

RIISING FROM THE ASHES (ANDREW AND LAUREN)

Chapter 1476

At Mosby's sharp reminder, Rafael's pudgy body jolted into motion, and he turned to flee without a second thought. He shouted, "Got it, Dr. Lake! You hold them off for now-I'll go call reinforcements!"

Mosby did not waste another second. His figure blurred as he lunged into the fray, making a beeline for Andrew.

He hissed, "Andrew, even if the treasure map's been exposed, I swear I'll kill you for stirring this whole mess!"

All his hatred for Andrew exploded at once in that moment. He was usually calm and collected, but he had completely lost his composure and was seeing red with

rage.

Only by killing this insufferable Andrew would he feel any relief, and only then would he stop choking on his fury.

Andrew kept retreating while desperately calling for help. "Kevin, save me!"

Kevin was locked in heated combat with Grand Viper, but upon hearing the plea, he snorted coldly and issued a command. "Wrights security team, protect Andy with everything you've got! If anything happens to him, you'll face punishment!"

Immediately, dozens of gleaming blades turned toward Mosby.

The Wrights' elite security team consisted entirely of senior grandmaster-level fighters and above. With over 100 men, they instantly overwhelmed Mosby, encircling him like a flood in mere moments.

Though Mosby was a master of both medicine and combat, his martial skill had not reached the level of a true martial king. He simply could not take on that many at once.

In just a few clashes, he was slashed several times, leaving him covered in blood. His situation had become desperate in mere moments.

Mosby was terrified and roared continuously, no longer daring to pursue Andrew for the kill. Instead, he fought while retreating, developing thoughts of escape as his primary concern.

In his heart, he wanted nothing more than to skin Andrew alive and tear him apart piece by piece. He silently cursed, 'Damn it, today's a complete disaster!'

The treasure map had been exposed, his relationship with the Wrights shattered, and now he was wounded all over. Thinking about all these misfortunes made Mosby's roars even more desperate and anguished.

Andrew hid safely behind the Wrights' security team. He barked out orders like a battlefield commander.

"Don't let him get away! Box him in-tight!"

"Go for his vital points! Aim for his throat, his head and his junk!"

"Yes, yes! Right there-stab him in the heart!"

Hearing that, Mosby's anger only intensified. "Andrew! You and I are enemies for life! This doesn't end until one of us is dead!"

Andrew turned a deaf ear to the threats and continued using the Wrights' security team as cover while constantly giving orders to help them cut off Mosby's escape routes.

Elsewhere, Kevin and Grand Viper's battle had turned into pure destruction: The rockery around the villa, along with all the flowers, grass and trees, looked like they had been plowed over, leaving nothing but destruction in their wake.

Suddenly, a golden needle shot out from Andrew's hand in a sneak attack from behind.

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Grand Viper was fighting with full intensity and completely failed to notice Andrew's attack from behind. The needle struck a major pressure point on his back, causing immediate pain as the energy circulating through his body suddenly became sluggish like a car hitting the brakes at high speed.

'I'm done for...' Grand Viper only had time for this single thought to flash through

his mind. The realization of his predicament hit him like a thunderbolt.

Kevin let out a guttural yell, leaped high, and delivered a brutal spinning kick to Grand Viper's face. With a sickening sound, Grand Viper spewed blood violently and flew backward.

"Andrew, you little bastard, I'll remember today's sneak attack! Once I recover, I'll definitely tear you into pieces. This is driving me to madness!"

Still roaring, Grand Viper turned tail and ran for his life. Even as he ran far into the distance, his anguished and rage-filled roars continued echoing through the air.

Kevin burst into triumphant laughter. "Andy, you truly are a gift from heaven to help me!"

Returning to the security team's position, he shouted sternly at Mosby.

"Mosby, surrender immediately! If I have to get involved, I'll kill you myself!"

Mosby glanced around, realizing the fight was lost. He raised his hands and stood still. "Fine. I won't resist t

But Mr. Wright Senior, you'd be. smart not to kill me. Truth is, there's no deep grudge between me and the Wrights-not really."

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"But Mr. Wright Senior, if you push me too far... I do know powerful people. And I'm not afraid to call them in," Mosby warned, eyes narrowing.

Kevin let out a cold snort. He clearly did not like the threat, but in the end, he held back. After all, Mosby was Blumedale's famed Medical Master-someone even the Wrights could not touch carelessly.

