

The Ashes 931

Chapter 931

Elon returned to the Golding family estate in Blumedale, far ahead of Michael and Kenny. He had taken a helicopter directly, desperate to save his own life.

As soon as he burst through the door, he shouted frantically, "Golden juice! Get me the golden juice, now!"

His wife, Sherilyn, looked at him in confusion. She asked, "Honey, why are you back so early? Where are Dad and Michael?"

Elon snapped at her, his tone sharp and impatient. "Are you deaf? I told you to get me the golden juice! Your dad and that cursed brother of yours, Michael, didn't come back with me!"

His face was dark with anger and fear.

Sherilyn was clearly puzzled. "What's golden juice? I don't even know what that is. How am I supposed to get it for you?"

Elon's expression turned even darker. He threatened, "If you don't know what it is, you can just ask the doctor! I'm telling you, I was forced to take a Bone-Rotting Elixir because of Michael. If something happens to me, your whole family is going to pay for it!"

Sherilyn's face paled as the realization hit her. "Wait, a Bone-Rotting Elixir? Is it a poison pill? Are you serious?"

Elon did not answer, but the look on his face said it all. Sherilyn immediately panicked and rushed to call the family doctor. In a wealthy family like the Goldings, they had their own private physician on standby.

Soon, a middle-aged man with glasses, Kaden Lake, hurried into the room. "Mr. Golding, I heard you've been poisoned?"

Elon, sitting in a chair, clenched his teeth. "Yes, Dr. Kaden. I need you to make the antidote fast. If I don't get it in three days, I'm done."

Kaden replied, "Let me check your pulse first to understand the symptoms."

However, Elon was in no mood for delays. He roared, "Stop wasting time! It's Bone-Rotting Elixir, and the only thing that can save me is golden juice. Just get me the golden juice, now!"

Kaden hesitated, looking stunned. "Golden juice? Are you sure that's the cure, Mr. Golding?"

Elon glared at him, his anger boiling

over. "Of course, I'm sure! Do you

think I'd joke about my own life? Just get me the damn golden juice, and once I'm safe, I'm going to make that little bastard pay for this!

Kaden still did not move, his face filled with hesitation. "Mr. Golding, I'm afraid this poison might be... better left untreated."

Elon exploded. "Are you out of your

mind? I'm poisoned, and you're telling me not to treat it? You eat and live off the Golding family's wealth and now you want me to die? I kill you right now if you don't do your job!"

Kaden quickly tried to explain himself. "No, Mr. Golding, you misunderstand! I don't want you to die. It's just that the cure you're asking for is... complicated."

Elon was not having it and slapped Kaden across the face, his temper completely out of control.

"Idiot! I told you the cure is golden juice. Stop wasting my time and just get it for me!" he yelled, his voice echoing through the room.

Kaden, now visibly shaken from the slap, nodded quickly. "Alright, Mr. Golding, if you're sure about the golden juice..."

Elon was running out of patience and kicked Kaden. "Go and get it! Just prepare the damn thing!"

Kaden immediately ran out. Meanwhile, Elon sat back in the Golding family's grand living room, his face dark and brooding.

Sherilyn tried to comfort him, placing a hand on his shoulder. "Elon, don't worry. It's just a poison pill. If Dr. Kaden can't handle it, we still have the miracle doctor, Dr. Mosby Lake. You'll be fine.

However, Elon was not comforted. He growled, "This trip to Jayrodale was a disaster. I was humiliated, and even Reuben was taken down. And it's all because of your dad and Michael. Damn it!"

Sherilyn's eyes widened in shock. "Reuben? But he was almost at the level of a martial king. How could he be defeated? Is that Andrew guy really that powerful?"

Elon scoffed, his lips curling in disdain. "Powerful? Not even close. It wasn't Andrew who took Reuben down. It was someone else entirely."

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Sherilyn's lips trembled as she spoke. "If even you were forced to take a poison pill, then what about my dad and Michael? Are they in worse shape?"

Elon smirked, almost enjoying her distress. "Your dad's fine. He just got slapped around a bit. But Michael? Oh, he's in bad shape. Rumor has it he lost his manhood and was beaten half to death."

Sherilyn exploded in anger. "I don't care what it takes, Elon. You have to make things right for my dad and Michael. I want that Andrew bastard to come to Blumedale and kneel before the Rhodes family as a slave! I want him skinned alive!"

