

The Ashes 921

Chapter 921

Elon stepped forward, closing the distance between him and Andrew.

Michael quickly warned, "Elon, don't do anything stupid. Andrew doesn't mess around-he'll hit you without a second thought!"

Elon sneered, his voice dripping with arrogance. He declared dramatically, "I'm Elon Golding, the epitome of money, glory, and power! Andrew, do you even know who you're messing with-"

Before he could finish, Andrew slapped him twice. The force sent Elon's nearly 400-pound body flying backward. Blood gushed from his nose and mouth as he crashed to the ground, looking utterly humiliated.

Andrew casually wiped his hands and said, "The epitome of money, glory, and power? You're more like a loser. Look at yourself now. You're nothing but a pathetic mess."

Elon was stunned, his face twisted in rage. His eyes blazed with fury as he roared, "You little punk! How dare you hit me? Do you have a death wish for your entire family?"

Kenny stood frozen, completely shocked. After all, Elon was a big shot in

Blumedale, where no one dared to cross him. But here in Jayrodale, he was just slapped down like a nobody. How could Andrew have the guts to do something like this?

"Kill him!" Elon screamed, his voice shaking with rage. Reuben might be gone, but the Golding family still had a hundred elite bodyguards on standby. They were more than enough to tear Andrew to pieces.

Kenny tried to calm him down. "Elon, think this through! Michael is still in his hands!" he pleaded, but Elon was beyond reason.

"I don't care! If I don't crush this guy today, I don't deserve the title of the invincible dragon!" Elon shouted, his voice cracking.

He even started reciting his mantra again, "I'm Elon Golding, the epitome of money, glory, and power-

Andrew had to admit that he was impressed by the guy's ability to keep up the act even now. Nonetheless, he was not in the mood for theatrics. With a swift motion, he tossed Michael's body straight at Elon, cutting off his poetic rambling mid- sentence.

"Attack!" Andrew commanded, his voice cold and sharp.

At his signal, Jayrodale's entire underground force surged forward. Nearly a thousand fighters charged at the Golding family's hundred elite bodyguards.

Despite being outnumbered, the bodyguards stood their ground, their unified shouts echoing through room as they fought back.

Yet, the sheer number of attackers was overwhelming. For every guard they took down, two more seemed to take their place. Dylan and Natasha joined the fray, breaking through the bodyguards' formation and sending them into

chaos.

Elon lay on the ground, his eyes wide with disbelief as he watched his family's elite guards fall one by one. "H-How is this possible?" he

stammered, his voice trembling]. no

"These are just street thugs from Jayrodale! How can they beat the Golding family's best?"

Kenny wiped the sweat from his forehead, his voice shaky. Elon, these aren't ordinary thugs. They're trained really well trained. I don't know how, but they're not your average lowlives."

Elon screamed in frustration, "That's bull! Jayrodale is a backwater town! These scumbags don't have the

resources or the discipline to be this good!"

Kenny did not have an answer. He could not understand it either. Since when did the underground forces in Jayrodale become so skilled? It did not make sense.

Not interesting at all

Chapter 922

Dylan grabbed Elon by the arm and yank

him to his feet. Elon struggled, shouting, "Let me go! Do you even know who I am? Do you have any idea who you're messing with?"

Andrew had heard enough. Without hesitate slapped Elon twice across the face, silencing him mid-rant.

Elon's cheeks burned, and he clenched his teeth, swallowing his words.

Kenny, meanwhile, was forced to his knees by Natasha. He glared up at Andrew, his eyes bloodshot with rage. "Do you realize what you've done, Andrew? You'

just crossed line you can't come back from! You've messed with the Golding family, and now you're going to pay-"

Andrew simply said, "Make him quiet.'

Natasha immediately kicked Kenny in the stomach, causing him to double over and vomit. He gasped for air, too stunned to speak another word.

Andrew turned back to Elon, patting his swollen face. "Mr. Golding, we didn't have any beef before this. But you thought you were untouchable and decided to stick your nose in Jayrodale's business. So, I'll ask you again-are you going to back down, or not?"

