for today. I'll cooperate with your search, but if you come up empty-handed, I'll be filing a formal complaint with your superiors."

Donald nodded calmly. "We're just doing our job. If we don't find anything, you're free to file a complaint or take any action you see fit."

With that, Donald and his team began their search of the hotel.

Kenny smirked as they left. "Looks like Andrew finally caught on, but involving the police won't help him. They're useless."

Elon shrugged, looking completely unbothered. "I was just putting Donald in his place. Francesca isn't even in this hotel. They could search all year and find nothing. This Andrew guy is way out of his depth. He doesn't stand a chance against me."

Kenny quickly jumped in with flattery. "Of course not, Elon. You're the future of the Golding family. Honestly, even at my age, I can't hold a candle to you."

Elon did not even try to be polite. "At least you know your place, Dad."

Kenny's face twitched, but he said nothing. This is what it's like to live under someone else's shadow, he thought bitterly. The Golding family had given him and his children power and influence, but it came at a cost.

Even as Elon's father-in-law, Kenny was treated with no respect. And when it came to the head of the Golding family, Kenny's own in-law, he was treated even worse-like he was nothing.

Meanwhile, Andrew arrived at the Jayrodale Grand Hotel just as Donald and his team were leaving. The two men passed each other without a word, but Donald shook his head subtly.

Andrew understood immediately-Francesca was not in the hotel. This matched his expectations. Elon and Kenny had stashed her somewhere else.

Andrew's plan was simple: keep Elon and Kenny occupied at the hotel while Natasha and the others rescued Francesca. Once she was safe, it would be time to show these Blumedale elites what Jayrodale hospitality really meant.

With a loud thud, Andrew tossed a large black duffel bag onto the floor in front of Elon and Kenny.

Kenny kicked it open, grinning viciously. "You little punk, you finally showed up! Don't think bringing some gift will save you."

Andrew smirked. "I was just returning Michael to you, but since you kicked him away, I guess I'll sell him off to a nightclub instead. He might make a good entertainer."

Kenny's face went pale. He stared at the duffel bag in horror. "What are you talking about? That thing... that's Michael?"

Chapter 917

Kenny, frantic, rushed forward to tear open the black duffel bag. However, Elon stopped him with a sharp command. "Wait! Be careful-it could be a trap!"

Kenny froze, confused. "A trap? What do you mean?"

Elon glared at Andrew, his voice dripping with disdain. "This little punk is clever, I'll give him that. He might fool others but is not smart enough to trick me."

He snapped his fingers, and two burly bodyguards in black suits stepped forward. They began stomping on the duffel bag with brutal force.

At the same time, Elon pulled Kenny back, keeping a safe distance. "Better safe than sorry, Dad. Andrew's backed into a corner now. He's desperate and might do something crazy.

"He probably told you Michael's in there, but it's more likely filled with chemicals, poison, or even a snake. Open it, and you could end up dead before you know what hit you."

Elon's confident explanation left Kenny stunned. "Elon, you're always one step ahead. Damn, I almost fell for that little bastard's trap!"

The bodyguards continued to stomp on the duffel bag, as if trying to crush any hidden danger into dust. However, as they kept going, muffled groans and pained cries started coming from inside the bag. It sounded like someone was gagged, unable to scream properly.

Kenny's eyes widened. "Wait! Elon, there's someone in there. It's not a trap!"

Elon, looking embarrassed, signaled the bodyguards to stop. His flawless analysis had just been proven completely wrong-Michael was indeed inside the bag. Andrew gave Elon and Kenny a strange look, unable to hold back a sarcastic remark. "Do you two have a screw or two loose?"

Elon's face darkened. "What are you talking about?"

Andrew shrugged. "You just spent the last few minutes beating up your own guy, almost killing him in the process. If that's not brain-dead behavior, I don't know what is. So, yeah, maybe you guys should really get your head checked one of these days."

Before Elon or Kenny could react, Andrew stepped forward and opened the duffel bag. Michael crawled out, bruised and battered with a dirty sock stuffed in his mouth. Tears streamed down his face as he glared at Kenny, clearly resentful.

Kenny's voice trembled. "Michael, are you okay?"

Andrew could not help but laugh. He pulled the sock out of Michael's mouth and said, "Your dad's asking if you're okay, Michael."

Michael, still tied up, screamed, "Dad! Elon! Were you trying to kill me? Why would you do this to me? Are you here to save me or finish me off?"

His expression was filled with so much bitterness that it was almost comical.

Kenny's face turned red with embarrassment. "Of course, we're here to save you. Just hold on. We'll get you out of this. Andrew, release Michael right now!"

Andrew smirked. "You think I'll just let him go because you said so? Kenny, remember my terms. Give up your claim to the Rhodes family leadership, and I'll let Michael go."

