

The Ashes 891

Chapter 891

Andrew nodded and said, "Alright then. Dylan, head to the airport and bring Phantom Eye to West End. I'll deal with him myself!"

Dylan's jaw nearly hit the floor. "Mr. Lloyd, Phantom Eye is practically a semi- martial king. Are we seriously going in without a plan?"

Andrew gave him a strange look. "What plan?"

Dylan's face twitched as he hurriedly said, "Mr. Lloyd, going head-to-head with someone like Phantom Eye is basically a death sentence! Shouldn't we use some kind of strategy? Maybe pit him against someone else? Poison him? Set up some kind of trap?"

"There's no way we can take him on in a direct fight!"

Andrew gave him an approving nod. "In the face of a powerful enemy, you're already thinking about sneaky tactics to avoid a head-on clash. Dylan, looks like you've been growing lately! But..."

Dylan looked at him eagerly. "But?"

Andrew smirked. "But it's just one guy. There's no need to overcomplicate things. I mean, it's only a semi-martial king, not a full martial king. So relax. Just bring him to West End, and I'll teach him some manners with a slap or two."

Dylan's face twitched even harder, and Natasha felt her heart pounding.

A slap or two? That was all it would take to teach Phantom Eye a lesson? She wondered when Andrew became so over-the-top and full of hot air.

Just then, Andrew's phone rang-it was Francesca.

"Andrew, where are you? I heard you captured Michael!"

On the other end, the busty little lady sounded frantic, her voice filled with concern.

Andrew replied, "Yeah, Michael's with me. Don't worry, Fran."

Francesca snapped, "My grandpa said the whole Blumedale's Rhodes family is in chaos! How can I not worry? Andrew, just tell me where you are. I'm bringing reinforcements!"

Andrew frowned. "Reinforcements? No need, Fran. Just stay put and keep an eye on the medical center."

Francesca was firm. "I don't care! I'm coming to find you, and trust me, the person I'm bringing will be a huge help!"

Andrew sighed helplessly. "Fine. I'm at the West End base, with Natasha. Come over."

Francesca brightened. "Alright! Give me ten minutes!"

Ten minutes later.

Francesca rushed into the West End headquarters, dragging someone along with her. Natasha was stunned. "Ms. Aicker? Master Shiloh? What are you two doing here?"

Francesca pulled Shiloh forward and said casually, "Natasha, we're here to help! We're taking down bad guys together."

Natasha did not know whether to laugh or cry. Ladies, the enemy this time is a big shot from Blumedale's martial arts world. You two are

delicate and well-bred-forge no

fighting; just staying safe is enough. If anything happens to you, my darling will have even more to worry about!"

Francesca did not bother explaining and turned to Andrew. Andrew, Shiloh agreed

to help, but only if you offer a price that satisfies her."

Andrew looked at the veiled Shiloh and scolded himself for forgetting about her. She was basically his hidden ace, a full-fledged martial king-Someone who could destroy anything with just a command.

Not using her would be a complete waste.

"Right, I almost forgot about you, Shiloh." Andrew chuckled. "Name your price. Kenny just sent a skilled fighter after me, so why don't you give him a crash course in Jayrodale's customs?"

Shiloh, as always, remained perfectly calm and indifferent.

Chapter 892

Gritting her teeth, Shiloh said, "I've been picking up part-time jobs lately, but I keep running into shady employers. Either they shortchange me, come up with random fines, or just outright refuse to pay me!

"I thought about it, and working for you is way easier. Give me ten grand, and I'll take care of your enemy."

She finished speaking and stared at Andrew with eyes gleaming like she was looking at a pile of gold. However, Andrew did not respond. His brows just furrowed deeply.

Shiloh immediately panicked, wondering if she had asked for too much. So, she quickly adjusted. "How about eight grand? You only need to pay me eight grand, and I'll handle this for you!"

Still, Andrew remained silent. Dylan and Natasha, on the other hand, were on the verge of losing it.

Damn. A martial king-someone powerful enough to wipe out Jayrodale's entire underground scene and shake up the martial arts world-was offering her services for just eight grand?

They had seen crazy things in their lives, but nothing this ridiculous.

Watching Shiloh carefully gauge Andrew's reaction, Dylan and Natasha were dumbfounded.