Elon's massive frame trembled, not from fear but from sheer anger. "Andrew, if you think you can mess with the Golding family and get away with it, you're dead wrong. Tomorrow, you'll regret ever crossing me-

Before he could finish, Andrew slapped him again, making Elon's already puffy face swell even more. "I don't care about your threats. Just answer the question- yes or no? Are you backing down?"

Elon met Andrew's cold gaze and felt a chill run down his spine. Through gritted teeth, he muttered, "Fine. I'll back down."

In his mind, he was already plotting revenge. As soon as he got out of this, he would call in every elite from the Golding family to crush Andrew and make him pay.

"Good," Andrew said calmly. "Now, about Kenny's situation-are you still planning to get involved?"

Elon shot a furious glance at Kenny, blaming him for this entire mess. If it were not for his idiot father-in-law, would not be in this humiliating position.

"Do whatever you want with him. I'm done with this," Elon snapped, turning his head away.

Kenny's eyes widened in disbelief. "Elon, you're my son-in-law! How can you just abandon me like this?" he shouted.

Elon turned back and spat directly

into Kenny's open mouth. "Screw

you, Kenny! I wouldn't be in this

mess if it weren't for you. You're on your own now. I don't care what happens to you or your stupid son!"

Kenny gagged, pointing a trembling finger at Elon. "E-Elon, you...." he

stammered, too furious to form a complete

sentence.

Andrew stepped in, slapping Kenny across the face.

"That one's for Lauren," he said coldly. "Kenny, I'm letting you off easy this time. But you're going to agree to my terms. If you don't, well... let's just say you and Michael won't be leaving Jayrodale alive."

Kenny's face turned pale as the threat sank in. "I'll agree to anything

Chapter 923

Andrew smirked, his tone dripping with sarcasm. "You see Kenny, we could've settled this like civilized people. A nice, friendly chat, and everyone walks away happy. But no you had to make it a whole production. Honestly, it's giving me a headache."

Kenny clenched his teeth, his voice tight with frustration. Andrew, I've agreed to your terms. Now, are you going to let us go or not?"

Andrew chuckled, shaking his head. "Kenny, we're all professionals here. Did you really think I'd be that naive? A verbal promise from you isn't worth much. You think I'd just take your word for it?"

Kenny's face flushed with anger. "Then what do you want?"

Andrew gestured, and someone handed him a contract. It read: [I, Kenny Rhodes, hereby renounce any claim to the Rhodes family leadership and vow to end all internal family disputes. If I break this oath, may I suffer the curse of having no heirs.]

"Sign it and press your thumbprint here," Andrew said, sliding the contract toward Kenny.

Kenny stared at the document, his heart boiling with rage. However, he knew he had no choice-sign or face death. Reluctantly, he signed and pressed his thumb onto the paper.

Andrew nodded, satisfied. "This contract is in duplicate. You'll take one copy, and the other goes to Lauren. So, Kenny, I hope you keep your word."

Kenny's face darkened as he glared at Andrew. "Andrew, you've gone too far. For Lauren's sake, you've humiliated me, Michael, and even Elon. Do you have any idea what kind of storm you've stirred up? Can you even handle the consequences?"

Andrew's expression remained cold and unshaken. "I've dealt with bigger storms than this. The Golding family? They're small fry compared to what I've faced before."

With a dismissive wave, Andrew turned away. "Let them go."

Elon struggled to his feet, his face red with humiliation. A few Golding family bodyguards rushed to help him, but he shoved them away. "Mr. Golding, be careful!"

"Get off me! I don't need your help!" he barked. Once standing, he glared at Andrew's back, his voice trembling with rage. "Andrew, this isn't over. I swear to you, I'll make you pay for this!"

Andrew turned slowly, his eyes narrowing. "Fatty, you're saying you want to keep this going?"

Elon sneered, his voice dripping with venom. "Go ask around in

Blumedale. When have I ever let someone get away with crossing me? Never. And you won't be the first."

Andrew's face hardened, and ordered, "Restrain him."

Dylan and Natasha moved swiftly, pinning Elon down.

"What the hell are you doing? If you've got the guts, just kill me now! Otherwise, you'll regret this!" Elon shouted, his face pressed into the floor.

Kenny and Michael exchanged uneasy glances but stayed silent. After Elon's earlier betrayal, Kenny had no intention of intervening.