Kenny clenched his teeth. "You little brat, do you really think I'd agree to that? I've

got everything over Jameson now. Why wouldn't I take the family leadership?"

Andrew's tone was calm but firm. "If you won't cooperate, then I guess your precious son will just rot here in Jayrodale."

Kenny exploded in rage. "You wouldn't dare!"

Elon, meanwhile, straightened his white suit and stepped forward, looking down at Andrew with a cold smile. "Let him go, and I'll give

one chance. Get down on your o

knees at my feet and swear boyalty tome, or I'll end you right here. Your choice."

Andrew laughed. "Fatty, are you dreaming or something?"

Elon tilted his head, his eyes narrowing dangerously. "Did you just call me...

'fatty'?"

Chapter 918

Andrew simply stared at him, his expression unchanging. "Is there another fatty around here that I'm missing?"

Elon's face twisted into a vicious grin, his laughter growing louder and more menacing. "You've got some nerve, kid, talking to me like that. Fine, I'll give you one chance. Listen carefully."

He puffed out his chest, clearly enjoying the sound of his own voice. "I am Elon Golding, the eldest son of the Golding family from Blumedale. Remember that."

After his grand speech, Elon paused, looking down at Andrew with disdain, expecting him to be awestruck and drop to his knees in submission.

Instead, Andrew responded with one word, "Idiot."

Kenny exploded in rage. "Elon, do you see now? This little punk won't learn until he's crushed. Just take him out already!"

Elon was seething. He had just announced his prestigious background, and this nobody, Andrew, had the audacity to call him an idiot. It was clear-Andrew was asking for death.

"Kill him!" Elon barked, stepping back into the protective circle of his bodyguards. He crossed his arms, ready to watch the show.

Over 100 elite bodyguards, all former special forces operatives, turned their cold, predatory gazes toward Andrew. They were ready to strike. Elon had booked the entire hotel for this very purpose-to give his men the space to deal with Andrew without interference.

Up on the second floor of the hotel lobby, two figures watched the scene unfold.

Jameson and Tiana stood silently, their expressions grim.

Tiana sneered. "Do you see now how reckless this kid is? He just called Elon an idiot to his face. And you said you admired his boldness? Please. This isn't boldness-it's suicide."

Jameson's face was serious. "Arguing won't help. We need to step in and help this young man. At the very least, he has the courage to stand up to Elon head- on."

Tiana snorted. "Help? How? Those hundred bodyguards down there are handpicked from the Golding

family's private security force. Even if we could stop them, don't

forget-Elon brought a halfermet

martial king with him. If that guy shows up, even I won't be able to do anything."

Jameson frowned deeply, about to respond, when he saw Andrew below grab Michael and hoist him up. A gleaming knife appeared in Andrew's hand, pressed firmly against Michael's throat.

Tiana gasped. "What is he doing? Is he trying to go down in a blaze of glory against the Golding family? This is madness!"

Downstairs, Andrew held Michael hostage, his voice cold and

mocking, "Go ahead, fatty. Tell your

men to make a move. But just

know if anyone so much as

twitches, I'll slit this guy's throat."

Kenny panicked. "Elon, stop them! Michael is my heir. He can't die!"

Elon was furious, his voice a low growl. "Andrew, do you really have a death

wish? Let him go, and I'll make sure your death is quick."

Andrew smirked. "Big talk, fatty. But I'm not letting him go. What are you gonna do about it? If you give the order, Michael dies first."

With that, Andrew pressed the knife harder, and a thin line of blood appeared on Michael's neck.

Michael screamed, his voice trembling with fear. "Elon, listen to him! Do what he says! This guy's a maniac—he'll kill me if you push him. I don't want to die!"

Elon pointed a shaking finger at Andrew, his voice rising to a roar. "You little bastard, you might not realize this, but your woman is in my hands right now. Let Michael go and cut off your own arms and legs. If you don't, I'll have Francesca killed!"

Chapter 919

Elon had expected his status as the eldest son of the Golding family to make Andrew bow down in submission. Yet, Andrew did not give him the time of day.

Instead, he showed up alone with Michael, ready to negotiate. Despite facing over a hundred elite bodyguards from the Golding family, Andrew showed no fear. In fact, he took Michael hostage right under their noses.

Elon, representing the Golding family, had seen his fair share of challenges over the years. But this level of disrespect was a first. It ignited a deep, cruel rage within him.

How dare this nobody, this insignificant ant, challenge someone from one of the Five Apex Families? Andrew had to be crushed.

Kenny glared at the knife in Andrew's hand, sneering. "You didn't expect this, did you? You thought you were the only one with leverage? Well, guess what? We've got your woman. Bet you didn't see that coming!"

Andrew smirked, his tone calm. "I knew you had Fran the moment she was taken. That's why I sent Mr. Warren to investigate. She'll be rescued soon."

