

RIISING FROM THE ASHES (ANDREW AND LAUREN)

Chapter 1486

Andrew shook his head. "Don't waste your time trying to dig into my background. Even if I told you, you wouldn't understand."

Chantelle let out a cold laugh. "Come on, Mr. Lloyd, that's a bit much. You think I can't find out? Unless you're from one of Holtrien's top-tier noble families or one of the nation's real powerhouses the kind who sit at the top of the decision-making pyramid—I can and will dig up your history."

Andrew replied coolly, "Alright then, here's a little hint. I used to serve in Holtrien's military. If you want to investigate, be my guest."

Chantelle froze, and her eyes widened in shock. "Military? You were in the armed forces?"

Andrew corrected her without hesitation. "Not a soldier—I commanded them."

That shut her up immediately. Her stunned gaze locked onto him. She paused for a second, then asked more urgently, "Wait, seriously? You led troops? Then that must mean... your rank wasn't low, was it?"

After all, there was a massive difference between serving in the military and actually leading.

Andrew grinned. "I've already given you more than enough clues. The rest? Classified."

Chantelle's brows furrowed deeply. She stared at Andrew in disbelief. "So when you said you were in the government, you meant that part... the military wing, and a high-level one at that."

"Mr. Lloyd, Governor McCormick has long suspected your past wasn't ordinary. I used to think he was overthinking it. But now, looking at you—someone with both edge and discipline—turns out your roots are in one of the most elite departments out there."

Andrew shrugged. "Enough about me. Let's talk business. Tell me interested in exploring a treasure that dates all the way back to the Fallen Crimson Dynasty?"

Chantelle immediately shook her head. "Not really. Sounds more like a fantasy than anything else. Come on, it's the modern age. Who still believes in ancient treasures?"

Andrew chuckled. "That's exactly what I thought at first."

"But take a look at this, and then tell me again if you still think it's all just a myth." Chantelle stepped closer. "What is it?"

On the desk in front of Andrew lay a weathered piece of parchment—a fragment from the Rhodes family. He picked up a small vial beside it and let a few drops of fresh blood fall onto the surface.

Immediately, faint lines began to emerge from the blank parchment.

Chantelle blinked, intrigued. "Is this written in invisible ink? That's... kind of impressive."

Andrew smiled. "This sheet is at least 100 years old. And back then, invisible ink wasn't exactly a thing."

Chantelle's eyes widened. "A hundred-year-old parchment... Wait... is this the map you were talking about?"

Andrew did not answer. Instead, he poured out the entire vial of the virgin's blood across the parchment. The page soaked it up instantly, and as it did, dense markings and

symbols began to appear across the once-empty surface.

Chantelle was mesmerized. "These markings... the terrain, the place names—they're all in ancient script And what's even more interesting is that the locations drawn match records from the Fallen Crimson

Dynasty, maybe even earlier."

Andrew nodded. "That's why I said—it's no bluff. This is only one piece of the treasure map."

Chantelle asked instinctively, "Where are the rest of the fragments?"

Andrew answered, "Rafael and Mosby have them, and they're already planning to unlock the treasure left behind by the Fallen Crimson Dynasty."

Chantelle's expression shifted as she slowly nodded. "Alright... I'm starting to believe you."

Chapter 1487

Chantelle explained further, "Over the years, Rafael's wealth has grown incredibly fast, and one of his major income sources is dealing in antiques and rare treasures from ancient Holtrien. Whenever that guy sets his eyes on something, you can bet it's the real deal."

Andrew frowned. "Selling off Holtrien's cultural relics like that is a serious crime. Hasn't the government tried to intervene?"

Chantelle shook her head with frustration. "We've tried intervening, but it hasn't been very effective. Rafael has specialized contacts abroad, and they're no small players either.

"Most importantly, he's extremely skilled at the antique, tomb raiding, and treasure hunting business. Our famed military unit, The Predators, has raided him several times but never caught him red-handed."

Andrew said firmly, "Then this time, the government should definitely step in. I just don't think treasures left behind by our ancestors should fall into the hands of someone like Rafael."