Andrew pulled out a small black pill and forced it into Elon's mouth. Elon fought back, but Andrew kicked him in the gut, causing him to gasp in pain and swallow the pill.

"W-What did you just make me take?" Elon panicked, his voice shaking.

Andrew smirked. "Fatty, you talk a big game, but don't worry-I'm not going to kill you. That pill is called the Bone Rotting Elixir. If you don't get th@antidote in three days, your muscles will wither, and you bones wift rot. It's a slow, painful death."

Elon's face turned ghostly white.

"Where's the antidote? Andrew, you bastard, give it to me now!" he screamed, his

voice filled with desperation.

Chapter 924

Very interesting

Andrew shook his head and said, "Sorry, but there's no antidote for this kind of deadly poison. There's only one way to counteract it."

Elon asked, "What is it?"

Andrew smirked. "Oh, it's nothing special... just golden juice."

Terrified for his life, Elon muttered under his breath, "Golden juice... golden juice..." Without wasting another second, he bolted, dragging the Golding family's men with him.

Nothing else mattered anymore-he had to get back to Blumedale as fast as possible and find the so-called golden juice to save himself.

Michael and Kenny exchanged glances without saying a word before heading off in another direction.

As they stepped out of the Royal Suite, Michael sneered. "Andrew, I'll be returning to Jayrodale soon. Count on it." Andrew's tone remained indifferent. "No, you won't."

With that, the Royal Suite emptied out. Andrew instructed Dylan and Natasha to take their people and leave. Francesca, who had been watching the whole scene, looked at Andrew with a mix of disbelief and disgust. Andrew, this 'golden liquid' you mentioned... it's not what think it is, is it?"

Andrew chuckled. "Yep, it's exactly what you're thinking. It s... well, let's just call it-shit."

Francesca gagged, covering her mouth. "You mean Elon has to... eat that to cure himself? That's disgusting!"

Before she could say more, the sound of clapping echoed through the room. Andrew turned to see Tiana and Jameson walking toward him.

Jameson was all smiles, clearly impressed. "Young man, you're quite the talent! Truly, the younger generation never ceases to amaze me."

He extended his hand to Andrew. "I'm-"

Andrew cut him off with a polite smile. "Mr. Jameson Rhodes, it's an honor. I recognized you immediately. Lauren's beauty clearly comes from your side of the family

Jameson laughed, clearly flattered. "You've got a good eye, young man. I like you already. It's rare to meet someone who appreciates my.., refined charm."

Tiana, however, was not having it. She rolled her eyes and snapped, "Charm? Please. Andrew, dou even realize what you've done? Letting Elon go is a huge mistake. You've just unleashed a storm that's goin

bite you."

Andrew remained calm. "You're talking about Elon running back to Blumedale, right?"

come back and

Tiana crossed her arms. "Exactly. You've already crossed the Golding family. You beat Elon up and forced him to swallow some poison pill. Why not just finish the job and take him out for good? At least then you'd have a fighting chance."

Andrew shook his head. "I thought

about that, but it's not practical.

Even if I took out Elon, the rest of the

Golding family would come

me. And if I wiped them a ord

would still get out. Plus, if I crippled Elon, the Golding family would go berserk. They might even take it out on the Rhodes family, and I can't let that happen."

Tiana blinked, surprised. "Wait, so you're actually thinking about our safety?"

Andrew shrugged. "I'm thinking about Lauren and Mr. Rhodes. You? Not so much."

Tiana's face turned red with anger. "You little-"

"Alright, alright. Let's not start another fight. Andrew here Jameson quickly stepped in, laughing nervously clearly has everything under control in Jayrodale. No need to poke the bear, Tiana."

Tiana glared at Jameson but stayed silent.

Jameson then turned to Andrew, his

expression turning serious. "Andrew, there's something I've been

wondering. How did you know where Francesca was being held? When I found out Elon had taken her, I sent people everywhere to look for her. But we came up empty-handed. How did you manage to find her so quickly?"

Chapter 925

Andrew smiled faintly, saying, "Searching aimlessly would've been pointless. Elon, being the proud heir of the Golding family, thought he was untouchable in a small town like Jayrodale.