Why was someone powerful enough to beat a semi-martial king acting so cautious over a measly eight grand? It did not make sense, no matter how they thought about it.

Just then, Andrew finally smirked and said, "How about this, Shiloh? I'll pay you 15 grand. As for Phantom Eye, don't kill him. Just take him down and bring him to me."

Shiloh did not hesitate for a second and quickly nodded. "Deal! 15 grand-it's set. Transfer it now!"

Before Andrew could change his mind or try to delay payment, Shiloh immediately pulled out her phone and opened her payment app.

Andrew transferred the money right away.

A notification chime sounded, and a voice announced, "You have received 15 thousand dollars via Venmo!"

Now even Andrew was a little taken aback and asked, "Shiloh, you have a voice alert for incoming payments now?"

Still focused on checking her balance, Shiloh replied without looking up, "Yeah, when I was

working part-time, all the bossen

had voice notifications for

payments. I figured it was a smart idea-no way to get tricked or shortchanged. Every single deposit gets announced loud and clear. Super convenient! So I got one for myself."

Andrew chuckled. "Alright then, since you got your money, get going. Remember, don't kill Phantom Eye. He's got some skills, and I might have use for him later."

Shiloh waved it off like it was nothing. "Relax. Once I take a job, I always follow through."

Andrew turned to Dylan and Natasha. "You two go with Shiloh to the airport. Just grab Phantom Eye and bring him straight here."

Natasha nodded firmly. "Got it. Don't worry, Dylan and I will do everything we can to back Shiloh up."

Andrew shook his head. "No need for backup. I'm sending you two along to make sure Shiloh doesn't go overboard."

They did not understand why they

needed to hold back against

someone like Phantom Eye, a martial art's powerhouse. If they had not known for a fact that Andrew was mentally sound, Dylan and Natasha would have thought he had lost his mind. Content

Without wasting another second, Natasha and Dylan took Shiloh and rushed straight to Jayrodale Airport.

The fastest way from Blumedale to Jayrodale was by plane. Knowing Kenny's impatience and the fact that Phantom Eye loved making a flashy entrance, Andrew knew there was no doubt they would take the fastest flight available.

Hence, instead of waiting, Andrew decided to send his people to intercept them directly.

Chapter 893

Francesca stayed at West End, keeping Andrew company. "Andrew, you went after Michael because of Lauren, didn't you?"

Sitting beside him, the busty little lady spoke in a complicated tone.

Andrew chuckled. "This has nothing to do with Lauren. I told you before-Michael was never going to walk out of Jayrodale alive."

Francesca sighed. "I know Michael means nothing to you, but the people backing him are a different story. Kenny and the Golding family—one of the Five Apex Families—are involved. Andrew, I'm worried. If this blows up, you're going to be in serious trouble."

Andrew joked, "Isn't that a good thing? If I get into a mess, you can just marry someone else."

Francesca's eyes widened as she pouted. "Don't talk nonsense! I'm already your woman—there's no way I'm marrying someone else!"

Her face turned bright red. She was not even married yet, and he was already talking about her remarrying.

What was that supposed to mean? Was he saying she was not satisfying him at night?

Andrew smirked. "Fran, you're a good woman. Whoever ends up with you will be one lucky guy."

Francesca felt a sweet warmth in her heart, though she still huffed playfully. "You always know what to say. So tell me, who exactly is this 'lucky guy'?"

Andrew thought for a moment before saying, "Well, he'd have to be handsome, charming, and charismatic... someone right in front of you, yet just out of reach."

Francesca burst into laughter and playfully punched Andrew in the chest. At that moment, Antonio walked in. "Mr. Lloyd, Kenny just called Michael's phone. He wants a video chat with you."

Andrew's expression remained calm. "Let's see what that old bastard wants."

Inside West End's underground cell, Michael lay half-dead on the floor. His wounds had been treated, so he looked slightly better. However, the damage done below the waist was permanent—his manhood was completely crushed—his life was over.

Michael vowed to kill Andrew. He had to destroy him completely-make him disappear from this world as revenge.

Just then, the cell door creaked open, and Andrew walked in with Francesca, Antonio, and a few others.

Antonio respectfully handed over the phone. "Mr. Lloyd, Kenny is calling again."