Elon snorted, unimpressed. "I'll deal with that punk, but not right now."

Just as Kaden walked in, holding a bowl of steaming liquid, his face covered with a mask. Then, he announced, "Mr. Golding, the golden juice is ready!"

Almost immediately, both Elon and Sherilyn gagged, their faces twisting in disgust. Elon covered his nose, shouting, "Get that away from me! What the hell is that? It smells like crap!"

Sherilyn waved her hand in front of her nose, trying to block the stench. "Why does it smell so bad? Elon asked for golden juice, not whatever this is!"

Kaden explained calmly, "This is golden juice. Mr. Golding, you might not know this, but golden juice is made from freshly excreted human waste, boiled down. From a medical perspective, it does have strong detoxifying properties."

Elon gagged again, his face turning pale. "Wait, are you saying golden juice is... human feces?"

"Yes, exactly," Kaden replied, unfazed.

"You idiot! Why didn't you tell me that earlier?" Elon roared, his face red with anger.

Kaden shrugged, looking genuinely innocent. "I did try to warn you, Mr. Golding. I said the poison might be better left untreated, but you didn't listen. You even hit me. So, I had no choice but to prepare what you asked for."

He could not help but think Elon was impossible to deal with. After all, the fat heir was the one who insisted on taking the cure. Yet, now that he had prepared it, Elon could not handle it.

Sherilyn grabbed Elon's arm, her face a mix of disgust and desperation. "Elon, you can't eat... that! If you do, how am I ever supposed to... you know, be intimate with you again?"

Elon shoved her aside, his face flickering with hesitation and rage. "Andrew, you son of a bitch! You heartless freak! You're not even human What the hell do I do now?"

Should I take the antidote or

Should I eat it... or not?"

Just like that, Elon found himself on the edge of a full-blown meltdown.

If the Bone Rotting Elixir kicked in,, his veins would break down, and his bones would rot from the inside out.

Scturing that nightmare made

him shiver uncontrollably

He thought, 'No way. I can't die from this. I won't let myself die...'

He kept repeating that to himself as his survival instinct kicked into high gear.

Elon could not stop his eyes from drifting toward that bowl of golden juice. It was a shiny yellow, bubbling at the surface, clearly still hot and freshly brewed.

"Ugh!" He gagged again, this time nearly throwing up bile.

Sherilyn stared in horror. "Elon, you're not really going to—"

She did not even finish her sentence, because right then, Elon's chubby hand reached out-bit by bit-toward the bowl.

"Mr. Lake, Sherilyn, what happened today better stay between us. If anyone breathes a word of this to anyone, don't blame me for going full psycho."

He gave them both a deadly glare, and the two of them quickly nodded, signaling they understood the rules.

Then, with a face full of agony, Elon pinched his nose, picked up the bowl, and tilted his head back. He chugged it in one go.

However, he drank it way too fast, and the texture of that so-called broth was anything but smooth, so he immediately choked on it. In one disgusting burst, a mouthful of that golden, stinking liquid sprayed right out.

Not only did it cover Elon's entire face, but it also splattered all over Kaden and Sherilyn.

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"Ugh, Elon! It was bad enough that you ate it yourself, but you dragged me into this too? Are you out of your mind?" Sherilyn's screech echoed through the entire Golding family estate, sharp enough to make ears ring.

Kaden was not far behind in reaction, though he fared slightly better-mostly because he had kept his face covered.

Elon clutched his stomach with a dead look in his eyes like his soul was halfway out of his body. He had never eaten feces before, and now that he had, it was worse than anything he could have imagined.

Before drinking it, he tried to comfort himself with all kinds of thoughts and rationalizations. He remembered hearing a so-called expert once claim that while feces smelled awful, it did not actually taste that bad. In fact, the guy claimed it had a surprisingly unique flavor.

That ridiculous idea was the only thing that gave Elon the courage to gulp down the golden broth in one go. Yet, the miserable truth hit hard-feces did not just smell horrible, it tasted even worse.

In his heart, he silently swore that once this was over, he would track down that fraud of an expert and make him eat his own crap as payback.

Just then, Sherilyn quietly asked, "Dr. Kaden, our home has always been a clean and proper place. So where on earth did you even get this?"

