

RISING FROM THE ASHES (ANDREW AND LAUREN)

Chapter 1746

"Mr. Lloyd, the Dragon King requests your presence."

A sultry woman, dressed to tease, gave a seductive smile as she lowered her head in invitation, intentionally revealing a deep line of cleavage.

Andrew did not hesitate. He strode boldly into the extravagant hall, completely unfazed.

Rachel followed, uneasy. "Mr. Lloyd, doesn't it feel suspicious that the White Dragon King is being this friendly?"

Andrew replied flatly, "Relax. He wouldn't dare try anything."

Rachel stayed quiet, but admiration filled her eyes. Andrew's nerve was something else.

The three Dragon Kings were notorious figures in Blumedale's underworld, each more dangerous than the last. Yet, Andrew had shown up alone, completely unarmed, and walked in like he owned the place.

White Dragon King sat at the far end of the hall. He was a pale-skinned man in a white tailored suit, sipping red wine. His crimson leather shoes stood out as he lounged back in a modern office chair with one leg crossed.

He looked about Andrew's age, with a handsome but androgynous face, and a wicked glint in his eye.

Two scantily clad women flanked him, massaging his shoulders.

"Mr. Lloyd, welcome. Please, take a seat," White Dragon King said, raising his glass with a charismatic smile.

Andrew did not stand on ceremony. He walked right up and took a seat across from him.

Rachel hesitated at first, clearly nervous, but Andrew smiled at her. "Sit down. It's fine."

Only then did she sit, casting a grateful look toward him. After all, even though she was a wealthy socialite in Blumedale, in the eyes of these underground power players, she was just a walking purse.

To them, her presence barely registered.

"Mr. Lloyd, you're unusually kind to those under you," White Dragon King remarked with a half-smirk. "This lady's got a killer figure, powerful aura, and a mountain of money. You've got some real luck on your side."

Andrew remained calm. "Let's skip the flattery and get to business."

White Dragon King-real name Aaron Nicholls-was known as the weakest of the three Dragon Kings. However, rumor had it he was backed by someone powerful, which allowed him to strut around Blumedale with no one daring to cross him.

Aaron chuckled. "Business? Mr. Lloyd, you're the one who came to me. You brought up 'business', so go ahead. What do you want?"

He took another sip of wine, the glint in his eyes full of mischief.

Andrew frowned. "Cut the act. I'm sure your people saw me leave Mr. Potter's place earlier. I know you both don't get along. That's none of my business. I came here for one question, and one question only."

Aaron let out a cold snort and set his
it a cold

wine glass down with a thud. "Mr.

Lloyd, you have already met with

Ronald. So why bother coming.

things you went to him firstt

me? There's a natural order to

then came to me. Let's be real. You're looking down on me. So, whatever you say today doesn't

matter. This conversation is over."

Andrew remained unfazed. "If we're done, then why did your people invite me in?"

Aaron flashed a

da sinister grin.

"Because I wanted to ask you some

questions, Mr. Lloyd. I want to know

exactly what you and Ronald talked about 'm very curious. You seem like a smart man. Tell me everything, and I'll let you walk out of here. But if you don't... we might have a little 'conflict'."

As he spoke, black-suited enforcers swarmed into the hall, surrounding them like wolves ready to pounce.

Rachel's face went pale. She clenched her fists but did not dare speak up.

From the beginning, she knew that none of the three Dragon Kings were easy to deal with.

Ronald had already proven how aggressive he could be, and now Aaron was showing he was just as bad, if not worse.

One wrong move here and they could be done for.

Her eyes darted toward Andrew, but he looked completely unfazed.

"Mr. Nicholls, are you really planning to make a move?"

Aaron stood from his chair and walked slowly toward him, looking at him condescendingly.

"Mr. Lloyd, maybe you don't really know what kind of person I am."