

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 2151

---- Chapter 2151 Rowan was still just a young lady at heart, so meeting Andrew in public still made her feel a little shy. Chantelle tucked her hair behind her ear and smiled. "Andrew, why don't you two talk over there? I'll wait here. We still have plenty of time." Andrew gave her a wry smile. "Alright then, wait for me. I'll be back soon. Ms. Maddock, this way, please." Rowan gave a soft hum, and the two of them walked into the airport's VIP lounge. As soon as the curtain was pulled shut, she threw herself at him. "You were leaving without even saying goodbye.

Andrew, are you trying to be a heartless jerk?" Her sweet breath hit his face as she scolded him fiercely. Andrew wrapped his arms around her delicate waist and hurried to calm her. "Easy now. Weren't you going to talk about Onyx Serpents and its development?" Rowan huffed coldly. "I wouldn't waste such precious time talking business with you! Andrew, how long will you be gone? When are you coming back?" --- Andrew replied, "I really can't say for sure. Do you have something going on?" Rowan wrinkled her cute nose in protest.

"Nothing specific, but what am I supposed to do when I miss you after you're gone?" Andrew smiled. "Then come find me in Chetvne." Only then did Rowan break into a smile, looking breathtakingly beautiful. "That's more like it, At least you have some conscience! Quick, we need to hurry!" Andrew looked puzzled. "Hurry with what?" Rowan's face flushed red. "Make out, of course! I just got together with you and experienced how wonderful dating can be. And now you're about to leave, so naturally I need to make the most of our time!" With that, she leaned in to kiss Andrew.

As aman, Andrew certainly could not refuse such a wonderful opportunity. So, he reached out with his strong hands, pulled her close, and in her soft gasps and moans, he kissed her deeply. The two kissed for several minutes before slowly pulling apart. Rowan could barely stand, relying completely on Andrew's support. ---- "You're such a jerk!" She wiped her mouth, completely satisfied. Andrew looked down at her and smiled. "They say you're born of winter's essence, which is supposedly great for martial arts cultivation! How about I experience that for myself?" Rowan's face turned bright red.

"In your dreams! Andrew, don't you think things between us are developing pretty fast?" Andrew shook his head. "Not at all. I actually think we're going too slow. By now, we should have already been intimate several times!" Rowan's cheeks grew even redder. "Is that all you think about?" Andrew smirked. "Don't tell me you don't think about it too?" He gave her a playful squeeze, making her body squirm as she laughed

breathlessly. "When you come back, or when I come to find you, let's sleep together!" she whispered softly in Andrews ear. Then, she let go of Andrew and straightened her dress. For original chapters go to [Find~Novel](#)

Andrew pinched her soft cheek and smiled. "If you run into any trouble in Gabo Creek Province, go find Mr. Keller Senior. Or you can go to Serenity Villa and find the others. Got it?" ---- Rowan nodded. "Yeah, I know. Andrew, I want to call you 'honey' too, just like Chantelle and Lauren do!" Andrew winced, but seeing her pitiful expression, he eventually gave in. "Fine, go ahead and call me that. They're going to find out about you sooner or later anyway." Just like that, the two walked back as if nothing had happened. After waiting another ten minutes or so, it was finally time to board.

Andrew wheeled his luggage while Chantelle and Natasha followed, and the three boarded the plane. Agatha and Rowan stood there smiling and waving goodbye to the trio. The moment they boarded the plane, Chantelle asked curiously, " Madam Vostokoff, didn't you think Ms. Maddock seemed a bit off?" Natasha nodded in agreement. "I noticed it too. I couldn't tell if Ms. Maddock had internal injuries or was just feeling unwell. When she was standing there, it felt like her legs were constantly trembling.

And her face was way too red, almost like she'd just been pulled out of the water after nearly drowning." Chantelle quickly agreed. "Yes, yes, exactly that!" Andrew broke out in a sweat as he listened to them chatter. ---- Rowan's legs were trembling because of him, and her flushed face was from their kiss. He thought, 'Lord, have mercy, what a mess!' The plane took off, and three hours later, Andrew would be landing at Terror Town's airport.

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Chapter 2152

---- Chapter 2152 The Cunningham family in Chetvine was one of the ten great aristocratic houses in the city. The line between a powerhouse and a wealthy family was simple: if the family had a martial emperor-level figure sitting at the top, then it was considered a powerhouse. Meanwhile, the Cunningham family was rumored to have two martial emperors, giving them influence across Holtrien and even the world.

"Special Ops' director, Barnaby Hale, here to pay respects to the Cunningham family!" A convoy pulled up, and the notorious director of Special Ops, often called the mad dog, stepped out with a smile. The Cunninghams remained calm and polite. "Mr. Hale! Please, come inside." Barnaby held real power and influence in Chetvine. However,

when he came to the Cunningham residence, he was just another visitor. This was because the Cunninghams not only had people with higher positions than him, but also those who could outfight him.

Soon, Barnaby was escorted to the Cunningham residence's ---- reception hall. The Cunningham family's head butler, Mateo Parrish, arrived fashionably late and clasped his hands apologetically. "Sorry about that, Mr. Hale. I was just handling some business and got delayed." Barnaby quickly stood up. "No problem at all, Mr. Parrish. You're a busy man with countless matters to handle, and I understand that completely." Mateo looked like nothing more than an ordinary old man. However, Barnaby dared not show even a trace of disrespect.

One, because anyone serving at the gates of such a clan already held serious weight, and two, because this unassuming man was known as the Reaper, the Cunningham family's number one executioner. Very few knew of his true reputation, and Barnaby was unlucky enough to be among them. He knew one thing for sure: this man was not someone you could afford to offend. "Mr. Hale, you're an equally busy man. For you to come here personally, there must be something important," Mateo said as his cold eyes swept toward Barnaby. The most update n0vels are published on [n0velFind](#)

Barnaby felt a chill running down his spine, as if the other party could see right through him. He quickly averted his gaze before ---- speaking. "Yes, I came today to inform the Cunningham family of some news." Mateo lifted a hand. "Go ahead, Mr. Hale." After a pause, Barnaby took a deep breath and said, "The Dragon Prince of the Lloyd family is about to return to Chetvine." The teacup in Mateo's hand shattered instantly. Barnaby nearly jumped out of his seat, stammering, "M-Mr. Parish, did I... did I say something wrong?" Mateo let the shards fall from his fingers, powdered into dust.

Barnaby's eyelids twitched as he realized even a solid porcelain cup had crumbled like sand in the man's grip. Mateo's strength was terrifying, far beyond measure. "My apologies. I lost control for a moment," Mateo said with a smile. "Mr. Hale, please explain this clearly. That way, the Cunningham family can make proper arrangements." Barnaby nodded quickly. "I have someone planted in Blumendale, over in Gabo Creek. Originally, they were meant to monitor Derek, but later, this pawn became far more useful." Mateo waved his hand to cut him off. "Skip the useless details, Mr. Hale.

What I need is his exact whereabouts, his current strength, and when he plans to arrive in Chetvine." ---- Straight to the point, no wasted words. Barnaby answered carefully. "Mr. Parrish, from what I've gathered, he already possesses the combat power of at least a martial saint." Mateo scoffed. "Weak. Pathetically weak. Too frail to even look at." Barnaby rushed to clarify. "That was only my contact's initial estimate. In truth, he has already taken over both the underworld and the upper circles in Gabo Creek.

And just recently, even the province's strongest clan, the Fischer family, bowed their heads to him."

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Chapter 2153

---- Chapter 2153 Barnaby said, "The Phelan family has stayed silent. As for the Driscoll family, they were unfortunate enough to be wiped out by him." Mateo gave a cold laugh. "Destroying one family only proves he still has some conscience in him. But ruling Gabo Creek means nothing. One wealthy clan from Chetvine could crush the entire province effortlessly. "So your news holds very little value, and that's me being generous. If Mr. Cunningham Senior heard it, he would've dismissed it as garbage." Barnaby forced a dry laugh. "Yes, of course. It's only natural for someone like Mr.

Cunningham Senior to scoff at my meager intel. Mr. Parrish, from what I know, the Dragon Prince has already set out for Terror Town. From there, he will return to Chetvine." Mateo nodded. "Very well. The Cunningham family will remember this favor. That will be all. We won't be seeing you out. He turned and walked away without sparing another glance at Barnaby. ---- Barnaby did not mind and even smiled as he left the Cunningham residence. He ordered the driver to head to the next destination, the Robertson family. The Cunningham family was not the only stop.

He planned to visit every major family and aristocratic house that might want to know about Andrew's return to Chetvine. He would not let this golden opportunity to curry favor with these powerful families and aristocratic houses pass him by. He was confident that this information would give him the chance for further advancement. What Barnaby did not realize was that his actions today were laying the groundwork for his own downfall in the future.

Meanwhile, in a quiet courtyard inside the Cunningham residence, a man in a long robe stood beneath a grove, playing with a bird. Mateo came hurrying over. Without turning around, the man remarked casually, "Your steps are somewhat frantic. That's rare." Mateo bowed. "Mr. Cunningham Senior, there is trouble. The Lloyd family's Dragon Prince is about to return to Chetvine." ---- The calm on Otto Cunningham's face slowly disappeared until it was replaced by cold indifference. "Why am I only hearing of this now?

Has our intelligence network all died off?" His tone was not heavy, but Mateo's skin prickled, and his heart skipped. Otto was the head of the Cunningham family aristocratic house, a true martial emperor. He was the kind of person who could destroy anything with a mere wave of his hand. Mateo said carefully, "Mr. Cunningham Senior, the Dragon Prince has gone to Terror Town. It seems he intends to linger there before coming to Chetvine, so we still have time to make arrangements." Otto waved his hand

sharply. "I do not want to see him set foot in Chetvine! Read complete version only at [find•novel](#)

He was lucky to survive back then, but this time, I want him dead." Mateo bowed low. "Understood. I will make the arrangements immediately." He then retreated quickly. Otto no longer had the mood to amuse himself with birds. He returned inside, sitting down with a stormy expression. "The Lloyd family royal line is already powerful enough! If he returns successfully, the Lloyds will only grow stronger. "So why would I want to see the already arrogant Lloyd family ---- cultivate another towering tree? No, once this spawn of Reginald grows up, it won't be as simple as just another towering tree!"

He will become a pillar that holds up the sky, a roadblock no one wishes to face. That is why he must die."

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Chapter 2154

---- Chapter 2154 Terror Town was the biggest metropolis in the east of Holtrien. At the international airport, Andrew and the two women stepped off the plane, where Chantelle's family was already waiting. "Elle, you're finally back! I missed you so much!" A stylish and well-dressed woman was the first to rush forward. Chantelle hugged her tightly and laughed. "Mom, I'm home." Beside her stood more than a dozen members of the Garcia family. Among them were Chantelle's father, Patrick Garcia, her sister, Cassandra, and her brother-in-law, Carlos Watts.

Andrew could clearly feel all their eyes sizing him up, though he did not care and waited for Chantelle to make introductions. Natasha had already left ahead of them, as she was familiar with Terror Town. She told Andrew not to worry about her. She would handle her business with the Langley family first, then return to find him. Andrew was not concerned about her safety since the Langley family was Natasha's family. Since she obviously did not want to discuss it much, Andrew respected her privacy and did not pry further. At that moment, Chantelle made the introductions.

"Mom, Dad, ---- Cassie, Carlos, this is Andrew Lloyd, my boyfriend! "Andrew, these are my parents. That's my sister, Cassandra, and then my brother-in-law, Carlos Watts!" Andrew stepped forward with his hand extended. "Mr. and Mrs. Garcia, Mr. and Mrs. Watts, it's a pleasure to meet you!" Patrick shook his hand with a smile. "Welcome to Terror Town!" Chantelle's mother, Sofia Underwood, was more critical as she looked Andrew up and down coolly. "Lloyd?

From what I know about Blumendale in Gabo Creek Province, the Lloyd surname isn't exactly from a prominent family, is it?" Andrew smiled pleasantly. "Actually, I'm not originally from Blumendale." Sofia frowned. "So you're saying you're from some small town in Gabo Creek Province then?" Chantelle scolded her gently. "Mom, if you want to learn more about him, let's wait until we get home! This is an airport, so please don't be so aggressive!" Sofia gave a final sharp remark. "I raised a daughter for almost 30 years.

Honestly, handing her over to someone else just like that doesn't sit well with me. Of course, I want to know everything clearly." ---- Andrew stayed polite and calm. "Mrs. Garcia, your concerns are valid, and I completely understand. Since we're here, I don't mind giving you a little bit of insight." Sofia gave a cold chuckle. "Insight? Do you have any idea what kind of status the Garcia family holds in Terror Town?" Andrew shook his head and kept his harmless smile.

"I don't know what the Garcia family's standing is in Terror Town, but I do know very clearly what my standing is in Gabo Creek Province." Carlos, sharp in a tailored suit and tie, smirked. "Oh? Sounds pretty arrogant. Why don't you tell us what kind of influence you actually have there?" Andrew grinned. "Influence is nothing worth bragging about. I'm just the so-called King of Gabo Creek, that's all." Carlos froze for a second before bursting into laughter. "Dad, Mom, did you hear that? This guy just said he's the King of Gabo Creek!

That's hilarious!" He kept laughing, "All I've ever heard about Gabo Creek is the Three Titans families. King of Gabo Creek? Elle, the boyfriend you brought back sure loves to tell tall tales!" Cassandra tugged on Chantelle's arm and whispered sharply. " Elle, why did you bring someone like this home? You know how ---- much Mom and Dad care about these things, especially Mom She bragged for weeks in her social circle that you were bringing back a wealthy, educated young man from a prestigious family." She glared. "And now?

You show up with someone who's either delusional or a shameless braggart." Chantelle's face darkened. "Andrew is not lying. He is, right now, the ruler of Gabo Creek, in both the underworld and the upper circles." Carlos snorted, ready to argue, while Sofia's brows arched sharply, about to unleash her temper. Finally, Patrick cut them all off. "Enough. Elle finally brought her boyfriend home. Let's go back first and celebrate properly."

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Chapter 2155

---- Chapter 2155 Sofia muttered reluctantly, "Why shouldn't I bring it up? She's my daughter. If her mother doesn't question the man she chose, then who will?" The Garcia family had several luxury cars lined up, but on the way home, Andrew and Chantelle rode in one by themselves. "People always say folks in Terror Town are picky, pretentious, and high-brow. Seeing it today, I'd say that's pretty accurate," Andrew said with a smile. Chantelle gripped his hand, her face full of apology. "Honey, once we're home, I'll explain your identity to them clearly.

I'm sorry for the way my mom treated you. Honestly, she's just vain and materialistic. She wanted me to find someone more impressive than Carlos." Andrew raised a brow and asked, "Is he really that impressive?" Chantelle shook her head. "Not really. He's from a local family here in Terror Town, worth a few billion, and he's an only child, 'so he'll inherit it all. He also runs his own company here, which is why he acts like he's untouchable." Andrew shrugged. "So he's just a small-time player. Don't worry, I won't stoop to his level. But that only applies to earlier.

If he ---- dares challenge me in your house, I'll make sure he regrets it." Chantelle gave a bitter smile. "I knew bringing you back would cause waves. Your temper is something my family definitely won't be able to handle." Andrew snorted. "Your family was acting all high and mighty first, looking down on me like they're better than everyone." Chantelle suddenly grinned. "Then, honey, can you do me a favor?" Andrew looked confused. "What favor?" Chantelle clenched her fist and swung it lightly. "Help me slap some sense into my family, especially my mom.

To be honest, after working with Governor McCormick, I've seen a lot, and I can't stand the fake attitudes of people here in Terror Town. My mom and Carlos are prime examples. Even if they're family, I just can't stand it. So this time, I want you to crush their arrogance for me." Andrew stared at her. "You're serious?" Chantelle blinked. "Of course I am!" Andrew pinched her cheek with a grin. "That's my darling! Always on my side. It makes me want to spoil you even more." Chantelle looked blissful. "You know, it's strange. With you, I feel ---- myself becoming softer and gentler.

Maybe that's the change love brings to me." Before long, they arrived at the Garcia residence. Though the Garcia family was only considered a third-tier family in Terror Town, even third-tier here meant serious money and influence. They were far above third-tier families elsewhere, but Andrew disliked their pretentiousness and false pride. As soon as they entered, Sofia cornered him again. "Andrew, you said earlier you're not from Blumendale in Gabo Creek. Let me warn you first... If you're from some small town, you're not worthy of Chantelle!" Andrew chuckled and replied calmly.

"Don't worry, I'm not from a small place. My family is from Chetvine, right next to the grand palace there." Sofia froze, shocked. "Are you serious?" Andrew's face stayed

steady. "As real as it gets. If you don't believe me, you can ask your daughter. Or better yet, just call Governor McCormick yourself. You'd believe his word, wouldn't you?" Sofia was left speechless. Andrew's move was too sharp and unexpected. Everyone knew that families near the palace in Chetvine carried weight far beyond what a Terror Town clan ---- could compare to.

After all, no matter how powerful the local elites were, they still had to bow to the capital.

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Chapter 2156

---- Chapter 2156 Carlos stepped forward with a mocking smile. "Whether or not you're really from Chetvine doesn't matter. If you want to marry into the Garcia family, you'd better prove yourself like I did." Sofia took a small sip of tea and casually said, "Carlos is the CEO of a public company, Andrew. You might not realize it yet since you're new here, but Carlos is considered outstanding, a true leader among men." Andrew chuckled. "Mrs. Garcia, if leaders among men' are this common, the world must be overflowing with them.

If any small- time player is suddenly a leader among men just because they're called out, then wouldn't the whole world be overrun with nobodies?" Sofia's face darkened. She had not expected Andrew to be this sharp-tongued, especially under her roof. She wanted to argue but held back, wanting to maintain her poise. Hence, she relied instead on Carlos to handle it. Carlos sneered. "Sounds like you're not too convinced, huh? Don't say I'm bullying you, but as a guest, let me ask: what do you really have to show? Compared to Terror Town, Gabo Creek is just rural." Andrew smiled faintly. Follow current NOVELS on [findnovel](#)

"What's the name of your company?" ---- Carlos paused, then smirked. "What's this? Finally realizing your place? Want to admire my success now? Fine, no harm in telling you. It's the Prime Trading Group." Andrew nodded. "Prime Trading Group, eh? Got it. Alright then, I'll buy out your little company." Carlos froze for a second before bursting into laughter. "Dad, Mom, did you hear that? Elle's boyfriend is a clown! A country bumpkin making up nonsense.

He just said he'll acquire my company!" What Carlos did not know was that Andrew had already sent a message to Rachel, who would work through the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce and connect with the Somaeth Chamber of Commerce. From there, they could easily start maneuvering against Carlos' company. Just then, Cassandra tugged

at Chantelle. "Elle, come here. I need a word." Chantelle walked over, and the two began whispering. Cassandra frowned. "Elle, what exactly does Andrew do? We're a respectable family with educated parents.

Yet you brought back a man with such a rough edge?" Chantelle was direct. "That's just Andrew's temper. If you respect him, he respects you. But if you try to act superior in ---- front of him, you'll only end up embarrassed." Cassandra scoffed. "Carlos wasn't trying to make things hard for him. Mom wanted him to test Andrew and see what he was really worth. But he went overboard, claiming he would acquire Carlos' company. Do you even know how much it's worth? Nearly two billion! In Terror Town, entrepreneurs like Carlos are rare." As Cassandra's voice grew prouder, Chantelle sighed inwardly.

Carlos might seem impressive to Cassandra and her parents, but compared to Andrew, he was nothing. Andrew's two miracle medicines alone were worth far more than Carlos' entire company. Moreover, the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce had nearly two hundred members, each with a net worth in the tens or hundreds of billions.

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Chapter 2157

---- Chapter 2157 As the chairman of the Chamber of Commerce and the heir of the Lloyd family, Andrew stood on a level far above Carlos. To Andrew, Carlos was nothing. "Cassie, you're all looking at Andrew with tinted glasses," Chantelle said firmly. "It's only because you don't know him, and you don't understand him. Just wait. You'll see for yourselves soon enough." She left it at that and returned to Andrew's side, peeling fruit for him affectionately while ignoring Carlos' dark scowl and Sofia's growing irritation.

Meanwhile, Patrick sat wearing his reading glasses, looking at the newspaper, and staying completely silent. He appeared quite mysterious. Just then, Carlos' phone rang. Seeing the caller, he immediately put on a fawning smile and answered obsequiously. "Mr. Carey, what an honor for you to call me personally!" On the other end was Elliot Carney, secretary to the president of the Somaeth Chamber of Commerce. "Mr. Watts, I'm calling to inform you of something. Someone has offered to acquire your Prime Trading Group for five billion. Chapters first released on Find1Novel

As a ---- member of the Chamber, and for the sake of maximizing interests, your company will be sold. Do you have any objections to that?" Carlos's eyes widened, then he nearly jumped in joy. "Five billion for my company? No objections at all, Mr. Carney! Without the Chamber's support, I wouldn't be where I am today. Whatever the Chamber

decides, I fully agree!" Elliot gave a dismissive grunt. "Then wait for the official notice. And congratulations, Mr. Watts.