Kaden let out a dry laugh, then nodded and said, "You're absolutely right, Mrs. Golding. There's no way to find ingredients like that anywhere on the estate. I walked around a few times and realized I had no options left... so I got an idea."

He cleared his throat. "It just so happened I needed to go at that moment, so I sourced it myself. But don't worry, Mr. Golding. I've been eating super clean lately -lots of fiber, no grease. I guarantee it was pure and detox-friendly!"

Sherilyn could not take it anymore. She bolted out into the garden and doubled over, vomiting hard with her hand over her chest.

Elon was no better. He was so drained from retching that his eyes rolled back as if he were ready to ascend to another plane of misery.

"Elon? Sherilyn? What's going on with you two? Food poisoning?"

At that moment, Richard Golding, the head of the Golding family, walked in with an elderly man by his side.

When he saw the two of them puking their guts out, his brows furrowed in concern.

Sherilyn wiped her mouth, tears welling in her eyes. "Dad, I'm... I'm unclean now. I feel disgusting."

Mr. Golding frowned. "What

nonsense are you talking

You're a daughter-in-law of the Golding family. How could

you be unclean?"

He narrowed his eyes. "Wait... did you cheat on Elon?"

He pointed straight at Sherilyn, glaring with rage.

Sherilyn frantically shook her head. "No! I... I got covered in poop!"

The elderly man beside Mr. Golding flared his nostrils and sniffed. "She's not wrong, Mr. Golding. Your main hall reeks of feces."

He chuckled and added, "Well, I think I'll take my leave now. I'll come back another day."

Mr. Golding quickly tried to stop him. "Dr. Lake, please don't go just yet. Let me figure out what happened first."

He turned to Elon and Sherilyn, his face thunderous. "What the hell did you two do? We are the Golding family one of the Five Apex

Families. A place of reputation not

and

tradition. How the hell did something this vulgar happen right in our front hall?!"

Just then, Kaden ran over and bowed quickly. "Mr. Golding Senior, Mr. Lake, you're both here!"

The elderly man was none other than the renowned Mosby Lake from Blumedale and Kaden's master.

Upon hearing Kaden, he asked, "What happened?"

Kaden wasted no time and explained everything. When Richard finished hearing it all, he nearly fainted on the spot.

He pointed at Elon and roared, "So you're telling me... you actually ate poop?!"

Elon's face was pale as paper, and his stomach had long since emptied out. However, the lingering nausea and the stench still clawing at his throat made the whole world spin around him.

He argued, "Dad, I only did it to survive... I had no other choice!"

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"If I didn't eat it, the Bone-Rotting Elixir in my system would've killed me the moment it kicked in!" Elon looked absolutely miserable as he tried to explain himself in front of Richard.

However, Richard was beyond furious-he stormed forward, ready to slap Elon across the face. The moment he got close, though, a wave of stench hit him like a brick wall, and he nearly passed out on the spot.

"What kind of crap did you eat? Why does it smell this god-awful?" Richard was genuinely shocked.

He jumped back immediately, and whatever urge he had to discipline his son evaporated. Now, all he wanted was to stay as far away as possible. He had smelled poop before he was no stranger to it.

Yet, whatever was coming off Elon's mouth and body was enough to knock someone out cold. He wondered if this was some sort of premium-grade crap.

Mosby calmly said, "Human waste is already one of the filthiest substances out there, and when it's boiled down into golden juice, it only gets worse."

Elon, despite everything, managed to crack a grin. "Golden juice is absolutely disgusting, no doubt about that. But Mosby, the real question is-did it work? Did it clear the poison from my system?"

Mosby frowned. "The Bone-Rotting Elixir is an ancient and deadly toxin. And yes, golden juice can counteract it. But Mr. Golding, are you absolutely certain you were poisoned with Bone-Rotting Elixir?"

Elon answered with conviction, "Absolutely. That little bastard told me so himself. He said if I didn't drink the golden juice within three days, my entire body would rot, and I'd die a slow, painful death!"

Mosby shook his head. "Mr. Golding, it sounds like you were conned."

Elon froze. "Conned? What do you mean, Doctor?"

Mosby said, "If it were really Bone-Rotting Elixir, the symptoms wouldn't take three days to show. You'd be in a full-blown meltdown within six hours. Well, I'm already here at the Golding family estate today, so step forward. Let me give you a proper check-up."

