

The Ashes 941

Chapter 941

Shawn shouted, "Then you know exactly what to do, right?"

Andrew said flatly, "If you're gonna act like someone's lapdog, then do it properly. Don't go around pretending you're the boss. Shawn, you're getting more pathetic

by the day!"

Shawn was so furious he could barely breathe. "You son of a..."

Just then, the handsome and obviously loaded Quinton finally spoke up. He calmly raised a hand to stop Shawn from snapping and looked at Andrew with a charming smile.

He said, "You're Andrew, right? Let me introduce myself. I'm Quinton, the eldest son of the Blumedale Wright family. You may not know much about me, but I'm sure you've heard of my younger brother, Winston.

"He had a rough time back in Jayrodale. Not only did you humiliate him in front of everyone, but you even forced him to swallow a lethal pill."

A flash of cold light flickered in Quinton's eyes as he spoke.

Andrew responded casually, "So, what, you're here to avenge Winston now?"

Quinton shook his head and gave a short, cold laugh. "The Wright family is one of the Five Apex Families. We're built on honor. If someone gets humiliated, it's on them to earn their dignity back.

"Sure, I feel bad for Winston. He got beat and crushed by you. But I, Quinton, am not the type to coddle him. I believe that one day, he'll redeem himself and earn back his pride."

Andrew gave a mocking smile. "Then you're way too optimistic. He's a complete loser. If he dares come at me again, I'll crush him again. If he doesn't know when to stop, I'll break him so hard he'll question his entire existence."

Shawn exploded. "Mr. Wright, I told you! This bastard is beyond arrogant and full of himself! There's no point in talking to him. Just give the order-we'll tear down this Moonlit Apothecary and grind him into the dirt! Let's see how smug he looks when he's on his knees begging for our mercy!"

Francesca gritted her teeth. "Shawn, you're nothing but a bully hiding behind someone stronger. If you're so tough, why don't you take him down yourself? Go on, give it a shot."

Shawn's face turned bright red. If he actually had the strength, he would've made a move a long time ago. He would not have waited until now.

The only reason he dared return to Jayrodale to stir up trouble was because he had latched onto Quinton's coattails. Without Quinton backing him, he did not even have the guts to face Andrew.

Quinton, still keeping his

gentlemanly demeanor, smiled patiently. I've always preferred making money over making enemies. Fighting isn't really my style. Don't worry, I'm not here to throw around the Wright family name to pressure anyone."

He turned to Andrew and said, "I heard that the Vitality Pill and the Titan Essence Pill are your creations, correct?"

Andrew replied calmly, "Maybe they are, maybe they're not. What does it matter? Mr. Wright, if you're into peaceful business deals, then take that energy somewhere else. You're not welcome here at Moonlit Apothecary."

A shadow passed through Quinton's eyes. He thought Andrew really was as arrogant and ignorant as Winston and Shawn had described.

Nevertheless, Quinton was good at keeping his cool. He smiled and said, "One billion. Andrew, I'll buy the formulas for both pills for one billion dollars."

Andrew chuckled. "One billion? Mr. Wright, do you think your money's worth more than everyone else's?"

Quinton frowned. "What? Too low? Fine. Two billion, then. How about that?"

Andrew was unfazed. "Even if you

offered me a hundred billion, I still wouldn't sell those formulas. You and I both know how valuable these pills are. Their worth can't be measured by money. So Mr. Wright, save your breath. Don't waste your time here."

Shawn snapped, annoyed. "Mr. Wright, with your status, are you really gonna let this trash talk to you like that? He clearly doesn't know what respect means. Forget the deaf let's just take the formulas by force! People like Andrew will only submit you teach them a lesson!"

Chapter 942

Quinton's face darkened. "Andrew, you already beat up Winston and fed him poison. You've crossed the Wright family. I also heard you recently pissed off the Golding family from Blumedale."

He clicked his tongue and continued, "Even if I decided to let you off the hook, the Goldings definitely won't."

Andrew scoffed. "So what? Are you trying to say that if I hand over the pill formulas, you'll protect me?"

Quinton's voice dropped low. "Exactly. As long as you give me both formulas, I'll call it even between you and the Wright family. And as for the Goldings, I'll make sure they leave you alone. You'll never have to worry about them again."

Andrew replied flatly, "Fuck off."

Quinton's eyes narrowed as his voice turned icy. "I've been polite, but it seems like you really don't know when to quit. Andrew, you better think carefully about what you're doing."

He continued, "Elon lost to you because he underestimated you. Winston got wrecked because he was too green and didn't know how dangerous people could be."

"But me? I'm the future head of the Wright family. If I decide to destroy you, I promise it'll be the worst thing that ever happened to you."

