

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) 1291-1300

Yara could not help but speak up. "Mr. Lloyd, I think we shouldn't go too far, or else-"

Andrew interrupted her and asked Tristan with a smile, "Or you'll seek revenge to the death, right, lil guy?"

Tristan's face was half normal, half bruised purple as he forced himself to reply, "I wouldn't dare! Just let me go, and all grudges between us will be forgotten!"

He tried to maintain his composure despite his fear.

Andrew laughed. "You're pretty good at letting things go. You took a few slaps, and your men all got taught a lesson too."

"Can you really handle such humiliation?" he asked, his smile growing more menacing.

Looking at Andrew's smile, Tristan felt an inexplicable chill run down his spine. He kept apologizing with a forced grin. "I can handle it, absolutely can handle it! In our line of work, we believe in being pragmatic and adapting to the situation. Anyone can see you're not an ordinary guy, and I'm not about to walk into death voluntarily!"

Andrew released him with a look of disappointment. "Damn, I was hoping you'd put up a fight to prove your worth as a gang leader! Then, I could have conveniently killed you. I didn't expect you to be so sensible, little dwarf! Since you're being so reasonable, I guess I have to let you go!"

Tristan nearly cursed out loud.

Was this guy a devil? He could not believe that Andrew wanted him to fight back just so he could kill him.

The thought terrified Tristan to the core.

Yara's expression grew complex. She could not help but feel that the partner she had found seemed to be just as ruthless as Quinton. To be precise, Quinton was not even as frightening as this Andrew character. There was something unnervingly calm about his cruelty.

"Everyone, get up quickly! We're leaving!" Tristan called out to his subordinates. He did not want to stay there for even one more second.

"Wait!" Andrew suddenly spoke again, his voice flat and emotionless.

Tristan's Adam's apple bobbed nervously as his scalp tingled with fear. "Sir... what else do you want? If you're determined to kill us all, the Azure Dragon King gang won't let this go!"

Andrew's face remained

expressionless as he pointed to Earl and the others, who were trembling. "I agreed to let you go, but I never said anything about letting the others leave."

He added matter-of-factly, "Everyone except you has to stay and work at this construction site for three months. "

Tristan gasped. "Y-You want my people to work for you at the construction site? And for three whole months?"

Andrew gave him a cold look. "Is that a problem?"

Tristan shook his head repeatedly. "No problem! No problem at all!"

As long as he could escape with his

life, he could not care too much about what happened to his men. Sure, they had sworn allegiance and shared that morbid toast-live together, die together.

But let's be real: wise men rarely kept their oaths-they existed to be broken.

Tristan slipped away by himself, leaving behind dozens of subordinates, including Earl. They all looked ashen, feeling as if the sky had fallen on them.

"It's impossible. Mr. Cummings wouldn't abandon us and escape alone!" one of the subordinates said, struggling to accept the reality of the situation.

"He must have gone to get reinforcements. He must be figuring out a way to rescue us!" he insisted, desperately clinging to hope.

Earl forced a smile. "That's right, he must be planning to rescue us!"

Just as they finished reassuring each other, they heard a contemptuous snicker. Earl whipped his head around and glared at Andrew. "What are you laughing at?"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Andrew replied mockingly, "I'm laughing at how stupid you all are, how you're

deceiving yourselves! That little dwarf clearly only cares about himself and doesn't give a damn whether you live or die.

"Yet here you are, thinking about him, fantasizing that he'll rescue you. If that's not stupidity, what is it?"

Earl's face turned red with rage. "That's bullshit! Tristan isn't just our superior, he's one of us! He and I are even cousins. There's no way he would abandon us here!"

Andrew sneered and challenged him. "Fine, you say he cares about you? Then let me ask you, why did he just walk away when I let him go? He didn't even say goodbye to any of you!"

Earl was speechless, unable to form a single coherent response.

Andrew continued his cold laughter. "Also, you all might see that dwarf as one of you, but I doubt he ever gave a damn about any of you. You guys, the underlings and muscle, dying or getting hurt, have always been part of the job. But just now, you all saw that the dwarf didn't even dare to fight me!