With a sinking feeling in his gut, Elon stepped forward and let Mosby begin the examination.

Mosby did not touch him right away. First, he had Kaden bring out a full hazmat- style protective suit. Only after suiting up from head to toe did he finally approach Elon.

He explained, "Mr. Golding, I found

no trace of Bone-Rotting Elixir in your body. Normally, once that

poison enters your system, your net

lungs would show clear signs of toxin buildup. But your body is completely normal-aside from the excessive fat, everything looks good."

Pulling back, Mosby said flatly, "So yes, Mr. Golding, you were definitely duped."

At that moment, every inch of Elon's body started trembling in rage. He was

overwhelmed by pure, uncontrollable fury-a rage so deep it felt like his blood might boil through his skin.

"Duped? So that little punk didn't

poison me at all?!" Elon's face

twisted in outrage as he screamed

"He tricked me-he tricked me just to make me eat crap! That son of a

bitch! Andrew, you and I are enemies for life!"

Sherilyn stared in disbelief. "Wait... if the poison wasn't real, then Elon just ate poop for nothing?"

Mosby shook his head. "Not entirely. At least all the vomiting gave Mr. Golding's digestive system a full detox. In a way, it had some positive side effects."

Sherilyn was in shock. "You're saying eating poop has health benefits? Dr. Lake, your perspective is... truly unmatched."

Then, Elon let out a gut-wrenching scream and collapsed, completely overwhelmed. He passed out cold right there on the spot.

Richard's face turned dark as a thundercloud. He snapped, "Idiot You absolute moron! I've spent my whole life being respected, and now I find out my son's the kind of fool who eats poop!"

He shouted, "Someone drag him out-now! This place needs to be scrubbed

clean before anyone like him is allowed back through our gates!"

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Meanwhile, in Jayrodale.

Andrew had no idea that Elon had actually gone and seriously drank the golden juice. Bone-Rotting Elixir was a deadly poison, sure-but Andrew did not carry that kind of thing around.

At the time, he had just bluffed and slipped Elon a random pill to scare him. What he did not expect was that Elon would really eat crap.

Early that morning, his phone buzzed with a call from Aspen, who rang in from Blumedale with a voice full of shock. "Andrew, you're unbelievable! Did you seriously kill Michael?"

Andrew calmly munched on his breakfast and replied, "You already know the answer to that. So what's the point of asking me?"

Aspen paused for a beat, then snapped, "Do you realize Kenny and the entire Golding family are absolutely losing it right now? Kenny's in the middle of Michael's funeral, and he swore you'll crawl to Michael's grave and kneel until your knees bleed!"

Andrew let out a cold laugh. "Well, that wish is probably gonna stay a wish. Because instead of getting me on my knees... he just might end up lying next to his son. Michael's gone, and Daddy might be next."

Aspen growled, "You've taken this way too far. All this-for Lauren? You think she's worth it?"

Andrew answered without hesitation, "She is. Absolutely."

Aspen went quiet for a long moment before scoffing, "Wow. I didn't think you were the sentimental type. You'd go that far for Lauren... but I've been busting my ass in the capital, working day and night for you, and you've never said a single kind word."

Andrew said flatly, "Aspen, you know exactly what your role is. All that running around? That's your job. I'm not some stingy corporate shark. As long as you keep the business running well, I'll even let you collect ten grand or so a month in your free time."

Aspen clutched her chest in fury, nearly smashing her phone on the floor. The amount was ridiculous.

After all, she was the beloved daughter of Bridgefields' prestigious Stevens family -yet she was working herself to death for him, and he thought she was only worth ten grand.

Andrew might as well rob a bank at this rate.

"Fine. Whatever. I'm hanging up now!" she snapped.

Her voice had turned cold and mechanical. "Just take care of yourself, Andrew. If you end up dead, that ten billion and my freedom won't belong to you anymore."

Andrew chuckled. "Well, for a statement like that, I guess I'll have to stay alive just

to spite you."

"Go kill yourself!" Aspen barked and slammed the call shut.

Andrew smiled again. He thought Aspen was overdue for a little

attitude adjustment, as she had become a bit too feisty lately.

Across from him, Francesca picked at her breakfast with a pout. "Wow, you and

Aspen sure are talking a lot these days."

Andrew glanced up and grinned. "What's wrong, my little princess? Feeling a bit salty?"

