

RIISING FROM THE ASHES (ANDREW AND LAUREN)

Chapter 1471

At that moment, Rafael spoke up, his face dark with anger. "Mr. Wright Senior, this is my territory! If you want to cause trouble and throw your weight around, do it somewhere else. But if you dare cause trouble on Driscoll territory, then sorry- I'm not letting the Wrights walk away from this unharmed."

Kevin let out a cold chuckle. "So you're saying that this whole mess my family is in... was your doing all along? He was right after all. The Driscoll family sure has an appetite—didn't think you'd have the guts to come after my family directly."

Rafael looked completely baffled. "My doing? What the hell are you talking about? Mr. Wright Senior, I've said before-my family had nothing to do with the bad blood between Grand Viper and you. We never got involved. Also, who are you talking about being right? Is it Andrew?"

As he said that, Rafael shot Andrew a look filled with seething resentment. "Andrew, you orchestrated this whole thing. You're the one who manipulated us into turning on each other!"

Andrew completely ignored him and urged Kevin forward. "Kevin, the facts are right in front of us-here's nothing more to discuss! The Wright family is one of Blumedale's most prestigious families. It's time we settled old scores and cleaned house!"

Mosby quickly interjected, "Mr. Wright Senior, I have no grudge against either of your families. Would you be willing to hear me out for just a moment?"

Kevin hesitated briefly, then nodded. "Go ahead, Dr. Lake. I'm willing to listen to what you have to say."

Mosby immediately pointed straight at Andrew. "Mr. Wright Senior, this entire scheme was cooked up by Andrew! If I'm wrong, I'll gladly offer my head to the Wrights as an apology."

Kevin frowned. "Do you have any proof, Dr. Lake?"

Mosby ground his teeth. "It all

started the day Grand Viper sent his assassin, White Viper, to kill Andrew. But somehow, she ran into your family's security team, who just happened to be right by his side! That's what triggered the whole fight between both sides."

Kevin let out a snort. "Then it's settled. If Grand Viper's people killed my family's men first, then today's feud just adds to a pile of old scores we already have to settle."

Mosby raised his voice. "No, that's exactly where the trick lies! Your family's squad showing up that day at the right moment was just too much of a coincidence, and they were right there with that boy Andrew!

"If I'm right, this whole thing was a

setup. He knew someone was coming after him, so he ran to the Wrights and got you to assign a security detail. Then, he lured them

straight into a trap, provoking a fight between Grand Viper and your family."

Tora's expression changed, and he turned to Kevin. "He's right, Mr. Wright Senior.

That day, Andrew came to us personally. You offered him protection out of kindness and sent our people with him.

"But in the end, our entire team got slaughtered by Grand Viper's crew. And somehow, Andrew walked away without a scratch. You have to admit, the whole thing feels too perfect... too staged."

Kevin looked convinced. His eyes turned icy as he stared down at Andrew.

However, Andrew did not even blink. He still wore that faint smile. Though in his mind, he sneered coldly, 'Looks like Kevin isn't as clueless as I thought. This whole dog-eat-dog drama might still need some extra fuel to fully explode.'

Grand Viper seized the moment, his

tone harsh. Mr. Wright Senior, I'm a

man of the martial world. I know

where to draw the line. In Blumedale, I've always kept the peace with the Five Apex Families, the Three Titans, and other major powers. I've never crossed the line."

Chapter 1472

Grand Viper snapped, "I'm not some idiot with too much time on my hands. Why would I randomly pick a fight with the Wrights for no reason? But the moment this Andrew kid showed up, our two sides suddenly had a blood feud on our hands. Don't you think there's something seriously wrong with that timing?"

Kevin frowned and remained silent, neither agreeing nor disagreeing.

However, anyone could see that his resolve was already wavering, and doubt was creeping into his mind.

Mosby flashed a cruel smile and exchanged a meaningful glance with Grand Viper. Quinton also silently repositioned himself, taking a flanking spot without being told.

In an instant, Andrew found himself completely surrounded from all directions. Mosby, Grand Viper, Quinton, and the Wrights' security team had formed a loose circle around him, trapping him in the center with no escape route.

Kevin turned his gaze to Andrew, expression dark and unreadable. "Andy, don't you have anything to explain? If not, then as your sworn brother, I won't hold back."

His voice, by the end, was dripping with killing intent.

Andrew let out a dramatic sigh. "Wow... I didn't think you'd be so easily fooled by these manipulative snakes. I risked my life to come here with you, thinking we were avenging the Wrights together. But in the end, you're turning on me? Brother turning against brother-do you know how much that hurts?"