"So, when he kidnapped Francesca, he wouldn't trust just any place to hide her. There was only one spot he felt completely secure—a place guarded by his family's top enforcers.'

Jameson raised an eyebrow, intrigued. "Oh? Do tell."

Andrew continued, "Elon only trusted locations where his family's strongest fighters were stationed. Knowing that, I didn't waste time searching randomly. Instead, I focused on tracking the movements of the Golding family's half-step martial king. Sure enough, he was the one guarding Francesca at a secluded villa outside the city."

Tiana scoffed, clearly skeptical. "That's a nice story, but there's one glaring hole in it. How did you manage to rescue Francesca with a half-step martial king standing guard? That's not something just anyone can pull off."

Andrew shrugged casually. "It was simple, really. I just took down the half-step martial king and walked out with Francesca."

Tiana rolled her eyes, her disbelief evident. "That's ridiculous. If a half-step martial king could be taken down so easily, they wouldn't be called a half-step martial king."

Jameson chuckled, trying to diffuse the tension. "Let's not get caught up in the details. Everyone has their secrets! What impresses me is Andrew's sharp thinking and strategy. Well done, young man.'

Andrew humbly replied, "You flatter me, Mr. Rhodes. Compared to your leadership and the way you manage an entire family, my little tricks are nothing."

Jameson laughed heartily. "See, Tiana? This young man knows how to talk. I have to say, I'm growing fonder of him by the minute."

Tiana shot back, "Of course you like him. You're both cut from the same cloth-full of hot air and big talk."

Jameson ignored her jab, used to his wife's sharp tongue. He turned to Andrew with a warm smile. "Andrew, since we've crossed paths, how about joining me for a meal? My treat."

Andrew did not hesitate. "I'd be honored. Just a heads-up, though-I have a big appetite. You might regret offering."

Jameson waved it off. "Don't worry about it. I'm not paying anyway-Tiana is. We'll eat and drink to our heart's content!".

Tiana's eye twitched as she glared at Jameson. Francesca, standing nearby, spoke up softly. "Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes, I think I'll head back now. It was nice seeing you."

Jameson smiled warmly. "Francesca, come along. I haven't been back to Jayrodale in a while, and I'd like to catch up with Mr. Aicker later."

Tiana, surprisingly, softened her tone. "Yes, dear, join us. Lauren will be there too."

Francesca glanced at Andrew, her cheeks turning pink. This felt awkward-tagging along to a meal with Andrew and his future in-laws?

However, Andrew did not seem bothered. "Come on, Francesca. It's free' food, and Mrs. Rhodes is paying. We might as well enjoy it."

Tiana narrowed her eyes. "Don't think you're getting off easily, kid. You owe me for this meal-ten times over!"

Andrew grinned, knowing he had to play along. "Fair enough. Whatever you say, Mrs. Rhodes. After all, if things work out with Lauren, you'll be my mother-in-law someday."

Tiana's face flushed with anger. "Mother-in-law? Dream on! Andrew, I swear your audacity knows no bounds." Andrew kept his tone light. "Just keeping up with you, Mrs. Rhodes."

Tiana was fuming, but Jameson quickly stepped in. "Come on, Tiana, don't take it so personally. We owe Andrew a meal, especially after everything he's done for the family. Remember, he's the one who saved

Pharmaceutical Division back on track."

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Chapter 926

After speaking, Jameson glanced at Andrew, his admiration growing even more. This young man had the guts to stand up to Tiana-something he had always wanted to do but never could. He could not help but feel impressed.

Jameson, Tiana, and their driver took one car, while Andrew and Francesca drove separately.

Inside their car, Jameson reached for Tiana's hand, but she quickly pulled away. She snapped, "I don't like public displays of affection."

Jameson sighed, rubbing his temples. "Tiana, your temper is exhausting. Don't you get tired of being so angry all the time?"