Francesca huffed. "As if! Why would I be jealous?"

Andrew replied smoothly, "If we're talking about frequent contact, Fran, technically you and I are the most connected."

Francesca blinked. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Andrew gave her a slow, meaningful

smirk. "Because someone's been

sneaking into my bed every night... and let's just say our conversations get very in-depth."

Francesca turned red in an instant, completely flustered as she rushed to shut him up.

She glared at Andrew with her cheeks burning, then growled, "Don't get cocky. Lauren's about to join my team soon enough!"

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"We'll tag-team you and drain you dry!" Francesca teased with a smirk.

Andrew waved her off, signaling it was time to get serious. "Lauren and her parents headed back to Blumedale, right?"

Francesca nodded. "Yeah, they left early this morning to attend Michael's funeral."

She hesitated before asking, "Andrew, was Michael's death really your doing?"

Andrew could read her like a book. She was softening, clearly having second thoughts.

However, Andrew was not the type to show mercy—not to someone like Michael, who had practically written his own death sentence.

"If I said it wasn't me, would you believe me?" he replied calmly, deflecting the question.

Francesca smiled faintly. "It doesn't matter. Whatever you say, I'll believe it. You say the word, and I'll follow it."

Andrew chuckled. "That's my girl. Then tonight, wash up and be ready for me on time."

Francesca had not expected the conversation to take that sharp of a turn and blushed furiously. "Perv! No way!"

After breakfast, Francesca had the day off and headed over to Moonlit Apothecary. It was just Cedric holding the place down, so whenever she had free time, she would swing by to help.

Meanwhile, Andrew—true to form—played the role of hands-off boss and did absolutely nothing. Instead, he drove his G-Wagon straight to West End's headquarters.

Aspen had already launched the company operations in Blumedale. As the man behind a billion-dollar empire, Andrew knew he would have to make an appearance there soon. However, he still had unfinished business in Jayrodale.

One of those pressing matters? Shiloh had captured another semi-martial king. At

this point, the West End dungeon was holding two of them.

Natasha and Dylan were both stunned by it. Since when did guys at the semi-martial king level get thrown into lockup like street punks caught shoplifting?

When the steel door creaked open, Andrew stepped inside and finally came face to face with the one Elon had mentioned-Reuben.

The man was huge, nearly seven feet tall, with a menacing presence. His long, jet-black hair hung down in a wild mess that half-covered his face, making him look like some outlaw villain straight out of a

martial arts flick.

In the neighboring cell, Phantom Eye let out a cold laugh. "Kid, you've got balls, I'll give you that. Reuben's a guest elder of the Golding family. Even their patriarch, Richard Golding, has to show him respect.

"And now you just walk in here like it's no big deal? If Reuben wanted to kill you, he could snap your neck in a blink."

Natasha and Dylan tensed up immediately. They had not expected Andrew to just waltz into the cell like that, especially not in front of someone as dangerous as Reuben.

Unlike Phantom Eye, who had been nearly beaten to death by Shiloh and had not recovered yet, Reuben was still in full form—he was a walking time bomb.

When he sensed someone approaching, Reuben lifted his head from the corner. His eyes, hidden beneath that wild mess of hair, gleamed like a predator's. A sinister grin stretched across his face.

He hissed, "I'm guessing you heard what Phantom Eye just said? I really have no idea who gave you the guts, but you seriously came in here empty-handed to face me? That violent woman's not here right now. If I take you hostage, I can walk right out of here."

Andrew glanced around casually as if he had not heard a word Reuben said and replied, completely unbothered, "Well, if you can take me hostage, then yeah... feel free to leave this place."

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Andrew said, "But you'd better drop that thought... because the consequences will be brutal."

Reuben froze for a second-then burst into loud, mocking laughter. "You've got some nerve, kid! Really putting on a show, huh? You clearly didn't hear Phantom Eye the first time. I'm a guest elder of the Golding family in Blumedale, a semi- martial king! And you're threatening me?"

To Reuben, Andrew was just some punk-someone he could crush with one hand if he wanted. He did not take him seriously in the slightest.

Phantom Eye chimed in from the side, "Reuben, if this kid's acting this cocky, it probably means that crazy woman is still nearby. You might wanna hold off, or this could get ugly fast."