He looked so hurt and sincere, it did not seem like an act at all. And for a second, Kevin hesitated again, doubt flickering in his eyes. He wondered if Andrew might have actually been framed.

While Kevin wavered, Rafael, Mosby, Grand Viper, and Quinton were seething with rage.

"You lying little weasel! Of all the traitors I've met, you're the slimiest. If we don't take you out today, you'll become a real threat down the line. You're already this devious at such a young age-I must take your head!"

Grand Viper was

a man of action

rather than words, with little in his head besides martial arts. Seeing Andrew smooth-talk his way through even this desperate situation, still trying to drive

wedges between them, made him want to jump up and crack Andrew's skull open right there.

For someone like Grand Viper, direct combat was no problem at all. But this verbal chess match-these layers of deceit, mistrust, and manipulation? It made

his head feel like it was going to explode.

Quinton, too, was boiling inside.

Andrew's composure under pressure and sharp intellect were far beyond what he could ever hope to match. If he were the one wet

surrounded like this, cornered on all sides with his life on the line, he would have already cracked.

He would either be on his knees begging or swinging for his life, no in-between.

But Andrew? The guy stood there, hands behind his back, like he was just out for a peaceful stroll in his backyard. Quinton had always considered himself cunning and resourceful enough, but compared to Andrew, he was clearly just an amateur.

Both Mosby and Rafael were seasoned old foxes in their own right. However, at this moment, they both came to the same unspoken conclusion-Andrew had to die today.

Otherwise, he would become an uncontrollable threat in the future, because he was simply too difficult to handle.

Rafael suddenly roared, "Mr. Wright Senior, what's there to hesitate about? Have your team move in! We'll back them up-let's end this bastard now! Ever since Andrew showed up in Blumedale, people have been paying the price left and right!

"The Goldings, the Haywoods,

Mosby-even one of your own sons, I heard, once fell into his trap! Think about it, Mr. Wright Senior. Before all this, the Wrights used to live peacefully and maintain thei

fearsome reputation throughout

Blumedale."

Chapter 1473

"Ever since you took Andrew in as your sworn brother, haven't you noticed how all hell broke loose for the Wrights?" Rafael pressed.

Kevin froze. Now that he thought about it, it seemed true. Originally, his plan was to use Andrew's connections and brainpower to help the Wrights gain leverage. He even went so far as to force Quinton to call Andrew his godfather.

Yet, in return, the Wrights had not gained a thing-only endless chaos and mess. At this point, they were drowning in problems. Moreover, even their elite private security had suffered casualties.

That kind of loss was not something they could afford.

"Andy, do you really have nothing to explain?" Kevin gritted his teeth and spoke with a dark expression.

"If you have nothing to say and admit that you did indeed sow discord and harm the Wrights with your malicious schemes, then I'm sorry, I'll do what needs to be done, even if it means killing you myself."

Andrew let out a sigh of frustration. "Kevin, my only explanation is this-you've been tricked. You've been played like a fool by Rafael the smiling snake, Mosby the sly old fox, Grand Viper the senile brute... and even your own son."

Quinton laughed sharply. "Father, don't fall for his crap! Look at him-he's out of excuses and putting on a pity act to win your sympathy! He's clearly desperate, hoping you'll let him walk away one last time!"

Mosby was practically gleeful now. "That's enough. Everyone-move in! If we strike all at once, we can immobilize him instantly. No need to kill him yet-just cripple him and finish him off after we settle the real business."

Rafael licked his lips and chuckled wickedly. "Andrew, you little bastard, I told you long ago that crossing the Driscolls would get you killed horribly! You didn't believe me then, but now it's too late for regrets!"

Grand Viper, who had no patience left, roared, "I'm going first! You little punk-pay for the blood of my two assassins with your life!"

Kevin bellowed, "Tora, kill him!"

The Wrights' security unit sprang

into

action, surrounding Andrew in a coordinated strike. Yet, in that deadly moment, Andrew still wore that same calm, smiling face.

"Kevin," he said quietly, "as your sworn brother, I just want to say one last thing, If after hearing it, you still think I'm a traitor and the

mastermind behind everything, then I will stand right here and let the Wrights' security team hack me to death with their blades!"

Kevin's expression shifted in shock. "You mean that?"

Quinton, Mosby, and the others silently cursed their bad luck. Kevin, being the suspicious person he was, had been swayed once again by Andrew's words.