Andrew stepped forward, his smile turning chilling. "You're seriously threatening me on my turf? Why don't you go ahead and try something? Winston made it out alive last time. But you? You might not be so lucky."

Quinton was fuming inside. He never imagined some no-name punk from the outskirts of Jayrodale would have the nerve to stand up to him like this.

He scoffed. "Fine. I hope you keep this arrogant attitude until the very end. Moonlit Apothecary is a beautiful place. If it just happened to go up in flames... now that would be quite a sight."

After dropping that not-so-subtle threat, Quinton turned around with a flick of his hand and walked off with his crew.

Shawn panicked. "Mr. Wright, we're just leaving like that? That piece of trash doesn't deserve any respect. Just kill him, take over his shop, and snatch that Francesca while you're at it-spend three days and nights having fun with her.

"After that, everything will belong to you, Mr. Wright, especially those two miracle pills you want!"

Quinton chuckled coldly as he

walked. "Relax. Rushing things never ends well, Still, I didn't expect to find a bombshell like Francesca in Jayrodale. Those curves... man, just thinking about getting my hands on her makes my blood heat up.

"But gorgeous women are everywhere. Take that Christina you mentioned she's someone I'd love to meet personally. Still, our top

priority right now is getting the ne

Vitafity Pill and the Titan Essence Pitt have to get them, no matter what.

"They're already making waves in Blumedale. Tons of elite families and wealthy investors are eyeing them. Good thing I moved fast. If I'd waited any longer, I wouldn't even get a taste of what's on the table."

Shawn was fired up. "Don't worry, Mr. Wright! The Fields family will back you all the way in Jayrodale! In fact, after we take care of this, maybe our whole family could relocate to Blumedale and serve under you full-time.

"And uh... that Christina chick? She's always been the girl of my dreams. Once you've had your fun, think you could let me marry her?"

Quinton looked at him in surprise. "Wow. Never figured you had such... unique taste."

Shawn licked his lips. "I almost got with her once, but that bastard Andrew kept screwing things up. Every time I had a shot, he ruined it. Then, Christina ended up with that loser Harvey from the Weller family. God knows if Harvey's already slept with her!"

Quinton replied coldly, "As long as you stay loyal and keep licking my boots, I don't mind tossing you a few scraps once I'm full."

Shawn was instantly thrilled. He bowed low, nearly trembling with gratitude. "Thank you, Mr. Wright! I owe you my life! If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have dared come back to Jayrodale to settle the score!"

The moment the words left his mouth, a boot slammed into his backside. With a loud thud, Shawn went flying a few yards before crashing into the ground so hard it sounded like his bones cracked.

Chapter 943

Shawn finally dragged himself off the ground, his face twisted in rage as he turned to see who kicked him. To his shock, it was just a security guard-one of Moonlit Apothecary's own.

"You son of a bitch, you're just a damn doorman, and you had the balls to kick me? I swear to God, I'm gonna kill you!"

Fueled by fury, Shawn charged forward with two of the Fields family's bodyguards right behind him.

Yet, heavy thuds quickly filled the air, followed by screams of pain.

Shawn's face got pummeled so hard it was nearly unrecognizable, blood pouring down in streams. As for the two bodyguards, they were sprawled out on the ground, totally wrecked, and unable to get back up.

Shawn instantly chickened out, thinking, 'What the hell? Are all the security guards at Moonlit Apothecary this insane?'

Quinton frowned as he studied Phantom Eye, clearly taken aback by what he had just seen.

A simple guard who could fight like that? That definitely caught his attention.

"Impressive skills. Ever thought about working for me?" Quinton stepped forward with a smile.

"I'm Quinton, the eldest son of the Blumedale Wright family. If you work for me, I'll make sure you rise above everyone. You'll be living large instead of wasting your time guarding the door of some run-down clinic."

He said it confidently, convinced the guard would fall to his knees and thank him for changing his life.

Instead, Phantom Eye scoffed and said, "You're just some spoiled brat from the Wright family. Even if your damn father-the family head himself-came here, I still wouldn't work for him! Get lost. And if you ever show your face around Moonlit Apothecary again, I'll beat your ass too!"

Quinton's temper exploded on the spot. It was one thing to get humiliated by Andrew, but now, even a security guard was disrespecting him.

He growled, "Alright, you little guard-and that scrawny clinic owner of yours-just wait. You'll both regret this!"

With that vicious warning, Quinton stormed off, pissed beyond belief. He swore he'd make Andrew and everyone in Moonlit Apothecary beg for mercy once he got his revenge.

