

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) 1391-1396

Chapter 1391 With gritted teeth and hot breaths, Andrew repositioned Aspen and continued his relentless assault. Aspen's face flushed with panic, her lips parting to beg for mercy. Yet, before a word escaped, her snow-white neck arched sharply as she gasped. A storm raged over her-inescapable, overwhelming. The night became a cycle of sweet torment. Once, twice -she lost count of how many times she teetered on the edge of consciousness, certain Andrew would be the death of her.

Of course, this kind of "death" did not frighten her-it thrilled her. By the end, Aspen clung to Andrew desperately, their sweat-slicked bodies fused together atop the drenched sheets. Meanwhile, Rafael and Mosby also had a busy night at a ---- luxury villa on Blumedale's outskirts. Two of Gabo Creek's most popular starlets lay sprawled unconscious on the large bed that was now stained crimson. Rafael gestured for his secretary to pour two glasses of wine.

Lighting a cigar, he smirked at Mosby and said, " Drink. You'll need it after that performance. Damn, I'm all bloody down there!" Mosby's earlier defeat had vanished from his expression. He raised his glass with a smirk, clinking it against Rafael's. "Your spot never disappoints, Mr. Driscoll. Even a man who just lost his whole family could find paradise here." "Though... maybe ease up on the performance enhancers? It's not good for your health." Rafael waved him off. "Please.

My medical team is the best money can buy. I'm actually taking the famous Titan Essence Pill; I could go another 300 rounds right now. Mosby laughed. "Impressive as always, Mr. Driscoll! If you go for another round, those starlets will need ---- ambulances." Rafael shrugged. "They want fame? My resources don't come cheap. Pretty faces mean pretty suffering." Suddenly, Mosby's mood darkened. "But all this pleasure can't erase that bastard, Andrew.

If he isn't removed, he'll keep overshadowing me in Blumedale- until I'm nothing." Rafael let out a cold, chilling smile. "Don't worry, The Grand Viper has already made his move. The remaining pieces of the map will soon be in our hands." Mosby clenched his jaw. don't just want the map. I want Andrew dead." Rafael shook his head. "Killing him isn't the hard part. But right now, our top priority is completing the map and finding the treasure. Word about this relic is spreading fast.

If we don't move quickly, and the Phelans-or any other ambitious families-decide to interfere, we'll have a real problem on our hands." Mosbynoded in agreement. "You're right, Mr. Driscoll. We need to secure all the remaining fragments first. ---- Once this lost treasure from the Crimson Dynasty is in our

possession... whether it's you or me, either of us could rise straight into the upper echelon." A flicker of pure ambition lit up Rafael's eyes.

"I may have the Driscoll name, and yeah-I've got enough wealth and influence to shake the world. But the Driscoll family belongs to my older brother, not me. "I'm still the seventh son. If I want to be the one calling the shots, I've got to carve out my own empire." Mosby suddenly chuckled. "Mr. Driscoll, the Grand Viper is ranked third on the

Underworld Index. That makes him a

certified martial king-he could

shatter boulders and split the earth with a single blow.

So, what if, while retrieving the map for you, he just so happens to kill Andrew in the process?" Rafael scoffed. "If that happens, it'll just prove one thing -Andrew's luck finally ran out. From the moment that little bastard dared to disrespect me, his death was already written in stone."

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1392 The next morning, Andrew had just gotten up when his phone rang-it was Tiana. Her voice was tight with frustration and urgency as she said, "Andrew, bad news-someone stole the Rhodes family's map fragment!" Andrew's expression darkened. "Mrs. Rhodes, with your strength, no ordinary person could've pulled that off. Was it a-" "You're right," she cut in, teeth clenched. "It wasn't ordinary at all. It was a real master-someone at martial king level.

It only took him three moves to beat me. Luckily, he was after the map, not blood-otherwise, I might not have made it out alive." Someone strong enough to attack the Rhodes family? Andrew's first thought was Quinton-that snake. After all, Quinton did know about the Rhodes family holding a piece of the treasure map. However, he quickly dismissed the idea. Quinton, spoiled as he was, did not ---- have the influence to hire a martial king. That left only two real suspects: Mosby and Rafael.

Andrew's mind worked like lightning. Within seconds, he had traced the logic back to those two. Mosby had always been obsessed with the treasure map, more than anyone else. If he had teamed up with Rafael, the attack would have made perfect sense. As for how they even knew the Rhodes family had a fragment? That did not really matter. If someone like Quinton could dig up that kind of intel, then Rafael, backed by one of the Three Titans, would have had no problem finding out too.

Moreover, when it came to affording a martial king, only someone of Mosby or Rafael's level could pull that off. He said, "Mrs. Rhodes, forget the map. As long as you're okay, that's all that matters right now. As for Rafael and Mosby-leave them to me." Always proud and strong, Tiana was not about to take that lying down. "That martial king didn't completely - overpower me. Ever since your training helped me break through, I've been getting closer and closer to that level.

"Give me a little more time-I'll have the power I need to fight alongside you. Taking on the Driscoll family won't be a problem." Andrew chuckled. "Alright, I'll hold you to it. I'd better wake Lauren and the others for breakfast. It's late, and they're all still asleep." Tiana's tone suddenly turned teasing. "Andrew, did you really spend the night with Lauren?" Andrew scratched his head, slightly embarrassed. "Well.. yeah. Something like that." Tiana snorted. "Don't play coy with me!

'Something like that'-please. I know your type. Once you've got your hands on a prize, there's no way you're letting go. But I'll let it slide. gave Lauren the green light anyway, so you got lucky." That reminded Andrew of something. "Wait, Mrs. Rhodes -didn't you once 'say Lauren's virginity was the key to activating the Rhodes map fragment? Now that it's gone does that mean the map can't be revealed anymore?" Tiana let out a light, confident laugh. "Oh, please.

Do you think didn't plan for that? Relax. Before let Lauren visit your place, I had already taken and

preserved a vial of her blood. Thonet

map fragment may have been

stolen- but without that blood, it's nothing more than a blank sheet of paper." No wonder she's the first woman ever to leave me feeling slightly cornered. She's sharp and meticulous," Andrew mused, grudgingly impressed. Just as he was about to hang up, Tiana added with a cheeky hum, "Hold on, Andrew.

Last night, it wasn't just Lauren, was it? Francesca and Aspen were with you too, right?" Andrew had not expected Tiana, of all people-a senior- to ask that. He cleared his throat awkwardly and explained. "Fran's planning to work at Blumedale Hospital, so it just makes sense for her to stay here. It's more convenient. And Aspen's my personal servant. Of ---- course, she's staying with me." Tiana gave a low laugh. "Andrew... you really know how to enjoy yourself.

One guy, three stunning women- honestly, even your father didn't get around like this. You've got every right to be proud." Andrew could only chuckle helplessly. He was not even sure how to respond to that. After all, if his father had not lived up to the name, then he had to exceed it. Otherwise, what was the point of being the next generation? Then, Tiana's voice dropped to a soft, sultry purr. "Say, kid... why don't you take it one step further and let me join you too?"

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1393 Tiana purred over the phone, "Trust me. I can show you what it really means to be treated like a king!" Andrew rolled his eyes, cursing silently. 'This damn woman's getting bolder by the day.' With a hard click, he ended the call. Then, he headed off to wake Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen. After calling for them multiple times, none of them got up. All three complained about sore bodies and begged for a full day to rest. Andrew did not push it, letting them recover. Meanwhile, Dylan and Natasha took over guard duty at Serenity Villa, maintaining tight security. Andrew stayed in and began sorting through the prizes he had earned at the Grand Medical Summit. He only had one word for everything: perfect. Among his rewards were five stalks of rare medicinal herbs, each aged around five centuries. He did note ---- with a hint of regret that two of the five herbs had overlapping properties, meaning one of them would not be particularly useful to him.

Nonetheless, "not useful" did not mean "worthless". Even if he sold that extra stalk at an auction or collector's fair, it could easily fetch at least seven million dollars. Still, he was not hurting for cash, and he was not about to start selling off treasures. Aside from the herbs, there were other miscellaneous prizes, including the antique gold acupuncture needles Francesca had been eyeing. He picked one up, gave it a flick between his fingers, and tested its resilience.

The strength and flexibility were top-tier, a perfect match for Francesca's style. Then came the most critical item-the treasure map fragment Rafael had placed as a stake. Andrew compared it with the piece he already possessed. Unfortunately, the two did not align. From the shape and markings, he could roughly determine that the full treasure map had to consist of six pieces.

---- With two in his possession and possibly one in Quinton's hands, that meant the remaining three likely belonged to Mosby. In other words, the cunning man had the most chips on the board. Andrew carefully secured the fragments close to him and headed out. Malcolm had extended the invitation several times already, and today, he was finally going to visit Blumedale Hospital.

As soon as he pulled up, a balding man in a white coat came rushing over, grinning from ear to ear like he was greeting a celebrity. Andrew had not even gotten the chance to open his car door. The man said excitedly, "Welcome, Dr. Lloyd! It's a tremendous honor for us at the Blumedale Hospital to have your visit!" Andrew recognized him-it was Norman. Frankly, even if he slapped that smile off his face, Norman would probably still be grinning. ---- "Dr.

Ellington, let's not overdo it," Andrew replied with a dry smile. "I'm just a small fry. Blumedale Hospital is a powerhouse. I wouldn't dare talk about giving anyone guidance." Norman bowed and laughed nervously. "Oh, come on, Dr. Lloyd, you're far too humble! I've already heard from a little birdie that Dr. Goddard's planning to bring you on board- and not just any position, either. You're being considered for a lead role." Andrew raised a brow.

"That so?" Norman leaned in slightly

and lowered his voice, trying to sound confidential. "It's basically a done deal. With Dr. Pearce away, Dr. Goddard has got full control of Blumedale Hospital. Just yesterday, he held a meeting with Dr. Bozzelli and the others." Andrew shook his head. "Whether that's true or not, I'm not really interested in working here long-term. Anyway, just take me to see Dr. Goddard." Norman led the way with a flattering smile. "Dr.

Lloyd, don't underestimate what this means! You're being ---- brought in through our top-tier talent acquisition channel. If you accept, you'd be stepping in as a deputy chief-that's a senior leadership position! You'd be young, powerful, and prestigious!" Andrew sighed. "I'm not a fan of leadership titles. That stuff's not for me." Norman was stunned. After all, this was Blumedale Hospital-one of the top medical institutions.

He could not believe someone as young as Andrew would actually refuse it. If it were him, Norman would have thanked his lucky stars and called his entire family tree to celebrate. Before long, they arrived at a large, elegantly furnished office. Inside, Andrew met with Malcolm and two very familiar faces. They both stared at Andrew with expressions full of conflict, admiration, and something else entirely. Andrew greeted them with a smile, "Dr. Bozzelli. Jared. Good to see you both."

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1394 Thomas let out a vague grunt and turned his head away. From the look of it, the most promising leader of Blumedale Hospital seemed utterly drained, like he had not slept a wink all night. As for his prized apprentice, Jared, there was only one way to describe him-like someone mourning the dead. When Andrew glanced his way, Jared immediately looked elsewhere. Right now, he did not even have the courage to meet Andrew's eyes.

He could not help it- Andrew's skills had completely outshone even his own mentor, Thomas, so what chance did a junior like him stand? Especially when even Mosby, the

reigning champion of the Grand Medical Summit, had fallen to Andrew. Since last night, Jared had spent hours figuring out how on earth Andrew was this ridiculously good.

Sitting at the head of the room, Malcolm chuckled warmly and said, "Andy, you're one of us now-come, ---- have a seat." Andrew did not stand on ceremony and took the open seat. He asked casually, "So, Dr. Goddard, may I ask why you called me here today?" Malcolm smiled and replied, "Oh, nothing too serious. You just won the Grand Medical Summit title, and Blumedale Hospital wants to show our appreciation with a little reward." Andrew grinned.

"Well, if it's a reward, I won't be shy about it!" Malcolm waved him off with a laugh. "It's nothing too fancy, probably won't even catch your eye. This time, I mainly wanted to get your thoughts. I'd like to know if you'd be open to taking up a position here at Blumedale Hospital." Andrew already had a feeling this would come up, so his reaction was rather mild. "I appreciate the offer, but I've got way too much on my plate right now.

It's just not a good time." Malcolm tried to persuade him, saying, "No worries. You ---- could just take an honorary role. We wouldn't expect you to be here every day-just lend a hand when we're facing a really tough case." Andrew raised an eyebrow with a smile. "So, what kind of position are you thinking of offering me, Dr. Goddard? Malcolm glanced at Thomas, then said with a grin, "How about Deputy Chief?

I figure the role of Deputy Chief at Blumedale Hospital should be appealing enough for someone like you, Andy." Andrew feigned surprise. "Whoa,I don't know about that A title like that at such a majoro institution? That's a big

IM

responsibility. I'm not sure I could handle it." Thomas finally could not hold his tongue anymore." Well then, Dr. Lloyd, since you admit it might be too much for now...

How about this-why don't you just join as a Head of Department for the time being?" Andrew gave a relaxed smile. "Nope. Not happening." No. one expected Andrew to be that blunt, and Thomas' expression instantly turned sour. "Then what position ---- are you expecting, Dr. Lloyd?" Andrew replied with a question of his own. "Before I answer that, may I ask-Dr. Bozzelli,

what's your current position at

Blumedale?" Thomas let out a sharp huff. "Isn't it obvious? I'm the Deputy Chief.

One step below Dr. Pearce himself." Andrew kept smiling. "That's interesting Since Dr. Bozzelli, my former opponent, is holding the Deputy Chief title... Shouldn't I, the Grand Physician, be offered a position higher than yours? Thomas' face flushed crimson, and he snapped, " Andrew, you-"

However, Andrew cut him off with a sarcastic laugh. " Relax, I'm not here to fight you for a title, Dr. Bozzelli. I don't plan on joining Blumedale Hospital at all. But, Dr.

Bozzelli-you do need to hand someone over to me." Thomas secretly breathed a sigh of relief. If Andrew was not coming to Blumedale, then at least his own influence remained intact.

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1395 If that freak Andrew ever actually joined Blumedale Hospital, Thomas knew he would never see the light of day again. "Dr. Lloyd, who are you looking for?" Thomas asked, his voice tight. Andrew replied coolly, "Bernard Hackett from Jayrodale. He's your lapdog, isn't he?" Thomas's face darkened. "Dr. Hackett is indeed one of mine. But I'd like to know why you're looking for him?" Andrew shot back impatiently, "Just call him over.

Why I want to see him is none of your business." Thomas fell silent and nodded for Jared to go fetch Bernard. In the past, if Andrew had dared speak to him like that, Thomas would have flown into a fit of rage on the spot. However, things were different now-no matter how rude Andrew got, Thomas did not dare flare up. ---- Soon, Bernard appeared, visibly nervous and twitchy. He stammered, "Dr. Goddard, Dr. Bozzelli... y-you asked for me?" Thomas replied blankly, "It's not us. Dr.

Lloyd wants a word with you." Bernard's eyes flicked toward Andrew, who was watching him with a smirk. Instantly, his stomach dropped. "D-Dr. Lloyd, h-hello." Andrew stood up, walked over, and grinned. "Bernard, you seem a little too cautious today." Bernard looked like he was about to cry. "You're such a funny guy, Dr. Lloyd! Of course, I need to be careful in front of someone as esteemed as you." He had come to Blumedale hoping to use Thomas' backing to get revenge on Andrew and Francesca.

However, that dream had gone up in smoke. Andrew had risen to become the Grand Physician, a dominant force in the medical world. Compared to that, Bernard, a small-time hospital director, was not even ---- worth mentioning. Suddenly, two sharp slaps rang out across the room, and everyone froze. Norman and the others glanced over in shock, but quickly averted their eyes, pretending

not to see. Jared flinched, his face twitching as he lowered his head.

Bernard covered his face, too afraid to argue back. His face burned red as he pleaded, "Dr. Lloyd, our conflict is all in the past now. Please, you're a far bigger man than me. I'm begging you-don't stoop to my level." Andrew sneered. "You're not out to get me

anymore? Funny, remember you once swore that your backer, Dr. Bozzelli, would crush me. Well, your backer's right here. Go ahead and have him take me down." Bernard was about to lose it. He silently cursed, 'Damn it!

If Thomas could crush Andrew, I'd have done it already! But the problem is that even Thomas

doesn't dare speak up in front of et

Andrew!" Bernard had no choice but to swallow his pride. "I wouldn't dare. Please, Dr. Lloyd, show some

mercy." ---- Seeing how pathetic he looked, Andrew lost all interest in dealing with him. "Get lost.

And remember-maybe you don't have the guts to play games here, but if I ever find out you're messing

with Fran behind my back fene

done. Bernard turned pale and nodded like his life depended on it. "Don't worry, Dr. Lloyd. I wouldn't dare cross either you or Dr. Aicker-I'm nothing but dirt beneath your feet. Oh, and Dr. Lloyd, I've got a bit of news from Jayrodale. Might be something you'd want to know." Andrew waved his hand. "Go ahead.

I'm listening." Bernard quickly said, "It's about Christina Stevens' family. Their company, Stevens Corporation, just got swallowed up by Harvey from the Weller family. It's basically on the verge of bankruptcy!" Andrew replied flatly, "Oh." After all, he couldn't care less about them.

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1396 Malcolm made a few more attempts to persuade Andrew to take on an honorary role at Blumedale Hospital. However, the latter remained firmly disinterested, so all he could do was force a bitter smile and let it go. After leaving Blumedale Hospital, Andrew planned to make a stop at the Wright estate. The whole sworn brotherhood thing with Kevin had always felt a bit theatrical, but it was not a total loss-after all, the Wrights were eager to build ties with him.

Andrew did not mind playing along a little either, since both sides understood perfectly that it was all for show; when real trouble came knocking, no one was going to risk their neck for the other. Just as Andrew was about to get in his Ferrari, a military vehicle screeched to a halt beside it. Leaning against the door was a female officer with a bob cut, looking ---- down at him from above. "Are you Andrew Lloyd, the one who just won the Grand Medical Summit?" she asked coldly.

Andrew answered calmly, "And what if I am?" The officer flashed her badge-she was a major-and ordered him like a superior, "Nothing serious. I just need you to come with me." Andrew replied flatly, "Not interested." Her face darkened, and her voice turned frosty. "Andrew, don't be ungrateful. This isn't coming from me- it's from Ms. Phelan!" Andrew raised a brow, unmoved. "Ms. Phelan? You mean Luna?" The officer, Leslie Terrell, snapped, "Watch your mouth, rookie!"

You don't get to call her by name. You will address her as Ms. Phelan!" Andrew nodded politely. "Sure thing, Luna." Leslie nearly lost it. "Do you really think winning the ---- Grand Medical Summit means you're untouchable now, huh? Let me be blunt-being summoned by Ms. Phelan is the greatest honor you'll ever receive in your miserable life! "Do you think someone like you is worthy of a personal invitation from a military major general? Ms.

Phelan isn't just any general-she's the youngest and most decorated war hero in all of Holtrien!" When Leslie spoke about Luna's accomplishments, her pride was overflowing. In contrast, her gaze toward Andrew was nothing but disdain and contempt. Andrew chuckled. "Whatever she's achieved has nothing to do with me.

I don't care if she's a major general or the commander of an entire war zone-I wouldn't even glance in her direction. He finished speaking and did not bother wasting another second, getting in his car and preparing to leave. Holtrien's youngest general? Andrew almost laughed. If he remembered correctly, he was the one who held that record. Leslie shouted, "Andrew, do you really think Ms. Phelan wants to meet you because she needs something from you? She's trying to protect you!"

Don't you realize your life is hanging by a thread right now?" She shouted, "Mr. Rafael Driscoll has hired the number three assassin from the Underground Index- Grand Viper! If Grand Viper has locked onto you, and Ms. Phelan doesn't intervene, you're as good as dead!" Andrew's response was the roar of his Ferrari's engine as he floored the gas and sped off into the distance. Leslie was furious.

She cursed and jumped back in her vehicle, ready to give chase-only to realize her car did not stand a chance against his Ferrari. "You bastard! If you want to die that badly, don't blame Ms. Phelan for letting it happen!" In frustration, she slammed her fist against the steering wheel, then made a sharp U-turn and headed toward the Phelan estate. ---- About 20 minutes later, Andrew's car pulled up to the gates of the Wright estate.

The guard at the booth recognized the car and immediately raised the gate while radioing the estate. "Mrs Wright, Dr. Lloyd is at our gate." Hearing this, Kevin rushed outside in excitement. Yara and Quinton were home as well, and Kevin called them to join him in greeting Andrew. "My man! I knew someone important was visiting-my eyelid's been twitching all day!" Kevin said

cheerfully as he opened the car door himself. "Didn't expect it to be you, though!" Andrew stepped out with a smirk.

"Kevin, isn't an eyelid twitch usually a bad omen? If you say it means an honored guest is coming, are you hinting that I'm the Wrights' bad luck charm" Kevin froze in panic and almost slapped himself across the face. "Hell no! You're hilarious, Andy! Please, come in!" ---- He turned to his kids. "Quinton, go make some tea for Uncle Andrew! Yara, hurry and prep some snacks to go with his drink!" Quinton said nothing, his face was still bruised and swollen.

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