Reuben snorted. "Even if she is, I'm not scared of her. As long as I grab this kid, I don't believe she'd dare make a move."

The words had barely left his mouth before he lunged forward, charging straight at Andrew.

A wicked grin spread across his face. "You walked right into this. Don't blame me for what happens next!"

Natasha panicked. "Darling! Watch out!"

However, Andrew just stood at the cell doorway, completely unfazed as Reuben came barreling toward him. "I already told you that this was gonna end badly for you. Why don't people ever listen?"

He casually shook his head, then raised his hand—and slapped Reuben across the face.

Just as Reuben got close, a monstrous wave of force slammed into him like a tsunami. He let out a startled growl, but it was too late to react.

He barely got his arms up to block when Andrew's palm struck him head-on, then followed through with another blow straight to the head.

Reuben's massive body slammed into the steel support pillar of the cell, warping the metal on impact. He crashed into it like a ragdoll, his head busting open with a splatter of blood.

Andrew's slap was not fancy, nor did it involve any flashy techniques or martial arts flair. It was just pure, raw power—concentrated into one brutal strike that landed with devastating force.

"You..." Reuben tried to move, but could not. He clutched his bleeding head, trembling as he stared at Andrew, speechless and terrified.

Andrew did not even spare him a glance as he turned and walked out of the cell. "Bring him out," he ordered calmly.

Natasha and Dylan moved in and dragged Reuben out without hesitation.

By now, Reuben was soaked in blood, especially around his head, where the wound hadn't stopped gushing. He lay at Andrew's feet, shivering in pure terror.

"Reuben? H-How did that happen?" Phantom Eye stood in shock, his brain struggling to process what he saw.

Reuben—the guy everyone feared—was now lying there, barely conscious. And the one who did it was just a young man.

Reuben barely managed to sit up, ignoring Phantom Eye and focusing all his attention on Andrew. "Y-You've gotta be a martial king, right? You have to be!"

He shouted the words with every ounce of strength he had left, voice trembling with fear.

Andrew did not answer. However, Phantom Eye gasped sharply, ultimately losing his cool. His legs wobbled beneath him, and he

of his cell, desperately trying to get away from the cell door.

stumbled backward into the

impossible!"

He silently muttered, "A martial king? That punk is a freaking martial king? That's

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"Name," Andrew said flatly.

Reuben dared not show any attitude and quickly answered, "Reuben Davis. I'm from Gabo Creek. Started training at seven, own five properties in Blumedale, have 400 million in liquid assets, and one illegitimate son—"

Andrew waved his hand, cutting him off. "I asked for your name, not your entire autobiography."

Reuben bowed his head, nodding repeatedly. "Got it, got it! My bad, sir!"

Andrew asked, "Do you want me to let you go?"

Reuben looked at him eagerly. "Of course I do! Who wouldn't? But I get it—there's no such thing as a free lunch. I ended up in your hands, so obviously, there's a price I've got to pay."

Andrew gave a knowing smile. "Now that's the mindset of a real veteran. You're sharp, Reuben. Oh, and stop calling me 'sir'." I'm not that old."

Reuben laughed awkwardly. "Among martial artists, we don't judge by age. We go by power. If you've surpassed me, then calling you sir is only right."

Andrew did not argue with him. Instead, he said, "I'll let you walk free-but under one condition. You'll need to train my people for a while. Especially these two. Get them to the peak of the senior grandmaster stage, and you're free to go."

Reuben looked troubled as he pointed at Natasha and Dylan. "Sir, you don't mean those two, right?"

Andrew nodded. "That's exactly who I mean."

Reuben muttered, "The widow's not a problem. But that big guy next to her... he's gonna be a lot more work."

Andrew said coolly, "If it were easy, I wouldn't be bothering you with it."

Reuben hesitated, then asked carefully, "And if I don't agree... what would you do with me?"

Andrew answered slowly, "The Golding family and I... let's just say we're not on good terms anymore. That fat bastard, Elon, was tricked into eating shit by me, of course. So, letting you go scot-free? That's not happening. If you say no, I'll have to kill you."

Reuben's body went rigid. He immediately responded, "Alright! I'll do it! I'll train your people, no problem!"

If Andrew was bold enough to mess with the Golding family and make Elon eat human waste, then Reuben

could only imagine what kind of maniac he was really dealing with.