Inside Moonlit Apothecary, Phantom Eye walked over and spoke with respect. "Mr. Lloyd, I kicked that guy Shawn. But I didn't touch Quinton," he said. Andrew smirked. "Because you're worried about the Wright family's power, right?" Phantom Eye let out a cold huff. "Wouldn't say worried. I just prefer not to stir up trouble if I can help it. If I were on my own, I wouldn't care if I pissed off the Wrights. Worst case, I'd just pack up and leave Gabo Creek.

"But right now, I work for Moonlit Apothecary. I figured I shouldn't drag you into unnecessary problems.'

Andrew chuckled. "I appreciate the thought. But from now on, don't even hesitate. Anyone who shows up here looking for trouble-beat the crap out of them!"

Phantom Eye gave a faint, bitter smile and nodded. "Understood."

That kind of bold talk-throwing out anyone who messed around-only Andrew could say it so casually.

Francesca and Nyla stared at Phantom Eye with wide, curious eyes.

"Andrew, is he really gonna be our new security guard?" Nyla asked, shrinking

back a little. She looked kind of scared of him.

Andrew smiled. "Yep. From now on, this man's guarding the clinic."

Francesca's innocent face twitched slightly, and she gently tugged Andrew's sleeve. "Andrew, he's a semi-martial king. Isn't it kinda... overkill to make him a security guard?

Andrew shrugged. "Why not? If I could, I'd get you someone even stronger!"

Francesca giggled, clearly used to

Andrew's wild ways by now. After all, with all the heavy-hitters gathering around Andrew lately, he pretty much bad enough pull to

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Cedric spoke up, his tone serious, "Dr. Lloyd, knew it. With how well the Vitality Pill and Titan Essence Pill

have been selling, and all the attention you're getting, jealous eyes were bound to follow."

Andrew snorted. "No need to worry, Mr. Aicker. These miracle pills may be valuable, but it all depends on whether these greedy bastards have the guts to try and take them."

No sooner had he finished talking than a chilling voice came from the front of the clinic.

"I'm Lionel Thurman, an elder of the Hidden Dragons. I'm here to pay a visit! Andrew, you little brat, get your ass out here and beg for mercy!"

Chapter 944

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"I'm Lionel Thurman, an elder of the Hidden Dragons. I'm here to pay a visit! Andrew, you little brat, get your ass out here and beg for mercy!"

"Right this way, sir!" Finley led the charge, proudly striding into Moonlit Apothecary with over a dozen elite fighters from the Hidden Dragons crew marching behind him.

Today, Finley was in the best mood he had had in weeks. The Hidden Dragons had finally sent a heavy hitter to back him up. After being humiliated time and time again by Andrew, today was the day he would settle the score- old grudges and

new.

"If you're here for medical treatment, then please take a seat," Francesca said coldly. "But if you're here to start trouble, sorry, Moonlit Apothecary doesn't play nice."

Finley snorted and scoffed. "Francesca, cut the tough girl act! I know Andrew's basically running the underground scene in Jayrodale now, but so what? With Mr. Thurman here in person, Andrew's just a mangy mutt-he's nothing worth worrying about!"

With that, Finley gave a respectful nod to the man beside him. "Mr. Thurman, this is the place- Moonlit Apothecary. The Titan Essence Pill that my grand-uncle wants so badly? It came from this clinic's owner, Andrew, and the Aickers backing him."

Lionel, a stern-faced man with a square jaw, looked around with zero emotion. "Which one of you is Andrew? Step forward like a good boy. If you've got any sense, I might let you off easy. But if you don't... then I'll end you with a single blow."

Francesca's eyes flared with fury, ready to snap back. However, Andrew gently grabbed her hand and shook his head. "Don't act on impulse. I'll handle it."

He took two calm steps forward and met Lionel's gaze. "So the Hidden Dragons

want a piece of the Titan Essence Pill and the Vitality Pill too?"

Lionel let out a mocking chuckle,

eyes filled with contempt. "So you're Andrew, huh? Just a kid with average skills, showing off like you're something special because you stumbled on two miracle formulas. I'm giving you a chance to hand over both recipes right now.

"And while you're at it, this place looks pretty nice. I'll be taking it too. Pack your

stuff, grab your people, and get out."

Finley laughed coldly. "Andrew, when

Mr. Truman tells you something, you'd better listen. You probably don't know much about the elders in

the Hidden Dragons, huh?

put it this way-all our elders are at least half-step martial king level. With one hand, he could snap your neck like a twig."

Andrew replied flatly, "Is that so? Funny, because from where I'm standing, your

entire Hidden Dragons crew looks like a bunch of useless punks."

Finley's face darkened in an instant. "Are you trying to get yourself killed?"

