

The Ashes 991

Chapter 991

Quinton did not speak, his brow furrowed tightly. Meanwhile, Christina's side suddenly let out a mocking laugh.

Shawn's face flushed red with anger as he snapped, "Christie, what's so funny? Do you think my suggestion is a joke?"

Christina gave him a cold glance, her voice dripping with disdain. "That wasn't a suggestion-it was idiocy. A suicide mission."

Shawn clenched his fists, his temper flaring. "Christina, don't think just because Quinton favors you now, you can talk down to me."

He leaned in, his voice low and threatening. "Mark my words, one day, you'll be mine."

Christina's lips curled into a sneer, her eyes filled with contempt. "Shawn, did you forget how you slunk out of Jayrodale like a beaten dog after Andrew humiliated you?"

She tilted her head, her gaze icy. "Look at you now. What do you think you are in my eyes?"

Shawn exploded with rage. Christina had not spelled it out, but her look said everything to her, he was nothing more than a pathetic mutt.

Quinton cut in, his tone calm but firm. "Enough, Shawn. Sit down and listen instead of interrupting."

Shawn's face darkened, but he did not dare argue. It was clear Quinton valued Christina's input far more than his.

Turning to Christina, Quinton asked, "Alright, Christie, explain to me why would going after Andrew be a suicide move?"

Christina took a deep breath, her expression serious. "Quinton, I'll be blunt because I respect you. Right now, you're the Stevens family's best hope, and I won't watch you crash and burn in Jayrodale."

Quinton nodded. "You're a sharp and capable woman. I'm listening."

Christina did not hold back. "First, you need to understand—Andrew isn't just powerful here. He owns Jayrodale."

She let that sink in before continuing. "If he wanted, he could crush anyone who crosses him without breaking a sweat."

Quinton scoffed. "I get that he's a big player, but calling him untouchable seems like a stretch."

Christina shook her head. "It's not. If anything, I'm underselling it."

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She ticked off the facts on her fingers. "Andrew controls the underground completely.

Aboveground, even heavyweight et

like the Rhodes family back him. Then, there's the Aickers, the Goths, and the Madblade Martial Academy—all in his corner."

She met Quinton's gaze squarely. "In Jayrodale, whether it's the streets, high society, business, or politics, Andrew has it locked down.

"Glorious Pharmaceuticals is one of the most dominant companies in the city. And now, there's Moonlit Apothecary—an up-and-coming powerhouse that's directly under Andrew's control.

"With Mr. Mark Thatcher, our mayor, backing him up, Andrew has a golden path laid out in every direction."

The more Quinton listened, the more uneasy he felt. After all, if he had

tried to build an empire in Jayrodale himself, he doubted he could have pulled off even half of that—even with the full support of the Wrights behind him.

Christina added, "You might not know this, but Donald Warren—the chief of Jayrodale Police

Commissioner—is one of Andrew's buddies. To be blunt, the guy, basically treats him like a boss. But the real kicker is Marvin Yates—the wealthiest man in the city."

Quinton blinked in disbelief. "Wait, even Marvin? You're not seriously telling me he's one of Andrew's people too?"

Christina gave him a wry smile. "That's exactly what I'm saying. A lot of folks in Jayrodale have seen how close they are. Some say Andrew might be Marvin's illegitimate son; others think he's his adopted heir.

"Whatever the truth is, one thing's clear—Andrew has Marvin's unconditional support."

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At that point, Christina paused and swept a cold glance toward Shawn before letting out a sarcastic laugh. "Shawn, you've been out of Jayrodale for a while, haven't you? Clearly, you have no clue what the situation is like now.

"Let me tell you—if Andrew wanted to, he could crush your little Fields family with the snap of his fingers. So if you're the one encouraging Quinton to go head-to-head with him, your family would be the first to get wiped out."

Shawn stood there frozen, stammering, "I-I was just... you know, just talking big!"

Meanwhile, he quickly rolled up his sleeve to wipe away the cold sweat dripping down his forehead.

Quinton let out a cold snort. "Even if Andrew has every advantage—timing, location, and support on his side. If the Wrights really go all in, Christie, do you seriously think he could stop us?"

Christina frowned. "If you come in full force, maybe Andrew wouldn't be able to handle the Wrights' top fighters. But have you thought about what that really means? You'd be taking on every major power in Jayrodale at once.