They all cursed at Andrew, believing he really needed to die. Not just him, but his entire cursed bloodline deserved to be wiped out. Having someone like this alive in the world was a nightmare for anyone who encountered him.

He was just too damn good at stirring up trouble and twisting arguments, and his ability to manipulate situations was beyond infuriating.

Kevin raised his hand and barked, "Everyone, stand down! Anyone who makes a move-I'll have the Wrights' guards kill them on the spot!"

He looked at Andrew, gritting his teeth. "Fine. You get your final words. But if you can't clear your name... you won't be walking out of here alive, Andrew."

Andrew smiled slightly, not the least bit panicked. He took his time, calmly sweeping his gaze across the crowd. Then, his eyes landed on Quinton.

Quinton immediately stiffened, his scalp tingling with dread. Being stared down by that devil, he knew, without a doubt, nothing good was coming next.

Chapter 1474

As both sides stood tense, one spark away from an all-out brawl, Andrew suddenly pointed at Quinton and shouted, "Kevin, why don't you ask your precious son yourself-has he been plotting to kill you?"

"Did he collude with Rafael, Mosby, and that old fossil Grand Viper, hoping to use them to get rid of you and snatch your position as head of the Wrights?"

The outburst was so sudden and fierce that it shook the room.

Kevin blinked, stunned. "Quinton wants to kill me? Andy, are you out of your mind?"

Quinton's face twisted in a mix of shock and rage as he snapped, "Andrew, you need to shut the hell up! Why would I want to kill my own father? You're just spouting absolute garbage!"

His words were defiant, but inside, his heart pounded wildly. 'How the hell did Andrew know about this?'

Mosby narrowed his eyes, then burst out laughing. "So this is your grand reveal, Andrew? You're about to die, and you're still trying to poison Mr. Wright Senior against his own son. No proof, no evidence-what a joke. It's pathetic!"

Rafael chimed in, "He's right. It's laughable. Everyone in Blumedale knows Quinton is the chosen heir to the Wrights. Killing his father? That's just impossible."

The two of them were quick to back Quinton's denial, playing their parts to keep the truth buried.

However, Grand Viper, slow on the uptake, stared at Andrew and muttered, "Damn, kid... you're spooky. I never expected you to know about such a secret matter. Uh..."

As soon as the words left his mouth, Grand Viper realized he had said too much and quickly shut up. Meanwhile, Mosby and Rafael beside him were twitching with barely controlled panic.

This was bad-Grand Viper, that brainless old fool, never knew when to keep his mouth shut. Now, he had blown their cover completely.

"Kevin, you heard that, didn't you?" Andrew seized the opportunity without missing a beat. He turned to Kevin and said, "Quinton won't admit it, but

Grand Viper just confirmed it himself! Your precious son and these other bastards are all plotting to take you out!"

Kevin had already caught the slip in Grand Viper's words, and now his fury boiled over.

He pointed at Quinton, eyes blazing. "You ungrateful bastard... so it's true-you wanted to kill me, your own father? You really planned to replace me?"

Quinton's brain went numb as he stammered, waving his hands frantically. "N-No! Father, no-it's not like that! Grand Viper just misspoke, that's all! It was a slip, I swear!"

The whole room was spiraling out of control. Even Mosby and Rafael could see that things had taken a dangerous turn.

Andrew, merciless as ever, gave them no time to regroup. He

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sneered. "Kevin, since we're here, let me tell you another little secret Quinton is teaming up with Rafael and the others to hunt down a massive hidden treasure."

He added, "If you don't believe me, search him right now. He definitely has the treasure map on him."

The moment those words dropped, the mood in the room shifted completely. Mosby and the others went pale. They had not expected Andrew to spill the secret of the treasure in front of the Wrights.

Everyone knew about the legendary Ten Great Treasures of the Fallen Crimson Dynasty-there was no need to explain how tempting they were.

And now, even if Kevin let go of every grudge, his greed would ignite at once.

The Wrights' men—including Tora—suddenly looked different. Their eyes lit up, all fixed on Quinton like sharks scenting blood.

One of them asked, "Mr. Wright Senior, the Ten Great Treasures from the Fallen Crimson

Dynasty especially the one linked to the Demon Queen—have been whispered about for generations here in Blumedale. Could this be what Mr. Lloyd meant?"

Kevin waved them off, but his expression shifted—he was clearly getting excited.

Then, out of nowhere, he burst into wild laughter.

"No, what you know is just rumors and surface details. I never imagined this treasure was actually real all along."

"The Wrights' secret archives have collected quite a bit of confidential information about it, but we never made any substantial progress. Who would have thought it would fall into our laps so easily?"

"Quinton, hand over the map. Offer it up for the family—for me. And if you do... I'll declare you the next head of the Wrights, right here and now."

His joy was overwhelming too thick to hide. That insatiable greed was written all over his face.

Chapter 1475

Kevin did not even spare Rafael and the others a glance, marching straight toward Quinton.

Quinton's face went ghost-white as he stumbled backward. "F-Father, what treasure map? I-I don't have anything! It's Andrew-he made all this up! You can't believe him!"

Kevin's eyes went cold as steel, his teeth clenched. "You little bastard. I'm ordering you stand still and let me search you. You're my son. You're my son-do you think I don't know exactly what kind of person you are?"

"Ever since you were little, whenever you stole something and got caught, you'd have exactly this same expression on your face!"

Kevin continued with bitter laughter. "Heh, I'm your father-you think you can pull a fast one on me? You're not even close!"

With a furious sneer, he reached out to grab Quinton.

Panicked, Quinton lashed out and slapped Kevin's hand away.

'This is bad—that's as good as a confession!' Rafael and Mosby instantly realized the disaster that had just unfolded.

Quinton's instinctive move had just confirmed everything-he did have the treasure map.

"Take him down! Break that little bastard and get the map!" Kevin exploded.

He could not believe his eldest son had actually dared to strike him.

Combined with all the previous signs, he realized that Quinton even had thoughts of killing his own father.

In that instant, Kevin could not hold back anymore and developed intense murderous intent.

Tora snorted coldly and took three large steps, covering more than ten meters in an instant as he launched a palm strike directly at Quinton's face. The Wrights' guards drew their weapons on Mosby and the others.

Tension had already been sky-high, but now it tipped into full-on war.

Rafael shouted, "Mr. Wright Senior! Please, calm down! There's no need for this- we can talk things out!"

Mosby jumped in too. "Yes, exactly! Mr. Wright Senior, this is all a misunderstanding! That treasure map talk is pure fiction! Please, don't let anger cloud your judgment!"

However, Andrew had no intention of letting them regain control. He lunged forward, sweeping his leg toward Grand Viper with a sudden, brutal kick.

Grand Viper roared, "You little punk! How dare you raise a hand to me? You're dead!"

The two collided mid-air, fists clashing in a raw display of power.

Grand Viper felt like he had hit a pillow-his explosive strength had nowhere to land, leaving him deeply unsettled.

Meanwhile, Andrew faked a heavy blow. His face turned pale as he stumbled backward, coughing up blood and landing by Kevin's side.

"Kevin," he gasped, clutching his chest, "I did my best! If you still don't trust me after this, then I've got nothing left to say. You may be heartless, but I won't throw away our bond."

Having said his piece, Andrew covered his chest, looking like he was in deep pain.

Kevin immediately grabbed him, overwhelmed with guilt. "Andy, I—I've wronged you. I've broken our brotherhood. Step back now; I'll deal with these bastards."

Suddenly, Andrew cried out, "Kevin-watch out! He's coming for you!"

It was Grand Viper, lunging again

with murderous intent. Though his actual target was Andrew, the moment Andrew shouted and

shoved Kevin aside, it looked like he had just taken a hit meant for his sworn brother.

Then, he continued to trade another punch with Grand Viper.

Kevin's fury exploded. "Grand Viper, you rotten old bastard! How dare you ambush Andrew! If the Wrights don't destroy you today, we don't deserve to stand among the Five Apex Families!"

A violent storm of energy erupted from Kevin as he launched into battle with Grand Viper. His moves were sharp, fast, and terrifyingly powerful-on par with Grand Viper, a martial king.

Andrew raised an eyebrow. 'Well,

well... this fake brother of mine's been hiding his true strength all along. He's a martial king, yet honet

never@ven flexed once? What a sly fox, Looks like Kevin and Quinton are indeed cut from the same devious cloth.'

Rafael and Mosby exchanged glances and saw the boiling fury and frantic desperation in each other's eyes. Everything had gone completely wrong with their plans. Everything had fallen apart.

The whole plan was in chaos, spiraling out of control.

"Andrew is a curse! That bastard, this damned bastard..." Rafael screamed.

"You're wasting time yelling-get the hell out and call for backup!" Mosby snapped.

He added, "This entire operation got torched thanks to that little bastard. I'll move in and protect the map before it's too late! If we lose that treasure now, all of this will have been for nothing!"