Lionel let out a cold grunt. "Cedric, I'm only holding back because of the respect I have for you. But this brat clearly has no idea who he's dealing with. And what about you-are you siding with him? I'll tell you now-I came to Jayrodale under orders from our leader himself."

He continued, "And as for that Titan Essence Pill? We're taking it no matter what."

Cedric's face tightened with frustration.. "Lionel, I know the Hidden Dragons are powerful, but-you can't just rob someone in broad daylight."

Lionel laughed with disdain. "In this world, the strong take what they want. That's how it's always been. Besides, Andrew has challenged the Hidden Dragons more than once. He should've been eliminated a long time ago.

"Now, hand over the formulas, and I might consider sparing his life. Otherwise,

this clinic will be painted in blood.

Cedric clenched his jaw but stayed silent. He knew how ruthless martial sects like

the Hidden Dragons could be.

Push them too far, and bloodshed was guaranteed.

At that moment, Andrew let out a sigh, clearly losing patience.

"Security," he said calmly, "throw them out."

Phantom Eye grinned. "On it, Mr. Lloyd!"

Finley and his group blinked, stunned for a second. Then, they all burst into

laughter.

Chapter 945

The Hidden Dragons members started mocking Andrew. "Did you seriously call some rent-a-cop to throw out elite fighters from the Hidden Dragons?"

"Andrew must've lost his damn mind after seeing Mr. Thurman show up!"

"Hah! No doubt about it-he probably pissed himself the second Mr. Thurman walked through the door!"

Finley sneered. "Andrew, you're getting dumber by the minute. You ain't even worth dirt in front of our elder, so what makes you think your little guard dog here stands a chance? Hell, I don't even need Mr. Thurman to handle him-I could make this guy get on his knees and beg!"

With a twisted grin, Finley lunged faster than anyone expected, swinging a slap right at Phantom Eye's head.

Nyla gasped. "Watch out!"

Phantom Eye chuckled. "Well, damn. First day on the job and already being looked down on? Tsk, tsk... do I really look like someone that easy to mess with?"

He tilted his head to the side, easily dodging the slap without even trying. Then, he returned the favor with a brutal backhand that came out of nowhere.

Lionel shouted in panic, "Finley, get back!"

Yet, it was too late.

Finley did not even see the strike. He just spat out a mouthful of blood and went flying sideways like a ragdoll, his neck nearly twisted from the force of the hit!

The rest of the Hidden Dragons' crew froze in disbelief, and all eyes were locked on Phantom Eye. They could not believe just how strong the "guard" was.

Groaning, Finley struggled to crawl back up, his face pale with fear. "You..."

Phantom Eye let out a mocking laugh. "What's wrong, punk? Weren't you just calling me a worthless security? Come at me again, tough guy."

Nyla clapped her hands with glee. "You're amazing!"

Francesca laughed too. "You're a total legend!"

Lionel let out a sharp grunt and stepped forward, his gaze fixed on Phantom Eye. "Sir, may I ask your name? underestimated you earlier. But you laid hands on someone from the Hidden Dragons without cause, and today, I will demand an explanation!"

Phantom Eye rolled his neck and did not back down an inch. "You want my name? Fine. I don't hide who I am. In this world, they call me Phantom Eye."

Lionel repeated it under his breath-"Phantom Eye... Phantom Eye..." Suddenly, his eyes widened as recognition hit him like a truck.

"Y-You're that Phantom Eye? The lone assassin from Blumedale, the infamous killer-for-hire?"

He looked stunned, then quickly shifted to scorn. "Well, well... I didn't think someone of your caliber would fall this low. Guarding a backwater clinic in Jayrodale? Pathetic You've really sunk to rock bottom."

Lionel's words dripped with venom, but Phantom Eye's fuse was short. With a loud roar, he lunged straight at Lionel, fists flying as the two clashed in an all-out brawl.

Lionel fought as he retreated, yelling, "Phantom Eye, don't push it! You're interfering with Hidden Dragons business today-can you really handle the consequences when our leader finds out?"

Phantom Eye snarled, "Screw your

leader and your entire crew! I don't

give a damn who you are. Right now, I'm Moonlit Apothecary's security Mr. Lloyd gave me clear orders-anyone who shows

looking for trouble gets their ass kicked out! So, all you wannabe thugs? I'm putting you in the ground!"

The clash between two half-step martial kings shook the entire building. They went blow for blow, neither holding back, trading lethal strikes like it was a deathmatch

Finley growled through bloodied teeth, "Go! While Mr. Thurman holds off the guard, the rest of us will wipe this damn clinic off the map!"

However, just as he finished barking the order, Andrew made his move.