Who would've thought even you would get this lucky?" The line went dead, leaving Carlos grinning like a fool, his mouth unable to close. Five billion for his company was like a fortune dropped from the sky. After all, he always boasted to the Garcia family that his company was worth over a billion, when in truth it was barely worth 300 million and only held together because of his family's money. Without that, it would have collapsed long ago. Cassandra immediately asked, "Honey, what did Mr. Carney say? You're smiling like a madman." Carlos straightened his suit slowly, savoring the moment.

"Good news! Mom, Dad, today is the day I rise for real." ---- Sofia leaned forward eagerly. "Carlos, what is it? Tell us already." Carlos glanced at Andrew with smug satisfaction before speaking. "Mr. Camey himself just called. He said my company has a brilliant future, and a mysterious investor is willing to pay five billion dollars to acquire it. At first, I didn't want to agree, but the offer was too generous, so I finally accepted." He embellished and added his own flourishes to the story. Sofia gasped. "Five billion? That's no small number!

Carlos, you've really made something of yourself. For a young man to succeed so quickly, that's impressive." Cassandra squealed with delight and kissed Carlos twice on the cheek before turning her eyes toward Andrew. Holding back her gloating, she said, "See? This is the kind of strength it takes to be a son-in-law in our family. Andrew, maybe you're capable, but you're still far from meeting our standards. Compared to Carlos, the gap between you two is enormous!"

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Chapter 2158

---- Chapter 2158 Sofia cleared her throat, smiling as she turned to Andrew. "It's not that we're looking down on you, but you just have to face reality. This is our family's standard of living. That must feel like a heavy burden for you, doesn't it?" She went on warmly. 'We know your relationship with Elle wasn't easy. But Chantelle is our daughter, born and raised in Terror Town, and our family is well-off. That's undeniable. "On top of that, she's building a career in politics, so her future is very bright. Honestly, as an elder, I sympathize with you two.

But as her mother, I don't approve of this relationship." Andrew nodded. "Mrs. Garcia, you're right, being well-matched in status is very important." Sofia blinked, surprised at

how cooperative he sounded. He added with the same calm smile, "If we look at family background, wealth, and other aspects, you're right: we really don't match. After all, compared to me, your family's conditions are far too low. We're simply not compatible." Sofia was dumbfounded. "Wait, hold on, what did you just say?" She had been the one dismissing Andrew, but now he was dismissing the Garcia family.

---- Was this guy insane? Carlos sneered. "Andrew, are you still joking around at this point? If I were you, I'd crawl out of the Garcia house in shame and cut ties with Elle forever." Andrew's patience snapped. "I forgot to mention, the person who just offered to buy your company? That was me. The five billion came from me. But now, I've decided not to buy your trash company. If it's led by trash, then of course the company is trash too." Carlos exploded with anger. "You've gotten addicted to this act, haven't you?"

Believe it or not, one phone call from me and you won't make it out of Terror Town alive!" Even Patrick finally looked up from his paper, shaking his head with a faint smile. "Andrew, I get it. This is your first time at your girlfriend's house, so bragging a little is normal. But drowning in your own lies without self-respect or dignity? That I can't tolerate. You and Elle being together, I don't oppose. "I only have two daughters, and as long as they're happy, that's enough for me. But your character... spouting nonsense and deceiving yourself, that crosses my line.

To be blunt, I don't like men who can't tell the truth." Sofia's tone turned harsh. "Chantelle, come here. From this ---- moment on, you are not allowed to see him again!" But instead of moving, Chantelle dove straight into Andrew's arms. Google search Find-Novel

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Chapter 2159

---- Chapter 2159 "Honey, go ahead and show them. I want to see you reveal your true power." Chantelle's voice turned sugary on purpose, and Andrew felt a headache coming on. He could not help but wonder if she held some hidden grudge against her family since she seemed to enjoy watching him put the Garcias in their place. Since that was the case, Andrew decided not to hold back. He pulled out his phone and made a call. "Tell the Somaeth Chamber of Commerce the acquisition is canceled. Also, tell them I'm in Terror Town right now. Their member, Carlos Watt, is an idiot, so clean him out.

I'm sick of looking at him." As soon as Andrew hung up, Carlos exploded with rage. "Get out! You hear me? Get the hell out now, or I'll take you down myself! Damn it, I'm Carlos

Watts, a well-known figure in Terror Town, and I've never met anyone as reckless as you!" Carlos felt deeply insulted, more than he could stand. Before Andrew showed up, he had been the favored son-in-law in the family, practically planning on inheriting Chantelle's parents' wealth one day. But now this guy returned with Chantelle and acted like he owned the place, and Carlos' pride burned with fury.

---- Just then, his phone rang again, and the caller ID made him beam. "Mr. Carney, calling again? Is it because the funds have already been transferred?" Carlos hurried to answer, his tone full of flattery. On the other end, Elliot's voice roared with fury. "Transferred? Are you stupid, Carlos? The buyer just canceled the deal and called you a damn fool. He said you disgust him just by existing. What the hell did you do to offend such a powerhouse?" Carlos froze, his mind going blank. "M-Mr. Carney, what powerhouse? I don't even know who this man really is!" His voice cracked in panic.

Elliot's tone turned icy. "Idiot! Tell me, do you currently have a man named Andrew Lloyd sitting there?" Carlos stammered, "Y-Yes... Yes, Mr. Carney, he's here. What about him?" Elliot let out a cold laugh. "You're doomed. He wanted to buy your company, but immediately canceled. And that's not all. His sudden arrival in Terror Town has already alarmed the Chamber's president. The president himself is on his way to welcome him right now!" His voice dropped lower. "By the way, he's also the newly ---- crowned King of Gabo Creek. You've stirred up a storm you can't survive. My advice?

If you're still breathing, go home and start digging your own grave." The line went dead with a sharp click. Carlos sat frozen, his face drained of color, his heart pounding like thunder. Slowly, he lifted his head to stare at Andrew, but this time his eyes were filled with horror, as if he was facing a living god. So the man was really a true powerhouse after all? Damn it! He was done for.

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Chapter 2160

---- Chapter 2160 Cassandra was the first to notice something wrong. "Carlos, what's going on with you? Why does your face look so pale all of a sudden?" Sofia, still confused, asked with concern. "Carlos, are you feeling unwell? If you're not feeling good, get some rest. Don't get yourself worked up just because of good news, my boy." She still thought he was just too excited about the supposed five-billion-dollar acquisition. However, Carlos ignored everyone. He walked straight up to Andrew and suddenly dropped to his knees with a loud thud." Mr. Lloyd, I-I'm sorry!

I was blind and failed to recognize who you really are. I'm sorry, so sorry!" He slapped his own face hard, again and again, while begging forgiveness. The entire Garcia family froze in shock. Sofia frowned in disbelief. "Carlos, get up right now! What are you doing? You shouldn't be kneeling like this!" Cassandra cried out, "Honey, what's wrong with you? Why are you kneeling to him?" Carlos snapped. "Stay out of this! Don't try to stop me! Mr. Lloyd ---- is the one who wanted to acquire my company.

I offended him earlier, and for that I deserve to die!" The whole room erupted in gasps, and every pair of eyes turned to Andrew. Patrick's hand shook so badly that his newspaper slipped to the floor. "Mr. Lloyd? Carlos, are you sure?" Carlos sobbed miserably. "I'm sure... 100% sure. It was my fault! I was blind! Mr. Carney just told me everything! He really is the King of Gabo Creek, the ruler of both the underworld and the upper circles there!" Patrick and Sofia both swallowed hard, staring at Andrew in disbelief and fear.

Cassandra went pale, her lips moving as if to argue, but no words came out. Then, the house phone rang sharply. Patrick picked it up. "Steve, what is it? If it's nothing urgent, I really can't talk right now. Steve Austin, his longtime friend and a well-known businessman in Terror Town, spoke quickly. "Patrick, did Chantelle bring home a Mr. Andrew Lloyd?" Patrick froze. "Uh... yes, but how do you know that?" ---- Steve scolded him. "Why didn't you tell me sooner?! Just now, people from the Somaeth Chamber of Commerce called me asking for your address. At first, I was terrified.

Why would such a huge organization want to contact me? "Then I realized it was to find your place. They're on their way to your house right now to pick up Mr. Lloyd!" Patrick hung up, his shock only deepening. Chantelle's boyfriend was not some small-timer. He was a juggernaut! He knew very well that the Chamber dominated the whole eastern region with Terror Town at its core. Their chairman, Freddie Hawkins, was once the richest man in the Somaeth area, a titan who stood at the top of the business world. And now even Freddie was being stirred, all because of Andrew.

Combined with Carlos's earlier confession, Patrick finally understood that Andrew was not bluffing. He really was the King of Gabo Creek. Chantelle's choice of man was extraordinary. 2 Sofia no longer dared to act haughtily. Looking at Andrew nervously, she forced a smile. "Um... Andy... You must be hungry, right?" 2 This update is available on [find•novel](#)

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Chapter 2161

---- Chapter 2161 Sofia said, "I'll cook for you myself and make something delicious." Andrew chuckled. "Mrs. Garcia, you don't have to! I'm just a country boy from the backwoods. I'm not used to Terror Town's fancy cooking!" Sofia almost teared up and said, "How could you say that? If you came from the sticks, then what does that make us, city folks, cavemen? I'm the one who should be worried, afraid you might look down on our cooking!" Patrick quickly chimed in, "Exactly! Andy, please don't think our home is too simple. Content originally comes from find•novel

If you like, we can go out right now, to the best restaurant in town!" Andrew still shook his head. "No rush, I'm just not that hungry right now. But after all this talking, I am getting pretty thirsty." Sofia immediately stood up. "You're thirsty and didn't say anything? Let me make you some tea right away!" When Sofia brought the tea, Andrew picked up the cup but immediately set it back down. Under Sofia and the others' confused stares, Andrew said casually, "I can't get used to this tea... Something about the ---- smell just doesn't sit right with me." Sofia quickly turned around.

"No problem at all! I'll brew you a fresh one, Andy." Her eager manner showed she did not dare show even a hint of annoyance. Chantelle covered her face, afraid she might burst out laughing. Andrew glanced down at her. She was the one who said they should teach the family a lesson, and this was all her idea. Otherwise, Andrew would not really go this far with Sofia. She was still Chantelle's mother, after all. Just then, Andrew looked at Patrick. "Mr. Garcia, I heard you like listening to music and going out to play chess when you have free time?" Patrick quickly answered with a forced smile.

"That's right. I'm. retired now, so I need something to pass the time." Andrew smiled. "That's nice that you get to relax! My dad is still traveling the world, making about 75 billion dollars every year. Just recently, he signed another huge contract with some Vestra royal family, supposedly worth over 100 billion. I keep telling him that he shouldn't work so hard at his age." Andrew shook his head. "It's not like the Lloyd family needs that ---- pocket change anyway. I tell him to come back and learn from people like you... Just relax!"

But he just laughs and says he's still in his prime!" Andrew's voice took on a mocking tone. "Says guys his age should be full of energy and drive. Anyone sitting around listening to music and playing chess all day is just a useless old has-been with nothing better to do! Though I personally think that's a bit harsh." He looked directly at Patrick. "What do you think, Mr. Garcia? Am I right?" Patrick's face twitched as he forced another laugh. His heart was pounding, unable to figure out if this little punk was deliberately insulting him.

Nonetheless, if he was already this incredible, how amazing must his father be? The more Patrick thought about it, the more it made sense. Maybe Andrew's father really was that impressive. Compared to him, Patrick really was just a useless old has-been, and there was nothing wrong with that assessment. Chantelle could barely contain herself and was on the verge of laughing. She thought Andrew really knew how to

handle things. She did not expect him to be so disrespectful to Patrick at all Andrew being amazing was simply a fact, and Chantelle knew ---- her family's nature.

The more incredible and powerful Andrew was, the more they would all rush to praise him and show their submission. Carlos used to get this exact treatment before, but when it came to showing off, he was leagues behind Andrew.

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Chapter 2162

---- Chapter 2162 Sofia came over with a second cup of tea, carefully saying, " Andy, try this one, I switched it to Earl Grey." Andrew waved his hand. "Mrs. Garcia, I still think plain warm water is fine. Black tea's so strong on the stomach, and my system's always been a little sensitive." Sofia gave an awkward laugh and nodded quickly. "Oh dear, how inconsiderate of me. Wait here, I'll bring you hot water instead." By this point, Andrew had completely tamed her. She did not dare show even a hint of attitude.

Meanwhile, Cassandra watched as Carlos had been reduced to a complete joke, sitting there like a sidelined player. She felt it was unfair for her husband and could not help feeling frustrated Why should Chantelle get all the attention just because she brought a boyfriend home? Even though they were sisters who should support each other, she still wanted to compete with Chantelle and prove that she, as the older sister, was the superior one Most importantly, she could not stand how Andrew had gone from seeming so lowly at first to acting all high and mighty. New novel chapters are published on findnovel

---- She said, "Well, Andrew, since you're so impressive, your family must be pretty well-off too, right? Carlos' family is in the trading business. Even though he's not particularly accomplished himself, the Watts family has quite a bit of influence here in Terror Town." Since she could not brag about Carlos directly, she started bringing up his family background. Carlos himself perked up a bit at this. He might not be much, but his family was still pretty powerful. Andrew chuckled. "The Terror Town's Watts family? What kind of nameless operation is that?"

I never heard of them." Ignoring Cassandra's furious expression, Andrew smiled coldly. " Trust me, Cassandra. Any random junior member from the Chetvine's Lloyd family could wipe out his family." Cassandra laughed bitterly in her anger. "You say you're from Chetvine, but how famous is this Chetvine's Lloyd family really? I've honestly never heard of them." This was when Chantelle stepped in, "Cassie, it's perfectly normal that

you haven't heard of Andrew's family. That's because he's from the royal branch of the Lloyd family in Chetvine.

It's only natural that our lowly family hasn't heard of a royal household." ---- Cassandra frowned. "Royal household? I've only ever heard of powerful elite families, not that." She was clueless, but Carlos had already turned pale. Once again, he dropped to his knees before Andrew with a loud thud. "Mr. Lloyd, wait... Your family is Chetvine's Lloyd royal family? Oh my goodness..." Watching her husband act so humbly, Cassandra went completely numb. She knew Carlos's nature: he was a classic bully who feared the strong.

Unless he encountered someone truly powerful, he would never react like this. Cassandra looked at Chantelle with complicated emotions in her eyes. It seemed that she had really brought home a flawless boyfriend. She could not tell if what she felt was jealousy or happiness, but she just knew it hurt. Andrew then smiled at Carlos. "Mr. Watts, you're from Terror Town, and this place is practically overflowing with money. You must make a few hundred billion a year, right?" Carlos's eyelid twitched as he quickly forced a smile. "Just call me Carlos. A few hundred billion?

You're giving me way too much credit! Forget about me... Even if you sold the entire Watts family, we wouldn't be worth that much!" Andrew made a dismissive sound and turned away. "Then you're ---- pretty useless if you can't even make that kind of pocket change. Carlos's face turned bright red. Despite that, aside from nervous laughter, he did not dare make any other move. Being called useless for not making billions was something he had no way to refute. Cassandra's face darkened. "Andrew, you may be impressive, but calling Carlos useless outright is going too far, don't you think?"

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Chapter 2163

---- Chapter 2163 Andrew looked genuinely surprised. "You think calling him useless is too harsh? I actually think it's perfectly normal. In my family, if someone couldn't even make that kind of money in a year, they'd be thrown out, have their arms and legs broken, and kicked from the house!" Cassandra gritted her teeth in fury. She knew Andrew was bragging, but she was completely powerless to do anything about it. Sofia walked over with a lecturing tone. "Cassie, Carlos, did you hear what Andy said? Look at him, then look at yourselves.

What he's saying is exactly what we've been thinking." She continued, "You two are just useless, understand? Remember this... From now on, you need to learn from Andy. If

you could pick up even a tiny bit of what he has, it would last you a lifetime!" Cassandra wanted to die from embarrassment. Chantelle had only brought Andrew home for two hours, yet the power dynamics had completely flipped. Now, she and Carlos were the ones being trampled, while Andrew, who was puffing himself up and bragging, was sitting high above them all.

Just then, the doorbell at the Garcia residence rang from ---- outside. The whole family went out and opened the front door, only to be absolutely stunned by what they saw. The chairman of the Somaeth Chamber of Commerce stood there in a sharp business suit. Behind him, more than a dozen luxury cars had completely blocked the entrance to the Garcia residence. "Hello, I'm Freddie Hawkins. Is Mr. Andrew Lloyd inside by any chance?" Freddie spoke with a warm smile, appearing very humble and respectful. Patrick's hands and feet were shaking. "Mr. Hawkins, my idol! Follow current novels on [findnovel](#)

You actually came to our house in person?" The family could only be considered upper middle class in Terror Town, with some business ventures and a few connections. They were still a long way from Terror Town's true elite circle. In a city like Terror Town, everyone knew how rigid the social classes were, and climbing the ladder was nearly impossible. Andrew stepped forward with a smile. "Mr. Hawkins, I've heard so much about you!" Freddie's small frame radiated charismatic energy. 'Oh my, you're even more impressive in person! I didn't expect the King of Gabo Creek to be this young.

Let me properly introduce ---- myself: I'm Freddie Hawkins, Chairman of the Somaeth Chamber of Commerce. Welcome to Terror Town!" Behind him, more than a dozen high-ranking association members began applauding in unison. "Welcome to Terror Town, King of Gabo Creek!" Andrew gestured for them to settle. "Thank you all, much appreciated!" Freddie was very enthusiastic. "Let's get moving. I've arranged dinner for tonight!" Andrew waved his hand. "That wouldn't be appropriate. I still have important guests to attend to here!" Freddie immediately understood the situation with just one look.

He smiled, not seeming bothered at all. "That's fine. We'll arrange something later then. I won't disturb you any further!" He was very decisive, arriving promptly and leaving just as quickly. Sofia looked on in awe. "That was Mr. Hawkins, worth billions! Imagine what an honor it would be to share a meal with him!" Chantelle giggled. "That's nothing hard. If you'd like, I can have my husband set it up." ---- She was already calling him her husband even though they were not married yet. However, Patrick and Sofia did not show any objection whatsoever.

If this had happened before, Sofia definitely would have lost her temper. But now, she only felt indescribable joy and excitement. She thought Chantelle was incredible, bringing home such a golden son-in-law. Cassandra and Carlos both kept quiet now, especially Cassandra. She did not dare to show a trace of annoyance in front of Andrew. After all, even Freddie Hawkins, chairman of the Somaeth Chamber of

Commerce and the top figure in Terror Town and the surrounding areas, had come personally to greet him. She had to admit that Andrew was truly impressive.

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Chapter 2164

---- Chapter 2164 Andrew said, "Well then, Mr. and Mrs. Garcia, let's go out to eat! Since this is my first visit to your home, I should really treat everyone." Patrick quickly protested. "Andy, what are you saying?! This is your first time here, and as your hosts, we should be the ones treating you!" Sofia chimed in agreement. "Exactly, Andy! You don't need to be so polite with us! Patrick and I are completely satisfied with you. So this first meal should definitely be our treat." Andrew shrugged casually. "Whether you treat or I treat, it's all the same, really.

I'm just thinking you might not be able to get reservations at the good restaurants. So I should probably handle it instead!" Those words were pretty much a direct slap in the face. Even so, Patrick could only respond with awkward laughter, nothing else. However, Sofia could not stop grinning, Her future son-in-law spoke with such dominance, and she loved it. He might be bold, but at least he had the power to back it up. Chantelle gave Andrew a strange look. She thought he was ---- being a bit too harsh. She had asked him to go this far.

Yet, Andrew acted as if he had not seen her warning glance and continued doing whatever he pleased. After all, he had the clout now, and sometimes it was necessary to flash a little edge. Otherwise, a sharp-tongued woman like Sofia would never stop nitpicking, and Carlos the poser needed to be crushed flat. Andrew had no reason to hold back. Soon, the whole family got in their cars and headed straight to Terror Town's finest sky restaurant.

Sofia exclaimed excitedly, * Oh my, even though we're Terror Town locals, we've never been to this place before!" Patrick had enjoyed some success before his retirement. He smiled and said, "I've actually been inside once, but only to the lower floors. The most luxurious and talked-about part of this sky restaurant is definitely the 100th floor." Carlos picked up the conversation. "Dad's right. The most famous part of this place is the Sky Garden at the very top! It was named after the Sky Garden of ancient Ismeria, carrying such a beautiful meaning. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON

They say when you dine up there, you can see a sky full of stars." He shook his head regretfully. "But just like Dad, even though I've ---- been inside, it was only the lower floors." Cassandra turned to him. "Honey, is the Sky Garden on the 100th floor really

that expensive? Can't we splurge once and dine in?" Carlos shook his head. "The Sky Garden isn't something you can access just by spending money. If money alone could get you up there, it wouldn't be so desirable. There are plenty of wealthy people willing to throw around cash." Chantelle snorted disdainfully.