"If Andrew chooses to go to war with you, can you guarantee the Wrights can take on the entire city? This place isn't just some small town-Jayrodale is a major hub in the region.

"Andrew's influence here is basically a monopoly, and that's something you almost never see."

Quinton clenched his jaw, looking conflicted and frustrated. "But what are we just supposed to give up on the Vitality Pill and the Titan Essence Pill? If we get our hands on those two formulas, they could spark a massive shift for the entire Wright family."

His voice was filled with resentment and ambition, the kind that could not be disguised.

Christina said, "I think the smarter move would be to head back to Blumedale first and come up with a better strategy. Sure, Andrew's sitting at the top now, but the higher you climb, the more enemies you collect.

"The Wrights, the Goldings from Blumedale, even Kenny from the Rhodes family... and don't forget the Hidden Dragons. None of these are small players."

Quinton's eyes lit up as her words sank in, and he slowly nodded. "You're right. Manipulating someone to do your dirty work-that's the real art of war. If I go head-on with Andrew, even if I win, it'd be @bloody victory. That kind of cost isn't worth it.

"Besides, Jayrodale is his turf. But Blumedale... that's where I call the shots. The problem is, how do I lure him there and force a fight on my own ground?"

Christina smiled. "That part's actually not hard. From what I've heard, Andrew's planning to head to Blumedale soon to visit the Rhodes family."

Quinton's eyes lit up even more. "You mean Lauren?"

Christina nodded. "Exactly. Andrew and Lauren are openly together now.

has it that Lauren-the Rhodes. family's golden girl-was once

The interesting twist is that, net?

engaged to one of the Three Titans,

the

Driscolls. Now that makes things very interesting."

Quinton blinked in surprise, then suddenly burst into loud, booming laughter as if he had just stumbled onto the biggest jackpot of his life. "The Driscolls? Ha! This guy even dared to touch a woman tied to the Driscolls? Damn... I've got to admit, Andrew's got guts. Real guts!"

His expression turned sharp as ice, and he said coldly, "Have the Stevens family get ready. The moment I head to Blumedale, they're coming with me. Maybe the Driscolls—this giant of a force—can be the blade I use to crush Andrew for good.

"But using the Driscolls like that... it's like reaching into a burning fire to grab a prize. I'll have to be extremely careful. One wrong move and I might end up setting myself on fire instead."

Chapter 993

The Goth family had set up over a dozen banquet tables and held a modest celebration in Andrew's honor. Aside from Andrew and Francesca's group, the Goths had also invited several of their own guests.

Sure enough, everyone who came up for a toast made a point to personally approach Andrew with respect.

At the same time, whispers were already spreading-many privately congratulated the Goth family for managing to connect with the head of Moonlit Apothecary. Still clueless about the full scope of her family's affairs, Nyla looked a little lost.

That was when Alfred stepped up and took charge of the event. However, he knew his place and never overstepped his bounds. He remained mindful at all times of the difference in status between himself and Nyla.

After all, the one calling the shots in the Goth family now was not him-it was that young girl. If Andrew had not been backing her, Alfred would have definitely fought for the family seat himself.

Nonetheless, as long as Andrew remained in the picture, Alfred understood he would forever be second-in-command, quietly supporting Nyla from the sidelines.

"Didn't expect we'd get to enjoy a full feast," Francesca said cheerfully as she walked out with Andrew. "The Goths really treated us pretty well this time."

Nyla would not be returning to work at Moonlit Apothecary anymore, so Francesca needed to arrange for someone new to take her place.

Andrew smiled and said, "Fran, while I'm away in Blumedale, things are going to be a bit hectic for you."

Francesca gave him a pout and said playfully, "Then hurry up and come back to keep me company, won't you?"

Andrew chuckled, "I'll be back as soon as I can."

Francesca frowned slightly and said, "I wonder if Dominic and Camilla are really going to stay quiet. I need to stay on guard in case they try to sneak back into Jayrodale and reclaim power. Especially Camilla-she's got more tricks up her sleeve than a magician."

Andrew's tone turned flat. "They wouldn't dare come back. I already told Alfred-if they try, just end them."

Francesca gritted her teeth and said, "What about the Weller family? Or Shawn, for that matter? Andrew, aren't you planning to teach them a lesson?"

ta cold snort. "Before I

Andrew let out a

head to Blumedale, I've got some debts to settle. Shawn, that idiot, left Jayrodale and still had the guts to crawl back looking for trouble? If I let him walk free after that, I might as well wear a halo and call myself Saint Andrew."

Francesca perked up with excitement and asked, "So, how are you planning to deal with him? Can I come to watch the show?"

Andrew laughed. "Of course you can. Come if you want. But hey, since when did you get so into this kind of stuff?"

Francesca rolled

her eyes. "Back

when Grandpa was in charge of the

family, we weren't nearly bold

enough. If the Aickers had real bite,

I'd be like Lauren by now-icy, untouchable, and ready to crush whoever annoyed me." example

Andrew thought about it and nodded. The Aickers had a big reputation, but their actual power

had always been shaky. Simon's net

betrayal had crippled them, and Cedric was getting old. Meanwhile, Francesca, as a young woman, was more into medical studies than power plays.

They were nothing like the Rhodes family, who ran a full-blown conglomerate and were constantly building ties across cities like Blumedale-every move they made was about getting stronger.

Andrew took a turn with Francesca down a side street, heading straight for the Fields family estate.

He had not brought backup. Dylan, Natasha, and the others had been left behind.

It was just him—charging solo toward the Fields family's doorstep.

The busy little firecracker beside him looked a little nervous. She stuck out her tongue and muttered, "Andrew, it's just the two of us showing up like this? Isn't this a little... bold?"

Andrew gave a low, chilling laugh. "Yeah, it's bold—but we've earned the right to be bold."

His G-wagon skidded to a dramatic stop right in front of the Fields family's main gate, and two guards stepped forward. "Who are you here to see?"

Before Andrew could respond, Francesca puffed up and declared proudly, "Go get your family head. Tell him the underground king of Jayrodale is here to talk!"

The guards did not move. Instead, they both burst into laughter.

"Little lady, you're built just fine," one of them sneered. "Your chest is so big it's blocking your brain. Do you really think saying something that dumb makes sense?"

Chapter 994

"Underground king of Jayrodale? Ha! Never heard of him. What kind of trash title is that?"

The two guards did not just ignore them—they started throwing out sleazy insults.

Showing up at the Fields family estate and demanding to see the head without even setting foot inside? That was suicide.

Francesca's face instantly turned cold as she looked at Andrew with an exaggerated pout. "Andrew, these dogs are seriously disrespecting me. You better make this right, or you're not getting anywhere near my bed tonight."

Andrew sighed with a slight headache. When Francesca put on a show, she really committed to the role.

He stepped forward and said to the two guards, "I'll give you one shot. Tell your boss that Andrew Lloyd from Moonlit Apothecary is here and wants a word."

The guards sized him up, and one of them asked, "You're her man?"

Andrew replied coolly, "That's right. Got a problem with that?"

The other guard grinned nastily. "Come on, man, quit pretending. We've seen plenty of big shots in Jayrodale, but never heard of any underground king."

"And yeah, we've heard of Moonlit Apothecary. Their boss's last name is Lloyd. Seems like a solid guy. But don't tell me... you're claiming to be him."

Andrew nodded without flinching. "That's me. No fake."

The two guards stared at him, then burst into loud, mocking laughter.

"You two bumpkins must be fresh off the bus from some backwoods town! "First, you're claiming to be some underground king, then you're suddenly the head of Moonlit Apothecary?"

"Buddy, if you're the head of Moonlit Apothecary, then I'm the richest man in Jayrodale!"

Neither believed for a second that Andrew was who he said he was. In their minds, the real head of Moonlit Apothecary was a legendary figure in Jayrodale-

far too important for low-level guards like them to ever meet.

They imagined someone with a full-blown motorcade, flashing lights, black suits, and bodyguards galore.

And Andrew? He did not fit the part one bit.

Francesca giggled behind her hand. "Andrew, looks like no one believes you. Your reputation's just not scary enough!"

Andrew smirked. "Is that so? Yeah... I guess I'm not intimidating enough."

Two punches flew out in a blur, and both guards' noses crunched with a loud snap, with blood gushing out.

"It seems like you truly have a dead wish," Andrew growled. "Fine. Stick around. If your boss doesn't deal with you, I'll make sure he takes your place instead."

The two guards screamed in pain and panic, stumbling and crawling as they raced back inside the Fields family estate. They went straight to the family head, wailing dramatically.

"Sir! There's a guy and a girl outside-claiming he's the underground king of Jayrodale and the head of Moonlit Apothecary! They came here to cause trouble!"

The head of the Fields family, Tony Fields, looked a lot like his son, Shawn-the same sharp features and smug aura.

"Underground king? Moonlit Apothecary's head? Could it be that Andrew guy?" he muttered, first confused, then alarmed.

One of the guards nodded through his bloody nose. "Yeah, the guy said his name

is Andrew. But we didn't believe him, so we asked a few questions... and then he attacked us!"

Tony's face turned red with fury. "The nerve! Showing up at my front door and attacking my people? Has he lost his damn mind? But wait just the two of them? No No

motorcade? No backup? Vool not

bodyguards?"

The guards clutched their bleeding noses and answered in unison, "No, sir, definitely not. We checked thoroughly. It's just the two of them!"

Tony's eyes narrowed dangerously. "Call the family's private security You're all coming with me. To hell with this! Someone dares to cause trouble at my house? Let's see who dies first!"

Without hesitation, he stormed toward the front gates with over a dozen armed guards at his back.

The Fields family was not considered a major player in Jayrodale at least, not until recently However, ever since got cozy with Quinton from Blumedale-the wealthy heir with deep pockets-the Fields family had been acting a lot bolder.

was just asking for it.

So, now that someone was showing up to stir up trouble, they figured this guy

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"So, it was you two who laid hands on my people from the Fields family?" Tony demanded, glaring at Andrew and Francesca.

Andrew answered calmly, "Yeah, I'm the one who hit them. And you're Tony Fields, right? The head of the Fields family?"

Tony narrowed his eyes. "That's right. And who the hell are you supposed to be?"

Andrew's tone stayed icy. "I already told you. My name's Andrew Lloyd-head of Moonlit Apothecary. I didn't come here to cause a scene. I came for one reason only. Tell your son Shawn to lay low from now on and stay the hell out of my sight. Otherwise, I'll wipe out your entire family."

Tony's face twisted in rage. He scoffed, "You've got some nerve. You say you're Andrew and expect me to just believe that? Even if you are the head of Moonlit Apothecary, the Fields family won't bow to some power-crazy punk."

Andrew remained composed. "I just shut down the Goth family. So, Tony, I suggest you be a little smarter than they were. I'm not here to negotiate. If you ignore this warning, your family will end up just like theirs-finished."

With that, Andrew grabbed Francesca's hand and turned to leave.

Tony gritted his teeth and growled, "You think you can just walk away after attacking my men? Not a chance."

He raised his hand, ready to give the order for his guards to take them down.

"Tony, stop! Absolutely not!" Just then, a middle-aged man-Oliver Fields-came running from a car, his voice panicked.

Tony frowned. "Oliver, what the hell are you doing?"

"Do you even know what that guy just did? He assaulted our family's men!"

Oliver, Tony's younger brother, looked shaken. "Tony, are you out of your mind? You almost dragged our entire family into disaster! Do you even know who those two are?"

Tony sneered. "The guy claims he's the head of Moonlit Apothecary. Please- what a joke."

Oliver snapped, "No, you're the joke, and a damn dangerous one. I'm

telling you that is Andrew Lloyd. He really is the head of Moonlit Apothecary. And more than that, he's the underground king of Jayrodale!"

Tony's expression drained of color as he stammered, "Wait... What? You're saying... he was telling the truth?"

Oliver's eyes were bloodshot with fear. "Dead serious. I just came from the Goth family's banquet. Nyla was officially promoted, and it was all because of Andrew. I couldn't even get close enough to offer him a toast-he was that respected.

"Tony, do you realize you almost dragged our family into the same hell the Goths barely crawled out of?"

As he spoke, he saw Andrew's black sports car already revving to leave. The window rolled down, and Andrew shot a cold look at the Fields brothers.

"Tell Shawn to disappear. I don't want to see his face again. And a

for your two gate mutts... their

mouths run a little too wild. I might

be time for some basic training."

Oliver bowed repeatedly and forced a smile. "Of course, Mr. Lloyd. Don't worry- we'll fully cooperate with whatever you need."

Tony swallowed hard and bowed, too. "Dr. Lloyd, I apologize. I was out of line earlier-please forgive my ignorance."