Like a tiger let loose in a pen of sheep, he blitzed through the Hidden Dragons fighters with blinding speed. One after another, they

screamed in pain as they were net?

sent

flying in all directions, coughing up blood as they slammed into walls and crashed to the ground.

Chapter 946

Nyla and Francesca stood frozen, eyes wide with awe. Phantom Eye's strike had left them stunned-and more than a little starstruck.

He was a legendary veteran from Blumedale, a semi-martial king, and to two young women, his power and presence were downright intoxicating.

However, what really shocked them was Andrew. If Phantom Eye was fierce, then Andrew was pure destruction.

He moved like a human wrecking ball, demolishing everything in his path with overwhelming force.

Francesca's legs trembled uncontrollably. She finally realized why Andrew left her weak and sore every night like her whole body was falling apart.

She finally understood that Andrew's strength was on a completely different level. Even if she tried her hardest, clinging to him with everything she had, she probably could not handle the full impact of his insane energy.

"Andrew! You and I haven't even had a real fight yet!" Finley roared, watching Andrew crush his crew. "Today, I'll show you the difference between us!"

He threw both fists forward, aiming them straight at Andrew's chest with all his

Yet, Andrew did not budge-not even an inch. He did not dodge, nor did he defend. He just stood there and let

Finley hit him square in the chest.

Finley's eyes lit up. "Got you! Die!"

Two loud thuds sounded in the room, and it felt like he had just punched a concrete wall. The impact reverberated up his arms, and his fists nearly shattered from the force.

Finley blinked in disbelief, and his brain buzzed. Andrew was still standing there- completely fine, without a scratch. He did not even flinch.

"W-What the hell..." Finley muttered, frozen in shock.

Andrew smirked and reached out, grabbing a fistful of Finley's hair before slapping him hard across the face.

Finley let out a loud gasp and spat blood all over the floor. Compared to Phantom Eye's earlier hit, this slap from Andrew was on a whole other level. His lips went numb instantly, and his whole head rang like a struck bell.

"If you had just kept your head down and stayed out of my way, you wouldn't be in this mess," Andrew said coolly.

He slapped him again, this time turning both of Finley's eyes into matching black rings.

"But you just had to be stupid and come looking for a beating. So now, I'm giving you exactly what you asked for!"

A flurry of staps fell like rain, merciless and relentless. In just a few seconds, Finley's head swelled up football. His face was so bruised and swollen that he was nearly unrecognizable,

like a

The rest of the Hidden Dragons fighters were sprawled across the floor, terrified and helpless.

"Hang in there, sir! Don't pass out-just hang in there!"

"Andrew, if you've got guts, fight him fair! Why the face?!!

"Mr. Thurman! Please, help him! He's going to die if you don't!"

Their desperate cries finally snapped Lionel out of it. With roar, he shoved

Phantom Eye back and lunged toward Andrew.

However, Phantom Eye was not about to let that happen. He chased Lionel down immediately, launching into a full-on assault.

"You really want to stand in the way of the Hidden Dragons" Lionel shouted, barely keeping up.

Phantom Eye's voice turned cold.

"Screw you, Lionel. You already

threw hands, and now you wan

It's too late for words-either you die, or I do!"

With Lionel locked in combat, Finley had no one left to save him. Andrew

slammed him to the ground and planted a foot on his chest.

"Andrew! Mr. Lloyd! Sir! Please! Mercy! Spare me!"

Finley wrapped himself around Andrew's leg, bawling like a baby.

"I was wrong! I was so wrong! Please don't hit me anymore—I'm going to die if this keeps up!"

He looked like a total wreck—hair messy, face a mess of purple and blue, blood leaking from his busted lips. Finally, he broke down, sobbing openly in front of everyone

Chapter 947

Andrew's voice was cold. "Lionel, move a muscle, and I'll kill this idiot on the spot."

Lionel immediately backed off, breaking away from Phantom Eye. His eyes burned with rage as he spat, "Andrew, let Finley go, or the Hidden Dragons will never stop hunting you!"

Andrew did not respond with words. Instead, he stepped on Finley's hand—then pressed down, grinding his foot hard.

Finley yelped in pain. "Mr. Thurman, help me! Please, save me!"

His face turned red as veins bulged across his forehead. He screamed in agony, thrashing beneath Andrew's foot.

The Hidden Dragons members watched in horror, their scalps tingling. They all thought Andrew was brutal—no, he was downright ruthless.

Lionel's eye twitched as he roared, "Stop! Let him go! We'll back off- immediately!"

Andrew finally lifted his foot and let out a slow chuckle. "Oh? Now you're willing to talk like a reasonable man, Mr. Thurman?"

Lionel's eyes flashed with murderous intent, his teeth grinding together. "Let him go, and the Hidden Dragons will leave."