"It's just boring marketing hype anyway! What's the big deal about the Sky Garden? Honey, let's just eat downstairs." Andrew chuckled. "I'm fine either way. It's really up to Mr. and Mrs. Garcia." Patrick put on a serious face. "Then we'll eat downstairs. We're respectable people, not the type to chase after flashy nonsense." Sofia looked a little disappointed. "Alright then, we'll eat downstairs. After all, we couldn't get into the top anyway!" Andrew did not say anything, but he walked ahead into the most high-end restaurant in Terror Town.

"Do you have a reservation?" Jasmine Curtis, the hostess at the entrance, asked with a professional smile. Andrew shook his head. "No reservation." ---- Jasmine looked troubled. "No reservation? That's going to be a problem. Our main dining room is completely booked tonight." Cassandra looked annoyed. "Completely booked? Can this restaurant really be that full?" Jasmine smiled apologetically. "You might not know it, but our restaurant takes reservations every single day. Tonight's guests made their reservations a month ago!" Sofia gasped in awe.

"No wonder it's the best restaurant in Terror Town, the business is amazing! Should we maybe try another place?" Chantelle looked at Andrew. "Honey, should we switch to another restaurant?" Andrew waved his hand with a grin. "No need. He said the lower levels are full, not the Sky Garden upstairs. Perfect! We'll dine at the very top. That's settled." Jasmine smiled wryly. "Sir, while the top floor isn't occupied, you definitely can't go up there! That area requires not only reservations but also identity verification." Andrew laughed. "No problem.

Let's follow your restaurant's rules then." Jasmine politely declined. "Sir, if we follow our rules, you'd be ---- even less likely to dine up there."

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Chapter 2165

---- Chapter 2165 Jasmine said, "Take Terror Town, for example. Less than ten people in the entire city would qualify to go up there!" Andrew replied, "I'm not from Terror Town, but I think I should qualify." Before Jasmine could respond, a cold voice cut through the air. "Excuse me, could you please move aside?" Along with an overwhelming wave of expensive perfume, a woman in a sharp business suit with an icy

expression walked over. Carlos was startled and quickly stepped out of the way. "It's Ms. Ophelia Barclay, the personal secretary to Mr.

Elijah Knowles, the Prince of Terror Town." Patrick and Sofia obviously knew how powerful she was and quickly moved aside, lowering their heads. Cassandra forced a flattering smile and greeted her eagerly, "Ms. Barclay, hello! I'm Cassandra from the Garcia family. I interviewed you last time. Do you remember me?" Ophelia gave her a cold glance and replied indifferently. "Sorry, I don't remember." ---- Cassandra's face flushed bright red, embarrassed beyond words. "Mr. Knowles will be dining here shortly, and we've reserved the Sky Garden!" Ophelia spoke to Jasmine in a commanding tone.

Jasmine immediately put on a huge smile. "Yes, of course! Ms Barclay, you really didn't need to come personally. A phone call would have been enough." She then turned to Andrew dismissively. "Sorry, sir. The Sky Garden has been reserved. You'll need to leave!" Andrew frowned. "But we were here first." Jasmine almost wanted to laugh. After all, being here first meant nothing, and the person coming later was Elijah, Terror Town's unofficial king. She mentally criticized Andrew but remained polite.

"Even though you arrived first, as I mentioned, Sky Garden only serves special guests." Ophelia crossed her arms, giving Andrew a mocking smile. "Where did this country bumpkin crawl out from? You don't even know that the Sky Garden requires identity verification? Go back to whatever small town you came from and stop embarrassing yourself." Everyone knew she worked directly for Elijah, so when Andrew ---- had the audacity to argue, Ophelia could not stand it anymore. She was already rolling her eyes at how clueless he seemed. Chantelle gave a cold snort. "Watch your mouth. THIS

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So what if you work for Elijah? That makes you so high and mighty?" Ophelia sneered. "Oh? You dare talk back? Figures... you're all the same, just a family of nobodies. Get lost already before you embarrass yourselves further." Chantelle was furious, but Patrick, Sofia, and the others were terrified, not daring to show a hint of anger. Andrew's face darkened as he said, "What kind of lousy restaurant is this? Tonight, I'm eating here no matter what. Didn't you say you need to verify identity? Then hurry up and verify it." Jasmine's face darkened.

"Sir, please don't cause trouble." They had already said Elijah was coming, yet this guy still wanted to compete. Who did he think he was? Andrew's eyes narrowed. "I told you to verify my identity. Didn't you hear me?" Jasmine didn't respond, but Ophelia crossed her arms with a gleeful, mocking attitude. "He said to verify his identity, so go ahead and verify it. This is the first time in Terror Town ---- someone's tried to compete with Mr. Knowles for a table. Let's see what he's made of." Jasmine gritted her teeth.

"Fine, I'll call our duty manager over." Soon, a pot-bellied, balding man in a suit walked over. He ignored Andrew's group and smiled obsequiously at Ophelia. Ms. Barclay, hello!" Ophelia acted haughty and aloof. "Mr. Henson, some show-off here wants to compete with Mr. Knowles for the table. Just handle it, would you?" Omar Henson

frowned and immediately looked at Andrew. "You want to reserve the Sky Garden?" Andrew replied impatiently. "You've asked that dozens of times already. Hurry up. I'm hungry." Omar's face darkened as he snorted coldly. "Sir, don't say I didn't warn you..."

The Sky Garden isn't for ordinary people. You won't get anywhere trying to show off here." Andrew remained expressionless. "I'm asking if you can call the shots here. If not, call whoever owns this place." Omar became furious and pulled out his tablet. "Fine. Please state your name and identity. If you pass the verification, we really will give you the table." ---- Andrew said calmly. "Andrew Lloyd, from Blumendale of Gabo Creek Province." Omar immediately input the name into his tablet. Ophelia scoffed. "Just some nobody trying to act important." But right then, Omar's eyebrow twitched hard.

His face paled as he stammered, "A-Andrew... No... Mr. Lloyd. From Gabo Creek, the King of Gabo Creek himself... Your background is actually this powerful?"

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Chapter 2166

---- Chapter 2166 Omar held a tablet in his hands that ran on an independent system. It kept updated records of influential figures from all walks of life, exclusively for Sky Garden reservations. Andrew's name appeared prominently in the top three, which left Omar shaken to his core. Ophelia sensed something was wrong and frowned. "Mr. Henson, what is it?" Omar wiped the sweat from his forehead and hurriedly said, "I- It's nothing..." Then, he glanced at Andrew and quickly added, "I apologize, Mr. Lloyd, for offending you earlier. Please wait, I'll invite our owner to.

come over right away." Ophelia's jaw dropped. She could not believe what she was hearing. Why would they need to bring out the owner himself? After all, the owner was one of Terror Town's top tycoons. She exhaled sharply and convinced herself Omar was calling the owner for Elijah's sake. Thinking she had figured it out, she smugly raised her chin again. ---- Meanwhile, Chantelle's family looked uneasy. They all wondered why Omar would bring the owner out here. Could it be to punish them somehow?

Sofia, who always avoided trouble, whispered, "Andy, maybe we should just leave." Andrew looked surprised. "Leave? Why would we leave? Didn't he just say he's inviting the owner to welcome us?" Ophelia sneered. "You think Mr. Glover is coming for you? Don't make me laugh. Even Mr. Knowles, our so-called Prince of Terror Town, doesn't get that kind of treatment. Who do you think you are?" Andrew looked at her calmly.

"There's one word to describe you: idiot." Ophelia's face turned as black as thunderclouds, and she swore silently she would make this country bumpkin pay.

Just then, the restaurant's owner himself, Maxwell Glover, arrived. He was tall and lean, wearing glasses, with the imposing air of a man used to control. Ophelia's eyes lit up as she rushed forward. "Mr. Glover, hello!" However, Maxwell ignored her completely. Instead, he walked ---- straight to Andrew, bowed slightly, and said with a warm smile, "Mr. Lloyd, welcome to my restaurant. Just a few minutes ago, I heard from Mr. Hawkins that you had arrived in Terror Town! I had been planning to invite you myself, and I can't believe you're already here." Andrew smiled.

"You're the owner of this restaurant? What should I call you?" Maxwell kept his posture very humble. "I'm Maxwell Glover, Mr. Lloyd. If you don't mind, just call me Max." Patrick and Sofia's family were completely stunned on the spot Maxwell was a legend in Terror Town's restaurant industry. The man was nearly 60 and had long retreated behind the scenes, living the life of a powerful figure who controlled situations from the shadows. Yet here he was, lowering himself before Andrew, who was not even 30! Andrew urged, "Mr. Glover, I only came to have a meal.

But your staff have been nothing but difficult. Since you're here, please arrange it quickly." Maxwell made a respectful gesture. "Mr. Lloyd, the Sky Garden is yours alone tonight. Also, on behalf of my staff, I apologize for their ignorance and disrespect." He shot a glare at Omar and Jasmine, who immediately rushed ---- forward. They nearly dropped to their knees as they begged Andrew for forgiveness. And so Andrew led Chantelle and her family straight to the very top to dine. Ophelia, left behind downstairs, finally lost her cool. "Mr. Glover, what is the meaning of this? Mr.

Knowles is on his way! If you give the Sky Garden to them, what about our Mr. Knowles?" Maxwell, focused entirely on Andrew, waved her off. "Ms. Barclay, kindly tell Mr. Knowles that if he wishes to book the Sky Garden, he'll have to wait for another time." [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT](#)

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Chapter 2167

---- Chapter 2167 Maxwell said, "This time, we have a distinguished guest visiting, and we need to take care of our VIP first." Ophelia snapped, "Are you saying Mr. Knowles isn't as important as that guy from earlier?" Maxwell looked a little impatient. "Ms. Barclay, if you insist on asking, then I'll be blunt. Mr. Knowles is nothing compared to him, so stop making a scene!" With that, he hurried off to select bottles of vintage wine

and personally went to host Andrew. Ophelia ground her teeth in fury. "We'll see when Mr. Knowles shows up.

Sure, there are people in Terror Town bold enough to ignore him, but never some nobody like that!" From the Sky Garden, the entire skyline of Terror Town stretched out before them. Under the night sky, the city lights glittered like a sea of stars, and the view was stunning. Sofia's vanity was completely satisfied as she sighed. "Andy, you're really incredible. Thanks to you, we finally get to have dinner here." Andrew smiled. "Mrs. Garcia, don't say that.

Honestly, the reason I went through all this trouble to come here wasn't because of ---- you Sofia froze, unable to respond to his bluntness. Andrew continued, "I only wanted to dine here to make my dear lady happy. Chantelle, are you happy?" Chantelle looked at him with a bright smile. "I'm happy. Thank you, honey." Sofia let out a long sigh in her heart. This rebellious future son-in- law made her love and hate him at the same time. She adored his power and ability, yet she hated how cold and sharp-tongued he was, not even sparing her, his future mother-in-law, a little face.

It was infuriating! Soon, the food arrived. However, before anyone touched a bite, they posed for pictures and uploaded them to social media. Sofia often mingled in Terror Town's cultural circles, so she specifically tagged several friends who, like her, enjoyed being picky and critical. When they saw that she was actually dining at Sky Garden, they immediately started asking questions. One commented, [Sofia, is this for real?] [No way! Did your family really make it big enough to dine there?] ---- [Come on, stop pretending!]

There's no way this is true.] Seeing their jealous comments made Sofia feel even better. She replied in the comments, putting on airs. [Oh, our family could never afford this! But Chantelle brought her boyfriend home, and he was so impressive that he even made Mr. Glover from the Sky Garden personally come out, so here we are having dinner!] After that, she put her phone away, smiling from ear to ear. Andrew, on the other hand, stayed calm, eating and drinking as usual. Patrick took the initiative to pour Andrew a drink. "Andy, come on, let's have one together, just us guys!" Andrew laughed.

"Sure, let's do it." Carlos quickly raised his own glass. "Let me toast you, too. I'll drink it all, you can take your time!" Right now, he was as humble as he could be, flattering Andrew at every turn Since Andrew had already put Carlos in his place earlier, he did not press further. He smiled and said, "Alright then, cheers!" ---- Carlos immediately drank it down, feeling oddly honored that Andrew had actually clinked glasses with him, Cassandra smiled and whispered to Chantelle, "Elle, you and Andrew are absolutely perfect together. Follow current novels on

Terror Town has plenty of outstanding young men, but the one you found is definitely the best." Chantelle pretended to be surprised. "Oh? Cassie, how come now you all think Andrew is so great? Weren't you the one who said before that he wasn't good enough for our family?" Cassandra, thick-skinned as ever, laughed it off. "That was

then, this is now! Back then, I didn't know who Andrew really was, so I underestimated him." Chantelle sighed quietly to herself. Even her own family could escape that habit of fawning over the powerful.

Nonetheless, she could not do anything about it, knowing full well that it was just human nature.

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Chapter 2168

---- Chapter 2168 The dinner took a full three hours to finish. Actually, Andrew was done after just half an hour. However, Sofia, Carlos, and Cassandra were all eating slowly, savoring every bite while chatting excitedly. Andrew did not say much and just let them be. After finishing their food, they insisted on touring the place before finally calling it a night. As they stepped out, Chantelle leaned close with a grateful smile. "Honey, thank you for indulging me. I know you were already getting impatient, right?" Andrew rubbed his nose and said, "Not really impatient..."

Just felt like your mom is a bit... difficult." Chantelle giggled behind her hand. "You're the difficult one! Honey, you're not allowed to get annoyed at my family." Andrew pinched her nose. "Don't worry. To win a beauty like you, I'll put up with anything!" He thought Chantelle's family was not that bad. Except for initially looking down on people, everything else was fine. While they were taking their sweet time here, someone downstairs at Sky Garden was getting very impatient. ---- "Damn it, how long does it take to finish a meal?

What, did their butts get glued to the chairs?" Elijah had arrived, flanked by bodyguards who muttered curses under their breath Ophelia leaned in and said, "Mr. Knowles, that man's name is Andrew Lloyd, from Gabo Creek." Elijah was a short man with a cold, arrogant expression. He replied indifferently, 'Then I'll have to meet him. Andrew Lloyd? Hah, I've never heard of him. Still, if Mr. Glover himself received him, he must be someone important." Ophelia sneered. "Someone important?

More like a fraud pretending to be a big shot when he's nothing but a freeloader." Elijah's expression remained cold. "Publicly embarrassing me in Terror Town? If he doesn't measure up later, I'll make sure he won't take another step in this city." Outside the hotel, luxury cars filled the street. At least 40 vehicles filled the street, creating an impressive and intimidating scene. Online, people had given Elijah the nickname "The Prince of Terror Town". He was known for throwing money around and drawing crowds wherever he went.

---- Finally, Andrew and Chantelle's family came down from the Sky Garden. Ophelia turned, smirking coldly. "Mr. Knowles, that's them!" Elijah only smiled faintly and stayed seated, while one of his lackeys rushed forward at once. "You there, you're Andrew, right? Finally, Andrew and Chantelle's family came down from the Sky Garden Ophelia turned, smirking coldly. "Mr. Knowles, that's them!" Elijah only smiled faintly and stayed seated, while one of his lackeys rushed forward at once. "You there, you're Andrew Lloyd, right?" Andrew looked at him. "That's me.

What's it to you?" The thug snorted. "You've got guts, stealing Mr. Knowles' spot. Now get on your knees and apologize!" Andrew actually laughed. "Get on my knees and apologize? Do you think you're all that? Or do you think your so-called Prince of Terror Town is really that impressive?" The thug roared and swung a fist at him. "You piece of shit. I tried to be polite, but you just had to throw it in my face. Damn it! ---- In Terror Town, disrespecting Mr. Knowles is a death sentence!" A loud crack echoed. In the next second, the thug saw his wrist snap in Andrew's grip.

He howled as Andrew held the broken hand without flinching. "Pathetic," Andrew hissed. With one kick, he sent the thug flying right to Elijah's feet. Ophelia gasped in shock. "That bastard actually dared to hit one of your men! Mr. Knowles, you have to teach him a lesson!" Elijah could no longer sit still. Forced to rise, his face twisted with fury. For more chapters visit [Find_Novel\(.\)net](http://Find_Novel(.)net)

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Chapter 2169

---- Chapter 2169 Step by step, Elijah walked toward Andrew with his men. "Do you not know who I am, or are you deliberately trying to cause trouble for me?" Patrick's family was terrified once again. They never expected 'that going out for dinner would result in crossing paths with a big shot like Elijah. Carlos put on a pleasing smile. "Mr. Knowles, I'm so sorry, truly sorry! I'm Carlos of the Watts family. Please, sir... Do me this kindness. We'll leave right away." Elijah smirked coldly. "Who the hell do you think you are?

Asking me to do you a favor?" At his barked command, a fighter behind him lashed out, slapping Carlos so hard he flew across the floor with blood spraying from his mouth. Sofia screamed, almost collapsing, while Chantelle shouted in anger, "What right do you have to hit people?" Elijah smirked. "Do I need a reason to hit someone? All irrelevant people, get lost. Tonight, I'm only here for Andrew!" Andrew gently pulled Chantelle back and chuckled. "Step aside. Let me see what skills this guy has." ---- Looking Elijah

up and down, Andrew raised a brow. "First of all, I don't know who you are. Original content can be found at

Second, I don't care who you are. So why don't you move and stop blocking our way?" Elijah narrowed his eyes. "I find your behavior disrespectful. Tonight, only one of us will walk out of Sky Garden standing. The other will be leaving on a stretcher." Andrew laughed. 'That's simple. The one lying flat will be you." Elijah scoffed. "Are you sure about that?" Andrew frowned. "You talk too much. Since you won't move, I'll remove you myself." He stepped forward and swung a palm directly at Elijah's face. Sofia's family screamed in terror. They thought Andrew was far too bold.

"Reckless fool!" growled an old man in a long robe standing behind Elijah. With a cold snort, he struck out, releasing a crushing aura that revealed his identity as a martial saint. Elijah clearly had powerful protection at his side. However, it did not matter. Andrew's palm moved like lightning. Just as the martial saint's hand was about to intercept, he felt a sharp sting in his wrist as ---- though pricked by a needle, and his reflexes faltered for an instant. Andrew's palm landed squarely across Elijah's face with a loud, crisp crack.

Elijah could not believe that he had actually been hit. Blood sprayed from his mouth as he was sent flying. Ophelia gasped and clapped a hand over her mouth. "Mr. Knowles!" The whole place fell into stunned silence. Elijah, the so-called Prince of Terror Town, the town's self-proclaimed ruler, had been struck down by Andrew. Onlookers stared at Andrew like he was already a dead man, believing that he would never survive this. Andrew casually looked at his palm, then smiled as if nothing had happened. "I told you to move, but you wouldn't listen. Well, now I've moved you myself.

Feels better, doesn't it?" Sofia nearly fainted, her vision going black with fear. Patrick's hands trembled as if the sky had collapsed. Their family was nothing more than middle-class folk in Terror Town. What right did they have to offend Elijah? Now they were in real, deadly trouble.

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Chapter 2170

---- Chapter 2170 Even Chantelle was somewhat worried. "Honey, is this going to escalate into something bigger?" Andrew scoffed dismissively. 'Do you think I'm afraid of things getting bigger at this point?" It was survival of the fittest. With Andrew's current combat ability and status, he really did not need to be cautious or walk on eggshells anymore. These days, he would strike first and talk later. When it came to trouble, he

would handle it first and deal with consequences later. As expected, Elijah was absolutely furious.

Covering his face as he climbed up from the ground, he pointed at Andrew and roared, "Kill him!" The martial saint elder beside him had deeply sunken eyes, and he looked extremely sinister. As his aura surged, he was about to strike again. "Enough!" At the last moment, Maxwell, the man behind the Sky Garden, appeared. "Mr. Knowles, what is the meaning of this? Having your people fighting in my place? Are you trying to ruin my business?" ---- He did not even bother asking what had happened and immediately blamed Elijah. It was a smart move, given that he knew better than to confront Andrew.

Elijah jabbed a finger at his own nose and snapped, "Mr. Glover, I'm the one who got hit here. Do you understand what that means in Terror Town?" Maxwell's face darkened. "What does it mean? It only means your luck ran out." Elijah caught the tone and looked stunned. "What the hell do you mean? Are you seriously covering for that punk?" Maxwell barked, "Mr. Knowles, watch your mouth! There are no punks here. There is only Mr. Andrew Lloyd, the King of Gabo Creek!" Elijah flinched. "King of Gabo Creek? What are you saying?" Ophelia planted her hands on her hips and snapped, "Mr. Glover, Mr.