However, Andrew had no such reservations. He stepped forward and slapped Mosby twice across the face, loud and hard.

Mosby stood there in shock, eyes wide in disbelief. "Andrew... did you just slap me? You have a death wish!"

He roared with rage, about to retaliate. He had already surrendered, yet Andrew still laid hands on him.

That was downright disrespectful.

Andrew did not flinch. "You're a damn stray dog, Mosby. And you dared to threaten Kevin? You're lucky I don't kill you where you stand!"

Then, he turned to Kevin and said, "Kevin, don't stop me. I have to crush this bastard. If he disrespects you, then he disrespects me, and I'm not about to let that slide."

As he spoke, Andrew slapped Mosby twice more, leaving his ears ringing. However, that was not all he started kicking, knocking the old man over, and sending him rolling across the dirt like a rag doll.

Mosby howled, enraged. "Andrew, I'll kill you, I swear!"

He would rather die on the spot than endure this humiliation. He had never experienced such treatment in his entire life, and the shame was unbearable.

Kevin's face twitched as he called out, "Alright, that's enough, Andy. Mosby may be an ass, but the man's got influence. If you go too far, it might backfire on the Wrights."

Andrew immediately replied, "Of course, Kevin! Since you asked, I'll stop."

Yet, even as he agreed, his hands kept moving.

Two more slaps echoed through the courtyard.

Then, just for good measure, he kicked Mosby in the backside, sending him face- first into the ground with a mouthful of dirt.

Mosby's rage reached a boiling point. His face twisted in fury as he scrambled to his feet, ready to fight back.

Kevin snapped, "Andy! That's enough no more hitting! And you, Mosby, don't even think about fighting back, or I'll make it ugly."

At this point, even Kevin had to admit that Andrew might be using him as cover to settle his own score. Sure, the slaps were satisfying. However, when Mosby came back for revenge, it would not be Andrew who paid the price-it'd be the Wrights.

Andrew, meanwhile, stood tall with righteous fury. "Don't take it personally, Mosby. I slapped you because you disrespected Kevin. He might not be in a position to do it himself, but I can. You want someone to blame? Blame him for holding me back!"

Mosby's eyes were burning with hatred. He glared at Kevin, realization dawning. Kevin had watched the whole thing happen and done nothing.

He silently cursed at them, believing the entire Wright family deserved to rot. He would never forget this humiliation.

Kevin's facial twitching only got worse. He stared at Andrew, this time with a faint warning in his eyes. Sure, this so-called sworn brother of his had helped him win, but he could not shake the feeling that Andrew was controlling everything from the very start.

The Wrights appeared to have won, but they had also made enemies of several dangerous characters in the process.

At that moment, Andrew smiled and said, "Kevin, Tora has caught Quinton. Don't

you want to go check out that treasure map?"

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The unease in Kevin's heart immediately disappeared completely as he burst into delighted laughter. "Of course, course! A treasure map-if it really falls into the Wrights' hands, then in ten years' time, Blumedale won't have the Three Titans anymore, but Four Titans instead!"

Laughing wildly, Kevin marched toward the detained Quinton, leaving Andrew and

a bound, beaten Mosby.

"You'll die a horrible death," Mosby spat, his voice laced with venom.

Andrew simply smiled and replied, "Mosby, don't take it personally. I didn't want to see today's outcome either! But you guys tried to hog the treasure for yourselves. Since that's how it was, I figured I might as well go all out and make it known to everyone.

"I figured if we're going down, might as well take everyone with us nobody gets to come out ahead!"

Mosby opened his mouth and cursed furiously, "You bastard son of a bitch, what good does this do you? Huh? What do you gain from this?"

Andrew sneered dismissively. "If I cared about gaining something, do you think I would have exposed the treasure map business? No, actually, I don't need anything at all. As long as you and Rafael don't succeed either, that's enough for me!"

Mosby was devastated. "So you're seriously just here to mess everything up?"

Andrew snorted. "I've got no interest in arguing. The Wrights already know about the treasure map, so forget about settling this peacefully. And the secret to the Rhodes family's piece of the map? I hold it.

"You tell Rafael: if he wants the full map, he'd better come find me with real sincerity. If not, then no one's getting a damn thing."

With that, Andrew turned and walked away, completely ignoring Mosby's murderous glare.

Meanwhile, Kevin was staring viciously at Quinton, who was kneeling on the ground. "Quinton, you truly are worthy of being my son-you've hidden things quite well!"