Tiana shot him a glare. "Oh, I'm the problem? You're the one fawning over Andrew like he's some kind of prodigy -a few sweet words from him, and you're already wrapped around his finger. Don't forget, Jameson, the Driscoll family is still looming over us. And that boy? He's a smooth talker who's already charmed you and Lauren." Jameson's expression turned serious. "So what if the Driscoll family is powerful? That doesn't mean we stop living. And yes, I admire Andrew. He's brave, resourceful, and even handled Elon. Where else are you going to find a young man like that? If I gave him an 80 before meeting him, I'd give him a perfect 100 now." Tiana laughed bitterly. "A 100? What about Joe? Are you seriously saying Andrew is better than Joe in your eyes?" Jameson sighed deeply. "Tiana, you're missing the point. The Driscoll family is practically a dynasty-powerful, wealthy, and complicated. Joe might be a prodigy, but that's exactly why I don't want Lauren marrying into that family.

"It's too deep, too dangerous for us. On the other hand, Andrew is grounded, capable, and a perfect match for our daughter. Honestly, I prefer him over Joe."

Tiana sneered. "That's just your wishful thinking. Your preference doesn't matter. The engagement with the Driscoll family is already set. Lauren has no choice but to go through with it."

Jameson rubbed his forehead, clearly frustrated. "This is giving me a headache. Let's not talk about it anymore. By the way, have you noticed anything unusual between Andrew and Fran?"

Tiana frowned. "What do you mean? Andrew used to work at Jayrodale General Hospital. It's normal for him and Fran to be friends."

Jameson shook his head. "I don't

know. It feels like Fran might have a thing for Andrew. We need to act

fast, or Cedric might push Fran to make a move on him."

Tiana rolled her eyes. "I'd be happy if Andrew stayed away from Lauren. If someone else wants him, they can have him."

Jameson chuckled to himself. "A successful man always has

just like me. But I'm worried

about me. He's the type who could have it all."

Tiana raised an eyebrow. "Have it all? What are you talking about?"

Jameson smirked, his tone cryptic. "I'm talking about the ultimate move for a man having everything he wants." Tiana's eyes widened in shock "Are you saying Andrew wants both Lauren and Fran That's ridiculous!" Jameson quickly waved his hands. "Keep your voice down! It's just a theory, okay? Don't jump to conclusions." Tiana laughed

mockingly. "Please. That little punk doesn't have what it takes to pull that off."

Jameson shook his head, a mischievous glint in his eye. "You don't understand,

Tiana. For a man, having it all is

the ultimate dream. And Andrew? He's got the skills to make it happen."

Chapter 927

They found a high-end private dining spot, and Andrew even went out of his way to pick up Lauren himself. His attentiveness and effort left Jameson thoroughly impressed

"Andrew, my boy, my daughter has great taste! You're a real catch!" Jameson exclaimed after a couple of glasses of whiskey, already showering Andrew with praise.

Andrew stood up, refilling Jameson's glass with a smile. "Mr. Rhodes, you're too kind. I'm just doing what I should. Mrs. Rhodes, please try this dish. Lauren and I come here often-it's amazing!"

He did not stop at Jameson, making sure to serve Tiana as well, piling her plate high with food.

However, Tiana remained indifferent, her tone cold. "No need, I can serve myself."

Andrew pretended not to hear her and continued placing food on her plate. "Mrs. Rhodes, you have to try this butter-poached halibut with white wine sauce. This soup is great for your stomach. Oh, and these roasted Brussels sprouts-they're fresh and flavorful. They suit your refined taste perfectly!"

Before she knew it, her plate was piled so high with food that she had no idea where to start. Tiana clenched her jaw, realizing Andrew was putting on this whole performance for Jameson.

Sure enough, Jameson, now a few drinks in, praised him endlessly. "A true gentleman-absolutely a perfect man in every way! Tiana, our daughter is going to have a blessed life with him!"

Tiana was fuming. Was serving some food and pouring drinks really all it took to be a perfect man?

Meanwhile, Lauren and Francesca sat quietly, eating their food without commenting. But in reality, both of them kept stealing glances at Andrew, secretly enjoying the show

By the time Jameson had downed another few glasses, his face was flushed red, and he was already treating Andrew like a long-lost brother.

The so-called elegant patriarch of the Rhodes family was now laughing with an arm slung over Andrew's shoulder, being all friendly without any pretense. At this, both Lauren and Francesca could not hold back their laughter any longer.

Andrew was really something else.