"What does that tell you? It means he values his own life more than anything else and doesn't care about anyone but himself. It's pathetic how you fools are still dreaming here.

"For all you know, that dwarf is probably celebrating right now. You idiots traded your freedom for his life, and he's thinking you all deserve what you got!"

With each sentence Andrew spoke, Earl and the others' expressions grew increasingly grim. By the end, some of the more emotionally fragile gang members were on the verge of tears, their faces contorted with anger and betrayal.

Earl's face turned ashen as he kept shaking his head. "No, Tristan wouldn't be so heartless!"

Even as he said this, he knew in his heart that Tristan was exactly the type to sell out his friends to save himself. The realization crushed what little hope he had left.

"Now, everyone, attention!" Andrew suddenly shouted when he felt the moment was right.

Earl and the others, who now feared Andrew, immediately straightened their backs and stood at attention with a sharp movement.

Andrew commanded, "Everyone, to the right!"

Led by Earl, all the gangsters clumsily turned to the right. Some of the dimwitted ones could not tell left from right and turned left instead. When they realized their mistake, they hurriedly corrected themselves and turned right, causing Yara to burst into giggles at the ridiculous sight.

Andrew gave his speech. "Starting today, for three months, you'll work on this construction site for me like good little workers. Meals and lodging will be provided, and those who perform well might even get paid at the end of the month!"

The gang members were clearly unhappy, but none dared complain. In their hearts, they cursed Andrew viciously, thinking that even the most heartless capitalist was probably not as exploitative and ruthless as this demon.

"Ms. Wright, stop daydreaming and call your people to distribute these laborers," Andrew said to Yara with casual indifference. "So many free workers should compensate for the two luxury villas I'm handing over to you."

Yara was still in a dreamlike state of disbelief. Not only had he completely solved her problem, but he had also provided about 40 workers for her construction site.

She had to admit that Andrew was incredibly impressive. She was awed by his effectiveness, even if his methods were extreme. Still, she worried his exploitation tactics too harsh and might easily lead to a worker strike.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Yara and Andrew left the construction site and got into the car.

Yara took a deep breath and said earnestly, "Mr. Lloyd, you really helped me out today. I'm not someone who forgets favors, so consider this one I owe you."

Andrew waved dismissively. "No need. As we agreed, I was repaying my debt to you. Plus, you gave me two villas. We're even now."

Hearing this, Yara became anxious. "Mr. Lloyd, you can't just cut ties with me like that! If something comes up in the future, I'm going to bother you shamelessly. After all, you agreed to form a partnership with me!"

Andrew replied flatly, "We'll see. If you can't offer something that interests me or something I find valuable... Then our so-called partnership could end at any time."

Yara was speechless with frustration. Nonetheless, she knew Andrew's words made perfect sense. Any partnership was built on mutual need, and both parties needed to bring equal strength to the table.

The harsh reality stung.

In the Wright family hierarchy, to put it bluntly, she was just the daughter of a mistress. She was not even qualified to partner with someone like Andrew.

"Mr. Lloyd, don't worry, I'll definitely become someone useful to you," Yara said with determination.

Andrew smiled faintly. "What makes you think so? As things stand, I don't lack money, connections, or muscle. I have everything I need to accomplish whatever I want. Since I don't need anything, what use would you be to me?"

This statement was incredibly blunt, but Yara was self-aware enough not to take offense. She understood clearly that someone like Andrew was already considered a top-tier power player in Blumedale. He could probably hold his own against the heads of the Five Apex Families.

Hence, speaking to her without niceties was perfectly normal from his position of power since she was not entitled to special treatment.

Yara looked straight at Andrew, gritting her teeth slightly as she tried to prove her worth. "Mr. Lloyd, I know you look down on me. You agreed to work with me earlier out of kindness and to annoy Quinton. But I want to tell you that I am not a nobody."

Andrew chuckled. "Ms. Wright, just drive me back. There's no need to say more. The feud with your beast of a brother is ultimately your own battle don't waste effort on lost causes. Call me calculating or opportunistic if you want, but I have my own principles."