Knowles is the Prince of Terror Town! The Knowles family in Terror Town is untouchable; you should know that. Nobody cares about the so-called King of Gabo Creek. Here, everyone bows to the Knowles family!" Maxwell gave a cold, mocking smile. "Ms. Barclay, feel free to throw your weight around, but don't come crying later when you can't handle the consequences. Let me make it clear: Mr. Lloyd ---- is not someone you can provoke. Step aside right now!" Ophelia was furious, ready to curse him out. To her, as long as. Elijah was here, the entire city belonged to him.

However, Elijah was not as brainless as she was. He might swagger around Terror Town most days, yet he understood certain rules. And one of them was that a man like Maxwell would never bluff him. That could only mean Andrew's background was truly terrifying Elijah gritted his teeth, then forced a smile. "Fine. Since you're stepping in, Mr. Glover, I'll give you this face. But the fact remains that I was slapped tonight." He turned to Andrew and said, "Mr. Lloyd, I won't argue with you over nonsense. But about that slap...

How do you suggest we settle it?" His words were a roundabout way of backing down, and the crowd around them stirred in shock. They could not believe the most arrogant rich heir in Terror Town was actually compromising. Ophelia could not believe it. "Mr. Knowles, what are you doing?" Elijah waved her off irritably. "Stay out of it. Move aside!" ---- He looked at Andrew coldly. "Mr. Lloyd, I admit it was my fault for stopping you earlier. But I'm Elijah, and in Terror Town, I can't just get slapped and let it slide.

Don't you think you owe me at least some kind of response?" Patrick and Sofia finally exhaled in relief. As long as Elijah was not pushing further, as long as he was willing to settle things, everything would be okay.

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Chapter 2171

---- Chapter 2171 Maxwell glanced at Andrew with a questioning look. Andrew ignored him and rummaged through his bag instead. Then, he pulled out a bill and threw it directly at Elijah's feet. He said, "This is my gesture of goodwill! Mr. Knowles, since you realize your mistake, I can't just ignore it. Take this dollar for your medical bill and go see a doctor." With that, Andrew took Chantelle's hand and led the Garcia family away with confidence. Ophelia stared intensely at the dollar bill on the ground, her eyes looking murderous as she hissed, "One dollar? Thrown on the ground like that?

That bastard, he's mocking you, Mr. Knowles. He's treating you like some beggar!" Elijah stayed silent, his jaw clenched as his bloodshot eyes burned with rage. The humiliation was unbearable, and he almost wanted to kill someone on the spot. However, he held himself back, knowing a true man understood revenge could wait. Andrew had mocked and insulted him again and again. If he lost his temper now, he would be playing right into their hands and giving everyone else a show to watch. ---- Most importantly, his bodyguard was a martial saint-level fighter.

Yet, even he could not handle Andrew, which only meant he truly had some serious skills. So, if he wanted to destroy him, he would have to retreat behind the scenes and plan more carefully. Maxwell watched Andrew leave with complicated feelings. He knew this tough guy from Gabo Creek was formidable, but he had not expected him to be this brazen. The Knowles family was not just anybody in Terror Town, and Maxwell honestly did not know who would come out on top if they went head-to-head "Mr. Knowles, sometimes it's better to avoid trouble. Latest content published on [findnovel](#)

Think it through when you get back, but my advice is not to act rashly. Enemies are better settled than made, and if this blows up, it might not look good for you," Maxwell said with a bitter smile. Elijah remained silent and turned to leave as well. Ophelia sneered coldly. She was Elijah's secretary and also his woman, only she knew how terrifying and brutal he could be After such humiliation, if Elijah let this slide, he would not deserve to be called the Prince of Terror Town. It did not matter if Andrew was called King of Gabo Creek.

At the end of the day, he would surely pay the price in Terror Town ---- Back at home, Patrick and Sofia asked worriedly, "Andy, do you think this mess won't spiral out of control?" Andrew replied casually, "What's there to be afraid of? If Elijah wants to cause trouble, don't we have you two to back us up? I remember you saying before that you're

quite the prominent family here in Terror Town." Sofia's face twitched as she thought Chantelle's boyfriend was really going to be the death of her. He kept targeting her at every turn, constantly getting under her skin.

Yet, she could not even lose her temper about it. Sofia said, "Andy, let me be straight with you. Yes, when you and Elle first arrived, I did look down on you. I apologize for that. The truth is, the Garcia family can only be considered decent in Terror Town, and we have some modest assets; that's all. "But Elijah's family is a first-tier powerhouse in Terror Town. If this really blows up, our family wouldn't even register on their radar." Seeing Sofia humble herself like this, Andrew did not push her further. "Don't worry.

I'll handle this situation." And so, Andrew's first night in Terror Town passed peacefully. Of course, the peace was only on the surface. ---- He had already clashed with the city's most powerful scion, and many people were now just waiting for the Knowles family's wrath to sweep through all of Terror Town.

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Chapter 2172

---- Chapter 2172 In the middle of the night, Chantelle quietly slipped under Andrew's cover. The next morning, when Sofia and Patrick walked in and found her fast asleep in Andrew's bed, both of them were furious. The two of them were strict and old-fashioned. In their eyes, since Chantelle and Andrew were not officially married, she had no business sharing a bed with him, especially not under their roof, right in front of them! Yet, Chantelle had been so bold about it. For Sofia, who held tightly to traditional values, the sight was unbearable.

She spent the entire morning fuming, her chest tight with frustration and disbelief. Finally, when Chantelle got up and went to the bathroom to freshen up while yawning, Sofia immediately followed her and locked the door behind them. "Mom, what are you doing?" Chantelle asked, her hair still messy from sleep. Pointing a finger at her daughter, Sofia demanded, "Tell me, why did you sleep in Andrew's bed last night?" ---- Chantelle just shrugged and started brushing her teeth, mumbling through the toothpaste, "What's the big deal?

I've slept with him countless times already!" Sofia felt her blood pressure rising. "Y- You're saying you and Andrew have slept together many times already? Chantelle, do you have no shame? You two aren't even married yet!" Chantelle rolled her eyes. "Mom, I'm destined to be Andrew's woman. Whether it's sooner or later, it's the same thing. I just came home for a bit, so stop freaking out. Anyway, go and make breakfast!

After we eat, Andrew and I are heading out to the mall. Sofia was speechless, her face pale with shock.

The Chantelle she remembered used to be so reserved and proper, almost like a younger version of herself, carrying an air of dignity. But now? Her daughter had become so carefree, so forward. Worst of all, she had given herself to Andrew more than once already. She really could not understand the younger generations. "You are not sleeping in Andrew's bed tonight," Sofia snapped, her tone sharp. "This is my house, not yours, and I will not allow you to act so shamelessly here!" Chantelle only laughed, unbothered. "Fine, we weren't planning ---- to stay home anyway. This update is available on Find~Novel

We'll just get a hotel tonight." Sofia's voice rose in anger. "There are plenty of rooms in this house! Why on earth would you go pay for a hotel?" Chantelle's cheeks flushed as she hesitated. Then, she mumbled, "Because whenever we sleep together, we end up making too much noise. I don't want you and Dad to lose sleep." Sofia was confused at first, not understanding what she meant. Then, she gasped in shock. "Chantelle, you're absolutely shameless!" After finishing in the bathroom, Chantelle opened the door and walked out. Suddenly, she turned back and said, "Mom, this isn't shameless!

This is called enjoying life. My man is amazing, I can't help it." After breakfast, Andrew and Chantelle headed out for a stroll. Chantelle was thrilled, linking arms with Andrew and insisting he accompany her shopping. Perhaps it was being back home with him by her side, but Andrew noticed that Chantelle seemed radiant and full of youthful energy. He still had two days before he needed to be back in Chetvine, so there was no rush. Most importantly, he needed to wait and see what was happening with Natasha's situation.

So, he figured ---- he would just use these two days to relax in Terror Town Freddie was being very enthusiastic and sent someone over with another invitation. "Mr. Lloyd, please do us the honor of joining us tonight!" Andrew smiled and agreed. "Alright, I'll come by tonight." He was curious to get to know this Freddie character better. Logically speaking, throughout the entire southern region, the Somaeth Chamber of Commerce and the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce were competitors. Yet, here in Terror Town, Freddie was incredibly hospitable and accommodating.

Andrew thought about it and concluded that either this man had ulterior motives regarding him, or he was genuinely a kind person who simply wanted to be a good host. However, Andrew immediately realized there might be an even deeper reason behind it all.

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Chapter 2173

---- Chapter 2173 If Andrew were still just the chairman of the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce, that title alone might not have been enough to make Freddie so proactive and enthusiastic. Nonetheless, Andrew was now the king of both the underworld and legitimate business in Gabo Creek. Perhaps that was the real reason behind Freddie's eager hospitality. Terror Town had a famous landmark called the Knowles estate. In this prime real estate area where every inch was worth a fortune, an entire manor sprawled across the land. This was a direct display of the wealth and power of Elijah's family.

"King of Gabo Creek... Yes, it's definitely him, no doubt about it," Harold Knowles, the head of the Knowles family, nodded as he looked at the documents in his hand. Beside him stood Elijah, his face full of indignation, along with several family enforcers who radiated powerful auras. One of the bearded enforcers growled, "Mr. Knowles Senior, so what if he's the King of Gabo Creek? It doesn't matter how strong an outsider is; he can't just waltz into our city and ---- disrespect Mr. Knowles.

Isn't that going too far?" Harold's distinguished face showed little emotion as he replied calmly, "Gabo Creek might not be some grand powerhouse, but if he can dominate both the underworld and the upper society there, we can't underestimate him. As for what happened with Elijah, well... call it bad luck." Elijah finally snapped, his fists clenched tight. "Dad, the Knowles family doesn't do 'bad luck'. If anyone's unlucky here, it should be him! Last night, I was just fighting him for that rooftop spot at Sky Garden; it was nothing serious. Latest content published on [find**novel](#)

"Even if Andrew runs things in Gabo Creek, this is Terror Town, not some backwater province. When that bastard slapped me, he wasn't just slapping me... He was slapping the entire Knowles family. He was slapping you." Harold chuckled, but his eyes grew cold. "You're right. Slap you, and it's the same as slapping me. On Terror Town's turf, there have been people who embarrassed me before, but definitely not some outsider. "But remember this... There's no such thing as royalty in Terror Town. So, don't worry, Elijah. This isn't over just yet!" Elijah said coldly, "Dad, send some men with me.

I want to settle the score with him today." ---- Harold waved his hand dismissively. "Enough with the fighting and killing. What kind of image does that convey? The Knowles family has its roots in Terror Town, and we believe in making money through peace, not chaos. Not only can you not cause trouble for the so-called King of Gabo Creek, but later, I'll take you to meet him so we can toast and apologize in person. Elijah looked incredulous. "Toast him? And apologize? Dad, didn't you just say embarrassing you means this isn't over?

How can you suddenly want to bow down to that bastard?" Harold chuckled, his eyes gradually turning cold and menacing. "Elijah, you carry the title Prince of Terror Town, but it's just a name without substance, you know? In Terror Town, there's no real

royalty. Here, it's survival of the fittest, and no one knows if today will even lead to tomorrow. Do you know the reason our family has stood strong all these years?" Before Elijah could answer, Harold sneered. "It's because we know how to borrow power from every side and go with the flow.

If you only know how to charge in with brute force, no matter how tough you think you are, you'll be the one who ends up dead. "Andrew is so young, yet he's already the King of Gabo Creek. Do you really think he's that simple? I'm telling you, even if he slapped you once, or 18 times, or even killed you, you still wouldn't be able to fight him. ---- "But you're lucky. You carry the Knowles blood, and our family in Terror Town won't ever allow itself to be trampled. So what if he's the King of Gabo Creek?

He's nothing but an insect on our turf, and he'll have to crawl." By the end, Harold's expression had turned vicious.

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Chapter 2174

---- Chapter 2174 Night fell once again over the glittering Terror Town with its bright lights and vibrant nightlife. Andrew brought Chantelle to attend Freddie's dinner party. When they heard the couple was going to dine with the richest man in town, Patrick and Sofia were tempted to tag along. Chantelle simply said, "Dad, Mom, are you sure you want to come? Something might happen later, and if it's like last night, won't you be scared?" With that, Patrick and his wife immediately decided they would rather stay home and wait for Andrew and Chantelle to return.

Chantelle covered her mouth and giggled. Then, she happily headed out with Andrew. When they arrived at the restaurant and Andrew identified himself, someone immediately escorted them inside with great respect. "Honey, this place is incredible! I heard Freddie spent a fortune building this place in Terror Town specifically for entertaining VIP guests," Chantelle said, leaning against Andrew while looking around in amazement. Andrew nodded approvingly. "It really is a nice place. But with ---- enough money, none of this is really a big deal.

Many people think rich people must have their troubles too, but it's actually the opposite. People like Freddie really don't have much to worry about." Soon, they entered a luxuriously decorated private dining room with a crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling. Dressed in a leather jacket, Freddie greeted them with a big smile. "Mr. Lloyd, you're here! We were just waiting for you Please, have a seat!" Andrew smiled back.

"Mr. Hawkins, you're too kind!" Chantelle sat beside him while Freddie took the head seat and introduced the other guests.

They were all Terror Town's elite, big shots from the business and political worlds. Andrew listened politely and nodded in acknowledgment to each introduction. "Mr. Lloyd, this last guest, I have to introduce to you personally," Freddie said with a meaningful look. Andrew glanced up and already knew who it was before he spoke Elijah, the so-called Prince of Terror Town, stepped into the room, and Andrew immediately caught sight of him. Beside him stood a distinguished middle-aged man with an air of wealth ---- and authority.

Judging by his presence, Andrew figured he had to be either Elijah's father or uncle. Freddie smiled and announced, "Mr. Lloyd, this is a true legend in Terror Town, When it comes to influence here, his word carries even more weight than mine. This is Mr. Harold Knowles, chairman of the Knowles Corporation and head of the Knowles family." Andrew nodded. "Mr. Knowles Senior." Harold rose to his feet, gracious and composed, and said warmly, "Mr. Lloyd, I've long heard your name. You're a powerful man from out of town, stepping into our little city.

If we've fallen short in hospitality, I hope you, the King of Gabo Creek, can forgive us." Andrew smiled faintly. "No problem at all." Harold seemed harmless enough and quite dignified. To those who did not know better, it might appear he was genuinely complimenting Andrew and showing him respect. However, Andrew could tell this man had one face in public and probably another in private. Freddie had not mentioned beforehand that the Knowles family would be attending, which was enough to show that tonight's dinner would be anything but ---- ordinary.

Freddie clapped his hands, and a series of exquisite dishes were immediately brought out. Among these upper-class people, drinking was an essential part of dining. After a few rounds of drinks, Harold stood up with Elijah and approached Andrew. "Mr. Lloyd, Elijah has offended you greatly before. It was my fault for not keeping him in line. Tonight, let's settle it with a drink and put the grudge to rest." His words were polished, every sentence carefully chosen, leaving no room for reproach. Elijah raised his glass stiffly toward Andrew, his expression cold. "Mr. Lloyd, I apologize.

I'm sorry." Andrew chuckled and set his glass down without drinking. He did not even bother to lift it. Elijah froze, his face darkening as rage flickered in his eyes. * Andrew, what the hell is that supposed to mean?" NEW novel chapters are published on Find[N]ovel

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Chapter 2175

---- Chapter 2175 Elijah had already taken the initiative to make peace and even came to toast Andrew. Yet, Andrew would not give him any face at all. After all, it was Elijah who had been slapped before, so if anyone should have been raising a glass, it should have been Andrew. However, this bastard was acting high and mighty, and Elijah could no longer hold back his fury. His outburst immediately drew the attention of the dozen or so other people at the table. All eyes turned to them with great interest. Freddie continued sipping his drink with a sly smile, looking like a cunning old fox.

Andrew did not even glance at Elijah and said coldly, "Get lost. What makes you think you're worthy of drinking with me?" Elijah became even more furious. "Andrew, are you looking for death?" he snarled through gritted teeth, his rage causing wine to spill from his glass. Harold barked coldly, "Elijah, you're being disrespectful! How dare you speak like that in front of Mr. Lloyd?" ---- He immediately stepped in to smooth things over and apologized to Andrew. "I'm sorry, Mr. Lloyd. Elijah has such a bad temper, and there's nothing I can do about it! How about this? The most update novels are published on Find_Novel(.)net

"Let me toast you in his place to show our apologies." He raised his glass toward Andrew, but this time, Andrew refused to show him any courtesy either. "Mr. Knowles Senior, I already told you, it's nothing. Your family doesn't need to toast me or apologize. I came here for Mr. Hawkins, out of respect for his invitation. Beyond that, I couldn't care less." Harold's eyes flickered with a shadow of cold fury, gone in a blink. 'Cocky little punk, keep acting tough. Just you wait.' Standing there with his glass, Harold found himself humiliated, unable to sit or stand without looking like a fool.

It was the first time the proud head of the Knowles family had ever been shamed like this in his own city. Freddie chuckled and raised his drink. "Come, Mr. Knowles, let's share a toast instead." Grateful for the escape, Harold clinked glasses with him at once. Andrew did not bother with any more words. Once Chantelle had finished her meal, he rose and left with her. As they stepped outside, a man in a black suit hurried over. "Mr. Lloyd, wait. Mr.

Hawkins says if you want to walk out of Terror ---- Town in one piece, you should meet him at this address." He handed Andrew a card with an address printed on it. Andrew smirked, glanced at it, then tossed it to the ground. After dropping Chantelle back home, he immediately headed for the place. Soon, he arrived at what looked like a martial arts institution, though the decor was far more upscale than usual. The facility was packed with advanced training equipment meant for serious martial artists. "Mr. Lloyd, I apologize for asking you here so late," Freddie said from behind.

Andrew turned and was stunned for a moment. Freddie was dressed in martial arts training gear, complete with protective headgear. He looked ready for a sparring match.

"Mr. Hawkins, what's this about?" Andrew could not help but ask. Freddie was barefoot and threw a couple of side kicks that looked pretty decent, though his small frame made the moves look somewhat odd and not very impressive. "Mr. Lloyd, the Knowles family has decided to make a move against you," Freddie said seriously, striking a fighting pose. "!"

can tell you the specific details, but only after we spar first." ---- Andrew was surprised. "The Knowles family wanting to deal with me isn't exactly shocking. But Mr. Hawkins, are you sure you want to fight me?" Freddie looked eager to try. "Aren't you the King of Gabo Creek, the number one martial artist in Gabo Creek. It just so happens I love martial arts too, and I really want to challenge the top fighter." Andrew was straightforward about it. "Alright then, Mr. Hawkins, should I go easy on you or not?" Freddie launched a flying kick straight at Andrew's chest. "Go easy on me? Ha! Mr.

Lloyd, you'd better block my Windstrider Technique first!"

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Chapter 2176

---- Chapter 2176 Andrew did not move at all. In his eyes, Freddie's movements could be described in one word: slow. Only at the last moment did Andrew finally act. He shifted his body sideways, dodging the kick. Then, he smashed forward like a charging bull Freddie shot back like he weighed nothing, crashing hard into a steel equipment case. He hit the ground in a heap, coughing violently, his head spinning as he lay flat on his back. "Mr. Hawkins!" A dozen subordinates rushed in anxiously.

The leader was a woman with hair pulled back in a high ponytail, her face cold as ice. She first helped Freddie to his feet, then turned to Andrew and said coldly, "Let me experience Mr. Lloyd's skills firsthand!" Andrew looked at her with surprise. "You're actually a high-level martial saint, just one step away from reaching martial emperor level! In terms of talent, you're even more gifted than Joe Driscoll and Eric Humphrey, whom I've encountered before. However, fighting me won't end well for you." The woman sneered.

"Whether it ends well or not, we'll have to ---- fight first to find out!" Her entire aura surged as she prepared to attack. Freddie struggled to his feet and quickly shouted, "Adriana, wait! Don't be impulsive!" Adriana Collins looked displeased but still held back. Freddie coughed twice and smiled bitterly at Andrew. "Mr. Lloyd, you really went all out there. I was just joking around." Andrew sighed, looking exasperated. "Mr. Hawkins, you

should've said so earlier. If I'd known you were just a half-baked martial artist, I would've gone easy on you.

From the way you carried yourself in the ring before, I thought you were actually strong. Even some of the top martial arts stars couldn't handle you, but it turns out you... you're really just..." Freddie's face reddened with embarrassment and frustration. He snapped, "Do you even know why those so-called masters lost to me in the first place? My strength doesn't come from martial arts... It comes from money! Got it?" Andrew smirked, suppressing a laugh. "Oh, I know. Your money power is in a league of its own. But my money power isn't exactly weak either.