Chantelle gave him a look. "Mr. Lloyd, if I'm not mistaken, you want in on this too, right? You're trying to get rich beyond imagination. You want us to go after Rafael, but what about you?"

Andrew answered without hesitation, "You guys should turn a blind eye when it comes to me. First, we're on the same team. If I strike gold, you'll benefit too. Second, I'm not out here robbing graves. I'm doing this to protect national heritage and promote our cultural legacy."

Chantelle's expression turned icy. "Mr. Lloyd, when you shamelessly twist the narrative like that, you really do take the cake."

Andrew stayed unbothered. "So give me a straight answer. Are you in or not?"
I could use more hands on this."

Chantelle snorted. "Even if I join,

there's no way I'm taking orders from you, represent Governor

McCormick. I answer to the state

report everything to him. If he disapproves, then none of you are touching that treasure."

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Andrew scoffed. "Ms. Garcia, you're being way too naive. You bring official authority into this, and sure, you'll stop a law-abiding citizen like me. But what about Rafael and Mosby?

"You already said it-those guys have their own channels, and this is their specialty. You crack down on me, and you're just making it easier for them to quietly strip the treasure clean."

Chantelle fell silent, knowing Andrew was not wrong. Just like he said, the government's hands were tied here. If the treasure had already been uncovered

and confirmed, Derek could have just sent in troops to secure it.

But right now? The location was still a mystery, and Andrew only had one fragment of the map. The rest were in Rafael's hands. Even if the state wanted to intervene, they had nowhere to act. It would be like grabbing at shadows.

Andrew said calmly, "Go back and talk it over with Governor McCormick.

Whatever your stance, I've been entrusted with this mission, and I won't just stand

by and let Rafael and Mosby walk away with that treasure."

Chantelle exhaled sharply. "Alright, I'll bring this to Governor

McCormick: Mr. Lloyd, if this

treasure really exists, unlocking in et

means saying goodbye to the

natural order. Most of those@ncient sites are cursed grounds. Death and bloodshed are practically

guaranteed. Knowing that, do you really still want in?"

Andrew's voice was light and steady. "That's exactly why I invited you I need capable people around me. Besides, I've got to stay on guard against Driscoll and the rest."

Chantelle nodded slowly. "Got it. I understand where you're coming from now. I'll head back and report everything to Governor McCormick right away. Whether we get involved or not-and how we move, if we do I'll follow his lead."

Chapter 1488

After Chantelle left, Andrew immediately made a call and asked Logan to come over.

When it came to Derek, Andrew had revealed the existence of the treasure out of personal interest, hoping to leverage government power and gain the upper hand in the race ahead.

However, with the Keller family, Andrew had a different motive. George had handed him the chairmanship of the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce without hesitation, a gesture that showed extraordinary favoritism.

Andrew believed in repaying loyalty, and combined with their recent interactions, the Kellers had earned his genuine recognition and acceptance.

Those who earned his acceptance often received benefits far beyond their expectations-colossal benefits.

Sure enough, when Logan rushed to Serenity Villa and heard about the treasure from the Fallen Crimson Dynasty, he was completely stunned and thrilled.

"Andy, the Kellers have to be part of this. This kind of opportunity could redefine our family's fortune for the next 50 years!"

Andrew raised both hands, signaling him to calm down. "This treasure hunt won't be smooth sailing. The Driscoll family alone might mobilize their full

force to fight for it. So, if the Keller family wants in, you need to understand that both the rewards and the risks are massive.

"You could walk away empty-handed. Worse, you could suffer major losses. That's why, Logan, you need to go back and have a proper discussion with Mr. Keller Senior."

Logan nodded seriously. "Of course, we'll definitely talk it over. But knowing my father, I can already tell you, he'll be all in. As they say, fortune favors the bold. If our family wants to rise further, sometimes we've got to take sharp, unconventional turns."

Andrew smiled. "Well said. With you leading the Keller family in the future, it'll surely be in good hands."

Logan chuckled awkwardly,

scratching his nose. "So, uh... a little favor. My second sister, Freya, wants to meet you-just the two of you. Maybe grab a coffee, go for a walk. You know, unwind a little? Of the three Keller sisters, Freya's the sweetest-caring, gentle, and crazy talented."

