

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2051 Luna said, "In the future, when I find the opportunity, I'll definitely bring Andrew under my command." Montgomery chuckled softly, his eyes gleaming with deeper meaning. "Bringing Andrew under your command is probably just your surface thought, isn't it? Deep down, you want to use him to find out where the Lloyds' heir is hiding, right?" Luna's cheeks flushed red, but she pressed her lips together and stayed silent. When she was embarrassed, she never acted like a shy little girl. Instead, she became quiet, and that silence only made her beauty more striking.

Montgomery smiled knowingly. "Luna, in your whole life, you've never paid much attention to any young man of talent. The only exception is the Lloyds' heir. The truth is, you're both of the same age. Since you were little, his name was already known everywhere, so in a way, you grew up hearing about him." He asked, "ell me honestly, Luna... Do you like him?" Luna froze, and for a long moment she did not answer. Finally, she shook her head, then nodded again, her voice uncertain. "I wouldn't call it liking him. It's more like ---- admiration." She added, "Grandpa, do you know the feeling? UPDATE FROM Find-Novel.net

Everyone around you seems dull and boring, and then one day, someone extraordinary appears, someone you can't help but look up to. Slowly, you care more and more about them and wonder how they are. "When I heard he was in trouble back then, do you know what I thought? I even wanted to defy my mentor's orders and go to Chetvine to find him." Montgomery nodded slowly. "That kind of passion... aside from love, I don't know what else to call it. Luna, I think you may truly have feelings for the Lloyds' heir. But I must remind you that the chances for you two are slim." Luna let out a sharp snort.

"If I really wanted it, no obstacle could stop me. But, Grandpa, let me correct one thing. I don't think it's love. Like I said, it's admiration. It's recognition of someone who feels like my equal, someone who makes me feel glad they exist. "There's something you don't know. When I trained in Chetvine, under my mentor's brutal methods, life felt worse than death. More than once, I thought I couldn't endure any longer. ---- "T didn't care about becoming Holtrien's youngest general, or about breaking into the top ten of the Titan List. I didn't want fame or power.

But the family's expectations, and my own pride, kept me from walking away. "IT was trapped between the two, suffering. One day, I went to the Scarlet Lounge in Chetvine to ease my despair. Beneath the wishing tree, I prayed that heaven would grant me happiness, that I wouldn't have to suffer so much. "And then, I heard a voice telling me, 'From today onward, you'll be happy forever. All your wishes will come true. Whatever you want, whatever goal you have, will be yours.' I was stunned. I never thought the wishing tree would speak.

"Then I realized someone behind the tree was laughing, clearly teasing me. I ran after him, but he was already fleeing. He looked back from a distance and shouted, apologizing, saying he hadn't meant to eavesdrop."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2052 Luna explained, "The man told me he just hoped I could be happy every single day. He also said he knew my mentor and that the very next day, my mentor wouldn't be as strict

with me anymore. He said pretty girls should be cherished and cared for, not pushed to exhaustion." She paused, a sweet smile blooming across her face. "Grandpa, can you guess what happened next? The next day at camp, my mentor came over and told me I could have three days off. And from then on, he allowed my training to be lighter and less punishing. This content belongs to Find1Novel.net

"My mentor even asked me about my relationship with the Lloyds' heir. He warned me to stay away from him, or else I'd eventually fall into his trap and be completely devoured. Of course, I could tell he was teasing me. "Back then, in Chetvine's military command and across all departments, almost everyone admired or supported the Lloyds' heir. My mentor was General Philip Turman, a pillar of Holtrien, someone who never softened his words for anyone. "Yet when it came to the Lloyds' heir, he was different.

Whenever my mentor mentioned him, his face would light up ---- with smiles, saying that the country and Holtrien's future finally had support! "Back then, in my young mind, the Lloyds' heir was just that mysterious and unreachable. Yet he seemed to have no airs about him, treating everyone the same way with equal friendliness." She continued, "Later, when I grew stronger, when I fought on the battlefield, earned the rank of brigadier general, and finally had the ability to stand on my own, I realized something shocking. Even then, I didn't feel happy or fulfilled.

Her eyes dimmed with quiet longing. "Now I lack nothing. Whatever I want, I can have. Yet compared to that one unforgettable memory, I find that it is what truly brings me joy, the memory that never fades. "I've forgotten so many things, but not that. The Lloyds' heir may not even know who I am, and I never once spoke to him face-to-face. But in my heart, I always remembered his figure. I could never forget it." When her long story ended, Montgomery stroked his beard and chuckled. "Luna, you are the pride of the Phelan family.

If you truly want to find the Lloyds' heir, then, as your ---- grandfather, I'll fully support you. But you must understand, the Lloyds' heir is no ordinary man. Even you may not be able to get close to such a figure. "My own view is more practical. You said Andrew is extraordinary as well, didn't you? Perhaps you should consider him instead. From what you've described, he is no common man. Even if he cannot fully match you, Andrew is an excellent choice compared to others." Luna's mind briefly flashed with Andrew's image, but she shook her head firmly.

"Grandpa, Andrew and I are nothing more than acquaintances. At most, I admire him and respect his abilities. But beyond that, we're not suited for each other. He's not someone who can be tamed, and his nature clashes with mine. As for the Lloyds' heir... If fate allows it, then so be it, but I won't force it."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2053 Unlike the two powerhouses, the Driscoll family and the Phelan family, the Fischer family's headquarters was not located in Blumedale's city center. Instead, it was positioned on the northern mountains, nestled among vast stretches of well-arranged dense forests. The Fischer family valued martial prowess, making the training of their younger generation members especially important. To avoid suspicion and prevent others from discovering the Fischer family's martial arts heritage, the entire family compound appeared isolated and aloof from the world. The link to the origin of this information rests in findnovel.net

The standalone tower at the mountaintop served as the residence for the Fischer family's direct bloodline members. Lucian had been living there permanently. He and Henry operated with one managing internal affairs and the other handling external matters, supporting each other to expand the Fischer family's influence. This had been the Fischer family's strategy, and it had always proven effective. At that moment, in the large room on the tower's top floor ---- with transparent floor-to-ceiling windows on all four sides, Lucian pressed a button under his desk.

A wave-like projection screen immediately appeared in the center of the large room. The room was equipped with the world's most advanced technology. Henry's holographic image quickly appeared in the projection, looking as real as if he were actually present. He did not speak but simply looked at Lucian, his eyes carrying an inquiring expression. Lucian smiled and said, "Henry, how are things going on the Goldridge side?" Henry frowned. "If you specially contacted me just to ask about this mess, then I'm sorry to disappoint you! Goldridge is a complete disaster.

Although the McCormick family has stabilized the situation, Jerome is clearly not dead and is doing just fine. Right now, many of his loyal followers in the Southern Martial Union have launched a crusade to kill me and overthrow the McCormick family. My situation gets worse by the day." Lucian remained silent for a moment, not saying anything before responding, "Just take care of yourself, then. By the way, I contacted you to tell you that Andrew has already risen ---- to power here in Blumedale!" Henry snorted coldly, "Risen to power? What does that mean?

Lucian, we swore a blood oath in front of our ancestors! graves back then. I admit I've been ineffective in handling things on the Goldridge side. But Blumedale, the family headquarters, is right there with you, so you can't afford to make any mistakes." Lucian replied calmly, "Do you think I'd make mistakes while managing the Fischer family?" Henry responded, "If there's nothing wrong, then why bring up Andrew, that damned little thief? This kid has repeatedly ruined my plans, and I must kill him. I just haven't had the time or energy to spare. But to say he's actually a threat?

That's absurd!" Lucian's tone sharpened. "You're wrong. That brat has grown. into a beast not easily dealt with. The Driscolls are gone. Franklin Gurney, the number one fighter in Gabo Creek, was killed by him. "Henry, you're not in Blumedale, so you don't see it, but the scene here has changed. Soon, Andrew will be one of the three overlords of Gabo Creek, and nothing will stop it." - --- Henry laughed bitterly. "Lucian, jokes like that are wasted on me.

My side is already in shambles, and if you're telling me the family base is slipping too, then you're either reckless or you've truly impressed me with your incompetence." His words dripped with mockery, but Lucian's face remained steady, as if he had not heard the ridicule. He said firmly, "I'm not joking. Andrew has taken the Driscolls' place, and his influence is undeniable. Be cautious, because I fear he may come for you when you least expect it." Henry fell into silence, his jaw tightening, veins bulging at his temples until his expression turned feral.

Finally, he growled between clenched teeth, "Why? You're the one holding down the family base. Why didn't you stop this from happening? The Driscolls were hollow inside... If they were destroyed, they deserved it.""

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2054 Henry hissed, "But the spoils from the Driscolls' fall should have belonged to the Fischer family, not taken by someone else! Lucian, you should be explaining yourself to the family elders!" Lucian remained calm. "Don't worry. I've already offered my self-criticism and even requested to step down as acting head of the family. But that's just for formality. You know as well as I do, the Fischer family needs me. Besides me, who else could take the patriarch's seat?

No one is qualified!" His steady expression shifted into one of ruthless arrogance, the air of a man who knew he was untouchable. When it came to cruelty and calculation, he was even more frightening than Henry. "That was why, when the two brothers vied for dominance, Lucian ended up controlling the family's core while Henry was forced to manage external affairs. Henry demanded, "So what now, Lucian? Are you just going to stand by and watch Andrew rise in Gabo Creek?" Lucian's tone was flat. "Every man shows his hand differently. Watching him rise unchecked isn't possible.

But ignoring him ---- as a rival would be naive. Right now, no one in the Fischer family can guarantee they could kill him outright. If brute force doesn't work, then the only option is slow cooking. And slow cooking takes patience and time." Henry sneered. "I'm not interested in your fancy political theories. Fine... Congratulations to us brothers, failing both inside and out. We've achieved nothing." Lucian let out a grim laugh. "Yes, congratulations. Two brothers, two fools, making mistake after mistake." "Then, his face darkened. "But one last matter remains, the most important of all.

The saintess of the Greene family has resurfaced. The trouble is, she has fallen into the hands of the Crimson Flame Cult. "One of their devotees has already taken her hostage and is fleeing to Goldridge. It looks like he's waiting for pickup there, ready to leave the continent. It's time for you to make a move and make up for your failures in Goldridge!" Henry was stunned. "The Greene family's saintess has actually appeared?" Lucian's voice sank. "Yes. And damn it, she was right here in Blumedale, under my nose, and I knew nothing. READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT findnovel.net

Not until she ---- was taken and hidden powers began moving did I realize what had happened." Henry sneered bitterly. "Wonderful. They call us the power duo, But in reality, we're both blind. Not much to be proud of." Lucian only grinned, but it was a vicious grin. "Henry, it's time to show everyone whether the Fischer brothers are blind and useless, or something else entirely. In Goldridge, make your move. "Spill blood if you have to. As long as you seize the Greene family's saintess, the years of careful groundwork we've built in the Southern Martial Union will be nothing in comparison.

She is everything. With her, the Fischer family gains everything." Greed and ambition flashed in Henry's eyes. "I'll go all out to capture her, even if it costs me my life." The two brothers could mock themselves all they wanted. This was their way of amusing themselves! However, if outsiders truly believed the Fischer family brothers were useless, they would be signing their own death warrant. Their words sounded like banter, but Henry was deadly ---- serious. When he moved, he would risk it all. What he did not know, however, was that Andrew was already nearing Goldridge.

Moreover, Andrew was not the kind of man to indulge him. His desperate efforts would be completely useless against Andrew. Andrew would simply slap him across the face. Whether Lucian and Henry were truly a beast depended on who they encountered!

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2055 By the time Andrew and Eric arrived in Goldridge, it was already night. The city was a blur of neon and nightlife, pulsing with reckless energy. As one of the grand metropolises in Holtrien's Gabo Creek region, Goldridge stood just a step below the capital in prestige. Eric led Andrew without saying a word, heading straight for an underground bar in the downtown area. The bar was not located on the main street but was hidden underground after winding through layers of narrow alleys. Behind a heavy, decaying iron door, a small window opened. Official source is find*novel.net

A bald man wearing heavy makeup, with a mouth full of yellow teeth and terrible breath, appeared behind the small window. After glancing at Eric and Andrew and not recognizing them, he directly told them to scram. "Get lost!" Eric scoffed. "You'd better open this door for me, I know your manager." "The heavily made-up bald man sneered, "Every day, hundreds of people come here claiming they know our manager. Beat it, you freak! We don't welcome you!" ---- With a bang, he slammed shut the small window on the iron door. Eric was furious and was about to kick the door down.

Andrew placed his hand on Eric's shoulder and smiled, "Cool it, he wasn't wrong, was he?" Eric gritted his teeth, "Wasn't wrong? Didn't you hear what he called me?" Andrew shrugged. "He called you a freak. I heard it, and I think there's nothing wrong with that!" Eric's face turned red, and he felt like killing someone. What the hell did he mean there was nothing wrong with that? Did he not have any dignity? Andrew turned his back to him and continued knocking on the door. The small window opened, and the bald man said impatiently, "Are you two ever going to quit? Only members can enter here.

Everything else is non-negotiable!" Andrew handed over a stack of bills, all brand-new hundreds. -- -- There were more than a dozen of them. He smiled and said, "Come on, everyone's a stranger the first time. Let's not make it hard." "The man counted the crisp notes twice, then grinned. "Welcome in." "The door swung open, and just like that, they were inside. "They were immediately hit by booming electronic beats. The dance floor writhed with bodies, with bare legs flashing, slim waists twisting as if possessed.

Booths brimmed with spoiled young heirs tossing money like water, while foreigners mixed freely in the crowd, giving the place a wild, chaotic energy. Eric leaned close and said, "The owner here is the number one underground boss in Goldridge. If we want information, this is the guy. But before that, give me a minute. I've got something to handle." Under Andrew's curious gaze, Eric pushed through the crowd toward the bar counter. Soon, he disappeared behind the bar. Two minutes later, he returned with a radiant face, returning Andrew's money in full. Seeing this, Andrew raised an eyebrow.

"You went to find that bald doorman?" ---- Eric sneered. "I smashed out all his front teeth and shoved a beer bottle up his ass. That bastard's begging and terrified expression was very satisfying to watch!" Andrew laughed, "I didn't realize you held grudges so well." Eric's face was expressionless. "I remember everything about how you treated me earlier." Andrew shrugged, "That's great. When we get back, I'll buy you a little notebook so you don't miss anything." Eric's face twitched. Whenever he faced Andrew, he always felt powerless.

The bar was hidden underground in the city, and on its second basement level, there was another world. The lighting was dim, and ordinary people were not allowed in. The two men avoided the bartenders and quickly snuck underground. The explosive electronic music from the upper level gradually faded away, becoming faint and distant. "Stop right there!" As expected, guards appeared

at the entrance to the second basement level. 'Two big guys with tattoos on the backs of their hands and sturdy builds.

---- Eric did not hesitate and continued walking forward quickly, " I'm Eric Humphrey, here to see your boss!"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2056 The big guy on the left snorted coldly, "Get lost, our boss doesn't meet with strangers." Eric crossed his arms and struck a cocky pose. "I'm not a stranger. Anyone in Goldridge who doesn't know my name hasn't been born yet. Go inside and announce my arrival right now." This time, the big guy on the right spoke rudely, "Eric Humphrey? Sorry, but I've really never heard that name before. Pretty boy, we don't care how you got here. But if you don't get lost now, you'll be spitting your own teeth and blood next." Being blocked repeatedly, Eric's patience was nearly exhausted.

The main issue was that this was too damn embarrassing. He used to be a big shot in Goldridge, the adopted son of the Southern Martial Union's leader, a household name and genius in Goldridge. But today, for some unknown reason, no one was giving him face or even claiming to know him. With Andrew watching from the side, Eric really felt this was too damn humiliating. ---- Holding his breath, Eric's fists cracked as he prepared to fight directly. At the last moment, Andrew once again placed his hand on Eric's shoulder. "This isn't how you go about asking people for information.

Step aside and watch me work." Eric's pride stung even worse at Andrew's calm tone. