

RISING FROM THE ASHES (ANDREW AND LAUREN)

Chapter 1861

This really showed that Henry had Andrew completely figured out.

After getting in the cab and giving the destination, Andrew closed his eyes to rest. The Elixir of Immortality pill was tucked back into his pocket safely. However, the moment his fingers brushed against it, something felt off.

Besides the Elixir of Immortality, there was something else in his pocket. He pulled it out and was instantly surprised. It was a blood-stained token that was slightly larger than his palm.

It felt light in his hand, yet the surface was etched with an overwhelming number of tiny, almost unreadable writings.

Andrew could tell immediately that this had to be Jerome's doing. He must have slipped it into Andrew's pocket in his final moments, right when Andrew had tossed him toward Moonveil River.

The lighting in the cab was too dim for Andrew to make out the writing on the token clearly, so he had to let it go for now.

Half an hour later, the cab reached its destination. The driver announced, "Sir, we're here!"

Andrew paid the fare and got out. Looking up, he found himself standing in front of the Hidden Dragons' headquarters. It seemed Riker was not bothering with subtlety anymore. He had dragged everyone right into his stronghold, masks off. After going through multiple security checkpoints, Andrew finally entered the Hidden Dragons headquarters and came face to face with the broad-headed, short-bodied, and rough-looking Riker.

Sitting beside him in silence were Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen. All three ladies stared at Andrew desperately but could not say a word.

Riker burst out laughing. "Walking in here all by yourself? You've got guts, I'll give you that!"

Andrew completely ignored him and walked straight over to the three women, pressing several points on their bodies. Immediately, their acupoints were released, and they began breathing heavily, finally able to speak again.

"Are you hurt anywhere?" Andrew asked with genuine concern.

All three women shook their heads, indicating they were unharmed, just captured.

Riker snorted coldly. "Don't worry. They're perfectly fine!"

Andrew turned to face him and said, "Mr. Lamar, you've taken hostages but haven't harmed them. It seems like you want to discuss something with me, or perhaps you're looking to trade these hostages for something specific?"

Riker was momentarily stunned. Then, he burst into laughter and said, Dealing

with smart people really is so much easier! That's exactly right. You really do understand what I'm thinking!"

Andrew remained completely calm and asked, "So, what is it you want in exchange for their release?"

Riker got straight to the point and said, "The formulas for those two miracle drugs under your name!"

Andrew narrowed his eyes slightly. "Mr. Lamar, that's quite an appetite you have there!"

Riker leaned back and plopped down. heavily on the couch. "No. My

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appetite isn't just big... It's big enough to swallow oceans whole Those miracle drugs? That's just the first part of the deal. Second, the ransom for each person is one billion dollars. The three beautiful ladies here will cost you three billion total!"

Andrew actually smiled at this. "Well, the price seems fairly reasonable. Anything else?"

Riker shook his head. "That's about enough. I'm not insatiably greedy, so I know when to stop. Wouldn't you agree?"

He wore a smug expression that showed he had Andrew completely cornered and could not help but laugh triumphantly.

The headquarters was filled with about 50 people standing around, all of them top-tier martial artists from the Hidden Dragons.

Among them was someone Andrew recognized well, Finley Moore.

However, Finley's skills were so pathetically weak that he no longer qualified to stand in the front ranks. He could only hide in the crowd, glaring at Andrew with gritted teeth but not daring to make a sound.

Suddenly, Andrew shook his head. "I'm not accepting the terms you've offered!"

Riker's smile immediately vanished as his expression turned cold.

"Andrew, sitting down to negotiate with you civilly is already me showing you tremendous respect! Otherwise, I could've had my boys rape and kill your women right in front of you and made you clean up the mess."

He hissed, "You unlucky bastard just had to come to Goldridge at the worst time. Here's a warning: even if you had wings, you wouldn't be able to escape from Goldridge now!"