Andrew leaned back, and the image of the Keller sisters flashed through his mind. Each of them had their own charm-undeniably beautiful with stunning figures,

and born into wealth and influence.

However, he had never been

interested in any of them. He shook

his head. Let's not. I've been

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swamped lately, and you already know that there are three women in

my household. I can barely keep up as it is. Handling all three Keller
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sisters? No thanks."

Logan puffed up with mock seriousness. "Andy, a real man never says he can't. You've got the skill. Frankly, there aren't even that many. If you can win them over, I'll fully support you having all three sisters."

Andrew gave him a sideways glance

and let out a cold laugh. "On the surface, they're three beauties, but in reality, they're three big headaches, right? Dogan, drop the act, would you? Your family wants to dump these three problems on me, but I'm not buying it."

Caught red-handed, Logan-thick-skinned as he was—still flushed with embarrassment as he laughed sheepishly. "Alright, fine. You got me. They're indeed three massive headaches. But still, I hope you understand where my father and I are coming from.

"Regular guys don't even make it past their first impression, but the last time you showed your skills? You made an impression-big time. You have no idea how obsessed they've gotten. They ask about you every single day."

Andrew looked utterly disinterested. "And what do you want me to do with that? Do you think I should respond to every woman who's even mildly interested in me? If that's the case, my body would've given up long ago!"

Logan gritted his teeth. "Alright, you've left me no choice—I'm playing my trump card. "Here's the deal: of the three, you've got to pick at least one. Help us out a little and lighten the load at home, please!"

Logan said, "Freya's a great choice. If you agree to just one date with her, I'll even let her stay out all night."

Andrew frowned. "What exactly are you implying?"

Logan smirked. "Do I really need to spell it out?"

His look was full of scheming mischief, the kind every experienced man would understand in an instant.

However, Andrew still shook his head. "Sorry, not happening."

Logan groaned. "You're seriously turning this down? Andy... are you telling me you're not up to it? I swear, Freya is every bit as stunning as the three beauties you've got here in Serenity Villa.

"Bring her home, and you've got your own private paradise. A man surrounded by beautiful women, living the dream!"

Andrew rubbed his temples. "Logan, I've said it before—the Keller sisters are indeed beautiful. However, relationships between men and women are about fate and mutual affection.

"If all you're chasing is some cheap thrill below the belt, then what's the point? Doesn't that feel empty to you?"

Logan shrugged. "Feelings? Those can come later. Freya might not be a famous actress now... but with our family's backing, she could be an A-list star in no time. Then, she gets to marry you in full glamor, and trust me, you won't be embarrassed one bit."

Andrew was getting annoyed and couldn't help asking. "Is the Keller family really this desperate to marry off the three beauties?"

Logan corrected him. "The Keller family isn't desperate to marry them off to just anyone—we're desperate to marry them off to you specifically. Let me be

completely honest-Emily, Freya, and Hannah are too much for ordinary men to handle, and our family wouldn't approve of them anyway.

"But you're different-our family is considering both their happiness and our family strategy. The Keller family would only be happy and at ease if they married you!"

Andrew snorted coldly. "Even so, do you think I can handle three of them being thrown at me all at once?"

Logan looked sympathetic but also somewhat mischievous as he chuckled. "I know you're under some pressure here too! But Andy, you're a Medical Master. A man like you is legendary.

"If you really can't handle it, take some Titan Essence Pills or mix up some strong medicine. Guaranteed, you'll have them all purring in your hands."

Andrew shot him a cold look. "Do you even hear the nonsense coming out of your mouth? If I add the Keller sisters to the three I already have, I'd be battling six minx at once. Do you have any idea what kind of energy and impact that would take?"

Logan raised three fingers proudly. "My personal record? Three at once. Even then, I was laid up the next day and needed a full week to recover."

Andrew looked disdainful. "Your 'battles' are just routine, child's play for me!"