Andrew took the phone and answered,

"You must be that little bastard

Andrew, huh? I'm ordering you to release Michael right now, then get your ass to my villa in Blumedale and beg for our forgiveness for three days and three nights."

Kenny's voice was cold and commanding, filled with barely contained rage. "If you

don't, I'm going to kill you. Not even God himself will be able to save you."

On the screen, Kenny looked absolutely furious, his face twisted with rage. Andrew, however, remained unfazed. "Mr. Kenny, calm down. Before we talk business, why don't I let you and Michael have a little father-son reunion?"

Kenny's heart leaped-he had been desperate to see how Michael was doing. However, he still scoffed, pretending to be unimpressed. "At least you know your place. Seems like you're not completely brainless after all."

"Give Michael the phone. I want to talk to him alone. The rest of you-get lost."

Andrew replied casually, "Yeah...

that's not happening. Michael's a

little too banged up right now. Even if I handed him the phone, he wouldn't have the strength to hold it."

Andrew tilted the camera down as he spoke, revealing Michael lying on the cold floor, barely breathing.

"Michael, what the hell happened to you?" Kenny's voice shook as he took in the scene. His face went pale, his disbelief evident.

Michael barely managed to open his swollen eyes. Tears welled up as he rasped, his voice hoarse and broken. "Dad ... it's over for me... my life... is completely over..."

Chapter 894

Kenny roared, "You useless piece of trash! You're my son! With me backing you up and your sister married into the Golding family, what the hell are you crying about? Pull yourself together! I'm getting you out of there, and once I do, the entire Rhodes Corporation will belong to us. Got it?"

However, Kenny's words did little to comfort Michael. Michael lifted his disheveled face, looking as pathetic as a pig in the mud, and wailed, "Dad, I don't give a damn about Rhodes Corporation!

"What I care about... is that my manhood is gone! It's shattered, completely destroyed... Do you have any idea what that feels like?! I'll never be able to sleep with women again! I'll never feel pleasure again!"

Kenny felt a chill run from the top of his head to the soles of his feet, like a bucket of ice water had just been dumped on him. "Y-Your manhood is gone?"

His voice shot up several octaves, filled with disbelief.

Michael's expression twisted with pure hatred as he pointed at Andrew and screamed, "It was him! That bastard! He's the one who kicked it to pieces! Dad, you have to get me out of here! You have to make him pay! I don't care what it takes-I want him to suffer ten times, no, a hundred times worse than me!"

His wails echoed through the underground cell, sharp and agonizing.

Kenny bellowed, "Andrew, you little bastard! The crimes you've committed are unforgivable! I swear, I will wipe out your entire bloodline!"

Andrew smirked and casually pressed his foot onto Michael's head. "Mr. Kenny, what was that? Speak up-I think my signal's a little weak."

Kenny's eyes widened in disbelief. "Get your damn foot off of Michael! You little bastard, I'll kill you!"

Andrew simply applied more pressure, and Michael's screams pierced through the cell.

Andrew still had a smile plastered on his face. "Go on, Mr. Kenny, keep talking. You were saying something about wiping out my bloodline?"

Kenny opened his mouth, but no

words came out. His breathing grew heavy as he was fuming with rage. He kept telling himself that he had to keep his cool, and it was clear

now Andrew had not picked up this cuss to negotiate.

No, Andrew had answered just to humiliate him, just to make him watch Michael suffer. He silently cursed at Andrew, vowing to kill him and his entire family.

Forcing down his rage, Kenny's voice turned cold. "Fine. Name your price. What do you really want?"

Andrew chuckled. "See, you old bastard. If you had just begged sooner, Michael could've avoided all this suffering. Why make things so difficult?"

Kenny snapped, "Cut the crap! What do you want?!"

Andrew's tone turned sharp. "What if I said I don't want anything? That I'm doing this just because I can't stand your pathetic excuse of a son? That I enjoy making his life a living hell?"

Kenny's tongue stiffened. For a moment, he was speechless "You f*cking piece of..."

This bastard was not even trying to negotiate, just provoking him for fun.

At that moment, Kenny almost had to admire him. This kid was not just crazy-he was out of his damn mind.

Andrew let out a cold laugh. "If you want Michael back, it's easy-you and the Golding family stop targeting

Chapter 895

Andrew said coolly, "I'm not a patient man, and since you clearly can't give me a straight answer, then goodbye. The next time you see your dear son, trust me, he'll be a corpse."