That's why I didn't bother showing mercy just now." Freddie threw up his hands in frustration. "Forget it! I'm done ---- fighting you. You'll just piss me off more." He motioned to the woman at his side. "This is my personal bodyguard, flown in all the way from Southeast Ouisia. Her name's Adriana Collins. She's the top fighter of the Whispering Reed Sect in Augania!" Andrew raised an eyebrow, a flicker of intrigue in his eyes. "Nice to meet you, Miss Collins." Adriana gave a cold smile. "Andrew, your name has spread far in Augania. Google search

You dared to go head-to-head with the Crimson Flame Cult, and their High Oracle, the Crimson Flame Lord, will never let you go unpunished." Andrew remained relaxed, even playful. "Oh, I'm so scared. But tell me, Ms. Collins, I've been meaning to ask you something. In Augania, are there really only these sects? You're from the Whispering Reed Sect, and the ones who came after me before were from the Crimson Flame Cult. Are there more out there?" Adriana said coolly, "Augania is chaotic. Aside from the five great clans, the ten major sects and three warlord factions hold the most power.

The Crimson Flame Cult you've provoked ranks at least in the top three among the ten major sects. So you're in big trouble!" Andrew smiled casually. "No worries. The thing I fear least is trouble!" ---- Adriana snorted coldly and said nothing more.

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- Chapter 2177

Chapter 2177

---- Chapter 2177 Freddie said, "Mr. Lloyd, I asked you to come over tonight because I wanted to tell you something! The assassins from Chetvine have joined forces with the Knowles family! "The Knowles family is responsible for providing information about your whereabouts! Meanwhile, the assassins from Chetvine are tasked with taking your life!" Andrew looked genuinely surprised. "Assassins from Chetvine? Well, it seems the news about my return to Chetvine has already reached those families! Good to know.

Very timely indeed." Seeing that Andrew did not seem worried at all, Freddie's face showed a hint of admiration. "From the way you showed no respect to the Knowles family at the dinner party earlier, I could tell you're a man with backbone and pride. That's exactly why I wanted to meet with you privately tonight and share this information! "However, Mr. Lloyd, you can't afford to be careless! The Knowles family has even more influence in Terror Town than I do!

While the Knowles family itself doesn't have any terrifying experts internally, the assassins from Chetvine are a different story entirely! With both sides working together, you might be in real trouble!" ---- Andrew walked away without looking back, simply waving his hand. "Thanks for the heads up, Mr. Hawkins! Now that I know who my opponents are and where they're located, things become quite simple for me. I'll just go and eliminate them!" Freddie was caught off guard by Andrew's abrupt departure. He stood there stunned, then looked toward Adriana. Get full chapters from FindN()vel

He asked, "Is he not going to make any preparations at all?" Adriana remained expressionless. "I don't know about that, but judging by his demeanor, he genuinely doesn't seem afraid. It's really hard to understand what he's relying on for confidence." Freddie chuckled. "Adriana, he was able to assess your abilities in just one glance earlier. What are your chances of winning if you were to fight him?" Adriana's eyebrows furrowed deeply, and she remained silent for a long while. Freddie was not in a hurry either, waiting patiently for her response.

Finally, Adriana replied with uncertainty, "The feeling he gives. me isn't particularly sharp or aggressively intimidating! He's nothing like some of those old monsters who've

already entered the martial emperor realm, with their overwhelming presence that makes you feel suffocated! "But somehow, he also gives me this sensation, as if I'm facing ---- a fierce beast. It's like the moment we start fighting, it would pounce on me. Mr. Hawkins, I honestly can't say who would come out on top between us! But if given a choice, I wouldn't want to fight him!" Freddie nodded thoughtfully.

"The Whispering Reed Sect techniques emphasize knowing yourself and your enemy to win every battle! The deeper your cultivation becomes, the more accurate and sensitive your perception of opponents becomes. "You're the strongest fighter in the Whispering Reed Sect, having reached unfathomable depths. Yet even so, he makes you feel threatened. That likely means he's truly a formidable opponent who keeps his abilities hidden. Impressive indeed. When I was his age, I was still teaching in school and was essentially nobody!" A slight smile appeared on Adriana's face. "Mr.

Hawkins, you weren't just any ordinary teacher. Otherwise, I wouldn't willingly serve you with such loyalty!" Freddie waved his hand. "Let's not talk about that anymore. Let's just watch how our friend handles his confrontation with the Knowles family. What's interesting is that even Chetvane has sent people to kill him. This is getting more and more intriguing!"

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Chapter 2178

---- Chapter 2178 The moment Andrew stepped out of Freddie's place, he disappeared into the night. He did not head back to the Garcia residence but instead wandered aimlessly, slipping into the darkest corners he could find. Soon enough, he heard rushing footsteps coming from behind, and from the sound of them, he knew it was not

a small group. A cold smile curved on his lips as he kept walking, until finally, he darted into a narrow alley. The weather was against Andrew. Rain began to fall under a sky smothered by heavy black clouds, casting all of Terror Town in gloom.

The streetlights in the alley flickered weakly, barely illuminating anything at all. After moving deeper in, Andrew finally stopped. Both ends of the alley were blocked. On his left stood a row of men in black trench coats, all wearing sunglasses despite the night, each holding a weapon case. Their presence was suffocating. On his right were only two figures. One was dressed in tight black combat gear, a pair of short blades strapped to his back, and his sharp eyes glowing like predators in the dark. It was a classic Estonia warrior look.

The other figure was tall and had a gaunt, pale face that looked ---- like a drug addict's. He stared at Andrew with a cheerful smile. His hands, clad in metal gloves, gleamed coldly in the darkness as he rubbed them together, creating an ear-piercing, grating sound. "Run! Go on, keep running! Why'd you stop?" he mocked, like a cat toying with a mouse. Andrew smiled back. "I just took a wrong turn. What's all this talk about running?" The man clashed his gloves together, and sparks shot out in the rain.

His hair was long and braided into thin whips, wrapped in leather with small bells tied on. It was nothing like the hip-hop braids in Meurico, but a brutal style known among assassins from the western deserts. In Holtrien's western desert regions, there was a group of specialized killers who dressed exactly like this. Andrew had encountered people like this during his time with the organization, and he knew they were extremely dangerous. The man said, "I don't care if you took a wrong turn. It ends the same. Tonight, you die." Professional killers never wasted time.

With a wave from the braided assassin, the black-coated figures on the other side of the alley immediately lunged toward Andrew. ---- The sound of blades cutting through rain filled the alley as their cases snapped open mid-air, spilling out matte short knives, more than 20 in all. These weapons were normally stored in the weapon cases. When it came time to kill, they were simply drawn out for convenience. At this moment, these specialized blades flew one after another through the rain, all aimed at Andrew's vital points. Andrew's expression remained unchanged throughout.

He spun around, gathered his energy, and struck out with his fist like a dragon. In the narrow alley, it sounded like a dragon's roar had erupted from thin air. All 20-plus assassins shuddered, their eardrums aching from the sound. Immediately after, they felt an intense heat rushing toward them like a tidal wave. The first attacker's blade shattered in his hand before his arm exploded into a spray of blood. One strike of Andrew's Inferno Strike ended him instantly. Andrew charged forward like a force of nature, every blow aimed to kill. Google search [noveFind](#)

Thunderous impacts shook the alley as the trench coats twisted and spun through the rain, their storm of knives filling the space around him. ---- Even so, it was useless. Andrew's external aura shielded his body, making him untouchable. Every palm he

unleashed tore through their defenses, crushing another life in seconds. Two buzzing sounds rang out as two daggers stabbed straight into Andrew's neck. The two assassins were ecstatic, but before they could make a sound, they were horrified to discover they had not even scratched his skin.

The next instant, their hair blew wildly as a blast of force hit them, and Andrew's fists slammed into their heads, exploding them into gore. Without pausing, Andrew's hands shot downward, ready for the next kill.

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Chapter 2179

---- Chapter 2179 Andrew quickly grabbed the daggers from the two assassins whose heads he had just blown apart. Then, a massacre began. Flashing steel and screams filled the air. Andrew moved like an enraged dragon, cutting through from one end of the alley straight to the other, reaching the alley's entrance. He lowered his blades and spun half a step as bright red blood flowed down the smooth surfaces of the daggers, dripping onto the ground. Soon, it formed a thick stream of blood. "Good blades!" he praised, then released his grip.

The two daggers immediately sliced straight into the concrete pavement like it was nothing. Behind him, the trench coat assassins stiffened for a breath before collapsing one by one, their faces frozen in terror even in death. From the other side of the alley, the braided assassin among the two remaining men began applauding. "Beautiful. Truly beautiful. 23 of the Cunningham family's elite, all wiped out just like that. Do you realize those 23 men were worth twenty-three billion? And you butchered them without ---- blinking.

Such a waste of money, don't you think?" Though he seemed to be expressing sympathy, there was not an ounce of compassion in his voice. Instead, it carried a thick undertone of cruelty and bloodlust. It was as if the dead were not people at all, but 23 disposable mannequins. He kept clapping as he walked closer, his braids whipping and bells chiming. "Now it's my turn to send you to hell. Oh, and the name's Hugo Brennan, from the beautiful snowy mountains of the West." Grinning at Andrew, Hugo suddenly vanished from his original position! When he reappeared, he was already at Andrew's side. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON [noveFind](#)

His iron-gloved hands pressed down viciously toward Andrew's head. Meanwhile, at the Knowles estate. It was already late at night, and those who should be resting had gone to bed. Throughout the manor, only a few places remained lit. These included just

a handful of locations and, most importantly, Harold's study. Inside, Harold and Elijah sat with another man. His pale, skeletal face made his large frame look even more menacing, his steel gloves gleaming under the light. ---- He had braids tied on his head with small bells attached, and he looked like he was here for nothing but trouble.

His face was pale and so gaunt that there was not an ounce of flesh on him. However, his bone structure was exceptionally large, easily broad enough to make Harold and Elijah seem small beside him. He also wore gloves on his hands, but these were not iron ones. Instead, they were made of steel. This was Hakeem Brennan, another assassin from the western deserts. His appearance was nearly identical to the killer Andrew had just faced, except his braids were more numerous. In their order, the number of braids marked the rank. "Mr. Hakeem, at this hour, Mr.

Hugo and the others should have succeeded by now, right?" Elijah could not help but ask with eager anticipation on his face. At the same time, his eyes showed wariness as he glanced at Hakeem's steel gloves. Hakeem's skeletal face showed no expression whatsoever. He neither confirmed nor denied Elijah's words. He simply stood there motionless, not sitting down and barely moving at all. Only occasionally would he lower his head to check his wristwatch. Time passed minute by minute, and even Harold's patience was nearly exhausted. Opening his mouth, Harold said with an ingratiating smile, "Mr.

---- Hakeem, about the other side, do you think..." Before he could finish speaking, Hakeem suddenly shuddered as if his body had been struck by a heavy hammer. Immediately after, Hakeem lowered his head once more to look at his wristwatch. This timepiece was specially customized, and it was connected to his younger brother Hugo's life signal! At that very moment, the signal flatlined into a stark green bar. It meant only one thing: Hugo was dead.

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Chapter 2180

---- Chapter 2180 Andrew twisted aside at the last second, and the spot where he had been standing was smashed into a crater. Hugo pulled back his iron-covered fists and sneered. "Why dodge? Don't you dare face me head-on?" Andrew stared at him coldly, then motioned with a finger. "Since you've chosen to become the Cunningham family's lapdog, I'll bury you six feet under tonight." Hugo's grin widened. "Kill me? You're too confident. Show me your real strength. Don't bore me!" His iron fists crossed in a blur of afterimages, ripping through the air toward Andrew's face.

Andrew's eyes narrowed, and he met the strike with a single palm. There was a harsh screech, and Andrew pulled back, glancing at his arm where several bloody scratches appeared. Hugo laughed wildly, swinging his braids as he licked Andrew's blood off his gauntlet. "What a delicious taste. Killing someone like you is far more intoxicating than slaughtering a hundred livestock. Now, hand me your life!" ---- With a shrill cry, he launched at Andrew again. Google search find♦novel

The Eastonia assassin at the edge of the alley remained motionless, his exposed eyes fixed intently on every movement between the two fighters. Andrew ignored the fresh scratches appearing on his arms again. He threw two straight punches, each one causing the surrounding rain to stop completely. Chaotic energy exploded throughout the alley, and the red brick walls nearby burst open with holes from the thunderous impacts. Andrew swept out with his leg, but Hugo grinned and flipped to avoid it, constantly changing direction while airborne.

Finally, he leaped onto a streetlight pole like an agile monkey. Then, he dove down from above, pouncing toward Andrew's head! Andrew bent backward 180 degrees, his back nearly parallel to the ground, and kicked upward toward the sky. This kick sent up a massive spray of rainwater. When the water hit Hugo's body, it made metallic sounds like bullets striking steel Hugo took a hidden blow, and his face turned vicious as his iron fists clawed toward Andrew's face. ---- Andrew's hands locked onto Hugo's wrists at their weakest points.

Next, he exploded with force, pulling Hugo toward the nearby wall. Hugo snorted coldly and kicked off the wall with both feet, reversing direction to crash into Andrew. Andrew released his grip, letting Hugo fly past him. Hugo's limbs were incredibly flexible. Even in mid-air, he managed to leave another bloody scratch on Andrew's waist at an impossible angle. "You're not so tough after all! The fight just started, and you're already bleeding!" After leaving marks on Andrew twice in a row, Hugo was quite pleased with himself. Andrew glanced at his waist and circulated his energy slightly.

The bloody scratches immediately disappeared without a trace. When martial arts reached his level, ordinary cuts could heal instantly. "You've got some skills, but not much!" Andrew smirked. Then, under Hugo's darkening expression, he suddenly charged forward. In just three short steps, his speed reached its absolute peak. A sonic boom erupted in the alley. That was the terrifying sound ---- of speed instantly breaking the sound barrier. Hugo was blown backward so hard he could barely keep his eyes open. He roared in fury and slashed viciously forward with his iron-armored hands.

However, his supposedly invincible iron gauntlets produced an ear-piercing screech the next second. Immediately after, the iron armor curled and twisted as if it had struck a mountain. Hugo choked, blood spraying from his mouth as he was hurled back like a broken kite. The alley wall collapsed under the impact, burying him beneath a flood of bricks and mud. Andrew's figure came to a stop on the other side. Without any hesitation, he spun and dove straight into the rubble to finish the job.

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Chapter 2181

---- Chapter 2181 The fight inside erupted with the sound of rapid, chaotic blows. The narrow alley's brick walls crumbled one after another, and a piercing scream echoed out. It was impossible to tell if it was Andrew or Hugo. The next second, a body shot out of the shadows and crashed hard onto the ground, hair disheveled and face smeared with blood. The Estonia assassin who had been quietly watching tightened his grip on the twin blades strapped to his back. He quickly realized the one lying there was Hugo, not Andrew, which meant that the scream had come from Hugo.

Out of the darkness beyond the streetlight, Andrew slowly walked forward, his clothes nearly spotless except for a little dirt around his pants. Hugo was sprawled on the ground, his iron gauntlets shattered beyond repair. The fingers inside were mangled, some crushed, others torn apart, making for a horrific sight. He let out a feral roar like a wounded beast and lunged at Andrew on all fours. For the first time, Andrew's expression shifted into a vicious grin. He thrust out his hand like a dragon's claw and snatched ---- Hugo by the shoulder mid-charge.

With one brutal yank, half of Hugo's arm was torn clean off. The scream that followed was louder than any before, echoing through the alley. Blood spilled from Hugo's gums as he snarled, "ri kill you, you worthless mutt!" His face twisted in pain, but at this point, he was just a cornered animal. Andrew's palm came down squarely on Hugo's forehead with crushing force. Hugo let out a strange grunt, his eyes flashing with fear and panic until the light within them dimmed away. His eyes rolled back, and just like that, he was dead. Yet, Andrew did not stop there.

He grabbed Hugo's braids, gave a hard tug, and ripped them free. Hugo's body twitched twice before lying still, lifeless. Holding the strands, Andrew said with a mocking smile, "Warriors from the western desert collect their enemies' hair as trophies after every kill. Guess I've picked up a taste for it, too. But damn, when was the last time you washed this? It stinks." His face twisted in disgust. Only two people remained in the alley. ---- Five meters away, the Estonian assassin stood silent, watching everything unfold. After storing his trophy, Andrew slowly looked up at him.

The opponent's exposed eyes also stared back at Andrew. Previously, he had prepared to draw one blade with one hand. Now, his other hand slowly reached out, preparing to draw the second blade. Andrew smiled and nodded. "Not bad. You know one blade won't be enough against me, so you're preparing to use both hands and draw both swords. But even if you're not just dual-wielding, even if you're the most famous three-

sword style fighter from Eastonia, tonight you'll only have one fate!" The assassin across from him said nothing; only the sound of drawing blades rang out, crisp and bright.

One could tell these were two fine swords just by the sound. Andrew suddenly clutched his chest, pain appearing on his face as his waist bent forward. Seeing this, the Eastonian assassin could no longer stand by. It was such a perfect opportunity to strike was fleeting in battles between masters. After two humming sounds, two gleaming assassin blades crossed as they slashed toward Andrew. ---- Andrew, who had seemed injured and unable to support his body, suddenly straightened up completely. His face was full of cold, sinister smiles.

The Eastonian assassin had already committed to his attack and could not back down. His heart sank with dread as he realized too late that Andrew had faked his injury to bait him into attacking first. 'Damn it! Go to hell!' the assassin inwardly cursed. Then, he felt everything go black as overwhelming darkness pressed down on him For more chapters visit Find~Novel

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Chapter 2182

---- Chapter 2182 Out of the darkness, a burst of scorching fire exploded out of nowhere. Andrew's Inferno Strike grew more refined, and he could feel himself brushing against the barrier that led to the third stage. Once he broke through, the Inferno Strike would reach its ultimate form. The Eastonian assassin was startled, clearly intimidated by the power of Inferno Strike. However, he was also no ordinary fighter. His twin blades danced in front of him, scattering into a storm of steel.

The crisscrossing energy formed a dense net, and though it shattered under Andrew's power, it bought him just enough time to retreat. Before he could even catch his breath, Andrew's cold voice echoed in his ear. "Take off your mask and surrender now. Or I'll send you straight to hell." Rage flared in the assassin's eyes as his blades cut out two gleaming arcs, but Andrew's figure was already gone. The next instant, Andrew was right in front of him, his fists crashing down one after another with increasing ferocity. At ---- such close range, long blades were useless; only daggers mattered.

Nonetheless, the assassin's skill still ran deep. His twin swords guarded every inch before him with flawless defense. Eastonian assassins were known for ghostlike speed, and this one was no exception. However, speed often came at the cost of raw strength, and outside of legendary exceptions, most of them shared that weakness. Even though

he clearly had martial saint-level combat power and could easily mow down martial kings, Andrew was not a pitiful martial king; he was a freak who could kill a martial emperor outright.

After throwing nearly a hundred punches, the Estonian assassin's twin blades had turned red-hot like branding irons. This was the intense heat from Andrew's Inferno Strike, with temperatures rising wave after wave, making his blade surfaces scalding hot. Even so, this was not the most deadly aspect. The most fatal part was that Andrew's punches came like ocean waves. After the first wave, the second wave would be even fiercer. Following this pattern, the third wave would surpass the second. By the hundredth wave, the force had become unstoppable.

---- With a muffled grunt, the assassin finally broke and spat out blood. His entire body felt as if it had been pulled from flames, with searing pain throughout every limb and joint. His gracefully wielded twin blades flew from his hands with a clang and embedded straight into a nearby residential building. Andrew lowered his hands and stared at him coldly. "If I didn't need to find out where those bastards from Chetvne are right now, I could have killed you just moments ago! Now, do you submit or not?" The Estonian assassin's eyes burned with resentment, clearly humiliated.

He shouted coldly, raised his fists, and continued charging at Andrew. Andrew could not help but sneer. "Stubborn fool! Since that's how it is, I'll break both your legs first!" The two exchanged punches and kicks, but Andrew quickly grabbed his shoulders and captured him in just a few moves. This also showed that this assassin's skills were mainly in those two blades. Without his weapons, his combat effectiveness plummeted!. However, at this moment, the pinned assassin suddenly turned his head and opened his mouth. Andrew's eyes narrowed as he pulled back and retreated.

A hidden weapon shot from the assassin's mouth, aimed straight ---- at his eyeball Then again, no matter how fast the hidden weapon was, it still was not faster than Andrew. It stopped just three centimeters from his eye and could not get any closer! Finally, Andrew raised his hand and caught the hidden weapon. Looking at it, he saw it was a diamond-shaped blade. The Estonian assassin regained his freedom and leaped onto the rooftop of a nearby house with a single stomp. Then, he began using his movement techniques to try to escape. Andrew watched his escape with an expressionless face.