Tiana, on the other hand, found the whole scene utterly humiliating. Her husband, the head of the Rhodes family, had been completely won over in just a few drinks.

To make things worse, he was even treating Andrew like a friend, not a junior. Her face burned with embarrassment.

She wanted to put Andrew in his place, but Jameson, her so-called "teammate", had completely thrown off her strategy.

"Andrew, that settles it!" Jameson, now thoroughly drunk, threw an arm around Andrew's shoulder and slurred, "I fully support you and Lauren!"

Andrew, his own face slightly flushed, pretended to be tipsy. "You said it, Mr. Rhodes... That's a promise! No backing out now!"

Jameson raised his glass and swore, "Of course, I won't go back on my word! If I do, may Tiana turn into the meanest, nastiest old hag on earth and never let me have a moment of peace!"

Andrew downed his drink in one gulp and grinned. "Gotta respect a man who dares to say something like that!"

Jameson slammed his glass down and waved a hand grandly. "What's there to be afraid of? I'm the head of the Rhodes family! In my house, my word is law"

Andrew felt completely satisfied as he glanced over at Tiana. The so-called "Iron Lady" looked like she was about to explode, her face turning an ugly shade of red as she barely held back her rage.

Judging by her expression, she would not hold back much longer.

"Andrew, enough is enough," Tiana finally snapped, her voice cold and

sharp. Jameson can't hold his liquor, and he's already talking nonsense. I think it's time we call it a night."

Andrew sighed regretfully and turned to Jameson. "Well, I suppose that's it for tonight. A shame,

really-we were just getting along,so well. We could've had a few more

drinks, but since Mrs. Rhodes insists, I suppose we have no choice!"

Chapter 928

Andrew chuckled, "I always thought you were the undisputed head of the household, Mr. Rhodes. Turns out, Mrs. Rhodes has the upper hand!"

Jameson, slurring his words, waved a hand dismissively. "Who says she has the upper hand? I'm the boss in this house! Come on, let's keep drinking. If she dares to interfere, I'll... I'll deal with her!"

Andrew grinned. "Alright, let's go. Three more rounds on me!"

He then turned to Tiana with an innocent look. "Mrs. Rhodes, you saw it yourself. I'm not forcing him to drink. He's just having a good time!"

Tiana let out a cold laugh, her eyes shooting daggers at Andrew. If looks could kill, Andrew would have been a goner by now.

Lauren and Francesca, having finished their meal, sat back and watched the drama unfold. Seeing Tiana's furious expression, they struggled to hold back their laughter. Andrew was truly something else-mischievous to the core.

Tiana was clearly the least happy person at the table tonight.

At one point, Andrew excused himself to go to the restroom

Lauren followed him, covering her mouth to stifle her laughter. "Andrew, do you see how mad you've made my mom?"

Andrew feigned innocence. "Me? I wouldn't dare mess with Mrs. Rhodes. She's too intimidating!"

He then exhaled, the smell of alcohol on his breath, but his face showed no signs of intoxication.

Lauren gasped, realizing he had been faking it. "You sneaky guy! You weren't even drunk, were you?"

Andrew smirked. "Of course not. I could drink your dad under the table ten times over. Did you hear him, though? He gave us his blessing!"

Lauren beamed, wrapping her arms around Andrew from behind. "I heard! You're amazing, Andrew. You won him over so easily."

Andrew sighed. "Your dad's an honest man. Winning him over wasn't hard. It's your mom I'm worried about. She's a tough nut to crack."

Lauren giggled. "Don't worry. Like Dad said, he's the head of the family. If he approves, Mom can't really object in the end."

Andrew suddenly felt urgent. "Lauren, Step outside for a bit. I need to use the restroom." Lauren's smile turned mischievous as she bit her lip and teased, "Want me to help you?"

Andrew looked embarrassed. "Uh... this is the men's room. That's not exactly appropriate."

Lauren huffed. "Relax. It's late, and no one's coming in. I checked when I walked in!"

Before he could protest, she grabbed him. Then, the sound of running water filled the restroom.

Lauren smirked. "Andrew, I have to say... it doesn't seem that big."

Andrew chuckled. "You'll have your chance to experience it. I promise you won't be disappointed."