Kenny's face turned pale as he roared, "Wait! I agree! As long as you let Michael go, I'll do whatever you want!"

Andrew chuckled. "Good. Then it's a deal. Remember your words."

Andrew hung up, not wanting to waste another second on useless chatter or give Kenny any chance to speak further.

Over in Blumedale, Kenny stared at the disconnected call, his eyes gradually turning bloodshot, burning with a savage fury. "That naive little bastard... does he really think I'd bow to his threats?"

"Ha! Dream on! The moment Michael is rescued, Phantom Eye will tear him to pieces for me! And after that, I'll dig up his entire family history, find every single one of his bloodline, and burn them to the ground!"

Kenny's voice dripped with murderous intent as he snarled into the empty room.

Back in West End's underground cell, Andrew lifted his foot off Michael's head.

Michael gritted his teeth, his eyes filled with pure hatred. "Andrew, your death is coming soon!"

Andrew looked down at him with amusement. "Don't worry. You'll die before I do."

Michael sneered. "Do you seriously think you can go up against my father and the Golding family?"

Andrew let out a cold laugh. "You're mistaken. From the very beginning, I never gave a damn about your father or that so-called Golding family. I'm screwing with you just because I don't like you."

Michael nearly choked in rage. His entire body trembled. "Y-You're a lunatic! A damn lunatic with a death wish!"

Andrew ignored him and walked out of the cell, locking the door behind him.

Francesca turned to him and asked, "Andrew, do you really think Kenny will keep his end of the deal? He's been waiting for years to take the Rhodes family for himself. If you let Michael go and Kenny goes back on his word, that'll be a huge problem."

Andrew smirked, a mocking curve forming on his lips. "Relax. Of

course, Kenny will break his

promise. fact, everything he just said was just an act-to stall for time until Phantom Eye arrives in Jayrodale."

Francesca blinked in surprise. "Then why did you even bother negotiating with him?"

Andrew shrugged. "Because I'm

walking him like a dog. He thinks he's stringing me along, but he has no idea-I never planned on letting Michael go in the first place.

"This is a game of deception, Fran. He's trying to fool me, and I'm fooling him. Let's see who wins in the end."

A sudden chill ran down Francesca's spine. She pouted and muttered, "Andrew, you're getting more and more cunning... and honestly, kinda terrifying."

Andrew just chuckled, saying nothing. If anything, he wanted to tell Francesca-he was not becoming more cunning, and that he had always been like this.

Back when he was the prodigious heir of the Lloyds, he had clawed his way out of the hellhole that was Chetvine,

surviving against all odds. If he had not been ruthless and cunning, he would have died a hundred times over by

now.

Andrew turned to Antonio. "Natasha and Dylan should've reached the airport by now, right?"

Antonio straightened up, his respect

evident. "Yes, Mr. Lloyd. I just got

word that they've arrived and are in

on. Now, we just wait for the to take the bait."

Andrew nodded, then turned to Francesca with a playful smile. "How did you

know Shiloh would help me fight my enemies?"

Chapter 896

Francesca laughed along, patting her chest proudly. "Andrew, I swear, Shiloh is like a walking monster! There was a group of thugs who came to Moonlit Apothecary, got treated, and then refused to pay.

"Shiloh happened to see it, and before I even realized what was happening, she took care of them in seconds! My grandpa told me in secret that Shiloh is an absolute martial arts master, the kind that almost never appears in public. Even you aren't a match for her!"

Andrew smirked. "Mr. Aicker thinks that little of me?"

Francesca shook her head. "It's not about underestimating you-just that Shiloh is really that strong! I saw her fight with my own eyes, and it was insane! So the moment heard you were going up against Kenny, I immediately thought of bringing Shiloh to help you.

"Plus, she's been in a bad mood lately since her side gigs haven't been paying well. The moment she heard you needed backup, she immediately agreed on one condition. You had to pay her upfront."

Francesca chuckled. "Honestly, I think Shiloh is kinda simple and down-to-earth!"

Andrew nearly laughed at the idea of a martial king being simple and down-to-earth. If it were not for her memory loss, there was no way someone like Shiloh would lift a finger for just ten grand.

She probably would not even look your way if you threw millions at her. Yet now, here she was-beating people up for some quick cash.