Elon burst out laughing, his voice dripping with disdain. "You're delusional! The Golding family handled this. Do you really think that fat pig Donald can find her? Even if he could, do you think the Jayrodale police would dare cross the Golding family? Donald would be out of a job by tomorrow!"

Kenny grinned viciously. "You hear that, Andrew? That's the power and influence of my son-in-law. Your woman is in our hands, and you're completely at our mercy. So, get on your knees and accept your punishment. I promise we won't make your death too painful."

Andrew chuckled, then suddenly asked, "Elon, if I had to guess, you handed Fran over to one of the Golding family's top enforcers, didn't you?"

Elon didn't deny it, his voice filled with arrogance. "You're not as dumb as you look. Of course, I wouldn't keep a hostage with me. Francesca is being guarded by one of our semi-martial kings. So, do you really think Donald the pig stands a chance?"

Andrew shook his head. "I never expected Mr. Warren to risk his neck for me." Kenny sneered. "Then why even call him? Just to make a fool of yourself?" Andrew smiled. "No, I just wanted to see if you'd be stupid enough to bring Fran with you. Turns out, you're not that dumb. That's a relief."

Elon's face darkened. "Playing mind games, huh? Kid, you're way out of your league. What's next? Are you going to tell me your people have already found Francesca and rescued her?"

Andrew nodded. "You're catching on, fatty. By now, it should be done."

Elon burst into mocking laughter. "You're unbelievable, Andrew."

heir to the Golding family, but even I

can't match your level of ar

His expression turned icy. "Jayrodale is a big city. If you think you can find Francesca's location in such a short time, you must think you're some kind of god. And let's not forget, one of our semi-martial kings is guarding her. Even if your people somehow stumble upon her, they'll be walking straight into their deaths!"

Kenny could not contain his impatience. "Elon, stop wasting time with him. Make him release Michael, or we kill Francesca!"

Elon was about to respond when the entrance to the hotel lobby suddenly flooded with people. Nearly 1000

members of Jayrodale's underground forces had arrived, filling the space with an intimidating presence.

Chapter 920

The crowd surged in, filling the Royal Suite of the Jayrodale Grand Hotel with an overwhelming presence. The hotel manager, his face pale, rushed forward and barked, "Dylan, Natasha, what the hell are you doing with all these people? Get out! The Royal Suite is booked for an important guest today. You're not welcome!"

Dylan did not hesitate and immediately kicked the manager sending him sprawling to the floor. "Shut up, or I'll end you right here." 21

His calm, icy tone was enough to make the manager nearly wet himself.

The crowd parted, and Francesca walked in, unharmed. "Andrew, I'm fine. Don't worry about me," she said, her voice steady.

Then, glaring at Elon, she added, "But watch out for this fat pig from the Golding family. He's the one who kidnapped me!"

Andrew turned to look at her and smiled. "Fatty, Kenny, I told you Fran would be rescued soon. Believe me now?"

Kenny was in shock. "Elon, w-what's going on? Did your people let her go?"

Elon's face was dark with anger. "Nonsense! The Golding family's men are elite, not idiots. Do you really think they'd just let her go?"

He immediately pulled out his phone and called the semi-martial king who was supposed to be guarding Francesca. This man was his trump card, the one he had brought to Jayrodale as insurance.

Initially, Elon thought the

semi-martial king was unnecessary. Nonetheless, he was the eldest son of the Golding family, and wherever he went, it would have to be a grand affair. Hence, even if it was_ unnecessary, it was still best to have such an arrangement.

As soon as the call connected, a panicked voice came through. "Mr. Golding, save me! Please, come quick!"

Elon was stunned. "Reuben, what's happening? With your skills, you should be unstoppable in Jayrodale. What's going on?"

Reuben Davis' voice trembled with fear. "Mr. Golding, it's a woman... a terrifying woman. She's beating me to death! Please, save me!"

Elon's face twisted in rage. "Where are you? How am I supposed to save you if I don't know where you are?" Reuben sounded like he was on the verge of tears. "I'm in a cell... Ah! Please, ma'am, spare me! beg you!"

The call ended abruptly with the sound of Reuben begging. Elon tried calling again, but the phone was turned off. He kept trying, but it was no use-the line was dead.

"Andrew, what the hell did you do? Why is the Golding family's semi-martial king locked up and begging for his life?" Elon roared, his face red with fury. His trump card was gone, and he was starting to feel vulnerable.

Andrew smirked. "Maybe your semi-martial king had a sudden craving for prison food. Who knows? But here's the deal-you're out of options, fatty. And you, old dog, you'll do exactly as I say from now on. Got it?"

Kenny's lips trembled with suppressed rage, but he stayed silent.

Elon, however, laughed mockingly. "You really think you're something, don't you? Even without Reuben, I'm still the eldest son of the Golding family I'm nobility, born to rule You're nothing but a bug. Go ahead, try to touch me. I dare you!"