Lauren scoffed. "Yeah, no thanks. Fran already warned me you nearly broke her!"

Andrew smirked. "Did she also tell you that when a girl say that, sometimes.... she means something completely different? Some women, when they say they 'can't take it anymore'-they're actually loving every second of it." Lauren huffed, her face turning red. "You're such a pervert Andrew. I'm going back. Don't forget to wash your hands!"

She dashed off, her cheeks burning. That had been her first hands-on encounter with Andrew, and she could not believe how bold she had been.

Andrew finished up, zipped his pants, and was about to leave when he remembered Lauren's reminder He turned back to wash his hands. Many guys skipped that step, but Andrew decided he would be the kind of man who always washed up.

Chapter 929

When Andrew returned to the dining table, Jameson was completely out of it, leaning on Tiana and tumbling nonsense. "Tiana, tonight we're going to battle it out-300 rounds! It's either you or me!"

Tiana's face flushed with embarrassment, and she slapped Jameson lightly on the cheek. "Shut your mouth! You're talking nonsense!"

Andrew, Francesca, and Lauren all turned to look out the window, pretending they had not seen or heard anything,

"Wow, the moon looks beautiful tonight," Andrew remarked.

Francesca nodded quickly. "Yes, the evening breeze is quite refreshing."

Lauren, struggling to keep a straight face, said, "Well, Andrew, Francesca, we should probably head back now."

Andrew handed Jameson a small bottle with a smile. "Mr. Rhodes, it's our first meeting, so I didn't bring much. But I think this might come in handy for you."

Jameson, still dazed, looked up. "What's this?"

Andrew did not answer-he just met Jameson's eyes with a look. Jameson immediately understood and let out a drunken chuckle.

Some things did not need to be explained between men. One look said it all.

Tiana, however, did not trust it. She took the bottle and examined it thoroughly before handing it back. With that, both parties left the restaurant and went their separate ways.

As soon as Tiana got into the car, she made a call. "Follow Andrew's car."

After hanging up, Lauren frowned. "Why are you having them follow him?" Tiana's voice was calm but firm. "Earlier, your dad mentioned that Francesca and Andrew might be a little too close for comfort. I didn't think much of it at first, but after watching them tonight, I have my doubts. So I'm having someone confirm it. If that little bastard thinks he can have it all, I'll make sure he goes down hard."

Lauren's heart nearly stopped. She had not expected her parents to pick up on anything. If Francesca and Andrew got caught together, the embarrassment would be unbearable.

Glancing at the rearview mirror, she saw that Tiana and Jameson were distracted, so she quickly pulled out her phone and pretended to check her messages.

Then, at record speed, she typed out a warning to Andrew:

[My mom sent someone to follow you and Fran. You two better behave tonight-go home separately!]

Since Francesca had not been drinking, she was the one driving.

Andrew leaned back, looking relaxed, but Francesca hesitated before saying, "Hey, since you've had a lot

to drink tonight... I think I'll just head home instead of going to your place."

Her hands gripped the steering wheel a little tighter as she spoke, her tone uncertain.

Andrew smiled. "That's fine. I probably smell like nothing but alcohol right now. Go home and get some rest."

Francesca huffed, pouting slightly. "This clueless man doesn't even realize what I was hinting! He's so dense."

As they neared Moonlit Sanctuary; Francesca suddenly blurted out, "Oh! I just remembered—I left something at your place. I should probably go grab it."

Andrew glanced at her, smiling knowingly.

Her face turned red in an instant. "I really just need to grab my stuff, okay? Don't go getting any ideas!"

Andrew nodded with mock seriousness. "Of course, of course. You're just picking something up. I won't think anything else."

Just then, his phone dinged. Seeing Lauren's message, his expression immediately darkened.

Tiana had actually sent people to tail him and Francesca. There was no way he could let himself get caught after sweet-talking them so much at dinner.

He turned to Francesca and said, "Fran, change of plans. Just go home tonight- forget the stuff."

Francesca glared at him, crossing her arms. Fine, I'll leave. Not liked wanted to go to your place anyway. But let me tell you this-if I don't go tonight, I'm never going again!"