For the first time, Andrew felt a little uneasy. If this masked beauty-who was already over 80 but somehow still looked like a young woman ever regained her memory, would she come back to settle the score?

Meanwhile, at Jayrodale Airport.

"Passengers arriving from Blumedale, your flight has landed. Please proceed to baggage claim..."

The airport broadcast rang out as Phantom Eye strode out of the first-class cabin, flanked by two bodyguards.

One of them asked, "Sir, we've arrived at Jayrodale. Should we go after Andrew right away, or wait for further instructions?"

Phantom Eye's very presence was intimidating enough to make passing travelers instinctively steer clear of him. He replied flatly, "No need to wait. We'll kill the brat immediately and check if Kenny's useless son is still alive. If he is, we take him back. If he's dead... well, Kenny will have to deal with it."

Exiting through the VIP gate, they stepped into the bustling arrival plaza. The area was packed with people holding up name signs and waiting for passengers.

Phantom Eye gave a casual glance around-then suddenly froze. His eyes narrowed. "Huh? Someone is expecting me?"

His two bodyguards followed his gaze, and their jaws nearly dropped.

Across the plaza, standing way

above the rest, a massive welcome sign was held up high across the plaza. It read in bold, eye-catching letters.

[Welcome to Jayrodale, Phantom Eye! We look forward to teaching you a lesson!]

Both of Phantom Eye's bodyguards immediately erupted in rage, their voices

booming across the terminal.

"How dare they?!"

"They're digging their own graves!"

Phantom Eye was not just some random martial artist-he was a legend in Blumedale, someone the elite families treated like an honored guest Yet here, in this insignificant little city, someone dared to publicly mock him.

It was outright humiliation.

Phantom Eye's face darkened instantly. With a cold snort, he strode forward.

"Let's go see who's got a death wish."

Chapter 897

Dylan and Natasha stood amidst a sea of travelers at the Jayrodale Airport's

arrival plaza, their crew of over a hundred trained enforcers blending seamlessly into the crowd.

They looked relaxed on the surface, but in reality, their eyes were locked on their incoming target- Phantom Eye.

Dylan turned and glanced toward the far corner.

There, sitting quietly on a bench like a delicate doll, was Shiloh, her face hidden beneath a white veil. She was completely absorbed in scrolling through short videos on her phone.

Dylan could not help but grumble, "Seriously? Mr. Lloyd actually sent this scatterbrained woman to deal with Phantom Eye? What the hell was he thinking?"

Natasha took one look at Shiloh and felt a muscle twitch in her face. "Quit whining. Mr. Lloyd gave the order, so we should just follow it. Besides, we wouldn't normally even get the chance to face someone like Phantom Eye. This is our shot to see what a Blumedale martial arts legend is really made of."

Natasha was far more patient than Dylan, but even she had her doubts.

Dylan scoffed. "Come on, Natasha. Do you really think Shiloh-the softest, most harmless-looking little lamb I've ever seen-can handle Phantom Eye?"

Natasha shook her head. "No idea. But if she can't, there's still the two of us."

Dylan snorted. "Damn right. Who cares if he's some big shot from Blumedale? If we have to, we'll take him down ourselves."

Just as the words left his mouth, he felt a light tap on his shoulder.

Turning around, he forced a nervous chuckle. "Shiloh... uh, what are you doing over here?"

Shiloh's pale, unreadable gaze flicked over him. "Next time, remember-I'm not some soft little lamb, and I'm not some airheaded woman, either."

"I'm stubborn, and I hold grudges. So if you keep saying things I don't like..." She tilted her head slightly. "I'll beat the crap out of you."

Dylan's face turned beet red. Getting called out-by a woman, no less-was a first for him.

However, before he could say anything, Shiloh walked past him without another word.

Natasha suddenly tensed. Her eyes locked on the terminal doors as she muttered, "Get ready. Phantom Eye is here."

Dylan's body stiffened immediately as he turned to face forward.

Phantom Eye stepped into the plaza, his two bodyguards flanking him. A slow, eerie smirk played on his lips as he eyed the three standing in his path.

"So, you're the ones who think you can discipline me?"

Dylan and Natasha swallowed hard. Even though Phantom Eye had not lifted a finger, his sheer presence sent a suffocating chill down their spines.

alone

So, this was the difference of a semi-martial king. Just standing in front of him made their instincts scream danger.