Finally, he hurled the blade in his hand forward. The blade, infused with his massive energy, shot out like a bullet with a whoosh. The source of this content is

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Chapter 2183

---- Chapter 2183 On the rooftop, the assassin let out a scream and tumbled straight to the ground headfirst from above. Andrew slowly walked over, looking at the assassin on the ground who was groaning and could not get up. Then, his eyes flickered, and he suddenly remembered a popular joke he had heard recently. With a smirk, he said, "Get up. No sleeping here." The assassin, struck in the backside, glared at him with pure fury. Andrew crouched down and first sealed his pressure points to prevent any sneak attacks.

He had to be cautious since Eastonia's assassins were notorious for their cunning tricks and ability to kill without a trace. Only by preventing his opponent from circulating his inner energy could he truly feel at ease. After that, Andrew grabbed the assassin's mask and ripped it off. When he looked, he could not help but freeze in surprise. "You're actually a woman?" The female assassin on the ground gave a cold laugh and said through gritted teeth, "So what if I'm a woman?

If you've got the ---- guts, wait until I recover from my injuries and we'll have a proper fight!" She spoke with a distinctive Etharic accent. Andrew grew impatient and said, "You really are a warrior from Eastonia. Let me tell you upfront, I don't have a particularly good impression of Eastonians! So whatever I ask, you'd better answer honestly. Otherwise, I can't guarantee you'll ever make it back to your homeland again!" Seeing the coldness in Andrew's eyes, the female assassin's delicate body shuddered. She could tell that Andrew was not someone who showed mercy.

This was obvious from how Andrew had just killed all the others. Before Andrew could even press her for answers, the female assassin volunteered, "My name is Trinity Aguilar. Currently, I'm a high-ranking assassin, affiliated with Eastonia's Aguilar family." Andrew nodded and said flatly, "The Aguilar family is one of Eastonia's eight great martial arts houses. However, you use twin blades. That means while you were born into the Aguilar family, your martial arts lineage comes from someone else.

If I'm not mistaken, it's Eastonia's twin blade master, Cassius Dillard, right?" Trinity's beautiful face, dampened by the rain, showed surprise and admiration as she said, "Incredible! Your guess is ---- completely accurate, sir. My mentor is indeed Mr. Dillard!" Andrew looked down at her from above. "Give me one reason not to kill you!" Trinity's face showed fear as she quickly replied, "The Aguilar family currently has a cooperative relationship with your Terror Town's Knowles family! My family assigned me to serve them, but my term of service has already ended.

I will no longer participate in the conflict between you and them!" Andrew sneered. "That alone isn't enough to spare your life!" Trinity hurriedly continued, "That Hugo from earlier was an expert sent by Chetvine to kill you! There's another even more formidable person with him, someone I can't even read, called Hakeem Brennan! Hakeem is

currently staying at the Knowles estate, and I can take you there!" Andrew raised an eyebrow, "You're so certain I can take down this Hakeem? "What if I can't?

"Wouldn't you just be leading me to my death?" Trinity replied matter-of-factly, "While I'm not sure exactly how strong you are, Mr. Dillard once said that anyone who can catch my throwing weapons within three steps has at least near martial emperor-level strength. So I believe you can definitely eliminate Hakeem." ---- Andrew said flatly, "Lead the way then!" Trinity was delighted and immediately stood up to guide him. Andrew watched her back, his expression hesitating briefly. In the end, he still could not bring himself to kill her immediately. The source of this content is [findnovel](#)

After all, she was from Eastonia's assassin world and had nothing to do with his feud with the Knowles family. Killing the innocent was not his style! Of course, some might say he only spared her because she had a good figure and an attractive face, so he could not bear to strike her down. However, Andrew swore that really was not the case. If you would not believe him, may he be pierced by poisons through the heart!

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Chapter 2184

---- Chapter 2184 That night, Harold and Elijah could not sleep. "Dad, is Hugo really dead?" Elijah asked, his face somewhat pale. Harold's expression darkened. "Most likely, yes. You saw Hakeem's reaction yourself. It was like losing his own arm. Hugo was his twin brother, and now he's gone. Looks like Andrew isn't someone we can underestimate." "But Hakeem and Hugo were the Chetvine Cunningham family's top killers," Elijah muttered, unable to accept it. "Those two were once feared everywhere as the Twin Assassins of Holtrien." Harold nodded slightly. "They're formidable, no doubt.

But there's always someone stronger out there. Andrew is the King of Gabo Creek, and that's not just an empty title. We should be thankful the Knowles family didn't go head-to-head with him from the start, or the outcome could've been disastrous." Elijah snorted. "But this is Terror Town, not his home turf in Gabo Creek. If it comes down to a real fight, the Knowles family won't back down." Harold shook his head. "You're still too young. Our family's strength lies in wealth. In times of peace, that means we eat well, live well, and treat nobles and officials like lapdogs.

---- "But there are people who don't play by the rules. You have money, but they have strength, martial skill, and the art of killing. That's why brutes who rely on force always make life difficult. After this, our family must change direction. Making money isn't

enough... We also need to develop real martial power." Elijah frowned. "Trinity went with Hugo... What if something happened to her?" Harold's face stayed indifferent. "Whether she lives or dies has nothing to do with us. She's just a servant sent by the Aguilar family of Eastonia. Do you think I'd care?" Elijah gave a dry laugh.

"Still, her beauty is top tier. What draws me even more is her skill and her gentleness. Dad, if I could win her over and bring her to serve the Knowles family, wouldn't that be a good thing?" Harold shot him a glance. "Go wash up and sleep, it's late. You're not thinking about the family; you just want her body. Don't even think about it." Elijah chuckled awkwardly and slipped out, closing the door behind him. Under the lamplight, Harold's expression shifted between shadow and light, but he ultimately decided it was nothing serious.

---- Hakeem was still alive, and with Chetvine and the rest of the Cunningham giants behind them, there was nothing to fear. Deep into the night, Trinity landed lightly on the roof of the Knowles estate like a wisp of smoke. She looked back but saw nothing behind her. "I'm right below you!" Andrew's calm voice came from the shadows beneath her feet. Her eyes widened in shock. She had been leading the way, yet she had no idea how Andrew managed to infiltrate the Knowles estate or keep up with her speed "Over there is Harold's quarters," she whispered, pointing.

"And on the other side are the guest quarters. Hakeem is there... Looks like he's already asleep." Andrew gave a single nod. "Good. You don't need to come any further." With that, he vanished into the night. Trinity waited a while, and when nothing stirred, she activated her footwork and quickly left the estate. She dared not stay in Holtrien any longer. Cassius had warned her before she came. Holtrien was the heart of martial tradition, filled with true experts. Much of Eastonia's ---- martial arts had originated from here.

At the time, she did not believe it because she was full of ambition and arrogance. But tonight, Andrew had taught her fear and shown her that there was always someone stronger. 'Andrew Lloyd... that must be his name... I wonder if I'll ever see him again.' The thought lingered as she boarded a midnight plane back to her homeland of Eastonia. Meanwhile, Andrew had made his way to the house where Hakeem was staying As soon as he got close, Hakeem's calm voice came from inside. The source of this content is

"Since you're here, don't lurk around sneakily, come in!" The door opened soundlessly, and Andrew strolled in without hesitation. The room was dark, yet both men could see each other clearly. "The stench of blood on you is heavy," Hakeem said, calm and firm as he sat on the couch. "That means you're the one who killed Hugo and the others." Andrew studied him and saw the resemblance.

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Chapter 2185

---- Chapter 2185 Hakeem looked almost identical to Hugo. Both wore their distinctive gloves, and their hair was braided with bells tied into it. However, the difference was that Hakeem's gloves had a more metallic gleam. One was steel, one was iron, and it was clear which was stronger at a glance. "The Cunningham family has put out a billion-dollar bounty on you! Hugo and I couldn't care less about that billion!" Hakeem suddenly smiled and said casually.

He continued, "But eliminating the number one genius from that mysterious organization back then, now that's incredibly appealing to us brothers, more exciting than any drug!" Andrew shrugged. "A billion dollars? The Cunningham family really doesn't think much of me, huh? That's honestly too little money. As for why you brothers came looking for me, I'm not particularly interested! Right now, I'm here to send you to meet your brother!" Hakeem tilted his head with a smile. "That's exactly what I wanted to tell you!" In the cramped room, the two men instantly collided.

---- The couch beneath Hakeem exploded with a thunderous crash, bursting into fragments. The two were like charging bulls, fists pressed together, hands locked in a death grip. Then, in a forward-lunging position, they wrestled against each other. On Hakeem's forehead, blood vessels as thick as pinkies bulged out one by one. This was the manifestation of his strength being pushed to its absolute limit. Meanwhile, Andrew's expression showed no change whatsoever. Though he was not as bulky or muscular as his opponent, the power he unleashed made Hakeem's arms begin to crack audibly.

Blood flowed down from where Andrew's palms had been cut by the steel claws. However, he seemed completely oblivious to this. With a sudden roar, Hakeem surged forward, almost breaking through the deadlock. However, Andrew simply took a step back, steadied himself, and unleashed a savage grin as his aura burst open like a wild beast. Shock flickered in Hakeem's eyes before he was hurled backward, smashing through the wall and crashing into the garden outside. The peaceful estate erupted in chaos. Lights flared to life, dogs ---- barked in the distance, and the guards scrambled into action.

Even so, neither Andrew nor Hakeem paid them the slightest attention. Through the hole Hakeem had smashed, Andrew leaped out. While airborne, he shot a kick straight at Hakeem's face. Hakeem gritted his teeth and raised his hands to block. And so, a brutal hand-to-hand combat between them began. Soon, Harold and Elijah arrived with their experts. Elijah was furious and was about to rebuke Andrew. However, Harold raised his hand to stop him. He said nothing, staring at Andrew as he fought with Hakeem, lost in thought.

Sparks flew as Hakeem's steel claws scraped past Andrew's face, and heat exploded as Andrew struck a palm toward his chest. The two went back and forth, quickly exchanging over a hundred moves. The more Hakeem fought, the more alarmed he became, gradually realizing that Hugo's death was not unjust. Andrew was unexpectedly vicious! "Enough," Andrew said coldly.

"Time to send you to see your brother." ---- He raised both hands high and brought them crashing down." Dragon-Slaying Palm!" Hakeem's eyes widened as he felt what was coming at him was not Andrew's palm, but seemed like a divine dragon.

Immediately after, he felt a burning pain in his chest. Blood burst from his lips, and his body shot backward like a rag doll. Yet, before he could even hit the ground, Andrew's shadow flashed behind him.

With a vicious knee strike, Hakeem's spine cracked with a snap He screamed, but even in agony, he twisted in midair, slamming his claws together and unleashing twin arcs of deadly energy. Andrew's eyes glinted with merciless fire. He unleashed another Dragon-Slaying Palm, this one cleaving upward like a dragon rising from the depths. Blood gushed from Hakeem's chest, and his throat was torn open. He collapsed to his knees, eyes wide with horror as he croaked, "Dragon-Slaying Palm... the forbidden art... NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON [find\(N\)ovel](#)

Dragon- Slaying Palm, you..." His voice trailed off as his body crashed lifelessly at Andrew's feet. Andrew dropped Hugo's severed braid onto Hakeem's corpse. Then, he stepped on Hakeem's head and strode forward. ---- Under the stunned gaze of Harold, Elijah, and the entire Knowles family, Andrew walked calmly out of the estate. No one dared to make a sound. It was as if their tongues had been cut out. From beginning to end, Andrew never once looked their way. His silence was the deepest form of contempt.

He seemed to be declaring, "So what if I just killed someone in your estate in front of your entire family? What can you do about it?"

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Chapter 2186

---- Chapter 2186 After what felt like an eternity, Elijah finally felt like he could breathe freely again. He opened his mouth, wanting to curse Andrew out. However, the words just would not come. Andrew's brutal display of power had shaken him to his core. Even the assassin from Chetvine, a martial saint-level fighter, had been effortlessly killed. Elijah could not bear to think what would happen if Andrew turned that violence on him.

Despite being called the Prince of Terror Town, he was just a rich guy with no real power when facing someone like Andrew. For more chapters visit

Harold's face looked like a thundercloud ready to burst. He ordered coldly, "Report Hugo and Hakeem's deaths to the Cunningham family exactly as they happened. The Knowles family will stay completely neutral in whatever feud the Cunninghams have with Andrew." As the head of the family, Harold knew exactly what this meant. Andrew's strength was a wake-up call that hit him like a ton of bricks. The smartest play was to stay neutral and not pick sides, because either the Cunningham family or Andrew could wipe out the Knowles family without breaking a sweat.

As for Elijah getting slapped around by Andrew? That was ---- nothing Harold had already made peace with it. Even if Andrew broke both of Elijah's legs, he would turn a blind eye to keep the peace. "Until Andrew leaves Terror Town, you stay the hell away from him. If you see him coming, cross the street and walk the other way," Harold warned Elijah with an icy stare. With that, he stormed out of the room. Elijah nodded eagerly, feeling no shame whatsoever. In fact, he thought his father was being incredibly smart about the whole situation Why pick a losing battle?

When outgunned, it was better to swallow your pride and live to see another day. On Andrew's third day in Terror Town, Natasha finally reached out to him. When she arrived, she had gone straight to the Langley family, and Andrew had no idea what was going on there. Now that they were finally meeting, Andrew asked, with concern, "Is everything okay on your end?" Natasha forced a smile and shook her head. "Everything's fine, don't worry about me. Just give me two more days to wrap ---- things up, and then we can head back to Gabo Creek." Andrew's eyes narrowed as he studied her face.

"What's with the handprint on your cheek?" Even though she had tried to cover it with makeup, Andrew's sharp eyes caught the telltale signs that someone had slapped her hard. "It's nothing," Natasha stammered, still trying to hide what had happened. Andrew's expression darkened, his voice turning cold. "Did someone from the Langley family lay a hand on you?" Natasha kept her head down and said nothing. Andrew's frown deepened.

"Natasha, what exactly is your relationship with the Langley family here in Terror Town?" Before she could answer, a mocking voice cut through the tension like a knife. "What relationship? Hah, you fool. Even now, you don't know what kind of tie this slut has with the Langley family, do you?" Footsteps echoed as about seven men swaggered toward them. Leading the group was a cocky young man with an arrogant grin, his arms folded across his chest, looking at everyone with disdain. ---- Andrew turned his head toward him, his face cold and unreadable.

"People who don't matter better get out of my sight. Otherwise, I'll make you regret barking in front of me." The young man at the front, Benjamin Langley, burst into mocking laughter. Grabbing a chair nearby, he sat down directly across from Andrew

and sneered. "Who the hell do you think you are? You dare talk to me like that?" The other Langley family members and bodyguards standing behind him all joined in the laughter, their eyes fixed on Andrew as if he were nothing more than a small fry they could toy with at will.

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Chapter 2187

---- Chapter 2187 Natasha's face went pale as she glared at Benjamin. "What are you doing here? I told you not to follow me!" Benjamin's hand cracked across her face without warning. The slap landed hard, leaving another red mark on her already bruised cheek. He snarled. "You lying bitch! So this is your 'business', sneaking around with the piece of trash you brought to Terror Town. You married into the Langley family, and even though my brother Julian is dead, you still belong to us. You'll be a Langley until the day you die.

That's what 'for better or worse' means!" His words dripped with malice as he continued tearing her down. "But what do you do? You throw away every shred of decency. If I hadn't followed you, who knows how long you've been shamelessly fooling around with other men!" Natasha's eyes filled with angry tears. "Benjamin, you're going too far! I married into the Langley family, but Julian's death wasn't my fault. He's been dead for years. I should be free by now. Who I'm with and what I do is none of the Langley family's business!" Benjamin's face turned bright red with fury. "You shameless whore!

Why don't you say that again? You think I won't tell ---- Grandma about this? If she finds out how you've been carrying on, disgracing the family name, she'll have your head!" Natasha's body started trembling, and fear flashed in her eyes. Clearly, the Langley family matriarch, Margaret Horne, terrified her more than anything. Seeing that his threat had hit home, Benjamin became even more brazen. He stared at Natasha's chest with hungry eyes, licking his lips like a predator sizing up its prey. Finally, he turned his attention back to Andrew with a cold sneer.

"So you must be the boy toy Natasha's been playing with all these years. Let me tell you something: coming to Terror Town with her just signed your death warrant. "Natasha is already married into the Langley family! Sure, Julian died young, and everyone thinks she's cursed for getting him killed, but she's still our property for life. You've got some serious balls going after a Langley woman. Here's the deal: either you pay up ten billion dollars, or you're never leaving Terror Town alive." Natasha exploded with rage. "Benjamin, have you lost your mind? Ten billion?

Why don't you just rob a bank? And this has nothing to do with him. I'm warning you, insult me all you want, but don't you dare touch him!" Benjamin's jealousy boiled over as he screamed back. "Oh, so ---- now you're protecting your lover boy? Standing up for this piece of garbage right in front of me? Fine then. I'll break one of his legs first, and we'll see how defiant you are after that!" His eyes turned vicious as he signaled to his bodyguards. Two massive Langley family enforcers stepped forward and reached straight for Andrew's throat.

However, Andrew's eyes had already turned ice-cold. His hands moved like lightning, catching both men by the wrists before they could blink. With a sharp twist, two sickening cracks echoed through the air. Everyone watched in shock as both bodyguards' arms twisted into unnatural angles, their bones shattered. Their screams of agony filled the air as they collapsed in writhing heaps. Benjamin shot to his feet and lunged at Andrew with his palm raised. "You dare fight back? You're fucking dead!"

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Chapter 2188

---- Chapter 2188 "Pathetic insect!" Andrew's eyes turned deadly cold as Benjamin lunged at him. After punching away the two bodyguards, he launched a vicious kick that connected with Benjamin's attacking hand. The impact shattered Benjamin's hand completely, with bone fragments jutting out through the skin. In an instant, he had become a cripple. He had never expected Andrew to be this ruthless. This text is hosted at FindNovel

Benjamin stared at his mangled hand in shock before letting out an earth-shattering scream of agony. The remaining Langley family fighters charged at Andrew in a blind rage, but he stood perfectly still as his aura exploded outward like a shockwave. Within seconds, blood splashed everywhere as every single attacker went flying backward, coughing up crimson and writhing in pain. Benjamin collapsed to his knees, drenched in sweat and staring at Andrew in disbelief. "H-How are you this strong?" Andrew stood up calmly and straightened his suit jacket with deliberate slowness.

Then, he walked over to where Benjamin ---- was kneeling "Darling, don't!" Natasha called out urgently. Andrew frowned and turned to her, confused. "You're afraid of this worthless dog?" Natasha quickly shook her head and explained, "He's just a spoiled brat from the Langley family. I'm not scared of him! But Mrs. Langley Senior is someone you don't want to mess with, and the whole Langley family has serious power. I don't want you getting in trouble because of me." Andrew's expression remained cold as ice.

"How does the Langley family compare to the Knowles family here in Terror Town?" Natasha looked puzzled for a moment, then replied, "The Langley family definitely can't compete with the Knowles family. They're not even in the same league!" Andrew shrugged casually. "Well, there you go! I don't even take the Knowles family seriously, so why would I worry about the Langleys?" With that, he delivered two brutal slaps across Benjamin's face. The impacts turned Benjamin's features into a swollen, bloody mess, and the searing pain felt like his skull might explode.

Too terrified to curse Andrew directly, Benjamin turned his ---- hatred toward Natasha instead. "You bitch, just wait! You and your lover boy hurt members of the Langley family... This is exactly how you killed Julian back then. Grandma will make sure you both pay for this!" Natasha's anger flared. "Benjamin, stop making false accusations! You attacked first, so you brought this punishment on yourself." Benjamin's face twisted into a cruel grin despite his injuries. "Punishment?

What gives this piece of trash the right to punish us?" Before he could say another word, Andrew kicked his skull with a sickening thud. Benjamin's head snapped to the side and slammed into the ground, blood pooling around him. He was not dead, but he was barely hanging on. The other Langley family members watched in terror, realizing Andrew was not playing games. He was going straight for the kill. "Natasha, now that you're with me, you don't need to be afraid of anyone anymore," Andrew said, not even glancing at Benjamin's nearly lifeless form.

"Remember this: whatever you can't handle, you've got me backing you up. Otherwise, I wouldn't deserve to be your boss." ---- Tears welled up in Natasha's eyes as she nodded silently. "Darling, thank you. With those words alone, following you is worth everything." Andrew could tell that Natasha had some deep, painful history with the Langley family that she had been keeping secret. That would explain why she had been so submissive around them. After a moment's hesitation, Andrew decided to ask directly.

"Natasha, what exactly are you so afraid of when it comes to the Langley family?" This time, she didn't hold back. Nodding through her tears, she confessed, "Before I met you... Actually, even earlier, I was forced to marry into the Langley family as a hostage. Back then, my family, the Vostokoffs, were just a minor clan. The Langleys put unbearable pressure on us, and I was only 20 when I was forced to become Julian's third woman. "But Julian was a complete degenerate who partied himself to death pretty quickly.

The Langley family blamed everything on me after that, convinced that I was cursed and killed Julian just by marrying into their family."