Logan nodded eagerly. "Exactly! That's why know you're built for this. My three sisters? Total knockouts, top-tier. I'm telling

you-Once you've conquered the

you' be enjoying yourself like a king. Picture it: three sisters, serving you together. It's paradise."

Andrew stood and opened the study door. "Get out. I'm done."

Sure, the Keller sisters were stunners. If he wanted to go down that road purely for pleasure, having all three at his feet would be enough to make any man in the world green with envy.

However, looks were not everything, and Andrew valued something deeper.

With Lauren, the sultry queen, he felt like he was admiring flowers, constantly pleasant and naturally fragrant.

With the busty Francesca, it was like tasting fine wine-rich, smooth, and addictive.

With Aspen, his little maid, it was about wild abandon-raw energy, full freedom, and complete release.

In short, his three girls were all exceptional-the best of the best. These qualities were incomparable to what the Keller family's three beauties could offer.

Chapter 1490

That evening, Lauren drove her pink Maserati, Francesca took her BMW sports car, and Aspen brought her Ferrari as all three returned to Serenity Villa together. The luxury vehicles created quite a display in the driveway.

"I'm exhausted! The workload at Blumedale Hospital is so much more than when I was in Jayrodale!" Francesca complained nonstop as soon as she walked through the door.

Lauren smiled brightly. "Aspen, you went for yoga again? Oh my goodness, your figure now is making me so jealous!"

Francesca nodded enthusiastically. "Seriously! I noticed it too. And Aspen, you in yoga pants? Total knockout. Especially that perky little butt of yours-it's practically begging to be smacked."

Aspen yelled, flustered and blushing. "Oh, stop it, both of you! Compared to Fran's chest, I've got nothing going on. And Lauren's waistline? Deadly. Every time Andrew is done with you, he's holding onto the wall like his soul left his body."

Francesca blushed even harder, pouting. "All I've got going for me is my breast. My butt and waist can't compete with you two. No way-I have to make time for the gym, no matter how busy I get. I'm not letting you girls outshine me!"

Lauren nodded, clearly in agreement. "Exactly! This waist alone isn't enough to keep up with you two troublemakers. My long legs and bust actually have a lot of potential for development!"

The three of them might have shared a deep bond, but when it came to looks and curves, none of them was willing to fall behind. Outwardly, they were humble-but inwardly, the competition was real.

Aspen suddenly remembered something important. "Oh right, Andrew told us to find him in the study as soon as we got back!" Her urgency was immediate. "Quick, he's probably been waiting for a long time!"

Francesca's face turned red with shy embarrassment. "Isn't it too early for that kind of thing? I-I should shower and change clothes first!"

Lauren also thought of the possibilities and bit her lower lip with nervous anticipation. "Andrew has been extra needy lately. I'm honestly drained from work today. Fran, Aspen-why don't you two take care of him first? I'll go last and catch my breath."

Aspen waved her hands frantically. "No, no! You've got it all wrong! He's not asking us for that tonight. Seriously, you two are overthinking it!"

Lauren let out a huge sigh of relief. "Wait, really? Then what's the meeting about?"

If it's not about pleasure, what else would require all three of us?"

Francesca pouted, sounding both disappointed and relieved. "I thought he was planning a three-on-one round again. Well then, let's go. Whatever it is, we'll find out when we get there!"

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In the third-floor study of Serenity Villa, the three women arrived together and pushed open the door. Andrew had already sent Logan away and was studying the now visible Rhodes family map fragment in his hands.

"Well, well, my three beautiful ladies are back!" He smiled warmly and gestured for them to sit down first.

Lauren spoke first. "Andrew, do you have something important to discuss?"

Andrew nodded. "Yes, it's somewhat important."

Francesca noticed the map fragment on the desk. "Let me guess you're about to tell us it's treasure-hunting time?"

Andrew smiled. "Sharp as ever. Yes,

it's about the treasure map. This is the final Rhodes family fragment. The hidden markings are fully

revealed now. The next step is to

collect the remaining pieces and heading out to find the treasure."

Aspen hesitated for a moment before asking, "Are you planning to bring us along?"

Andrew looked at the three women, each stunningly beautiful in her own unique way, truly a feast for the eyes.