Anyone gutsy enough to provoke a family like that definitely would bit hesitate to kill a semi-martial king like him.

Andrew nodded in approval. "Good. Then, from this moment forward, you're

temporarily free. You'll stay here at West End and focus on training them."

Reuben let out a quiet sigh of resignation. "So, can I at least move around freely?"

Andrew said, "Sure. But don't leave

Leven

West End. If even think you're trying to escape, you already know what happens next. And you'd better not contact the Golding family either. If I find out, I'll end you without o warning."

His tone was not cold or threatening-but to Reuben, it might as well have been a bolt of lightning.

This man was no joke. That much was clear.

Reuben silently reminded himself to do what Andrew said no matter what anyone else told him.

Andrew turned to Natasha. "Alright, take him and get him settled in. From now on, you two train under

him. He's a seasoned vet. He teach

you more than you think."

Natasha lit up with excitement and, along with Dylan, quickly stepped forward.

"Reuben, this way please," she said respectfully.

Reuben's status and strength were far above both Dylan and Natasha.

A semi-martial king was about as high as it got in Jayrodale. Getting him as a

personal trainer? That was worth more than gold.

With the matter settled, the dungeon quieted down.

Andrew took a few slow steps, heading toward the next holding cell.

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Andrew casually opened the cell door. As the loud thud echoed, Phantom Eye dropped to his knees without hesitation.

"Mr. Lloyd! I will follow your command-anytime, anywhere!" he said, bowing and knocking his head against the ground with utmost submission.

Andrew let out a cold laugh. "Funny... I remember you saying something about snapping my neck once your wounds healed, right?"

Phantom Eye broke into a cold sweat. "No, no, no! I swear-I'd never dare say anything like that! Total misunderstanding!"

Andrew replied coolly, "Relax. You're not even worth arguing with. You're free now. Come on out."

Phantom Eye stood up in disbelief. "Mr. Lloyd, are you really letting me return to Blumedale?"

Andrew looked at him like he was slow. "Which ear of yours heard me say you could leave?"

Phantom Eye's face instantly fell. "But... you said I was free?"

Andrew shrugged. "Yeah, I said you were free. I never said you could leave Jayrodale. That's not my problem if you misunderstood."

Phantom Eye swallowed hard and quickly shook his head. "Nope! No problem at all!"

However, in his heart, he was screaming, 'Damn it! I'm about to end up just like Reuben-this guy's personal lackey-stuck taking orders!'

After all, he was supposed to be one of the most feared names in Blumedale's martial world. Yet, he had been reduced to being this devil's lapdog in a backwater town like Jayrodale. Just thinking about it made him want to cry.

Andrew thought for a moment and said, "Reuben's training my people. As for you, you'll work security."

Phantom Eye blinked. Then, trying to stay calm, he said through gritted teeth, "Mr. Lloyd, I mean... I am kind of a big deal. I'll do anything you ask, but security detail? Isn't that a bit beneath me?"

Andrew raised an eyebrow. "Oh? You think working security is beneath you?"

Phantom Eye protested, "Of course it is! I'm a semi-martial king! Are you seriously asking someone like me to work the front door? Even the top-tier families in Blumedale wouldn't be that extravagant!"

Andrew snapped, "Then quit whining and do what you're told. And for the record, I'm not sending you to just any place. You'll be working security at Moonlit Apothecary. Shiloh lives there now. You'll be guarding the place and if she's in a good mood, she might even make you her sidekick."

Phantom Eye's eyes lit up at the mention of her name. "Shiloh? Are you talking about that woman? The one who beat me senseless?"

Andrew nodded. "That's the one."

Instantly, Phantom Eye's sour attitude vanished. He grinned and said, "Well, if it's her door I'm guarding, then I guess it's not such a bad gig after all!"

Shiloh's strength had left a lasting impression on him, and serving under someone powerful enough to defeat him did not sound so bad

now. Who knew? Maybe sticking

close to her could lead to some

lucky breakthrough.

The second he realized Shiloh was staying at the Moonlit Apothecary, Phantom Eye was all in.

"Alright then! Let's head over now!"

With Phantom Eye in tow, Andrew immediately set out for Moonlit Apothecary: He thought keeping two semi-martial kings locked up was just wasting potential, and killing them would have been a shame. Hence, he decided to squeeze every last drop of value out of them.