Andrew did not even bother replying. Instead, he hit the gas and sped off. When his car disappeared down the road, Tony and Oliver exhaled a long, shaky breath.

Oliver gave him a smug look and asked, "Didn't you say you weren't scared? Then what's with all the sweat pouring down your face?"

Tony wiped the cold sweat from his forehead and gave a sheepish grin. "Saying I wasn't scared? Yeah... that was just me talking tough."

Chapter 996

"Our Fields family doesn't even measure up to the Goths," Tony muttered, his voice heavy with dread. "If he could take them down, wiping us out would be effortless."

Oliver snapped, his tone biting. "Tony, call that bastard Shawn back. Right now. You heard Andrew. He doesn't want to see that punk anywhere in Jayrodale again. So, we either follow orders-or we prepare to die."

Tony's face was grim as he immediately pulled out his phone to call his son.

Meanwhile, Oliver said nothing more. He simply turned around and smacked both gate guards across the face.

"Mr. Oliver-sir! W-Why are you hitting us?"

The two guards were already a mess as Andrew had broken their noses earlier. Now, their swollen lips looked like sausages from Oliver's slaps.

Oliver roared, "You two brainless mutts! You can't even tell who you were dealing with! Didn't hear what the man said? He said your mouths run a little too wild, and I'm here to give you some basic training."

He landed another round of brutal slaps. The guards' teeth came loose, blood gushed, and they screamed in pain.

"Mr. Oliver! Please, take it easy! Mr. Lloyd only said to discipline us-not beat us to death!"

Oliver scoffed. "Idiots. Like you two would understand someone like him. When a man like Andrew says 'basic training', what he really means is I should've cut your tongues out. Got it now?"

"N-No! Please, Mr. Oliver, we get it! We were wrong! We swear we'll change, just don't hurt us anymore!"

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Inside the estate, Tony could still hear the screaming at the gates, and it only made his frustration worse.

Finally, the call connected.

On the other end, Shawn answered in a grumble, "Dad, didn't I tell you not to bother me unless it's urgent? I'm having dinner with Quinton. We're discussing something major. Don't interrupt."

Tony growled into the phone, "To hell with your damn dinner, you arrogant little punk! I'm ordering you to get back to the family

estate now. From this moment

you're grounded. Don't take one step outside this house again." .net

Shawn was stunned. "Dad, are you drunk? What are you talking about? Are you having a stroke or something?"

Tony erupted. You listen to me, you spoiled brat said come home, and you damn well better be on your

way. Screw Quinton. I don't care net"

what he said. Andrew just came to our front door and personally warned us.

"If you show your face again, or piss him off even slightly, he'll erase the Fields family from this city."

Shawn's mind went blank like lightning had just struck. He never expected Andrew to move this fast, to show up directly at the estate. He had been acting cocky with Quinton at his side.

But now? Quinton could not do anything against Andrew here in Jayrodale. Once Quinton left town, Shawn would be completely exposed.

He could already see it-the Fields family would be dead.

"Dad, give me a minute. I'll talk to Quinton. Maybe he can help," Shawn said quickly, panicking. "Andrew is crossing the line. Quinton will stand up for me!"

Tony roared, "Help, my ass! You get your worthless self home right now. If you're not back in one hour, I swear—I'll disown you on the spot. You'll no longer be part of the Fields family!"

With that, Tony slammed the phone down. The disaster that had swallowed the Goth family was still fresh in his mind—he was not about to take the same risk.

Andrew had given a command, which was the only thing that mattered now. After all, Tony had no intention of ending up like Dominic—stripped of everything and exiled from Jayrodale.

Chapter 997

"Andrew, where are we going next? The Weller family?"

Francesca was practically bouncing in her seat with excitement. The way Tony had gone from arrogant to groveling just now was beyond satisfying to her.

Andrew's name really carried weight in Jayrodale now. He did not even have to raise a hand or flex—it just took showing up to scare a grown man stiff.

Andrew kept his eyes on the road and replied casually, "We're not going to the Wellers. We're heading to the Stevens family."

Francesca blinked in surprise. "The Stevens family? You're going to see Christina?"

Her mood flipped fast, and her face darkened instantly.

Andrew shook his head. "Not Christina. I just want to stop by and pay my respects to Mr. Stevens Senior. After today, I'll never be stepping through that door again."