Andrew's tone remained indifferent. "Leaving Moonlit Apothecary isn't enough. I want every single one of you out of Jayrodale."

Lionel's fury erupted. "You're pushing it too far!"

Andrew's expression did not change. "If you can't do that, then I'll just kill this little mutt right here and now."

Lionel swallowed his rage and barked, "Andrew, listen up! Jayrodale is a crucial target for the Hidden Dragons. Do you really think you can hog it all to yourself? Dream on!"

Andrew shook his head, his patience wearing thin. "Guess you didn't hear me the first time. Fine- let's start with Finley's head!"

With that, he lifted his foot, ready to stomp Finley's skull into the pavement.

"Mr. Thurman, help! Save me!" Finley shrieked in terror.

If Finley got his head crushed right in front of them, they would be haunted by that sight for the rest of their lives.

Lionel let out a furious bellow. "Fine! We'll leave Jayrodale! Now let him go-right now!"

His face twisted with rage, veins bulging along his temples. He was being pushed to the edge of sanity.

Andrew smirked and kicked Finley away like a piece of trash. "Get the hell out- now."

Lionel rushed forward as his men scrambled to check Finley's condition.

Once they confirmed he was not dead, Lionel's eyes darkened with venom. "You think this is over? Finley's granduncle is our leader! Andrew, you won't be running Jayrodale forever!"

As the Hidden Dragons left Moonlit Apothecary, Lionel's face was grim, his rage simmering beneath the surface.

He had arrived in Jayrodale full of ambition and had been sent here on a mission straight from their boss. et, the moment he stepped in, he got humiliated. Worse, he nearly lost Finley.

One of his men growled, "Mr. Thitman, what now? Are we really gonna let that bastard chase us out of Jayrudale?"

Lionel remained silent, his expression unreadable.

Another gang member cursed, "Hell no! Patch up Finley, and we'll come back swinging!"

Lionel snapped, "Idiot! What good will that do? Are you blind, or just stupid? Didn't you see it back there? Moonlit Apothecary has a damn semi-martial king standing guard Phantom Eye kept me busy. If we go back, you'll all just be lambs to the slaughter."

The room fell silent, and the men shivered as reality set in none of them had walked away from Andrew's attack unscathed. Thinking back on it, they were terrified.

Lionel exhaled sharply. "It's no use. That kid is already a rising powerhouse. He's taken control of Jayrodale's entire underground, and even Einley wasn't a match for him. What's worse, Phantom Eyes actually loyal to him."

Lionel's eyes narrowed as he spoke through gritted teeth. "We're pulling out of Jayrodale and returning to the Hidden Dragons. The next move isn't ours to make. We'll let the boss decide how to handle this,

Chapter 948

That night, Andrew drove Francesca back to the villa on the hill.

"Andrew, you were amazing today. Even Finley couldn't beat you!" Francesca exclaimed, her gaze flickering away from his.

Andrew raised a brow. "What's wrong, Fran? You've been acting weird the whole way home."

Francesca's cheeks turned red. "It's nothing... I just think we should sleep in separate rooms tonight."

Andrew smirked. "What, your period came?"

"Shut up!" Francesca snapped, her face burning. "Can't a girl just want some space?"

Andrew grabbed her wrist, his voice firm. "Nope."

She struggled for a moment before giving up. "Ugh, you're such a jerk!"

Blushing, she dove under the covers. If she could not fight him, she might as well enjoy it.

With another night of aching muscles coming, she could not help but feel both nervous and excited. She thought Andrew had way too much energy.

However, just as she braced herself, Andrew suddenly said, 'Get some rest tonight. I need to train.'

Before she could react, he walked out and shut the door behind him.

Francesca lay there, stunned. She thought, 'I already took a shower, got all ready, and this is what I get? Train? What the hell is so important that it can't wait till after?'

She huffed. "Andrew, don't tell me you're practicing some weird martial arts technique that requires abstinence?"

Behind the door, Andrew chuckled. "If you keep yelling, I'll cancel training. But instead... I'll make sure you don't get any sleep till sunrise."

Francesca's face went pale. If he kept going till morning, she would not even be able to walk tomorrow! She clamped her mouth shut immediately.

Inside the blanket, she mumbled a string of curses. "Pervert. Monster. Filthy animal..."

However, no matter how much she complained, she still tossed and turned, unable to sleep.

She had gotten so used to him being there. Suddenly, having a quiet night felt strange.

Meanwhile, outside Moonlit Apothecary, a group of shadowy figures crept closer.

Shawn was leading them, and he whispered, "Mr. Wright only has one request- burn this place to the ground."

He turned to his men, his gaze cold. The men nodded and lifted their gas cans, ready to set the place ablaze.