Yara suddenly changed tactics. "Fine, since you still think so little of me, Mr. Lloyd. What if I could secure the position as the leader of the Wright family?"

Andrew raised an eyebrow. "You mean you believe you could actually become the head of the Wrights?"

Yara laughed coldly. "That's right. With your support, I can fight Quinton to the end. And once I win and have him under my heel, Mr. Lloyd, you'll be the best friend of the Wrights. The Wrights will follow your command!"

Andrew rubbed his chin, smiling at her audacity "That's not a bad plan, but why should I support you? If I help you take power, and then you turn on me, using the Wright family's influence to suppress me, wouldn't I just be shooting myself in the foot?" C6ntent

Yara responded with embarrassed anger. "Andrew, don't forget, you still have my compromising photos. Those are a deadly threat to me."

Andrew shook his head. "No, that's nowhere near enough. You're the kind of woman who dares to offend someone as dangerous as Quinton. What does that tell me? It shows that you aren't even afraid of death and have a ruthless determination burning inside you. As they say, a woman's heart can be the most venomous.

"A woman like you, once you decide to be ruthless, wouldn't care about compromising photos. So, your photos aren't sufficient leverage to make me continue helping you."

Yara's expression darkened. She had not expected Andrew to grasp her true intentions so easily. Indeed, she had been scheming all along, planning to have Andrew help her defeat Quinton and elevate her to the position of head of the Wright family.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Not only did Yara plan to take revenge on those who had bullied her, but she also intended to turn the tables and negotiate with Andrew. When the time came, if Andrew dared to disobey, she would not hesitate to betray him without remorse.

"Fine, Mr. Lloyd, you win. Name your terms. What would it take for you to keep helping me?" Yara sighed weakly, her voice filled with frustration.

Andrew continued to shake his head. "There's nothing about you that I want or desire. So, I have no conditions to offer, and I don't want to help you."

Yara snapped angrily, "Mr. Lloyd, are you even a man?"

Andrew gave her a puzzled look. "What does that have to do with whether I'm a man or not?"

Yara's face suddenly turned red as she bit her lip. "Mr. Lloyd, what do you think of my looks?"

Andrew examined her and nodded. "You're definitely top-tier, comparable even to my little servant girl."

The flush on Yara's face deepened as she struggled to voice her next offer. "Then, Mr. Lloyd, I'm willing to... be with you. Would you like that?"

Andrew frowned. "Are you trying to seduce me?"

Yara deliberately pushed out her chest, making the deep cleavage clearly visible. She crossed her long, pale legs, displaying them enticingly. "Call it seduction or whatever you want. If I spend one night with you, Mr. Lloyd, would you be willing to continue helping me?"

After making sure the woman was serious, Andrew felt a headache coming on. "Ms. Wright, do I really look that desperate?"

Yara snorted coldly. "There's no such thing as a man who isn't desperate. I understand that someone like you-young, accomplished, wealthy, and exceptionally skilled-doesn't lack female company, but I'm different. I'm from the Wright family, and just the aura of

being a daughter from one of the Five Apex Families makes countless men want to get me into bed."

She continued, "I think you understand, Mr. Lloyd, that when men pursue women, it's not just beauty that they want. If the woman's status is extraordinary, that makes it all the more thrilling, doesn't it?"

Andrew laughed. "You seem to understand men's thoughts quite well. Have you been selling yourself often?"

Yara was mortified and furious. "Mr. Lloyd, what kind of person do you think I am? Do you think I'd want to do this if I had a choice? I know what you care about, and don't worry, I can go to the hospital with you for an examination. I'm 100% a virgin. If I'm not, you can have me for free."

Andrew was stunned, wondering if this woman was really that desperate.

Yara's face showed a trace of tragic beauty. "I don't mind if you laugh at me, Mr. Lloyd. I hate what I've

become. But I have no choice.

You're the only person I've found

who can stand against Quinton. So, I

won't let you slip away from me. Content belongs to snóvel

"I can't bear living under Quinton's covetous eyes and oppression anymore. I want

to kill him. I want to destroy the head of the Wright family-my father, whose lower body is rotting away.