Francesca let out a soft 'oh' and said, "Alright, I'll come with you then. I heard the old man treated you well back in the day. Seems like the right thing to do."

Andrew smiled. "Alright. Let's go together, then."

Ten minutes later, Andrew's car pulled up at the Stevens family estate.

Christina, Irene, and Leroy were out at the time, which honestly worked out- Andrew appreciated the quiet. He found Douglas and exchanged a few warm words before handing him a small portion of the Vitality Pill. Then, he turned and left with Francesca.

Douglas had wanted to keep Andrew for dinner, hoping Christina would return in time so he could try once more to matchmake them. However, Andrew clearly was not interested and politely declined.

With Francesca by his side, Douglas finally understood that his granddaughter no longer had a shot. Andrew had clearly moved on, and he was not the kind of man to look back.

"Guess the Stevens family was just never meant for greatness," Douglas sighed from the upstairs window, watching Andrew's car disappear down the driveway.

He was old now, and could not interfere much in the lives of the younger generation. Nonetheless, deep down, the regret was something he could not hide.

Just as Andrew was leaving the estate, fate played a little

trick-Christina's family car pulled up at the gate. Both vehicles stopped at the same time, nose to nose.

Leroy climbed out of the driver's seat, fuming. "Andrew, just because you drive a G-Wagon doesn't mean you can block our gate like you own the place!"

He barked like Andrew was the one indebted to him.

Francesca gave him a frosty look and snapped, "We're leaving right now. Just move your car, and it's fine."

Leroy scoffed. "Why should we move? If you want me to move, fine-then we're keeping your car as collateral!"

Andrew replied flatly, "Even if I handed you the keys, you wouldn't have the guts to drive it."

Leroy opened his mouth to fire back, but before he could say another word, a group of people stormed over from the side-aggressive, locked in, and clearly not here to talk.

One of them did not hesitate-he launched a kick that sent Leroy flying into the side of his own car.

He hit the door with a sickening thud and doubled over, groaning in pain.

Francesca's eyes narrowed. "That looks like the Weller family. I see Harvey in the crowd."

Andrew gently pulled her back into the seat and calmly said, "It's not our problem. Sit back and enjoy the show."

Francesca slipped back into the passenger seat with a smirk. "Harvey's such a scumbag. Looks like he came to stir up trouble with the Stevens family."

Outside, there were over 40 members of the Weller family, and they had completely boxed in the Stevens family vehicle.

Irene and Christina stepped out next, both stunned at the scene.

"Harvey, you little punk, what the hell do you think you're doing? What is this? A robbery? A hit job?" Irene shouted, her temper flaring.

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Behind Harvey stood two of the Weller family's senior enforcers. He slowly strutted forward and landed two vicious slaps across Leroy's face.

Blood flew as Leroy cried out in pain, stumbling backward.

Irene exploded with rage and charged at Harvey, aiming a wild kick.

However, Harvey just sneered. "You nasty old hag, I've been holding back on the Stevens family for way too long! Back then, Andrew protected you. Later, Aspen showed up to play the hero. But now? Your precious Stevens family doesn't have a damn guardian left, do you?"

With that, he spun and slapped Irene so hard she flew sideways. Short and heavyset as she was, the impact sent her crashing to the ground with a loud thud, followed by her pitiful groans.

"Harvey, you and your Weller goons are monsters! You're all going to pay for this!" she screamed through the pain.

Christina's face turned ice cold as she stormed forward. "Harvey, you sick bastard —what the hell are you trying to do?"

Harvey chuckled darkly. "What am I doing? Christie, isn't it obvious?"

He grabbed Leroy by the hair and began pounding him with brutal fists. It was a straight-up thug beatdown, and no matter how loudly Christina screamed at him, Harvey didn't even flinch.

Within seconds, Leroy's face was unrecognizable-swollen, bleeding, a complete mess.

Christina spun in circles, panic rising in her chest. She wanted help but did not know who to turn to.

"Harvey, I'm calling the cops. You're not getting away with attacking the Stevens family in broad daylight!"

That was all she could do-call the police.

Harvey let out a mocking laugh. "Come on, Christina. After all our history, I thought you'd be smarter than that. Do you really think calling the cops will stop me?"

Christina gritted her teeth. "You assaulted people in public. The police won't just let that slide."

Harvey snorted. "Crushing the Stevens family? Please. That's child's play for me."

He slammed another slap into Leroy's head, knocking him completely unconscious. Then, Harvey took a wet wipe from one of his men and calmly wiped the blood off his hands.

"You," he said, pointing at one of his lackeys. "Keep going. Don't stop until I say so."

The thug stepped up and continued beating Leroy as ordered.

Christina's face went pale. "Harvey, what are you doing?! Are you seriously planning to kill someone?"

Harvey smirked. "Kill someone?"

That's easy. But no, I'm not in the mood today. You saw it yourself- didn't touch your brother. When the cops show up, my guy here Will take the fall. He'll go in and plead guilty.

"So you see, I can toy with the Stevens family however I want. I've got people ready to take the hit for me. Fall guys on standby."

His twisted grin made Christina's stomach turn. It was just as she feared-the Stevens family was completely powerless.

Back then, Finley and those Hidden Dragons had stormed their home as if they owned it. The Weller family had done the same-worse, even-attacking in broad daylight.

And Christina? She had nothing-no plan, no support, no way out.

Sure, the police might arrest someone. But to really punish Harvey? That was a fantasy.

"Harvey, I've already agreed to go with Quinton and build something new in Blumedale. What you've done today. Mark my words, I'll make sure the Weller family gets wiped off the map!"

Christina's voice was cold but filled with fury.

Harvey let out a mocking laugh. In his mind, he thought, 'This little rampage? It

was all Quinton's idea to begin with.'

Chapter 999

Harvey thought, 'You want Quinton to be your knight in shining armor? That's a joke.'

From the start, the Stevens family was already caught in the trap Quinton set. At that moment, Quinton watched from a distance, calmly surveying the chaos. "Harvey's really going all in," Shawn said with a smirk.

Quinton's expression did not change. "The harder he hits, the more painful it is for the Stevens family. And once I make my entrance, the impact on Christina will be that much stronger."

Shawn forced a flattering smile. "Quinton, once you've played the hero and saved the day, you're taking the Stevens family to Blumedale, right? So, could you also help out my Fields family while you're at it?"

Quinton replied flatly, "Don't worry. When the time's right, I'll handle it."

Shawn swallowed that line with a bitter smile, thinking, 'He's been stringing me along with that same promise for days.'

"Quinton, Andrew showed up at my home earlier," Shawn pleaded. "He made it clear-we're on his blacklist now. If you don't help us, he's going to crush me and the Fields family like insects!"

Quinton stayed cool as ever. "Relax. We'll talk about it later."

Shawn nearly cursed out loud. Quinton was all talk-vague promises and empty

reassurances.

If this kept up, Shawn would have no choice but to flee Jayrodale or hole up in his home, terrified to step outside without checking the damn calendar for sightings of Andrew.

Suddenly, Quinton straightened in his seat and grinned. "Alright. It's time for my grand entrance! Sure, the whole 'hero saves the damsel' thing is corny as hell, but classics never go out of style.

"I'll swoop in, save Christina's mom and brother, and just like that, she'll fall into my arms-piece by piece."

He fired up his engine and slammed the gas pedal, ready to storm in and play the savior.

However, just before he moved, Shawn shouted from the backseat, "Wait!

Quinton, hold on! Something's happening!"

Quinton's eyes snapped to the scene ahead.

A sleek black G-Wagon had burst out of the driveway, barreling forward and scattering people like

pins. Several of Harvey's

guys were sent flying like ragdolls.

Even Harvey himself barely dodged in time, shouting in fury, "What the hell? Who

the hell is messing up my plan?!"

Quinton's face twisted in rage as he stomped harder on the gas. "Let's go! I want to see who just ruined my moment!"

In the backseat, Shawn's face turned ghostly pale. His scream cracked through the car. "Quinton, stop Hit

the brakes! It's Andrew! It's that devil again!"

As the crowd scattered, Andrew stepped out of the G-Wagon calmly as though he had just parked for coffee.

Harvey's face drained of color. He instinctively took a step back and silently cursed, 'Damn it! What's he doing here?'

Christina stared at him coldly. "Andrew, our family doesn't need your help. We have our own people!"

Andrew let out a dry chuckle, not

even looking her way. "You're overthinking it. I just didn't like that someone was blocking my exit.