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Chapter 2189

---- Chapter 2189 Natasha explained with a trembling voice, "Later, Mrs. Langley Senior despised me and constantly beat and cursed me. Eventually, I escaped from the Langley family. Over the years, I stayed far from Terror Town and ended up in Gabo Creek by chance. "After that, I went to Jayrodale, and by relying on my clan's martial skills, I built a life in the underworld. Until eventually, I met you and followed you to Blumendale." Andrew looked surprised by this revelation. "So you're originally from Terror Town, too.

But if you already escaped from the Langley family, why did you come back?" Natasha replied, "Because I was afraid the Langley family would take their anger out on my family. I've been secretly keeping tabs on the Langley family's movements all these years from a distance. If the Langley family ever decided to hurt the Vostokoff family, I was prepared to come back and fight them even if it meant my death." Andrew's expression darkened. "So the Langley family is planning to move against your family now?" Natasha quickly shook her head to clarify. "No, that's not it!

I came back this time hoping to make peace with Mrs. Langley ---- Senior. I wanted to end the bad blood between me and the Langley family once and for all, and help my family get through this mess "Of course, I know I can never go back to the Vostokoff family. After all these years of my running away and bringing shame on them, they probably hate my guts, too. But I don't care about that anymore. As long as I can repay my family for raising me and get the Langley family to leave them alone, that's all that matters." She continued, "But Mrs. Langley Senior has no intention of letting me go. Fresh chapters posted on Find1Novel

When she saw me come back, she threatened me. and demanded that I work for the Langley family. She also found out I've done well for myself in Gabo Creek, so now she wants to squeeze money out of me. "That old hag even tried to make me sign another contract to become the Langley family's slave. But I'm not the scared little girl I used to be, so there's no way I'd agree to that. When Mrs. Langley Senior saw I wouldn't budge, she started threatening my family and had people watching my every move.

That's why I couldn't meet with you these past few days." Andrew finally understood the whole situation and shook his head. "Natasha, you've been handling this all wrong, you know that?" Natasha looked hurt and worried. "Are you mad at me?" ---- Andrew shook his head and actually laughed. "I'm not mad at you . I'm mad at myself! I should have known you had some serious baggage when you insisted on coming to Terror Town with me. Mrs. Langley Senior threatening you? That's nothing! "You should have told me right away, and then we could have marched over to the Langley residence together.

Whether they want money or whatever else, they just need to name their price! I could have easily gotten you completely free from the Langley family without breaking a sweat." Natasha looked embarrassed. "But I was afraid you'd be disgusted that I was married before." Andrew was speechless for a moment. "You're a widow. Doesn't that obviously mean you were married before?" Natasha's face turned red with embarrassment. "When Julian married me, he died the very next day before he could even touch me!

So I never really became part of the Langley family in that way." Andrew looked curious about this strange twist. "That actually happened? He was seriously unlucky. But none of that matters anymore. Let's go pay the Langley residence a visit!" Natasha shook her head gently. "Darling, I'm just glad you don't think less of me! But before we go to the Langley residence, I ---- want to visit the Vostokoff family first. They live in the countryside just outside Terror Town. Would you come with me?" Andrew did not hesitate for even a second.

"Absolutely!" Just as the two of them left the scene, Benjamin was rushed to the hospital with his skull cracked open, barely clinging to life. This incident sent shockwaves through the entire Langley family. Margaret was so furious she snapped her walking cane in half, growling, "Natasha and that bastard lover of hers are going to pay dearly for this!"

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Chapter 2190

---- Chapter 2190 Andrew had no idea what the Langley family was planning at that moment. Then again, even if he did, he would not have cared. Later, he and Natasha made their way to the Vostokoff residence on the outskirts of Terror Town: The Vostokoff family was just a minor clan in the area with virtually no influence or reputation. Natasha's return was not with any kind of welcome whatsoever. Instead, the family patriarch, Terrence Vostokoff, had an explosive reaction when he saw her. "You worthless woman! After all these years, you're still alive? Why did you come back? New NOVEL chapters are published on [Find_Novel\(.\)net](http://Find_Novel(.)net)

Do you want to drag the Vostokoffs into ruin by getting us killed by the Langleys?" Terrence was Natasha's own father, now well into his elderly years. As he cursed at her, he raised his hand to slap her across the face. Meanwhile, the rest of the Vostokoff family, including Natasha's mother, just stood there watching with cold indifference. "Dad, I..." Natasha's eyes filled with tears as the words caught in her throat. ---- Even

though she knew her family would not welcome her back, she never imagined it would be this brutal.

After all, she had been away for years and had even secretly sent money home during that time. Yet, instead of gratitude, she was getting thrown out and verbally abused for her troubles. Andrew could not stand watching this anymore and grabbed Terrence's wrist mid-swing. "W-Who are you? What do you think you're doing?" Terrence stammered, trying to pull his hand free but finding it completely immobilized. As Andrew applied pressure, Terrence could feel his wrist about to snap. A young Vostokoff family member charged forward in rage, aiming a kick at Andrew's head.

However, Andrew did not even glance at the kid. With a casual backhand, he sent the hothead flying across the room before he could even get close. "Back off! If anyone in the Vostokoff family dares to mistreat Natasha again, I won't be so gentle next time." Andrew released Terrence and fixed the entire family with an ice-cold stare, making their blood run cold. ---- The Vostokoffs were all shocked and furious, some shouting questions, others showing disdain, but none of them dared to actually make a move. Andrew turned to Natasha with frustration. "Let's get out of here.

If they don't want you around, why bother coming back?" Natasha gave a bitter smile through her tears. "This is still my home, no matter what. I can't spend my whole life in the underground world or following you around forever. Besides this place, where else would I even go?" Andrew's anger flared at her resignation. "What are you afraid of? I can take care of you! One more person isn't going to bankrupt me, is it?" Natasha wiped away her tears and managed a sad smile, shaking her head. "Forget it. I can already see that there's no future for us together.

Chantelle and the others are younger than me, with more power and status... They're the ones who really suit you. "Darling, I'm just a widow. As your status and power keep growing, I'm realizing I'm getting further and further away from your world. I'm actually a very selfish person. At first, I just wanted to latch onto you for security and comfort in my later years. ---- "But then my feelings changed... I fell for you, so I couldn't bring myself to just use you as a meal ticket. I'd rather see you happy and get everything you deserve. As long as I can see that, I'll be content.

That's all I need." With that, she turned to face Terrence directly. "Dad, I'll never come back here again. And don't worry. I'll handle the Langley family situation myself. Whatever Mrs. Langley Senior wants to do to me, I'll accept it to make sure our family doesn't get dragged into this mess." Terrence snarled back at her with venom. "You cursed woman! You should have done this from the beginning. I can't understand why you even bothered coming back after staying away all these years." Natasha's heart broke even more at his cruelty.

She had come back because she missed home, and that was the real reason. However, Terrence's heartless words were like a knife stabbed into the softest part of her soul. Andrew was seething with anger. He suddenly realized that he had been deliberately

ignoring Natasha's importance in his life all this time. He thought back to when they first met in Jayrodale. Natasha had started out as just a seductive woman, but gradually became devoted to him, following him to Blumendale ---- and helping him with countless tasks along the way.

Andrew had promised her that he would give her something to depend on for the future. Although Natasha had always wanted to become his woman to feel truly secure, and nothing else would put her mind at ease, Andrew understood her feelings but simply could not make that commitment.

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Chapter 2191

---- Chapter 2191 If Andrew really slept with Natasha, things would change completely. She was the most unique woman around him. If he said he had no feelings for her, that was not true, yet if he claimed it was love, it was not exactly that either. Later, Andrew got busier and became entangled with Chantelle, Rowan, and others. New women entered his life one after another. Yet Natasha, who had been with him from the start, never had a place by his side. Maybe it was his way of avoiding responsibility, but he had always ignored what he owed Natasha.

Seeing her now, returning so humbly to the Vostokoff family, filled him with regret and self-blame. "Natasha, if you want to return to the Vostokoff family, I'll help you," Andrew said softly. He continued, "I'm sorry, I haven't been good enough during this time. I ignored the fact that you're actually a woman with a soft heart deep down. You also have your own vulnerabilities, fears, and needs." Andrew grabbed her hand, and under Natasha's incredulous gaze, he smiled and said, "Come on, I'll go with you to the Langley residence first and get this sorted out.

If they dare to mess with you or make any unreasonable demands, then I'll ---- stand up for you. Wiping out the Langley family isn't out of the question!" The more Andrew spoke, the colder his tone became. If this Langley family really had a death wish, then he would not mind getting heavy-handed next time. After all, he had just gone on a killing spree, taking out the assassins from Chetvine. He would not mind eliminating another family here in Terror Town. Hearing that he was actually going to settle scores with the Langley family, the Vostokoff family members were all stunned and uncertain.

Some could not figure out exactly who Andrew was. Could it be that Natasha had brought back some expert after all these years away? However, most of the Vostokoff family members thought Andrew was just showing off. The Langley family in Terror

Town might not be incredibly powerful, but they were not people just anyone could mess with, "Thank you, darling!" Natasha choked up, took one last look at the Vostokoff family, and left with Andrew. On the road, Andrew noticed she seemed distracted and felt worried. "Natasha, don't worry.

If you really want to return to your ---- family, then after I deal with the Langley family, I'll come back to the Vostokoff family with you again." Natasha shook her head and smiled through her tears. "No, right now I'm not thinking about the Vostokoff family or the Langley family. Actually, I'm not thinking about anything at all. I just feel happy." Andrew was surprised. "Happy?" Natasha smiled. "Yes, darling. You've never been this gentle with me before, have you? At Serenity Villa, I watched you every night with Lauren and the others, laughing so happily. Follow current novels on FindN()vel

You never lacked for women around you. "Back then, I couldn't help but think that maybe I was just daydreaming! A widow, dirty and worthless... Being your subordinate should be good enough. Yet I was thinking about other things. How shameless of me!" Andrew felt a headache coming on and sighed. "You're really overthinking this. Do you think I'm that kind of person? Whether it's me now or me in the future, I would never think of you that way. Rather than calling you my subordinate, you're more like my friend." Natasha's face reddened.

"But I've never wanted to be just your friend!" ---- Seeing her affectionate gaze with tears in her eyes, Andrew's resolve began to waver. And seemingly noticing the heat in Andrew's eyes, Natasha could not help but lower her head as her neck began to flush pink. "If you're willing, I'm ready anytime! After all, I'm just a widow nobody wants. Even without any official status, I'd be willing to be your woman!" Andrew glanced around and spotted a hotel nearby.

After wrestling with himself, he finally muttered, his throat dry, "Then why don't we rest for a bit before heading to the Langley family, alright?" Natasha's body trembled, and she answered in a barely audible voice, "Alright." This time, Andrew did not hesitate. He led Natasha straight inside to book a room. He had already gone this far, so what was one more? Sometimes in life, you just had to chase after your desires, live freely, and not hold back. Of course, that was the excuse he told himself. Truth was, he was simply tempted by Natasha's body.

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Chapter 2192

---- Chapter 2192 They smoothly checked into a king-size room, entered, and swiped the keycard to activate the power. Then, Andrew found himself at a loss for what to do next. It was not that he did not know what came next. After all, he was an experienced guy with several close female companions. At a time like this, Andrew would not act like some inexperienced rookie. What made him feel awkward was bringing his own subordinate to a hotel room. No matter how he thought about it, the whole thing seemed absurd. Natasha was already undressing, and soon she was completely naked.

Her entire body was full and voluptuous from head to toe. She was undeniably curvy and sensual "Let me take a shower first!" Natasha slipped into the bathroom, chuckling embarrassedly at Andrew. Andrew sat alone on the couch, somewhat silent. Just then, his phone rang. It was Chantelle calling. She sounded worried as she asked, "Honey, is everything okay with you and Natasha?" ---- Chantelle knew Andrew had come out to find Natasha. At the time, he had not let her follow because he was worried there might be something inconvenient on Natasha's end. "Everything's fine.

I'll go to the Langley residence with Natasha for a bit. Once we get things sorted out, we'll come find you!" Andrew said with a somewhat guilty conscience. Chantelle did not think much of it and laughed cheerfully. "Then, after you two finish your business, come back early. Huh, why is there the sound of water on your end? Is someone taking a shower?" Andrew was startled and felt speechless. He was staying at a luxury five-star hotel. Although he had not booked the presidential suite, this room was still a deluxe standard room. How could the sound of Natasha's shower be so loud?

Thinking about it again, Andrew realized he really could not blame the hotel. The main issue was that Chantelle was observant, and as a martial artist, her hearing was sharp. "Water sound? Oh, you mean that. No one's showering. It's coming from the park next door." After forcing that explanation, Andrew felt like he would not even believe it himself. ---- However, Chantelle trusted him completely. "Honey, you guys are at a park? Alright, I won't keep you. Finish up early and come back. I'll be waiting for you!" With that, she hung up.

Andrew let out a long breath, feeling more nervous than when he had stormed Chetvine. When it came to Chantelle, Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen, Andrew could not find the right words for the moment. How could he come clean about the Natasha situation to all of them? Oh, right, his close female companions were no longer limited to just those four. There was also Rowan now! With Rowan, Andrew felt it should be easier to bring up. After all, she knew he already had other women around him. Yet, with Lauren and the others, it would be harder to explain. Natasha knew all four of them personally.

Once Lauren and the others found out that Andrew had slept with Natasha, they might think he was messing around with someone too close to home. After overthinking all sorts of messy scenarios, Andrew heard the water stop. Then, accompanied by a fragrant breeze, Natasha emerged wrapped in a bathrobe. Her hair was wet and ---- casually draped over her shoulders. With a flushed face, she walked up to Andrew and

asked gently, "Darling, do you want to rinse off? Or should I wait until after we're done for you to shower?" She was being very considerate, completely following Andrew's preferences.

Andrew smiled bitterly. "You lie down first. I think I'll go wash up too." Natasha giggled. "Darling, what's wrong with you? Are you nervous? That shouldn't be right. Logically, you should be experienced by now!" Andrew's bitter smile deepened. "Yeah, I think so too... It shouldn't be like this! But I'm not actually nervous. It's just that doing this in broad daylight feels a bit too indulgent." Natasha gave him a seductive look and said coyly, "Since we're already here, don't think about anything else." Leaning close to Andrew's ear, she whispered, "Darling, I'm a starved widow!"

You'd better give it to me hard in a bit!" Andrew's body trembled. Latest content published on

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Chapter 2193

---- Chapter 2193 Seeing Natasha looking so alluring and lustful, Andrew wondered if Natasha was another version of Aspen. After all, Chantelle had some of Aspen's tendencies too, enjoying being dominated. However, her symptoms were not as severe as Aspen's condition. Nonetheless, it was not the time to explore such matters. He obediently undressed and went to rinse off. Later, Andrew walked out of the bathroom while drying the water droplets from his hair with a towel. When he looked up, he froze. Natasha was already sprawled across the bed, her eyes seductive and waiting for him.

She bit her red lips and urged him coquettishly. "Darling, I can't wait any longer. Can you hurry up?" Andrew felt his blood gradually heating up throughout his body. He took several quick steps to the window and pulled the curtains wide open. Then, he dropped his towel and pounced onto the bed. Natasha knew what to do and automatically spread her legs to welcome him. And so, an intense battle began. It turned out that Andrew's physical condition was indeed stacking up like building blocks, constantly getting stronger. He ---- was already fierce to begin with.

However, as his martial arts recovered further, fierce became terrifying. After just half an hour, Natasha was drenched in sweat, moaning and begging for mercy. Meanwhile, Andrew was just getting warmed up. He ignored her pleas, flipped her over, and continued. Natasha held tightly to his muscular back. She buried her head deep into Andrew's neck. "Darling, I love you! Since you don't want to stop, then don't stop!"

It's been so many years since I've been this happy..." The hotel room filled with intimate whispers mixed with rhythmic sounds that went on without pause until no one knew what hour it was. Finally, after what felt like a storm breaking, Natasha collapsed into deep sleep, her legs locked tightly around him even in her dreams. Andrew brushed her damp hair away from her lips, gazing at how soft and alluring she looked. He was not tired, so he simply lay back, staring at the ceiling while waiting for her to rest. Three hours later, Natasha stirred awake, her body weak and heavy.

Glancing down, she bit her lip and murmured, "Darling, you're incredible. I thought I was strong, but if you kept going ---- like that, I would've completely fallen apart." Andrew chuckled, giving her a playful squeeze. "Want to go again? We're not in a rush to get to the Langley residence anyway." Natasha blinked, her eyes sparkling. "Do you still want me?" Andrew did not answer immediately. He only stared at her, and she stared back, the silence between them thick with heat. Finally, Natasha smirked knowingly, rolled over, and positioned herself on all fours.

Looking back at him, she licked her lips and whispered, "You can start now." Another fierce round of passion consumed them both. It was not until five in the afternoon that they finally left the hotel, satisfied and exhausted. Natasha walked with shaky legs, every step reminding her of the soreness between them. Yet, her face glowed with an unshakable smile. Every so often, she stole a glance at Andrew. Andrew held her hand without hiding anything and smiled, "I'll tell Lauren and the others when we get back. Don't worry. It's no big deal.

Since we've done this, you're my woman now." Natasha hummed in agreement, her heart sweet but also somewhat overwhelmed by the favor. "But what if Lauren and the others overthink this? What if they think I seduced you out ---- here and took advantage of the situation to sleep with you?" Andrew laughed, "I'm not some lustful guy who falls for any seduction, am I? Don't worry, they won't overthink it. And I wasn't being impulsive either." The smile on Natasha's face became even more obvious. "I'll serve you well from now on.

Even though I'm not as young and beautiful as Lauren and the others, I know how to please a man and have good skills. You just experienced that firsthand, didn't you, darling?" Andrew chuckled, "I certainly did. Your skills are indeed exceptional." The two chatted and laughed as they quickly arrived at the Langley residence entrance.

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Chapter 2194

---- Chapter 2194 "Natasha, you worthless bitch! You actually had the guts to come back here?" The moment Natasha and Andrew stepped into the Langley residence, the family erupted in rage. The one shouting was Jim Langley, the eldest son, with shifty eyes and a greasy, lecherous face. Jim was Margaret's firstborn and Benjamin's uncle, second only to Margaret in authority within the Langley family. At his command, more than a dozen young men from the clan rushed out, baseball bats and metal pipes in hand, surrounding Andrew and Natasha.

With a mocking sneer, Jim barked, "Since you've come crawling back, you'd better be ready to face family punishment! Natasha, Mom already gave me the right to deal with you. If you know what's good for you, get on your knees and beg. Otherwise, not only you, but that loser standing beside you, is finished!" Natasha replied flatly, "Jim, you're nothing but a filthy animal. Mrs. Langley Senior may be reckless and foolish, but at least she isn't truly evil. You, though... You're different. You think I don't know what disgusting thoughts you've been hiding?" ---- Jim let out a nasty laugh.

"Disgusting? You dare say that about me? You're the one who ran off and hooked up with another man! If anyone here is filthy, it's you!" Natasha sneered. "I cut ties with the Langley family a long time ago. As for whether you're filthy... Do I really need to spell it out? You parade around as the family's elder, but the things you secretly wanted from me? Don't think no one noticed." Jim's face went pale, and he shouted in panic, "Shut your damn mouth, slut! If you won't listen, then don't blame me for being ruthless! Men, drag her to Mom so she can beg for forgiveness!"

And as for that bastard with her, break his legs and throw him out!" From the second Andrew appeared, Jim's gaze had been full of venom and jealousy. He could not stand the thought of Natasha being with some outsider. Who knew how many times she had already given herself to him? Rage boiled inside Jim as he screamed Like Benjamin and the others, Jim had long lusted after Natasha. The truth was, there was not a single beautiful woman left in the Langley family. His own wife was a notorious shrew, ugly as a sow. He suffered in silence but did not dare to cheat on her.

---- So for years, his eyes had lingered on Natasha, the widow he could not have. Back then, she had coldly rejected him, and now she dared to come back and call him a creep, treating him like some disgusting pervert. More than a dozen Langley family members swung their clubs and attacked Andrew/ Natasha wanted to intervene, but Andrew held her back. "It's fine, just watch from the side. I'll handle this!" Then, he moved like a fierce tiger charging into a flock of sheep.

In just a few moves, he snapped the clubs one by one and sent each Langley family member to the ground, rolling and screaming in agony as they clutched their stomachs, blood streaming from their mouths. Jim was shocked and furious. "Bastard, how dare you hurt my Langley family members! You little punk, prepare to die!" He crossed his palms and flew toward Andrew, revealing decent martial arts skills. Unfortunately, they were merely passable In Andrew's eyes, he was no different from a filthy animal. Follow current novels on [findnovel](#)

With a backhand palm strike launched through the air, a surge of scorching true energy shot across the space and struck Jim squarely in the chest. ---- With a wail, Jim threw back his head and spewed out a mouthful of blood. His entire body began smoking from the head, turning completely red as if he were about to be cooked. The flame energy from the Inferno Strike had penetrated through the palm wind and invaded his meridians. If Andrew had not held back, that single palm strike would have been enough to send Jim straight to hell!