Quinton tried to explain. "No... Wait... Father, listen to me—"

Kevin was not having it and simply slapped Quinton. It was so hard that blood sprayed from his mouth.

Tora reached into Quinton's pocket and pulled out a rolled piece of parchment. "Mr. Wright Senior-here!"

Kevin took it with a frown. "This... this is the treasure map from the Fallen Crimson Dynasty? It's blank. What's going on?"

Andrew walked up, smiling casually. "Kevin, here's the thing-this map needs a special method to reveal what's hidden."

Kevin tightened his grip on the parchment, his expression turning cautious. "Andy, you seem to know quite a lot about this map."

Still coughing up blood, Quinton spat out, "Know a lot? He's the one who had it in the first place! Dr. Lake, Mr. Driscoll, and I went through hell to snatch that scrap of map back from him!"

Kevin immediately laughed coldly. "Andy, it looks like you haven't been completely honest either! You only mentioned the treasure map matter to me just now!"

Andrew shrugged casually. "Mentioning it now turned out perfectly, didn't it? Look, the fragment has fallen into your hands after all!"

Kevin snorted coldly. "Andrew, I

know what you're really up to! You're using the Wrights to get involved in the competition and muddy the waters Your ultimate goal was to make Rafael and Mosby fail at the last moment, wasn't it?"

Andrew did not deny it. He smiled and admitted, "Exactly. That was my plan. But

hey, don't be mad. Let me ask you something: did you lose anything?"

Kevin paused, then shook his head. "No. I can't say I did."

Andrew chuckled. "See? Now the Wrights are officially in the game, and you've got one piece of the map—that means your leverage just doubled. With a treasure this e

legendary—the treasure of the Fallen

Crimson Dynasty—I'd say the

Wright's are the top contenders

now."

Kevin's eyes lit up. He nodded again and again, unable to hide his excitement. "You're right! Even if you did use the Wrights, I can't deny that you've helped me in a huge way. If this treasure really surfaces, and the Wrights rise to the top, you'll also earn your share of the glory."

Quinton's eyes blazed with fury. He never imagined Kevin would fall this far under Andrew's spell. "Father! You can't trust Andrew! Yeah, you've got part of the map now, but he's definitely hiding something."

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"If you trust him, you're just being used by him!" Quinton warned desperately.

Before Kevin could respond, Andrew shrugged casually. "If the Wrights still have doubts about me, then at worst, I'll just leave! But you can bet that Rafael and Mosby absolutely won't let this go. Kevin, it won't be easy for the Wrights to swallow this treasure whole!"

The sly grin on Andrew's face made Kevin's gut clench. That smile was not innocent—it was loaded with intent.

Laughing awkwardly, he quickly reassured Andrew, "Andy, don't overthink it. I definitely won't doubt you! Here's what we'll do—let's form an alliance. We

explore the treasure together. When the time comes, we'll split it 80-20 between us!"

Andrew smiled. "Good, I'll take 80 and you take 20, Kevin- that sounds very reasonable!"

Kevin nearly choked, thinking, 'This guy has no shame! Who the hell said he was getting the 80?'

Kevin cleared his throat and corrected, "Andy, I think you misunderstood. I meant the Wrights get 80. You get 20."

Andrew silently scoffed. 'Typical Kevin-greedy to the core.'

Without hesitation, he shook his head in refusal. "No way, that distribution is far too unfair to me! If we split it like that, it would only prove that you don't consider me, Andrew, a real brother!"

Kevin instinctively wanted to scoff with contempt. Of course, he did not consider Andrew a real brother-this was just mutual exploitation, nothing more. Nonetheless, he certainly could not say that right now.

He frowned and said thoughtfully, "Come on, I'd never shortchange you. How about this-I'll go a bit lower. You get 30, the Wrights get 70. Fair?"

Andrew shook his head again. "Still unfair. Totally one-sided. You keep saying I'm your brother, but you clearly don't mean it. And if that's the case, I'll walk away from this whole thing. The Wrights can deal with Rafael on their own.

"Who knows, maybe that two-faced snake has already gotten the main Driscoll family involved! I don't think the Wrights can stand up against one of the Three Titans."

Kevin immediately panicked. After all, if Rafael really got the main Driscoll family involved in this affair, then the Wrights would not stand a chance and would end up with nothing.

"Fine! Alright! So, how exactly should we split it?" Kevin gritted his teeth. He did not even bother taking the smile anymore, and his glare toward Andrew now carried a faint killing intent.