Neither Dylan nor Natasha could handle these two beasts, which was why Andrew personally came down to West End-to get Reuben and Phantom Eye properly stationed.

Soon, he would be heading back to Blumedale. However, Jayrodale was his base of operations, and Moonlit Apothecary especially needed someone powerful to guard the gates.

That was also why he had chosen Phantom Eye to be in charge of the security.

At that exact moment, a small group walked through the front entrance of Moonlit Apothecary. Leading them was a clean-cut young man in a designer suit, radiating upper-class charm.

"Quinton Wright of the Wright family, Blumedale," he announced with a smile. "Here to formally visit the owner of Moonlit Apothecary."

Chapter 940

On the way, Andrew made a quick stop at the local shopping district with Phantom Eye.

"You're seriously going with the security guard uniform?" Andrew asked, raising a brow.

Phantom Eye nodded earnestly. "Yes, Mr. Lloyd. Since I've decided to guard the Moonlit Apothecary, I've got to look the part. No slacking on professionalism." Andrew smirked. "You're doing all this to impress Shiloh, aren't you?"

Phantom Eye's old face flushed with embarrassment. "Caught red-handed, huh? Yes, that's exactly it! Ms. Greene is powerful beyond belief. If she sees me in uniform, working the gate like a proper man, maybe just maybe she'll think more kindly of me."

Andrew did not say much after that. He bought Phantom Eye the uniform and waited while he changed. Once he was suited up, they got back in the car and headed straight for Moonlit Apothecary.

It was not long before they arrived. After parking, Andrew led Phantom Eye-now proudly dressed in his fresh security outfit-into the building.

However, the moment they stepped through the door, a mocking voice rang out.

"You Aickers better know your place! Mr. Wright taking an interest in your little family business should be an honor."

Cedric's voice responded with tightly restrained anger. "With all due respect, Mr. Wright, the Aickers may be small, but we still have our pride. We're not interested in selling our Vitality Pills or Titan Essence Pills-no matter how much pressure you bring."

Francesca added coldly, "Shawn, it's been a while. I didn't expect you to end up as someone's lapdog. Hmph, you're from Jayrodale, just like us. Now you're back here bringing people from Blumedale to bully the Aickers? You don't feel even a little bit ashamed?"

Shawn scoffed. "Francesca, so what if I'm bullying the Aickers? See Mr. Wright standing here? With a snap of his fingers, he could erase your entire family from this town."

Andrew scoffed as he entered the hall.

Phantom Eye's face darkened too, and he thought, 'Damn it! It's my first day on the job, and there's already trouble? Perfect. Time to make an impression.' "Excuse us," Andrew said flatly.

The hallway was packed with over 20 people. He did not bother asking questions -he just pushed straight through.

Several people stumbled back, barely keeping their footing.

One of them spun around, furious. "Who the hell do you think you are? How dare shove Mr. Wright! Do you have a death wish?"

Just as the guy finished his sentence, Andrew already slapped him across the face.

Stunned and holding his cheek, Shawn shouted in disbelief, "Andrew! So you finally showed your face!"

He turned to the well-dressed man beside him and gritted his teeth. "Mr. Wright, that's him-the freeloader told you about. The loser Andrew Lloyd By the way, he's also the one who beat up your younger brother Winston!"

However, Andrew did not even acknowledge the group. He walked past them and headed straight to Cedric, Francesca, and Nyla.

"Andrew, you're here! These guys have been stirring up trouble all morning!" Nyla

said excitedly as she rushed to update him.

Francesca's round face was flushed with anger. "Andrew, the Wright family from Blumedale is trying to pressure my grandfather into

handing over your Titan Essene

Pill

and Vitality Pill. They're here to force a deal."

Andrew glanced at the three of them and said calmly, "Don't worry. I've got this."

Then, he finally turned to face Quinton, Shawn, and their entourage.

Shawn sneered. "Didn't expect this, huh, Andrew? I'm back in Jayrodale."

Andrew's voice was ice cold. "I really didn't expect it. You surely have the nerve and don't know when to stay gone."

Shawn's temper flared. "Don't you dare act smug! I've made a name for myself in Blumedale now. You seez the man next to me? That's Mr. Quinton Wright—my boss. And he's got his eyes on Moonlit Apothecary... and both of those miracle pills you made."