Shawn strode toward the entrance and waved his hand. "Do it."

Before the men could act, muffled sounds filled the night-bodies hitting the ground one after another with loud thuds.

Shawn froze. He turned around, only to see his men sprawled out, unconscious- only one figure remained standing.

Shawn's breath caught in his throat. He mumbled, "Damn! Isn't that the damn

security guard from this afternoon? Why the hell is he still here?!"

Then, he shouted, "Son of a bitch, you wanna play hero?"

He yanked a knife from his pocket. "I'll kill you!"

He lunged, aiming straight for the man's chest.

Phantom Eye scoffed, quickly twisting the blade out of Shawn's grip. Then, with a

flick of his wrist, he drove it right into Shawn's own hand.

A bloodcurdling scream tore through

the night. Shawn dropped to his

knees, clutching his impaled hand as pain exploded through him, making his entire body tremble.

Phantom Eye stepped forward and kicked him in the chest, sending him flying backward. "Get away from here, you loser. Next time, I'll kill you!"

Elsewhere in a lavish five-star hotel in Jayrodale, Quinton sat at the head of an elegant dining table. As a prestigious young heir from

Blumedale, he was dining with the Stevens family.

"Mr. Wright, let me toast to you!" Leroy raised his glass, grinning as he flattered Quinton.

Quinton barely acknowledged him, not even bothering to lift his drink. His eyes remained locked onto Christina.

He thought, 'What a cold, stunning beauty. Shawn wasn't lying-Christina, the Ice Queen, is definitely worth the effort.' 1

Quinton finally lifted his glass and smiled. "Ms. Stevens, would you do me the honor of sharing a drink?"

Leroy's smile stiffened. He awkwardly held his glass midair unsure whether to drink or not.

Irene nudged Christina and whispered, "Christie, Mr. Wright is waiting. Hurry up!"

Christina hesitated but eventually raised her glass. "Mr. Wright, drink as you please. My alcohol tolerance isn't great, so I won't be downing it

all at once."

Quinton chuckled, playing the gentleman. "Ms. Stevens, just the fact that you're

toasting with me is enough. Drink as much or as little as you like."

Chapter 949

Irene laughed. "Men as gentlemanly as Mr. Wright are truly rare. Coming from the prestigious Wright family of Blumedale, Mr. Wright is far more refined than the so-called elites of Jayrodale!"

Leroy eagerly chimed in, eager to flatter. "That goes without saying! Mr. Wright is the heir of the Wright family- one of the Five Apex Families in all of Gabo Creek Province. There isn't a single family in Jayrodale that can compare!"

Quinton scoffed internally. He had absolutely no respect for Irene and Leroy. If it were not for his desire to conquer Christina, he would not have wasted a second on these nobodies from the Stevens family.

Compared to Shawn's family, they were even lower-worthless enough that he could crush them with a single step.

"I heard Mr. Wright has some history with Andrew?" Christina suddenly asked.

Quinton smiled faintly. "That guy? He's nothing more than an insect. I wouldn't call it history-just a minor disagreement."

His tone dripped with superiority.

In the past, Irene would have jumped at the chance to praise Quinton and trash Andrew, but this time, she hesitated.

Instead, she spoke cautiously. "Mr. Wright, you shouldn't underestimate him. Right now, Andrew is a force to be reckoned with in Jayrodale. Even Shawn's family and the Wellers are no match for him!"

Quinton sneered. "The families in Jayrodale are nothing more than second-rate nobodies. The Wright family rules Blumedale-we don't fear anyone."

Leroy chuckled, desperate to win favor. "I heard you already made a move against Moonlit Apothecary tonight, Mr. Wright. That must've been quite the wake-up call for Andrew!"

Quinton smirked. "It was nothing serious-just a little punishment."

Christina frowned. "Mr. Wright, your people didn't go after Andrew directly, did they?"

Quinton scoffed. "That guy isn't even worth my time. I just wanted to teach him a lesson by burning down Moonlit Apothecary."

The entire Stevens family stiffened in shock. This was the true power of the Wright family-ruthless and decisive.. Quinton did not even hesitate before targeting Moonlit Apothecary.

Seeing their stunned expressions, Quinton felt pleased with himself. It was exactly the reaction he wanted.

"Ms. Stevens, I've heard that running Stevens Corporation has been a struggle for you."

He leaned back lazily, watching

Christina's face carefully. "I have a proposal-I'd like to invite you to Blumedale. With the Wright family's full support, your business would thrive. What do you say?"

Christina's eyes widened slightly, caught off guard by the sudden offer.

Quinton felt a rush of satisfaction. Power, status, and influence-combined with his unmatched looks, no woman could resist him. He believed Christina would be no exception.