Andrew really had quite the appetite and ambition. Unfortunately, if he kept this up, he might win the treasure-but he would lose his life before ever touching it.

Kevin was already entertaining the thought.

However, Andrew pretended not to notice the shift in tone. He just raised one hand, five fingers out. "50-50. The usual deal."

Kevin gasped, "50-50? Andy, don't you think that's asking a bit much? I'm already giving you a generous offer. With anyone else, I'd be doing ninety-ten!"

He could not hold back his sneer

and added, "Fine. You want half? It's

not impossible. But keep in mind,

that the Wrights are putting everything on the line: our people, our power, our resources.

"And you? You're just one man. Do you really think you match up to everything the Wrights are throwing in?"

Andrew simply spread his hands. "Why not? I do match up. In fact, without me, you can't even activate the last piece of the map."

Kevin did not answer right away. Instead, he shot a glance at Quinton.

Quinton's expression twisted with resentment as he muttered, "It's true. He's the only one who can reveal what's hidden in that last piece."

Kevin's smile turned cold. "Andy... you're even more cunning than I thought. Being so calculating and scheming at such a young age isn't necessarily a good thing!"

Andrew's grin was bright as ever. "Kevin, are you implying I'm young and reckless, that I'll get myself killed chasing treasure? Don't worry. I've got tough luck-I scare off death itself Even the Grim Reaper wouldnt dare lay a hand on me."

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Kevin snorted coldly. "Fine then, 50-50 it is! Now, come with me to the Wright estate, and we'll make this fragment reveal its contents. Then, we'll negotiate with Mr. Driscoll,"

Andrew refused once again. "Forget it. Your combat skills are exceptional; even Grand Viper wasn't your match. If I follow you to the Wright estate, I'd just be at your mercy!"

Kevin grinned smugly. "All this time, everyone has only seen me as just an ordinary family head! But nobody, not even my own sons and daughters, knows that my martial arts have already advanced tremendously!

"Since you already understand that coming with me would mean being under my thumb, then be smart about it. Don't force my hand. Otherwise, this so-called brotherhood of ours? It's over."

The threat could not have been more obvious.

A flicker of cold light passed through Andrew's eyes, though his face stayed calm. "Sorry, but I'm not going to the Wright estate. That fragment in your hand? It's blank. Without me, no one's solving this.

"So here are your options-either hand it over and I'll decode it, then give it back... Or try to take me down. But I'm not accepting humiliation. And if you go that route, you'll end up with nothing."

Kevin's voice dropped, dark and heavy. "Andrew, don't test my patience. Do you really think I don't know who caused all this tension between the Wrights and Grand Viper's people?"

"You were stirring the pot from the start. I let myself trust you and let you talk circles around me. But after the way you've been acting... maybe Mosby wasn't lying. You've been playing puppet master, using the Wrights to block your enemies and take the heat for you."

Andrew did not bother denying it. He simply said, "Well, if you've already figured it out, then what are you waiting for?"

Kevin's expression changed

dramatically. He clenched his jaw, hissing, "For now, I won't move on you. And I know why you're this. confident. Truth is, Andrew, when I first made you my sworn brother, it wasn't just about your clever mouth.

"I had reason to believe you had some serious backing behind you. If I were to turn on you now, everything I've built around that alliance would go up in smoke."

Andrew raised a brow. "Well, I didn't expect you to be that level-headed."

With a grunt, Kevin tossed him the map fragment. "Fine. Take it. I'll be waiting to hear what you find. tok

you try anything shady, think

carefully about this-can-e

really

stand against the full might of the Wrights... plus me, a martial king?"

Andrew caught the map and strolled off like he owned the place.

Kevin was thoroughly exasperated. This damn guy acted like he was not even slightly afraid of his threat.

He barked, "Tora, follow him. Don't let him out of your sight for a single second. If anything goes wrong, don't engage-just report back to the family immediately."

Kevin's mind was already spinning with backup plans. If Andrew tried to pull anything, he would have the entire Serenity Villa crushed under their boots.

Andrew might escape, but Kevin did not believe Andrew's people would all make it out.

Quinton, eyes lit with greed, rushed

up and said Father, you've got to

get in touch with Mr. Driscoll too! Once Andrew decodes that piece of the map, we'll know exactly where the treasure's hidden and open the vault. Just like that, we'll be rich beyond our wildest dreams!"