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"Phantom Eye, sir, we-"

Dylan forced a polite smile, trying to stall for time. However, the next second, his breath hitched, and his eyes widened with disbelief.

Natasha was not any better-she looked like she had just seen a ghost in broad daylight.

Shiloh, without saying a single word,

had already stepped forward.

Without warning, she slapped-

Phantom Eye across the face. There

was no hesitation or buildup just a clean, effortless slap.

The entire plaza seemed to freeze.

Meanwhile, Phantom Eye did not even flinch. His remaining eye gleamed with amusement and mockery, as if he were watching a child throw a tantrum.

"Interesting," he mused. "A delicate little woman like you someone who probably

struggles to even lift a bucket of water-dares to lay a hand on me?"

He did not move, nor did he defend himself. Instead, he let out a low chuckle. "Oh, I see now. You must be one of the women I've slept with before right? That explains it. Guess you did your homework-found out when I was arriving, planned this whole little stunt."

He grinned as he admired Shiloh's fair skin. "Fine. If slapping me makes you feel better, go ahead. As they say, there's nothing more dangerous than a woman

scorned."

Phantom Eye casually smirked, completely unfazed. After all, in his mind, she was

just another bitter woman he had discarded along the way.

What harm could she possibly do?

Chapter 898

Phantom Eye's gaze lingered on Shiloh's figure, noting her delicate yet perfectly sculpted curves. Once Kenny's business was handled, he figured he might as well have some fun with her-maybe even rekindle an old flame.

These were the thoughts leisurely playing out in Phantom Eye's mind. Reality, however, was an entirely different story-Shiloh slapped him so hard that blood gushed out of his mouth as he flew back over 30 feet in an instant, and a loud crash echoed as his body slammed into the ground.

Phantom Eye felt like his jaw was about to shatter. His entire head was throbbing, the pain unbearable.

At first, the slap had looked so light, almost weightless. Yet, the moment it reached him, it felt like a helicopter rotor tearing through the air, carrying a force that could crush mountains.

His survival instincts kicked in immediately, but it was too late. He silently cursed, 'Shit! I've misjudged her strength! I'm screwed!'

Natasha and Dylan were utterly stunned, and so was everyone else in the airport.

Phantom Eye's two bodyguards froze for a few seconds before they snapped out of their shock. Even then, there was nothing they could do.

As soon as Shiloh's slap was done, she was already closing the distance with two swift steps. Then, she lifted her foot and stomped down.

Phantom Eye roared in fury as a bloodthirsty, almost tangible aura erupted from him. His single remaining eye burned with murderous intent.

"Who the hell are you?! If you think you can just take me out like this, I'll make sure you regret it!"

Phantom Eye slammed both hands against the floor, leaving two deep imprints. Using that momentum, his body sprang up like a compressed spring, launching straight at Shiloh in retaliation. His speed and reaction time were nothing short of terrifying. Even Dylan and Natasha were sweating just watching him counterattack.

After all, he was a semi-martial king and a ranked Underworld Index fighter. This level of combat ability was nearly flawless.

Yet, what happened next left Dylan and Natasha dumbfounded.

Shiloh's foot did not even budge.

Phantom Eye's arms shot up in defense as he clawed toward her ankle, aiming to rip through the joint. However, all that effort led to one outcome-Shiloh's foot came crashing down like a steel pillar, shattering his guard like it was made of paper.

She did not stop there. Her stomp carried through, slamming straight into Phantom Eye's chest. His body hit the airport floor so hard that the tiles cracked beneath him, forming a human-shaped crater.

Phantom Eye's eye widened in sheer, paralyzing horror, and a mouthful of blood gushed from his lips. He weakly lifted a trembling finger, pointing at Shiloh.

"Y-You..." He stammered, trying to form words. Before he could finish, his head tilted to the side, and he passed out cold.

Shiloh remained completely unfazed. Lifting her sneaker, she inspected it briefly, then sighed in frustration.

She muttered, "Damn it. I just got paid fifteen grand, and I already wrecked a pair of shoes. I'm not letting Andrew get away with this I'm getting reimbursed

Dylan and Natasha exchanged a glance, both gulping instinctively. The only word that popped into their heads was 'monster'. They finally understood why Andrew had sent Shiloh to 'discipline' Phantom Eye.