"So, Mr. Lloyd, I can be your mistress. If once isn't enough for you, then twice or three times is fine too. As long as you're satisfied and enjoy yourself, just help me in the end."

As she finished speaking, a tear slid down her cheek. Yara did not wipe it away but instead looked at Andrew through her tear-filled eyes.

That helpless gaze made Andrew feel deeply uncomfortable. "Alright, I can help you seize the position as

head of the Wright family. But set

you

know I'm not some bleeding heart who gets swayed by a woman's tears. Do you understand?"

Yara pressed her lips together, crying with joy. "I understand! Thank you, Mr. Lloyd. Now, let me take care of you."

Her delicate hands with light purple nail polish, which looked quite attractive, reached toward Andrew's pants.

Andrew asked in surprise, "What are you doing?"

Yara lowered her head shyly. "Don't move, Mr. Lloyd. I'll unzip your pants and use my mouth first. Don't worry, I'll be very careful and make sure you're satisfied!"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

In the end, Andrew was not conquered by Yara's cherry-red lips. Taking

advantage of someone in a vulnerable position was not his style. Besides, he and Yara were merely business partners.

Coercing this woman to sell her body through blackmail was something Andrew could not bring himself to do. Moreover, they did not have that kind of relationship, and forcing it seemed wrong to him despite the opportunity.

As he got out of the car at The Sovereign Residences entrance, Andrew shook his head. "I've gone soft. These days, women's tears, their crying, and that helpless look are their ultimate weapons!"

According to the standard playbook, Andrew should have completely taken advantage of Yara, using her thoroughly inside and out—he had the perfect opportunity.

Eventually, he could have symbolically given her some resources, and if things went well, continued investing in this woman to gain influence over the Wrights. The alliance could have been beneficial.

If things had not worked out and Yara had been defeated by Quinton, Andrew would not have lost anything. A high-class beauty like Yara from an influential family was worth possessing, at least in theory.

The pleasure and enjoyment she would bring in bed would undoubtedly be top-tier for most men. That was the calculation many would make.

But ultimately, Andrew chose to make a seemingly unprofitable deal, preserving Yara's dignity and virginity. He had surprised himself with his restraint.

Meanwhile, as Yara drove away, her delicate hands gripped the steering wheel tightly, her thoughts tangled and confused. She had fully expected to be violated today.

Being as meticulous as she was, despite maintaining her purity, she had even hidden a condom in her purse. She had been prepared to go through with it.

Compared to other sleazy men, Andrew caused Yara less revulsion and disgust. To be honest, she thought Andrew was indeed an impeccable man.

Young, wealthy, handsome, and exceptionally skilled in combat, he was no less impressive than the top talents from the Five Apex Families. Most importantly, that beast Quinton was currently powerless against Andrew.

These qualities were enough for Yara to recklessly offer herself to him. However, she never anticipated that even with her mouth open and ready, Andrew would choose to refuse.

Looking at her flame-red lips and sensual yet innocent face in the rearview mirror, Yara could not help but wonder if her appeal was not enough. Then again, that could not be right though-Andrew himself had said she was top-tier

comparable even to Aspen.

Given that, Andrew's rejection must have had another reason. Perhaps Andrew preferred playing with his little servant?

Thinking of Aspen's perpetually icy demeanor, Yara speculated whether Andrew might prefer that type. To secure this partnership, or rather this powerful ally, Yara was ready to change herself to cater to his preferences.

She made a decision that the next time she saw Andrew, she would switch her style to an ice-queen, cold and aloof approach, to see if that would make him unable to resist.

Before she knew it, her car pulled into the Wright estate. As soon as she stepped out, Quinton approached with a grim face and grabbed her by the throat.

"You bitch, you've gotten bold, haven't you? Tell me, have you been hooking up with that bastard Andrew?" Quinton's face was twisted into an ugly mask as he continued shouting.

Yara's face turned pale as she was lifted until her heels left the ground, struggling to breathe. Despite this, her beautiful face displayed a carefree, unrestrained smile.

She chuckled and taunted, "If it isn't my dearest brother. Quinton, what's this? Are you panicking? Afraid?"

The veins on Quinton's forehead bulged as he roared, "Answer me! I'm asking if you've gotten involved with Andrew! How dare you? Who gave you the courage to betray me? Andrew is my mortal enemy Fuck around with him again, and I'll kill you!"

Yara's face revealed a flash of ruthlessness as she gritted her teeth and challenged, "Go ahead, kill me if you have the guts. Kill me right now!"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Yara declared boldly, "That's right, I've gotten together with your mortal enemy, Andrew! Not only did I get together with him, but on the way back just now, I used my mouth on him. He's so gentle, indescribably gentle!

"He said as long as I become his woman, he'll satisfy any wish I have," she added, licking her red lips seductively, looking irresistibly tempting.

Quinton's eyes flashed with murderous intent. "You really are a cheap whore. Go ahead and die!"

Despite his harsh words, he did not dare to squeeze harder. After all, if Yara had become Andrew's woman, killing her would probably cause Andrew to launch a furious revenge against him.

Right now, the power of the Wright family had not fully fallen into his hands yet. Meanwhile, Andrew was rising rapidly in Blumedale, getting more powerful by the day. If they truly became enemies, did he have the strength to fight Andrew to the bitter end?

Quinton hesitated, or rather, he was intimidated.

"Even if you've gained Andrew's support by selling your body," Quinton said as he slowly released Yara, his face twisted in a vicious smile. "In the end, you two bastards will not escape dying at my hands! If you don't believe me, just wait and see!"

Finally able to breathe again, Yara gasped for air. She had gambled correctly— Quinton did not dare to actually kill her.

Andrew's existence had intimidated her beast of a brother. From now on, she had a powerful backer and could officially stand against Quinton. The pleasant feeling made Yara burst into laughter, laughing with reckless abandon.

Then, she lifted her high heel and kicked Quinton right in the groin.

Quinton yelped in pain. Despite being a martial arts expert, he could not anticipate this sudden sneak attack. The direct hit to his most sensitive area caused spasmodic pain, making his face turn red as he gasped through clenched teeth.

"You bitch, how dare you lay hands on me? You attacked me, the legitimate eldest son of the Wright family? You're playing with fire!"

The agony and rage made Quinton momentarily lose his mind as he raised his hand, about to slap Yara across the face.

Just then, a hand appeared and blocked his vengeful strike. Someone had intervened at the perfect moment.

"Stop it, Winston! What do you think you're doing? I've said before that don't want to see my children killing each

That only tarnishes the

reputation of our Wright family!"

Kevin, the head of the Wright family, had appeared without warning, his face dark with displeasure. "It seems you haven't taken my words to heart, have you?"

Quinton quickly adjusted his attitude, ignoring the throbbing pain in his groin. "Father, I was wrong! I was just joking around with Yara. We were only playing!"

Kevin snorted coldly and asked, "Yara, is that true?"

Ignoring Quinton's warning glare, Yara replied coldly, "Dad, can't you see it for yourself? This eldest son of yours has tried to kill me more than once, and what just happened is just an everyday occurrence. I'm@lready used to it."

Quinton exploded with anger. "Father, don't listen to her nonsense!"

Kevin had already raised his hand and slapped Quinton hard across the face. Pointing at Quinton's nose, Kevin's face was filled with rage. "You beast! How could you bully your own sister? I might turn a blind eye to your usual antics. But what have you done now? You actually tried to kill your own sister? Are your parents animals?"

Yara interrupted, adding fuel to the fire. "Yes, his parents are animals! You're absolutely right, Dad. Say it again!"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1297 Kevin's face twitched as he realized his verbal slip. "You worthless piece of trash! If something like this happens again, you can forget about taking over my position!" Quinton touched his burning cheek, his eyes filled with viciousness. He hid it well, though, replying obediently, "I've learned my lesson. I will definitely remember it."

Kevin grunted and asked, "How are the recent matters you've been handling going?" Quinton straightened his posture.

"I've basically familiarized myself with and mastered all of the Wright family's internal affairs. The family's income has also increased by 500 million this quarter." He tried hard to hide the pride in his voice, but failed to mask it completely. Kevin smiled approvingly. "Not bad. You truly are the Wright family's most outstanding member of the next generation. Keep up the good work."

At this rate, whether it's me or the family elders, 'we'll likely all choose you in the end." The ambitious Quinton nodded. "Father, the current achievements don't satisfy me. My goal is to at least have the Keller family under our feet. At a minimum, I want our Wright family to become the leader among the Five Apex Families. We Wrights no longer need to keep a low profile!" Kevin waved his hand dismissively. "It's good to have dreams, but you need to be realistic."

As things stand, we Wrights still aren't in a position to challenge the Keller family." Quinton glanced at Yara and suddenly smirked. "By the way, Father, you also assigned Yara some tasks, didn't you? I wonder if she has lived up to your expectations?" Kevin shook his head. "Yara is just a girl after all, unlike you. Even if she doesn't achieve results, as her father, I can't demand too much from her." Though he tried to sound reasonable, his condescension and disregard were evident.

Clearly, in the Wright family, apart from Quinton, people like Yara never received much attention. No one expected them to accomplish anything significant. "I'm sorry to disappoint you both, but everything on my end is going very well. The South Lake villas will be completed soon," Yara stated expressionlessly. Kevin was surprised. "So quickly? Yara, you've made great progress. Quinton sneered. "Our family's main industry is backing you, with the family putting in the effort for you."

Of course, you didn't have to lift a finger. Yara, relying on family resources, doesn't count as an ability. Why don't you tell us what you've accomplished on your own?" Kevin looked at Yara with an approving expression. "Take it slow, Yara. Being able to handle the family's affairs properly is already impressive enough." Yara replied calmly, "Besides family matters, I've also made some progress in other areas. For example, I've already established contact with Supreme Capital Group."

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"We're just waiting for a suitable project to begin cooperation." "Furthermore, I even made some small progress with Mr. Andrew Lloyd from Supreme Capital Group," she continued, her tone measured. "I wonder if you consider these achievements not worth mentioning?" Kevin frowned.

"Supreme Capital Group? Mr. Lloyd? Which company in Blumedale is that? Which figure? I can't recall off the top of my head." Quinton quickly interjected, "It's just a garbage company, not worth mentioning at all!"

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1298 "That Mr. Lloyd of theirs is just a nobody. I'm afraid even mentioning him would dirty your ears, Father," Quinton added contemptuously. Yara did not seem bothered and replied with a sweet smile. "Yes, just a garbage company, definitely not worthy of being mentioned in front of you, Dad. And that Mr. Lloyd is exactly as Quinton described -just a nobody. "He hasn't achieved much, except surviving assassination orders from two major families.

Currently, he's sworn brothers with Logan, the eldest son of the Keller family. In front of Governor McCormick, he's nothing special-just someone Mr. McCormick considers his right-hand man. "Oh, and Mr. Lloyd will soon be attending the highly anticipated Grand Medical Summit. I heard his medical skills are so formidable that even Dr. Lake dares not directly challenge him..." She spoke lightly, but Kevin's eyelids began to twitch as he listened.

He could not help but exclaim, "Wait, Yara, isn't this the Andrew Lloyd who's been making the biggest waves in Blumedale recently? Is Mr. Lloyd from Supreme Capital Group the person you're talking about?" Yara nodded. "That's the one." Kevin was shocked, but quickly came to his senses and burst into ---- laughter. "Yara, you've done a great service for our Wright family! You're truly my daughter! Well done, extremely well done! "Just for being able to get close to Mr.

Lloyd, our family's fortune for the next few years will certainly not be lacking!" Quinton had not expected Kevin to hold Andrew in such high regard. Jealousy and anger surged within him as he gritted his teeth. "Father, Andrew can't be as impressive as you're making him out to be. "As far as I know, he's currently a thorn in the side of the Goldings and the Haywoods in Blumedale. He'll be removed sooner or later." Kevin snorted and rebuked him. "You fool!

Winston, I have to say your vision is extremely shallow, bordering on absurdly stupid, on this matter!" He did not even acknowledge Quinton's suddenly darkening expression as he continued, "I've been watching Andrew for quite some time now. A young man who can cause such upheaval for two major families in Blumedale isn't some small-time punk-that's a goddamn hurricane. Blumedale hasn't seen a storm like this in decades. "The Keller family is proud and has impeccable

judgment, right?

Yet, Logan has sworn brotherhood with Andrew Others might not see the significance, but it can't escape my notice. Simply put, George, calculating as always, saw Andrew's potential and future value."

Quinton nearly ground his teeth to dust, urgently objecting, "Father, even if Andrew truly has some skills, he has absolutely no connection to our Wright family.

He's made so many enemies that we Wrights should avoid any thoughts of dealing with him-it would be like inviting disaster!" Kevin laughed coldly. "Short-sighted fool! What do you understand? Not only should we establish a relationship with Andrew, but if we could directly bind ourselves to him, the entire family would consider it a blessing! "Today, I'm giving both of you a good lesson, so listen carefully.

The road to success often isn't paved by oneself, but by following trends and standing on the shoulders of those who came before. Governor McCormick is quite visionary, isn't he? And Mr. Keller Senior is deeply calculating and steady as a rock, right?"

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1299 Kevin said with growing enthusiasm, "Those two top-tier power players in Gabo Creek Province have chosen to back Mr. Lloyd. What reason do we have not to follow the trend?" Quinton was speechless, his fiery glare directed at Yara as if he wanted to tear her to pieces.

He silently cursed, "That bitch!" Yara mocked coldly, "Dad, it seems besides being skilled with women, your ability to analyze situations and your vision aren't bad either!" Kevin, unusually tolerant of his daughter's cheekiness, chuckled warmly. "Yara, get closer to Andrew if you can.

If there's an opportunity, tell him the head of the Wright family would like to have dinner with him, so we can get to know each other." Yara replied indifferently, "We'll see about that." Quinton sneered, "Already putting on airs for Father? Yara, you don't actually think you're capable, do you? Let's be honest, you only managed to hook up with Andrew by selling your body.

You're bringing nothing but shame to our Wright family!" Before Yara could counter, Kevin slapped Quinton across the face again. "You worthless fool! Is that how you talk about your own sister? Yara isn't selling her body! This is a mutual attraction between her and Andrew, a natural passion! The fact that you can't understand even this much is deeply disappointing to me!" ---- After scolding Quinton, Kevin turned to Yara with a broad smile. " Yara, feel free to pursue Mr. Lloyd confidently.

If you need anything, just ask me directly! Young people should be uninhibited and show their individuality, after all. Rest assured, even if you and 'Mr. Lloyd were to get pregnant before marriage or something, I'd fully support you!" "Just remember one principle-no matter what, you must establish a good relationship with this Mr. Lloyd," he concluded. With that, Kevin walked away, humming a tune with his hands behind his back.

Quinton touched his beaten face,

now swollen on both sides from the slaps he had received. In his entire life, he had never been slapped. except when he was young and stole money from Kevin's safe to visit prostitutes. But today just now, because of Andrew, he was slapped twice in succession. His rage was uncontrollable and building by the second. "Quinton, your good days are numbered! Andrew is truly your nemesis. Didn't you think you were so impressive?

Look, even Dad thinks you're just an idiot, a fool!" Yara taunted, relishing her brother's downfall. She added, "My, my, it seems that being able to get together with Andrew is truly a blessing from heaven! Would you believe that when Dad meets Andrew, he'll probably offer him a cigarette, invite him to sit down, and treat him like an honored guest?

With ----such a powerful backer, do you think it would be difficult for me to destroy you" With a cold smile and a glance at Quinton, Yara felt better than ever before as she turned and walked away. Quinton roared after her, "Yara, you really think Andrew genuinely wants to help you? Once he's done with you, you'll be nothing but damaged goods, and he'll kick you aside!" Yara laughed. "I actually hope Mr. Lloyd would 'ruin' me!

Whenever he wants it, my legs are open!" Although she said this partly to anger Quinton, Yara's face still burned red after the words left her mouth Andrew wanted nothing from her. He showed no interest whatsoever in her body or what she could offer. But if one day, he suddenly wanted to sleep with her out of boredom, she could not help but wonder if she would spread her legs or not.

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1300 With only two days left until the highly anticipated Grand Medical Summit, the streets of Blumedale were already bustling with visitors from out of town. The event had drawn medical professionals from across the region. In the midst of his boredom, Andrew received a personal call from Derek. The timing could not have been more unexpected. "Mr. Lloyd, the Grand Medical Summit is about to begin. I'm hosting a symposium here and would like you to join us," Derek invited.

Andrew showed little interest and laughed. "Governor McCormick, I'm not really into these kinds of gatherings. Would it be possible for me to skip it?" Derek pressed gently. "My suggestion is that you should really come and listen, Mr. Lloyd. The officials are taking this summit very seriously, Anyone who brings glory to our Gabo Creek Province will receive generous rewards, with my office leading the initiative." Andrew immediately perked up and smiled.

"Well, rewards aren't really what matters to us medical practitioners! Material things are secondary to our calling. Alright, I'll come and listen. After all, supporting your work and bringing honor to Gabo Creek Province is our unquestionable duty!" ---- Derek laughed heartily. "Mr. Lloyd, you're quite the humorist. ee you at the venue!" After hanging up, Andrew looked at Aspen, who was sitting nearby. Her expression was unreadable but critical.

"What are you smirking at?" Aspen maintained her icy demeanor. "I'm not smirking at anything. I just think some people are hypocrites. Claiming no interest, then immediately getting excited at the mention of rewards. 'We medical practitioners don't care about material things Listen to yourself, Mr. Lloyd. Is that even human language?' Andrew remained completely unembarrassed, responding matter-of-factly. "I don't see anything wrong with what I said.

Although I don't care about material things, Mr. McCormick was being so polite-tl can't just disregard his wishes, can I?" Aspen snorted and turned her head away. She had never seen someone with such thick skin. Andrew stood up, preparing to leave, but then asked, "Aspen, what's going on with you lately? Your rebellious attitude is getting serious. Do you think I don't have the heart to discipline you?" Aspen gritted her teeth. "Go ahead, discipline me then!

Beat me to death if you want!" Andrew frowned. This little servant was becoming increasingly unruly. Yet, truthfully, he could not bring himself to use the harsh, -- methods he had used before. "You don't need to walk around with that sour face all day. Remember what I said?

After the assassination orders from the two major families passed and the company got on track, you could regain your freedom." "The time has come now- you can leave whenever you want," he added coldly before putting on his coat and heading for the door. Aspen's face turned pale instantly, her lips losing color as she bit down hard. The prospect of freedom was not what she had expected.

Her emotions were clearly out of control, and she suddenly stood up and shouted, "Andrew, you jerk, stop right there!" Andrew turned around and looked at her coldly, but found himself stunned. His little servant's eyes were brimming with tears. She was trying her hardest not to cry, staring at Andrew with eyes that conveyed extreme grief. She accused, "When you needed to use me, you ordered me around as you please. Now that I have no more value to you, you're driving me away, discarding me?

Andrew, even though I fell into your hands, I've helped you quite a bit,

haven't I? Treating me like this -doesn't your conscience hurt at all?" After her righteously indignant outburst, the tears she had been holding back finally streamed down her face. Andrew was completely taken aback and sighed helplessly. "Stop ---- crying. You look terrible when you cry. I'm not trying to drive you away, understand?

It's just that you've been walking around with this sour expression, like some bitter wife. It irritates me to see it "Haven't you always wanted your freedom? Now granting your wish, and you're still unhappy?" Wiping away her tears, Aspen replied resentfully, "Don't worry, I'll leave. It's not like I can't survive without you. I just feel it's so

unfair. Why can you treat me this way? Why do I have to be mistreated by you like this?" Andrew snapped, "Enough!

Do you even know what you're saying? How have I mistreated you? Did I sleep with you or do something. else to you?"

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