

RISING FROM THE ASHES (ANDREW AND LAUREN)

Chapter 1451

Rafael said, "Didn't you want to kill your old man and take his place? Sure, the risk is a bit high, but Grand Viper already hates the Wrights to his core. It's not entirely impossible to make this work.

"As long as you handle things cleanly, I wouldn't mind helping you get Grand Viper to step in."

Quinton gritted his teeth and asked, "But what if Andrew says no?"

Mosby shrugged and said, "Then you're worthless to us, and Grand Viper's already dying to skin you alive."

Quinton did not say a word. He took the blank piece of the map and walked out of the villa. He muttered, "You two filthy dogs... One day, I'll make sure you suffer worse than death."

As he glanced back at the villa, his eyes were filled with venomous hatred. He had not expected that giving up the map would not earn him gold or power, but instead, a death sentence.

He should have seen it coming. Mosby and Rafael were both snakes-treachery was second nature to them.

"But what now? How the hell do I even talk to Andrew? With the way he operates, he'd probably treat me like dog crap."

Quinton stood by the roadside, a dark expression clouding his face as he struggled to make a decision.

After a long pause, he pulled out his phone and made a call. "Yara, hey, my sweet little sister... Got time for a coffee with me?"

He was all smiles, trying his best to sound humble and polite.

Yara answered coldly, "Quinton, cut the crap. Coffee? You seriously think I'd believe anything you say now?"

Quinton cursed silently, calling her an ungrateful little bitch. "Yara. I need a favor. You're pretty close with Andrew, aren't you? I need to ask him for something."

Quinton kept his tone low and submissive, still trying to sweet-talk her.

Yara was shocked and burst into laughter. "Wait, what? You're asking me to help you ask Andrew for a favor? Quinton, never thought I'd see the day Alright. goon then What do you want our dear Andrew to help you with? I'm curious now what kind of karma finally caught up to you?"

Quinton snapped, "Nothing's wrong with me! I'm doing just fine! Absolutely fine! I just want you to help me set up a meeting with him. As for the details, that's none of your business."

Yara giggled. "Still playing the mysterious card, huh? Well, tough luck. I'm busy, so I'm not helping. And besides, isn't it 'Uncle Andrew

now could just call up your

beloved godfather and beg him: Maybe if you're lucky, he'll meet you."

Quinton was seething with rage. He shouted, "Yara, you little bitch, don't you dare bring that up again, you hear me?"

She did not even let him finish-just hung up on him.

Quinton stood there fuming, humiliated, and boiling with fury. He was not going to let this go. He tried calling her again, but an automated message came through this time-she had blocked his number.

"You damn whore! You, Rafael, Mosby, Andrew-every last one of you you're all gonna die miserable deaths! Just wait!" Quinton exploded in a rage, screaming his lungs out on the street.

Passersby stopped to stare, their expressions full of concern and confusion, like they were looking at a lunatic.

That only made Quinton more furious. He nearly lunged at them to start swinging punches, but he held it in.

If he could not activate that fragment of the map in his hands, his life would be over soon anyway.

Suddenly, someone popped into his head-Christina. She was the woman he originally planned to make his own, but now, rumor had it, she was living in Andrew's Serenity Villa.

That might just be his solution.

Immediately, he made another call.

"Where are you? I've got something I need you to do-right now. If you screw this up, I'm done being patient I'll kill you, your mom, and your little brother. No more warnings."

Quinton's voice was vicious, threatening without hesitation.

Chapter 1452

After hanging up, Quinton let out a satisfied laugh. He thought, 'Perfect. That broke girl Christina finally caved. These days, she's nothing but a pretty face-and even that isn't worth much to him anymore.'

His eyes gleamed with lust as he thought, maybe he would just force her this time and get it over with.

Christina was way too cold and guarded back then, always keeping him at arm's length. She still had some value then, and he enjoyed the thrill of the chase, toying with her like a cat with a mouse, thinking he could eventually break her down.

However, he did not have the patience anymore. He would take her, use her hard, and then toss her aside like trash-to him, that would be more than fair.

Sliding into his sports car, Quinton headed straight for the address Christina had sent him.

Half an hour later, he pulled up outside a fast food joint. The second he stepped out, his face twisted in disgust.

He could not believe that Christina worked in this place. Sure, she went bankrupt, but she used to be a CEO-smart, accomplished, someone who had real power.

How had she fallen this far?

Still, Quinton did not really care. With everything he had going on, he barely had time to save his own skin, let alone pity someone else.

He shoved open the door to the place and walked in.

A chipper server greeted him with a bright smile. "Welcome, sir! What can I get you today?"

Quinton curled his lip. "You think I'd ever eat at a dump like this? Move. I'm here to see someone. I'll be out as soon as we're done."

Seeing his expensive clothes, the server did not dare push back and quietly stepped aside.

Quinton snapped, "Hey, come clean this table. Now."

Swallowing his frustration, the staff member walked over and wiped down the seat in silence.

Only then did Quinton sit down, tossing a hundred-dollar bill onto the table. "Here. A little tip for you."

His smug display did not go unnoticed Christina had just walked over and saw it all. She said coldly, "Quinton, sure, you've got money but does that mean you need to humiliate others

Quinton let out a mocking laugh. "Christina, you're nothing but a loser right now, barely hanging on. And you still think you can lecture me? Don't you think that's just pathetic?"

Her face paled, but she pressed her lips together and did not argue. "Say what you need to say. We're not connected anymore. I'm not in a position to help you."

Quinton crossed his legs, eyes shamelessly roaming her curves under the uniform. "Wow, didn't think Ms. Stevens could still pull off a cheap uniform that well. Tell you what give you ten grand aday just to be my girl for a month Sounds good?"

Christina's eyes flared with rage. "Quinton, you're disgusting."

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He sneered. "Maybe so. But it's still better than being broke and working a crap job just to get by. Christina, let's not kid ourselves-you're washed-up has

been Do you really think you're still that classy beloved CEO everyone admired?"

Every word stabbed at her pride like a blade.

Yes, she had lost everything. Now she was earning barely enough to survive, working a minimum-wage job at a fast food chain.

Even so, she felt nothing but contempt for Quinton, and she sure as hell was not going to let him insult her dignity.

"Yeah, I'm broke," she said steadily. "But I'm not living off you, Quinton. If there's nothing else, I'm going back to work. Goodbye."

Just as she turned to leave, Quinton's face darkened, and he lunged forward, grabbing her by the arm.

Chapter 1453

"Stop right there, you bitch! Where the hell do you get the guts to act tough in front of me?"

With a loud smack, Quinton slapped her hard across the face.

Christina dropped to her knees, clutching her burning cheek, completely defenseless.

The noise alarmed the staff, and several people rushed over.

Quinton turned, eyes blazing. "Unless you wanna die, get the hell out of my way! I'm Quinton Wright-the eldest son of the Wrights! If any of you dares to run your mouth, I'll wipe out your whole damn family!"

The moment they realized he was from one of the Five Apex Families, the staff froze in fear and backed away, not daring to make a sound.

"I need Andrew's help. You're gonna talk to him for me, got it?" Quinton hissed as he yanked Christina up by the arm, grinning cruelly. "You live in his Serenity Villa now, don't you? That makes this your job."

Christina's face twisted in disgust. She spat back, "Even if you beat me to death, I still wouldn't help you. And for the record, I only stay at Serenity Villa. You know damn well what kind of status Andrew holds now. I don't even have a chance to get near him."

Quinton scoffed. "That's not my problem. I just need you to do as you're told. If you won't help me get to him, then fine—bring out Lauren, Francesca, or Aspen. Any one of them. Do that, and your job's done. Simple enough, right?"

At that, Christina's face went cold and guarded. "You maniac. What the hell are you planning?"

Quinton laughed with wicked delight. "What do you think? I'm gonna grab one of them—doesn't matter which—and hold her hostage. That'll make Andrew do whatever I say.

"Aspen? That was me. I found out all about her and had Mosby's crew go after her. I know for a fact that these women mean everything to Andrew. He won't risk them. He'll cave."

Christina's eyes blazed. "Don't even think about it. I'm not helping you lure any of them. I can't believe you really plan to pull this kind of dirty stunt on Andrew! Quinton, you don't deserve to call yourself a Wight. You're just a damn disgrace!"

Quinton's eyes darkened, and he snapped. Then, he slapped Christina again twice this time, fast and brutal. Blood trickled from the corner of her mouth as her fair skin swelled and flushed red.

"You dare call me a disgrace, bitch? If I'm a disgrace, then what the hell does that make you? A filthy slut? You think I forgot what you did to Andrew back then?

"You're pathetic. Here you are, groveling for forgiveness, hoping he'll take you back. Look at yourself. You think you're any better now?"

Quinton grabbed her by the collar, practically shaking with rage.

Christina spat out blood and then started laughing. Not the triumphant kind, but something bitter, broken, and almost free.

"I never forgot what I did. Not a

single second. I know I'm a bitch. A selfish, heartless idiot. But at least now, Lauren and Francesca gave me a roof over my head. Especially Lauren-she's been kind to Leroy, me, and my mom. So forget it i'm not helping you hurt them. Not even

a little."

Quinton flew into a frenzy. He roared, "Then I'll fucking rape you right now! And

when I'm done, I'll hunt down Leroy and your mom. I'll kill them all!"

Chapter 1454

Just then, the door to the fast food joint slammed open. A delivery guy in a yellow jacket stormed in and punched Quinton straight in the head.

"Quinton, you bastard! How dare you hit Christie? I'll die before I let you get away with that!"

Quinton, trained in martial arts, was no ordinary fighter. He easily dodged the hit, spun around, and slammed his fist into the guy's chest.

With a loud gasp, the delivery guy coughed up a mouthful of blood and collapsed.

Christina screamed and ran to him. "Leroy! Leroy, are you okay?"

It was her younger brother, Leroy, who had charged in to defend her.

Now, one sibling worked the counter, and the other delivered food. After their family went bankrupt, Irene had been bedridden and too sick to help.

"Christie... run! Even if I die today, I won't let this psycho hurt you. Just go!"

Leroy's voice shook with pain, blood dripping from his mouth as he struggled to stand again.

Quinton's eyes gleamed with malice. "Well, well, look who delivered himself right to my feet. Christina, you didn't want to play along? Fine. You won't trick Andrew's women? Then, I'll start with Leroy instead. Let's see how long you last while watching this weakling with one kidney get beaten to death."

Cackling, Quinton stepped forward and kicked Leroy back to the ground. Then, he stomped on him again.

And again.

Leroy coughed up blood, his eyes rolling back, his body twitching violently as life drained out of him.

Christina sobbed, "Quinton, you monster! Let him go-let Leroy go!"

Quinton's rage burned hotter, his voice rising into a scream. "Are you going to help me or not? Will you lure out Andrew's women or not? Because if you won't, I'll leave Leroy dead on the pavement right now!"

That helplessness, that crushing despair-it all came flooding over Christina like a tidal wave. She regretted not listening to Andrew in the first place.

She had truly believed Blumedale would be the Stevens family's rebirth. She never imagined it would become their graveyard, turning their lives into a nightmare.

And Quinton—the man who once acted like a savior—was now their executioner.

Leroy's vision was going dark. He choked out, "Christie... don't... don't give in... I'd rather die... than drag you and Mom down with me. If you betray Andrew again... I know you'll never have the strength or dignity to live with yourself."

His voice cracked, thick with blood, and his eyes slowly closed.

Christina's mind went blank—something in her snapped.

Why?

Why did she and her family keep getting crushed?

Why did life keep kicking them while they were down?

What had she done to deserve this cruel punishment?

"Leroy! Leroy! Quinton! I swear to God—I'll kill you!" Fueled by desperation, Christina threw herself at Quinton with everything she had.

She knew she did not stand a chance, but she could not sit and watch her brother die.

She could not live with that kind of guilt.

So, if Quinton wanted blood, he could just take hers too.

'Andrew... maybe this is what you wanted all along. Maybe this is what I deserve,' Christina thought.

With a bitter smile, she charged in, her heart already broken.

Quinton snarled. "Relax, slut. I'm not gonna kill you... not until I've had my fun."

Then, he backhanded her so hard she flew across the floor.

Grinning like a demon, he added, "But your dumbass brother? I'll send him to hell right now!"

He lifted his foot, ready to crush Leroy's skull.

"Stop right there!"

A thunderous voice rang out from the back of the store. The owner of the fast food joint stormed out, his face red with fury.

Quinton froze and looked over, sneering. "And who the hell do you think you are? You think you've got the guts to get in my way?"

The man stood tall, his voice low and dangerous. "I don't care that you're Quinton Wright, and yeah,

normally what you do wouldn't be

my business. But not in my

restaurant.

If someone dies here, becomes my problem."

Quinton's eyes narrowed. He scoffed. "So is that a threat, or just a warning?"

The store owner clenched his jaw.

"The Wrights may be powerful in

Blumedale. I know better than to pick a fight with your kind. But our regional manager just arrived.

The moment he said it, a man in a suit and glasses burst through the door.

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"Quinton!" the suited man yelled, his badge reading 'Regional Manager as it swung from his chest What the hell do you think you're

Chapter 1455

Lewis Doyle, the regional manager, shouted, "This whole district, two streets wide, belongs to the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce! This is our turf. You Wrights don't get to throw your weight around here. Step back right now and stop hurting people!"

Quinton let out a scornful laugh. "You're just a damn regional manager. Even if your so-called Chamber of Commerce chairman showed up himself, you think I'd give a damn?"

Lewis' face turned red with fury. "Quinton, you've gone too far. You're way too arrogant! Back when the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce was under Mr. Keller Senior's leadership, even the Wrights knew better than to mess around here.

"And now that we've got a new chairman in charge, you still think you can throw tantrums and beat people in public? I'm warning you—if you keep this up, you're not walking away unscathed."

Quinton's expression shifted. "Wait a minute. You have a new chairman?"

Lewis lifted his chin with pride. "That's right. Our new chairman just took office, and our higher-ups gave very clear orders-no screwups allowed in any territory managed by the Chamber of Commerce. No chaos, no bloodshed. Our new leadership wants a new image, a new structure."

Quinton sneered. "Back when the Kellers ran your Chamber of Commerce, I might've shown a little respect. But now? Whoever this new clown is-I've never even heard of them.

"So, sorry to disappoint you, but I am causing trouble on your turf. Let's see what the hell you're gonna do about it."

Christina's refusal to cooperate had already pushed Quinton's rage to the edge. Now this nobody of a regional manager had the balls to talk back too?

Quinton was livid.

Since when did the Wrights' name stop meaning something?

Lewis was stunned that Quinton was still being aggressive. He turned to his staff and barked, "Grab something heavy—we're taking this bastard down! Screw it! The new chairman's in charge now, and the execs have our backs.

"The Chamber of Commerce is tougher than ever! This spoiled Wright brat wants to act like he's untouchable? Let's show him he bleeds like everyone else!"

At once, the employees ran into the back, grabbing whatever they could—kitchen knives, rolling pins, metal trays—and stormed out, surrounding Quinton like an angry mob.

It nearly gave Quinton a heart attack.

What the hell? Since when did a bunch of minimum-wage flunkies dare scream at him?

Clearly, that new chairman must have filled their heads with confidence.

Quinton gritted his teeth. He believed this new leader would still treat him with respect once they met. After all, no way someone with real power would let their dogs off the leash like this.

Lewis thought that was not enough and pulled out his phone, making a call on speaker.

"Boss? We've got a situation.

Quinton Wright's over here in one of our restaurants, nearly killed someone and he's still not stopping! He just called our pool net" chairman a pile of dog shit! Isn't that a direct insult to the Chamber? That's a death wish!"

A woman's voice exploded from the other end of the line, and she was obviously furious.

"Don't let that Wrights scumbag leave the building! I'm on my way. Who the hell does he think he is, insulting our chairman? He wants to start a war on our turf? He must have a death wish!"

Christina and Leroy were temporarily safe, and they stared in disbelief.

They had not just drawn the store owner's attention, but they had.

triggered the regional manager and now, apparently, someone even higher was on the way.

Their minds spun with the same question. 'Who the hell is this new chairman of

the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce?'

Who could inspire this kind of loyalty?

Who had a team this bold, this willing to stand up to even Quinton?

How much power did they really hold?

Quinton, meanwhile, was starting to sweat. If the Chamber's upper ranks included tough players—like the Irvings or other major corporate bosses—he really could not afford to mess around.

However, it was too late to take back his words now. He had already thrown down the gauntlet, and backing out would make him look weak.

No matter what, there was no way the Chamber of Commerce would really lay a hand on him.

He was still Quinton Wright, and that name carried weight.

"Fine," he said, dragging over a chair and sitting down with a smirk. "Let's wait for your big boss to show up. I'd love to see what kind of qualifications they think they have to meddle in my personal business."

He added, "Hell, I don't care if your chairman comes here in person. Let's see if

they've got the guts to do a damn thing to me."