A few well-placed moves, and soon, she would be in his bed. He could already picture those long, perfect legs wrapped around him.

Christina hesitated, her heart wavering. She had learned a painful lesson from Harvey before. Many men acted generous, but in the end, all they wanted was to get her into bed.

Irene and Leroy, however, did not hesitate for a second. Or rather, Quinton's status blinded them. They were not willing to think twice. If

anything, they were ready to drop to their knees and worship him

"Christie, what are you waiting for? Say yes to Mr. Wright!

"Exactly! Mr. Wright is inviting us to Blumedále!"

"This is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity! We should be thanking him for this incredible generosity!"

Hearing their urging, Christina finally

made up her mind. For now, Quinton did seem like a flawless man. He had offered to help both her and the Stevens family without asking for anything in return.

She thought to herself-Quinton must have real vision. He probably saw her talent

and capabilities, which was why he was willing to support her.

Just as she was about to speak and accept his offer, a bloodied figure suddenly staggered in, collapsing right in front of Quinton.

"Mr. Wright, help me! Please... help me..."

Quinton's expression shifted. His eyes narrowed in confusion before recognition

hit him. "Shawn? What the hell happened to you?"

Chapter 950

Shawn lay on the ground, his face filled with terror. "That security guy is terrifying! He's absolutely terrifying!"

"I brought a whole crew, and he took them all down!" His voice trembled as he raised his hand, revealing a knife still embedded in his palm. The sight was downright gruesome.

Quinton's expression turned dark. "You're useless. I gave you one simple task, and you screwed it up!"

"Also, why the hell are you coming to me? Go to a hospital, idiot!" He waved Shawn away in disgust, not wanting to ruin his mood any further.

Shawn stole one last lingering glance at Christina before scurrying off to get his wound treated.

Christina, her tone indifferent, said, "Mr. Wright, you shouldn't associate with garbage like that."

Quinton raised an eyebrow. "You're talking about Shawn?"

She nodded. "Yeah. He's mediocre at best. He's not worth your time or investment."

Quinton smirked. "I never planned on investing in him. He's just a mutt from Jayrodale, useful for the moment."

Leroy sneered. "Andrew must have some guts, though. He actually dared to mess with Mr. Wright's dog!"

Quinton's already sour expression darkened further.

"Ms. Stevens," he said, turning to Christina, "since you used to date Andrew, do you have any idea how we can control him?"

Christina hesitated, then admitted, "Sorry, Mr. Wright, but he doesn't care about me anymore."

Quinton let out a short 'oh' and shot her a peculiar look. He seemed to have figured something out.

Christina's cheeks burned with embarrassment. She did not need him to spell it out-his opinion of her had just dropped, and it was all because of Andrew.

Leroy chuckled awkwardly. "Mr. Wright, don't overthink it. Andrew might have some skills, but Christie never liked him to begin with!"

Quinton's smile was cold. "Is that so? Interesting. I had no idea."

"Anyway, think it over, Ms. Stevens," he said, standing up. Let me know if you decide to take my offer and expand Stevens Corporation in Blumedale."

Without another word, Quinton turned and left.

He did not even bother

acknowledging Irene and Leroy, not even with a glance. Nonetheless, that did not stop the mother and son from practically chasing after him, escorting him all the way to his car before respectfully sending him off.

On the way home, Irene sighed dramatically. "Christie, why didn't you just say yes? This is an opportunity of a lifetime!"

Leroy chimed in, "Christie, you don't understand! Quinton is a big deal-way bigger than Winston. He's the heir of the Wright family!"

"He was acting all casual, but trust me, he's interested in you. Why not go along with it? If you play your cards right, you won't even have to work. The Stevens family would never have to struggle again!"

As he spoke, Leroy's eyes gleamed, already daydreaming about a life of luxury- private clubs, glamorous women,

expensive feasts, and an endless supply of wealth.

Christina's voice was ice-cold. "I've told you before-relying on others is never an option. And besides, I want to build my own empire. I won't just spread my legs and be some man's trophy! I'll succeed on my own, outshine Andrew, and make him realize I'm someone he'll always have to look up to!"

Irene sighed. "Sweetheart, if this were before, I'd be right there with you. I used to look down on Andrew too. But things are different now. really don't think you should waste your time trying to compete with him anymore.

"You've heard the rumors, haven't you?, Francesca from the Aickers family and Lauren from the Rhodes family- they're both his women now. On top of that, Andrew has become untouchable in Jayrodale.

"He didn't even flinch when he went after Winston, Quinton's own brother. And recently, he even stood up to Kenny Rhodes and Elon Golding without hesitation!"