Seeing how genuinely annoyed she was, Andrew quickly softened his tone. "Silly girl, what are you thinking I'm not sending you home for no reason. It's because Mrs.

Rhodes sent someone to follow us. That woman is suspicious of us, and if we don't keep our distance tonight, things might get messy."

Chapter 930

Francesca let out a startled yelp, nearly swerving the car straight into the manmade lake. "Okay, okay! I'll head home tonight—I won't go to your place! Seriously, though Mrs. Rhodes takes control freak to a whole new level."

In the end, the two went their separate Wave

After dropping Andrew off, Francesca drove back to her own place.

The person trailing them immediately called Tiana to report, "Ma'am, they both went home separately. Nothing suspicious happened."

Tiana scoffed and waved them off. "Hah! And here I thought he was some player. That brat probably wouldn't thought he was some player. That brat probably wouldn't even have the guts, even if Francesca threw herself at him. Men... A bunch of damn cowards."

Meanwhile, Jameson was already sprawled on the bed, lazily reaching out to pull Tiana into his arms. "Tiana, my love, the night is young, and we have important business to take care of!"

Tiana yanked herself free with a sharp snort. "Get lost. I'm not sleeping with you tonight. At dinner, what did you call me again? A mean, old hag? Wow, Jameson. You've really grown a pair, huh?"

Jameson let out an awkward chuckle. "That was just for show, darling! Andrew was there-I had to make myself look like the man of the house. Come on, you run things at home... At least let me pretend I'm in charge when we're out in public."

Tiana rolled her eyes. "Even so, I'm still not sleeping with you tonight. Your performance last night? Disappointing."

Jameson's face twitched slightly, but he did not argue. Instead, he grabbed the small bottle Andrew had given him earlier and popped it open, revealing tiny pills inside.

He muttered, "This kid didn't even tell me how many to take... or how strong they are."

After thinking for a moment, he mumbled, "Well, they're small... If I want immediate, unstoppable results, I'd better take at least three."

Without hesitation, he dumped three pills into his mouth and swallowed them dry. Almost instantly, a fiery heat surged from his stomach, shooting straight through his body.

Jameson's eyes widened in shock-he had not expected Andrew's pills to be this powerful.

A slow grin spread across his face. Tonight, he was going to turn this tigress into a purring kitten!

Feigning nonchalance, he leaned in as Tiana half-heartedly tried to resist. But soon enough, the battle had begun. By the time the night stretched into the early hours, Jameson was still charging forward with relentless energy. Tiana gasped between breaths. "Damn it, Jameson... What the hell did that little punk give you?! This is insane! I- I can't take it anymore. I surrender!"

For once, with Andrew's mysterious pills, Jameson actually won. Holding Tiana's exhausted body close, he smirked. "Now, do you get it? Say it. Call me daddy."

Tiana was caught off guard. They had been together for years, and she never expected Jameson of all people to start pulling this kind of crap.

Under the glow of the moon, Francesca moved with careful quiet steps as she unlocked the front gate to the villa at Moonlit Sanctuary. Slipping inside, she made her way up to the master bedroom.

Then, without hesitation, she lifted the covers and slid right in-curling up like a cat against Andrew's warmth.

"You came."

"Mhm. I came."

"You shouldn't have come."

"But I still did. Now... let's get straight to it!"

And just like that, Andrew's bedframe creaked all night long.

On the road to Blumedale, Kenny and Michael sat in silence inside a sleek black car as the city lights blurred past. Without warning, Kenny grabbed the contract Andrew had forced him to sign and tore it into pieces.

"Hah! Did that idiot really think a damn piece of paper could make me back off? Andrew, you naïve little fool. You have no idea who you're dealing with."

Michael, his face twisted with hatred, growled, "Dad, no matter what, we have to make that bastard pay for what he's done!"

As soon as he finished speaking, Michael suddenly coughed up a mouthful of black blood. His eyes widened in shock, and his head slumped to the side within seconds. He was dead.

Kenny's mind went blank, his voice trembling with disbelief. He screamed,

"Michael! H-How could this happen?"

Then, a chilling realization hit him. He remembered Andrew saying Michael would

not be returning to Jayrodale, and now, those words had come true.

Michael was gone, and there was no bringing him back.