"Y-Y-You..." Jim lay on the ground, his gaze toward Andrew no longer showing any insolence, and what remained was only shock and deep, overwhelming fear. He truly could not imagine what level Andrew's strength was, as he nearly killed him with a single palm strike. Natasha sneered, "Jim, you brought this on yourself." Jim gritted his teeth. "Natasha, even if you've brought in an expert! But our Langley family is a prominent household in Terror Town!

Mom has martial saint-level strength and won't be afraid of this guy at all." Natasha was about to say something more, but Andrew had already spoken. "No need to waste more words with him. Let's go see Mrs. Langley Senior and find out what this old hag wants todo!" He grabbed Jim from the ground and strode into the Langley ---- family compound with Natasha At that moment in the Langley family's main hall, Margaret sat with a dark, grim expression.

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Chapter 2195

---- Chapter 2195 Margaret had already heard Natasha was back, so she expected Jim to drag her in soon. However, instead of Natasha being captured, what came through the hall was Jim himself, dragged across the floor like a rag doll. Margaret's face twisted with fury as she shot up from her seat at the far end of the hall. "Who the hell are you? Who gave you the nerve to lay a hand on my Langley family's men?" Andrew said flatly, "Who I am doesn't matter. I came to tell you that from now on, Natasha has nothing to do with the Langley family.

And her family has no ties with you either." Margaret's voice thundered, "You insolent brat! How dare you meddle in our family's affairs?! Are you courting death? I see now Natasha dragged you here to stand up for her, didn't she? Fine, if you want to play her hero, then I'll make sure neither of you gets what you want. This bitch will never escape the Langley family's grasp... not in this lifetime!" Andrew frowned and flung Jim onto the ground. "What, do you want to end up just like this piece of trash?

Listen, old woman, I don't want to hurt you because of your age, but my patience has limits." ---- Margaret slammed her cane forward, pointing at him. "Such arrogance! You really think I, and the entire Langley family, fear you? Don't think a little strength gives you the right to shout in front of me. Fine, I'll crush you first, and then I'll make Natasha suffer until she begs for death!" With that, Margaret's frail-looking body suddenly shot across the hall. Her cane sliced through the air like a weapon, carrying a vicious wind aimed straight at Andrew's face. For more chapters visit find-novel.net

Natasha gasped and cried out, "Darling, watch out! That cane is rigged with hidden blades!" A loud clank echoed in the room. Andrew dodged, but the cane's tips snapped open to reveal sharp steel edges. Margaret cackled as she whipped the weapon across Andrew's arm. "Bold little brat! To speak to me that way, I don't care who you are... I'll rip your arm right off!" she shrieked, already imagining the satisfying snap of bone. Yet, instead of snapping, Andrew's sleeve tore and nothing else.

His skin had not even been scratched. He said coldly, "The only reason I let that slide was because Natasha once married into your family. That mercy has ended. You are cunning, and against anyone else, your little tricks might ---- have worked. But I, Andrew Lloyd, am not just anyone. You dared strike me, so don't blame me for what happens next." A murderous glint filled his eyes as he bared his teeth. He was not going to hold back anymore. This old hag needed to be taught what real fear felt like.

Andrew struck with both palms, unleashing crushing force. Margaret swung her cane wildly to block, but it felt like two mountains slamming down on her chest. Her face went pale as she swallowed back blood, stumbling in retreat. However, Andrew soared into the air and swung a brutal kick at her throat. Margaret shrieked, tossing her cane aside as she flipped backward in desperation. Yet Andrew abruptly pulled the kick short, shifting instantly to rush her. In the blink of an eye, his hand clamped around her neck. Margaret's eyes bulged in shock. She gasped.

"You..." Andrew lifted her effortlessly and slammed her down at the far end of the hall. Her body crashed into the grand wooden chair, shattering it to splinters, and she spewed out a mouthful of blood. Andrew planted one foot on her head. "Now, can we have a proper conversation?" ---- Though his voice was calm, the cold edge in his voice froze Margaret to the core. Trembling, she croaked, "Y-Yes! Please, forgive us! We admit our mistakes. We repent! Whatever orders you give, we'll obey them to the letter, I swear!" The sight of her groveling nearly made Jim burst with shame.

Margaret was the Langley family's matriarch, a martial saint. Yet, she had been utterly crushed like nothing. He could not believe that Andrew was not just strong; he seemed undefeatable.

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Chapter 2196

---- Chapter 2196 Andrew chuckled as he looked down at Margaret. "I remember you were pretty fierce just now. Weren't you going to torment Natasha and not let her off the hook? Well, why don't you try that now?" Margaret's body trembled, fear nearly making her collapse. "P- Please tell me your name! The Langley family admits our mistake, and I admit mine! I swear, from now on, we'll never make trouble for Natasha again!" Andrew finally lifted his boot, letting her breathe. "Honestly, I was about to kill you and be done with it. It would have been the simplest solution. Latest content published on FindN0vel

But if I did that, Natasha would carry the blame, so I'll let you live... for her sake. "Still, remember this lesson well. My name is Andrew Lloyd, and I am from Gabo Creek. If you have a problem with me, you're welcome to come find me anytime." After leaving those words, Andrew pulled Natasha along and walked out of the Langley residence. Once they were far enough away, Natasha let out a long breath of relief and smiled. "I thought this was going to be a nightmare. Mrs. Langley Senior is greedy and petty, so I didn't think she would let me off so easily." ---- Andrew shrugged.

"Of course, she wouldn't let you off. But if I threaten her with her life, then she has no choice but to let you go, right? Don't worry, I've already left her with an internal injury... She won't live long. Neither you nor the Vostokoff family will have to worry anymore." Natasha's smile brightened as her eyes welled with emotion. " Darling, thank you for doing all this just for me." Andrew chuckled. "It wasn't much trouble at all. But Natasha, there's something you've never really understood." She tilted her head, puzzled. "Oh? What is it?" He gave a half-smile.

"If I ever seem stupid, just tell me. I'm not exactly the smartest guy around." Natasha blinked. "That's not what I meant..." Andrew sighed. "No, what I'm trying to tell you is this: whether you're my subordinate or my woman, you've never really seen me clearly. The truth is, there aren't many people in this world who can mess with your man. You don't need to be so cautious and afraid when you're with me." He added firmly, "Remember this: there aren't many out there who can bully you. Next time you run into someone like Mrs.

Langley Senior, just slap her across the face a few times." ---- Natasha nodded hard, feeling a weight lifted off her shoulders. Blushing, she bit her lip and whispered, "Why don't we go back to the hotel? I want to be with you again. Darling, I want to thank you properly and make up for all the times you neglected me before." Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Didn't we just finish? You could barely walk when we left the hotel. How are you already in the mood again?" Natasha clung to his arm and pleaded, "I've recovered now. Darling, I actually have a pretty high need for intimacy.

If I get shy in the future, can you take the initiative instead?" Andrew was speechless. He thought, 'Needing it often is one thing, but wanting another round after just a couple of hours? That's not just need... That's an addiction!' Right then, Chantelle's call came through again, telling them to head to the Garcia residence for dinner. Andrew sighed and shrugged. "Natasha, looks like we can't. We have to meet Chantelle." Although she felt a little disappointed, Natasha still smiled. "It's fine, we'll find another chance. After all, I'm already yours.

I'm not afraid anymore." Andrew brought Natasha with him that night as they checked in ---- at the Garcia residence.

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Chapter 2197

---- Chapter 2197 Andrew eventually mentioned it was time for them to leave. Patrick and Sofia both tried to persuade him to stay a few more days, since they wanted to get to know their impressive future son-in-law better. However, Chantelle stepped in thoughtfully and said, "Dad, Mom, Andrew has important matters to handle. Don't make it harder for him. We'll come back when we have more time." Though disappointed, Patrick and Sofia could only nod in understanding. Meanwhile, over at the Langley residence, not a single person dared to sleep that night.

Margaret writhed in constant pain, moaning nonstop because she could not lie down without feeling like her entire body was being torn apart. Yet when doctors were called to examine her, they found no visible injuries at all. Benjamin rushed home from the hospital and nearly fainted when he saw Jim's battered state. "Uncle Jim, what happened? That Andrew guy... Is he really that strong?" ---- Jim, still nursing his wounds, slapped him across the face in rage. "You useless idiot, you spoiled brat! Since Andrew is so powerful, why the hell didn't you warn the family earlier?

Because of you, Mom is like this, and I'm like this! If anything happens to Mom, I'll make sure you go down with her!" Benjamin almost wet himself. When he finally learned what had happened, he could hardly believe it. Andrew had stormed through the Langley residence with Natasha at his side, flattening everyone. He had even stomped Margaret into the ground until she spat blood. "Dammit," Benjamin muttered, his face twisted. "Natasha really did bring back a monster. Uncle Jim, at this point, the only way for us to get rid of this humiliation is to call for help." Jim glared.

"If you have an idea, spit it out. If it's worthless, keep your damn mouth shut!" Benjamin sneered. "A man who doesn't seek revenge isn't a man. Think about it, Uncle Jim... We

may only be a third-rate family in Terror Town, but Grandma is still a martial saint. "Even if she's getting old, she's still a martial saint! And Natasha dragged some lover in here, trampling all over us like we're nothing. This isn't just an insult! It ruins our reputation. If word spreads, how will the Langley family ever stand in Terror Town ---- again?" Jim's face darkened.

"Our family's name has been disgraced, no doubt. But Andrew is no ordinary man. What can we do about it? We can't beat him." Benjamin ground his teeth. "That's why we need to call in help. Uncle Jim, don't you remember? Grandma still has ties with the Knowles family, the top business clan in Terror Town. They even visited her recently to pay their respects. If we tell them what happened, they'll definitely step in for her sake. Once they do, it doesn't matter how strong Andrew is. Going up against the Knowles family will be the end of him!" Jim fell silent, weighing his options carefully. Content originally comes from

Finally, he walked to Margaret's bedside. "Mom," he said slowly, "do you want us to notify the Knowles family? With your status, they'll definitely lend a hand. The fact that your family lost face isn't the real issue, but for you, at your age, to be disrespected like this, and Natasha bringing a man here to humiliate us... I's unbearable. This is a fatal insult to the Langley family." Jim's hatred for Andrew burned hot, but he was helpless to do anything on his own. The only way was to push Margaret to reach out, since only her influence might move the Knowles family to act.

---- Margaret groaned in bed, her body wracked with pain, her mind clouded. Andrew's hidden strike had left her suffering in ways no doctor could diagnose, tearing her apart from the inside. There was not much time left for her now.

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Chapter 2198

---- Chapter 2198 Seeing that Margaret was not responding and only knew how to groan, a flash of delight passed through Jim's eyes. Every cloud has a silver lining, and Margaret's death would not be entirely bad news. At least from now on, the Langley family would be his, and he would have the final say. "Since you're not saying anything, Mom, I'll just approve it. I'll head over to the Knowles family myself," Jim said with a crooked grin. The truth was, Margaret had not agreed to anything.

However, Jim made the decision on his own because, looking at her pale, broken body, he did not think she would last much longer. Whether it was her order or his did not matter. He would claim authority soon enough. Soon, Jim hurried through the night,

carrying expensive gifts, and ran to the Knowles estate. The idea had come from Benjamin, that wretched nephew of his. Still, the boy had shown a sliver of cunning, so Jim brought him along. "When we meet the Knowles family people, watch my expressions and act accordingly," Jim instructed Benjamin.

Benjamin nodded repeatedly, "Uncle Jim, don't worry. I'll ---- definitely follow your lead! I just hope we can actually see Elijah. The last time I saw him was at The Copper Fox downtown. The Knowles family is so rich... Elijah can drop 100 grand on a single night without blinking." At the Knowles estate, word quickly spread that members of the Langley family had shown up at the gate with expensive gifts, begging for an audience. It was late, and the family could have turned them away, but appearances mattered. Hence, they decided to at least send someone to hear them out. [NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS](#) are published on [find-novel-net](#)

Naturally, Harold would not bother to come out at this hour. His status was far too high for that, and Jim was hardly important enough to warrant it. Instead, the Knowles family's butler, Scott Grant, stepped forward to deal with Jim and Benjamin. He said flatly, "Gentlemen, if you have something to say, say it quickly. Mr. Knowles Senior and Mr. Knowles have already retired for the night." Jim shot Benjamin a sharp look, signaling him to speak. Benjamin immediately stepped forward with a forced smile. "Mr Grant, thank you for seeing us. Here's the situation..."

Today, Grandma was assaulted in her own home by a stranger. "It's the greatest insult the Langley family has ever suffered! She's on her deathbed now, and she kept saying how the ---- Langleys and the Knowles family go way back. We just hope the Knowles family will stand up for her, for old time's sake!" He tried to look furious, puffing himself up as if defending his family's honor. Jim followed his lead, putting on a face of grief and indignation, trying to appear pitiful. "Oh? Is that so?" Scott's brow furrowed at the story. "Well, Mr. Knowles Senior indeed owes Mrs.

Langley Senior a debt of gratitude from long ago. Tell me then, who dared to humiliate the Langley family? Leave the rest to us. By tomorrow morning, that man will be dead." Jim and Benjamin nearly jumped with joy, hardly believing it could be so easy. "His name is Andrew Lloyd," Jim said quickly. "That bastard was unbelievably arrogant, even bragging that he was from Gabo Creek. We don't just want him dead... We also want that woman with him, Natasha Vostokoff, to come crawling back to the Langley family and beg for forgiveness.

She's one of us, and this time she betrayed us." Both Jim and Benjamin were consumed with thoughts of dragging Natasha back, their eyes gleaming with obsession. However, as Scott listened, his face darkened further. He ---- repeated slowly, "Andrew Lloyd?" "Yes," Jim confirmed eagerly. "His name is Andrew Lloyd, from Gabo Creek." The moment he heard it, Scott stiffened like he had just stepped on a live wire. His expression twisted in shock, and his entire body tensed as he leaped to his feet. The sudden outburst startled Jim and Benjamin so much that their faces went pale.

Why was Scott reacting like this?

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Chapter 2199

---- Chapter 2199 "Yes, that man is called Andrew Lloyd, and he said he's from Gabo Creek Province. Please, Mr. Grant, report this to Mr. Knowles Senior and ask him to stand up for us!" Jim bowed at that moment, sincerely making his request. He still thought Scott was just confirming Andrew's situation for him. But the next second, Jim felt a stinging pain across his cheek, like he had just been slapped brutally. "Huh?" He clutched his face in shock, realizing he truly had been slapped. The one who struck him was not anyone else; it was. Scott. "What the hell?

"Why did you hit me?" Jim was stunned. Benjamin was also confused. Scott unleashed a torrent of angry curses. "Get out! Get the hell out of here right now while Mr. Knowles Senior doesn't know about this yet. Otherwise, you'll both die. Damn it, of all the things you could do, you actually went and provoked Andrew. And worse, you want to drag the Knowles family into it? You people deserve to die! You're vile to the core!" His furious outburst left Jim and Benjamin stunned, their jaws ---- hanging open. Before they could react, the two were physically thrown out of the estate. Find the newest release on

Inside, Scott still fumed, his face dark as he went straight to Harold. He explained everything the Langleys had said. Harold erupted. "Let them rot on their own! No... If they dare come back here again, wipe them out completely! Damn idiots, of all the people to provoke, they had to mess with Andrew. "The man even dared kill people from the Cunningham family in Chetvane.

In Terror Town right now, aside from a handful of elite families and hidden masters, no one else even qualifies to stand against him!" Outside, Jim and Benjamin exchanged miserable glances, their expressions twisted as if they had swallowed poison. "Is the Knowles family insane?" Benjamin grumbled, seething with frustration. Jim's face darkened. "Damn it! They just kicked us out like trash. It doesn't make sense." Benjamin said, "Uncle Jim, didn't you notice? When we mentioned Andrew's name, Mr. Grant looked... shaken. No, not just shaken... He looked terrified.

"Could it be that the Knowles family has already had a run-in with Andrew?" Jim said nothing, his face growing darker by the second. He ---- replied, "There are no options left. If even the Knowles family won't back us, then forget it. There's no way we can deal with Natasha or get our revenge now." Defeated, he waved a hand, and the two slunk away from the estate. At the same time, Harold tossed and turned, unable to sleep.

After a long hesitation, he finally picked up the phone and dialed the Cunningham family's private line. "Mr.

Knowles Senior, why are you calling at this hour?" came a faint chuckle on the other end. Harold straightened immediately. "Mr. Parrish, my apologies for disturbing your rest so late at night!" Mateo, the Cunningham family's butler, was a man of great influence. Even though Harold was considered a top figure in Terror Town, he knew he was nothing compared to someone like Mateo. "It's fine," Mateo replied smoothly. "Tell me what's on your mind, Mr. Knowles." Harold cleared his throat. "Mr. Parrish, I called to inform you that the people your family sent out earlier...

are already dead." ---- Mateo remained unfazed. "We already know about it. Don't worry, the Cunningham family has its own follow-up plans." Relief washed over Harold, but his curiosity gnawed at him. "Mr. Parrish, if I may speak boldly... Andrew is unbelievably strong. I fear he may already be a high-level martial saint, or perhaps even beyond that. Hakeem was personally killed by him right here in my residence, and I witnessed it with my own eyes." Yet, Mateo's tone remained calm and detached. "That doesn't matter. The brothers were just testing the waters.

The desert assassins were never truly part of our family. So if they died, they died; it makes no difference. That's all for now. It's late, Mr. Knowles Senior, you should rest."

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Chapter 2200

---- Chapter 2200 Harold still wanted to press for what the Cunningham family's next move would be, but Mateo clearly did not want to talk further and abruptly hung up the phone. Harold exhaled heavily and muttered, "At least the Cunningham family knows about it now. Whether Andrew continues his rampage or the Cunningham family acts, none of it will involve the Knowles family anymore." Relief washed over him, though deep inside, he felt exhausted. He had originally wanted to curry favor with the Cunningham family, which was why he had hosted their assassins inside the Knowles estate. New novel chapters are published on Find~Novel

However, the moment Andrew killed Hakeem and Hugo, Harold's thinking changed completely. The Cunningham family might be a towering giant who could afford to lose a man or two, but Andrew was just as dangerous, a raging force that could crush the Knowles family without effort. Neither side could be provoked. The best choice was to make his stance clear, then step away entirely before getting dragged deeper. ---- The

next morning, Andrew did not linger. He set off north toward Chetvine, and this time, he brought Natasha with him.

After what happened between them, it was only natural for her to follow. Besides, Chetvine had always been one of their planned stops anyway. Chantelle had wanted to go as well, but her work in Blumendale could not wait. Derek was expecting her return, and duty had to come first. So, with no other choice, she parted ways with Andrew. At the moment of departure, there was naturally some romantic action between them. Chantelle was quite bold, directly hugging Andrew and kissing him on the lips for quite a while.

Only then did she return to the Garcia residence satisfied, pack her things, and head back to Gabo Creek Province. She also promised that as soon as she had time, she would come to Chetvine with Lauren and the others to see Andrew. That left Andrew traveling with only Natasha at his side. "Darling, I want a kiss too, just like Chantelle." Natasha pouted once they boarded the plane, pointing to her lips. Andrew rubbed his temples. "Natasha, this is a public place. And besides, we were together yesterday. Give it a rest for now." Her cheeks flushed as she huffed. "I don't mean that.

I just saw ---- how much you enjoyed kissing Chantelle. I may be your bed partner now, but I'm still your woman, so you owe me a kiss too!" Andrew glanced around the nearly empty business class cabin. Seeing no one paying attention, he leaned over and kissed her softly. Natasha beamed. "Now I can rest. Later, I can finally see for myself how magnificent Chetvine really is!" Andrew smiled faintly. "Take a nap. We'll be there soon." What he did not know was that the Cunningham family had already mapped his every move. This time, though, they were not going to act.

One failure meant nothing for a family of their stature, but striking again would make them look desperate. So, they handed the matter off. The ones who picked it up were no less formidable: the Robertson family, another powerhouse on par with the Cunninghams. The Robertsons operated just as simply, "Belle, that cursed dragon from the Lloyd family will land at the airport in two hours. You've been idle lately, so go greet him. Don't kill him outright; that would be too clean. Just cripple him so he's worse off than an ordinary man.

Sometimes, true humiliation comes not from death, but from suffering a fate ---- worse than death." Isabelle Robertson was the Robertson family's eccentric prodigy. Barely 30 years old, she was already a high-level martial saint. That alone was not unheard of in a thousand-year-old clan. What made her unique was that she had mastered the family's most lethal art, a technique said to be unstoppable even by gods. Moreover, she was the only one in the Robertson family who had ever achieved it.

Now, as one of their three top prodigies, Isabelle's involvement instantly drew the eyes of countless people.

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