Save the Stevens family? You think I've got that kind of free time?"

Christina's expression froze. For a second, she thought Andrew had appeared at

the perfect moment just to shake her resolve and mess with her heart.

Yet, it turned out that she had only fooled herself.

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Harvey looked both shaken and uncertain. "Andrew, you're really not here to save the Stevens family?"

Andrew replied casually, "Not in the mood. Just don't get in my way. Whatever else you people want to do-knock yourselves out."

Harvey instantly relaxed. Then, he grabbed Leroy by the collar and resumed the beating with even more enthusiasm.

Not satisfied, he nodded at one of the Weller family's goons, who immediately turned and slapped Irene across the face without hesitation.

Irene shrieked in pain, "What the hell are you doing? Hitting a woman now? Harvey, you bastard! Are you even human?"

Her screams fell on deaf ears as slap after slap rang out. Her head spun, her face swelled, and she broke into uncontrollable sobs.

"Christie! Beg Andrew-ask him to help us! Please!" Irene cried out in desperation, her pride now shattered.

Christina clenched her jaw, trembling with fury. Even so, she could not bring herself to lower her head and beg Andrew-not after what had just happened.

She had assumed he showed up as some twisted attempt to impress her. Turned out, he had not even planned to get involved and that mistake had now cost her family dearly.

Andrew leaned against his car, arms crossed, with an amused look on his face. He thought Christina's furious yet helpless expression was almost entertaining. This foolish woman had done nothing but dig her own grave, one step at a time.

"You're a damn bastard, Andrew," Christina finally snapped. Her eyes were red, tears threatening to fall as she shouted, "Even if you hate me—even if you can't stand me... Are you seriously okay watching my mom and brother get brutalized? Are you really that heartless?"

Andrew let out a sarcastic laugh. "So now you're blaming me? Ms. Stevens, you were just proudly declaring how your family didn't need me. And now you want to cry about me not helping?"

Christina was so angry she was practically speechless.

She glared at Andrew, her voice trembling with rage. "So it amuses you, doesn't it? Watching us get stomped on?"

Andrew shrugged. "Honestly? Not really. Because I couldn't care less about you anymore, I feel nothing. Whether the Stevens family rises like royalty or gets stepped on like ants-it has nothing to do with me."

Irene's screams grew louder and more pitiful. The Weller family thugs showed no mercy.

Harvey was not holding back-he deeply resented the Stevens family and wanted this beating to look good for Quinton's big hero entrance.

"That's enough, Harvey. If you keep going, you're going to kill someone," Francesca called out sharply as she stepped out of the car.

She did not like Christina one bit, but even she could not stand by while things went this far.

Harvey sneered. "Francesca, stay out of this. It has nothing to do with you."

Andrew's eyes narrowed. "Wanna try saying that again?"

Harvey's smirk vanished instantly. His face stiffened, and he quickly waved for his people to stop.

"That's enough. Back off," he ordered.

Harvey knew better than to push Andrew's limits.

Christina rushed over and knelt by her mother and brother to check

their injuries. Irene's face was

swollen and bruised, but she wanet

conscious. Leroy, on the other hand, was unconscious, covered in blood, and barely breathing. .net

Francesca said indifferently, "You'd better call an ambulance. Your brother's lost a

lot of blood—he needs to be hospitalized immediately."

Irene glared at her, seething. "Francesca, Andrew... You both could've stopped this. Why wait until now? You just stood there and watched my son almost get beaten

hurt?"

to death! Does your conscience not

She acted like Leroy's injuries were their fault.

Francesca's tone did not budge. "Why would we interfere in your family's mess? Your lives or deaths have nothing to do with us. And if you wanted Andrew's help, maybe you and your darling Christina should've learned how to ask for it."

Irene trembled with rage, her eyes nearly bulging. "Y-You-ugh! Why is it always Leroy who ends up like this?"

She broke down and clutched Leroy's battered body, sobbing uncontrollably. Finally-Quinton arrived, with Shawn close behind.

"Harvey! What the hell is going on with your Weller family?"

Quinton stepped out of the car, straightened his suit like he was walking onto a

runway, and shouted with righteous anger.

"Ms. Stevens is mine now! How dare you lay a hand on the Stevens family-what, do you think I won't wipe the Wellers off the damn map?"