And Phantom Eye? He was so receptive to criticism that he was already lying

there, touched to the point of unconsciousness.

Phantom Eye's two bodyguards immediately fled, tripping over themselves and scrambling toward the exit like their lives depended on it. They did not even look back, and one was terrified that his pants were visibly soaked.

Natasha scoffed. "Forget those small fries. Grab Phantom Eye and take him to Mr. Lloyd-now."

Dylan stepped forward, forcing an awkward smile. "Master Shiloh, you are just too-"

Shiloh slapped him across the face without hesitation.

Dylan clutched his cheek, eyes welling up. "W-Why'd you hit me?"

Shiloh's tone was calm. "Remember this-I hate being called 'Master'. You can call

me Missy, Miss, or Lady, whatever. Just never call me 'Master'."

Dylan did not dare argue. "Y-Yes, Ms. Greene!"

Chapter 899

Phantom Eye was not dead, but by the time he was dragged to West End, his condition certainly was not any better than Micheal's. His internal organs were wrecked, his jaw was fractured, and he had a concussion. On top of that, several of his nerves were completely shot.

"Wake him up!"

At Andrew's command, a bucket of ice-cold water was dumped over Phantom Eye's body.

His whole body jolted as he gasped awake. The second he regained consciousness, he started coughing uncontrollably, his mouth still dripping with

blood.

"You're Phantom Eye, the guy Kenny sent to pull off a rescue, huh?" Andrew said casually. "Doesn't look like you did too well, man-you're in pretty bad shape."

Phantom Eye's expression darkened as he scanned his surroundings. "You're the first person who's dared to look down on me. I might be a little banged up right now, but killing you would still be a piece of cake."

Andrew smirked. "Are you sure about that? You're just a little banged up?"

Phantom Eye's face stiffened, but he refused to back down. "Of course. I'm a ranked fighter on the Underworld Index. You think some damn woman could really do this to me?"

Andrew did not respond. Instead, he casually motioned behind him. Phantom Eye and called out, "Shiloh, get over here. This guy's talking trash about you-called you a 'damn woman'."

A veiled Shiloh strolled forward, her movements calm and unhurried. When Phantom Eye laid eyes on her, his entire body shuddered, like a small animal sensing its natural predator.

Step by step, Shiloh walked toward him.

Phantom Eye's bravado cracked as he flinched. His voice wavered as he stuttered, "H-Hey, crazy lady, what are you doing? I was just caught off guard before! If you've got the guts, wait until I'm fully healed, and then I'll--"

She did not wait for him to finish, and two brutal slaps landed square on his face, sending his massive, two-hundred-pound frame flying. He hit the ground hard, kicking up dust, and his vision spun as he coughed up a

mouthful of blood.

Dazed, Phantom Eye forced his head up, barely able to focus on Shiloh's face. One bloodshot eye trembled with undisguised fear.

"L-Lady, let's talk this out," he rasped desperately. "No need for violence... Hurting people ruins the mood, y'know?"

His voice was hoarse, but he was obviously begging.

Phantom Eye-ranked 35 on the Underworld Index, a man whose ego had soared through the rooftops in Blumedale's underground scene-had just pissed himself in front of a woman.

He had no choice. He had fought at least a hundred top-tier martial artists in his lifetime, maybe more.

Yet, he had never met someone like Shiloh.

She looked soft, like some harmless little kitten, but the way she fought a goddamn wrecking ball.

was like

She did not just beat him-she nearly ended his entire existence

This was a first for him, and it was a painful lesson.

"I got him back for you, just like you asked," Shiloh said, turning to Andrew. "Didn't

kill him."

Her voice was completely indifferent like she had just smacked around some lowlife on the street. Then, with no change in expression, she glanced down at her sneaker and sighed.

She added, "But my shoes got wrecked. You're paying me back for them."

Andrew chuckled. "No problem at all. You and Fran can go shopping later-she'll buy you a new pair."

Shiloh actually looked amused. "Alright. But remember you owe me a new pair. And I want Universoles ones."

Francesca blinked in confusion. "Wait, Shiloh, you're into Universoles? I thought you'd prefer international brands?"

Shiloh shook her head. "Not really about liking it. Just supporting homegrown brands."

Francesca laughed. "Damn, you're a real one. Guess I'll get a pair, too." Andrew sighed as he glanced at Phantom Eye's wrecked, twitching body.

Poor guy. He had just set foot in Jayrodale, and now he was already half-dead.

"Phantom Eye," Andrew said, smiling down at him. "So, what do you say? Ready to have a civilized conversation now?"

Phantom Eye did not dare make a sound. Instead, he craned his neck, his eye darting toward the doorway.

He whispered urgently, "Wait, hold on. S-She left, right?"

Chapter 900

Dylan and Natasha both struggled to keep a straight face. Just moments ago, Phantom Eye had been someone they feared. But now? He looked like nothing more than a cowardly fool.

"Relax, she already left," Andrew said casually.

Phantom Eye let out a long breath of relief, and his tone immediately shifted back to arrogance. "If it wasn't for that woman, you'd be on your knees in front of me right now!"

Andrew smirked. "Well, I could always call her back-to 'educate' you a little more."

Phantom Eye's entire body stiffened. His attitude did a complete 180 as he forced a smile and nodded eagerly.

He replied hurriedly, "Mr. Lloyd, whatever you need to know, just ask! I'll tell you everything-no secrets, I swear!"

Andrew nodded in satisfaction. "Now that's a good boy. First question-Kenny sent you here to do two things, right? Save Michael and kill me?"

Phantom Eye immediately answered, "That's right. Right now, Kenny wants nothing more than to tear you to pieces. Otherwise, he wouldn't have spent a fortune hiring me to do the job."

Andrew tilted his head. "How much did he pay you?"

Phantom Eye scoffed. "Originally, I planned to bleed him dry for 200 million. But since it's the Golding family, I cut him a deal-80 million."

Andrew grinned. "Great. Then you won't mind wiring that money to my account, right?"

Phantom Eye's face instantly darkened. "You little-"

He was about to explode, but then he saw Andrew's bright, almost overly friendly smile. He froze mid-sentence, swallowed hard, and forced an ugly grin.

"Sure... No problem at all!" He looked as if he had just lost his entire family.

Sighing, Phantom Eye continued, "You've been playing with fire. It's not just the Rhodes family's big shot keeping an eye on you; the Golding family already knows about you too."

He sneered. "If they decide to make a move, you're as good as dead."

Andrew shrugged. "I'm just a nobody. I've never had any issues with the Golding family in Blumedale. They wouldn't really go after someone so small, would they?"

Phantom Eye chuckled mockingly. "You're too naive. To a family like the Goldings, one of the Five Apex Families, bullying you isn't even a question. Why would they care?"

He continued, "Besides, Kenny's daughter is married into the Goldings she's their first

daughter-in-law. And trust me, that woman is not someone you want to mess with. I can already see it now that I've failed, Kenny is definitely going to get the Goldings involved."

He leaned back with a smug smirk, waiting for Andrew to react. He wanted to see it—that flicker of fear, that realization of impending doom. However, he was disappointed.

Andrew's expression did not change

in the slightest. Instead, he chuckled. "So if the Goldings come at me full force, do you really think I'd be scared? Or did you forget? I have a nuclear weapon."

Phantom Eye frowned. "You mean that violent woman?"

Andrew's grin widened. "If the Goldings want to get serious, I'd say one martial king should be enough to even the playing field, don't you think?"

Phantom Eye's throat tightened as he swallowed a heavy lump. "Tch. That crazy woman really caught me off guard; even the Goldings probably wouldn't want to deal with her."

His tone turned sharp again as he asked, "But have you thought this through? The Goldings might not have a martial king on their side, but that doesn't mean they can't hire one."

Once again, he tried to use the Golding family's name as leverage, hoping to intimidate Andrew.

Yet, Andrew just looked at him with that same calm, indifferent expression. "The Goldings have such a powerful reputation in Blumedale. If they really have to beg someone to fight for them—"

He paused, tilting his head slightly. "Don't you think that would be embarrassing? Think about

it—getting stomped on by a woman? Do you think the Goldings would want that story getting out?"

Phantom Eye's face twitched as he processed Andrew's words. He thought,

'Damn it. This brat has a terrifying way of cutting straight to the truth.'

It was no surprise that he was screwed over so badly this time. He had run into a real monster.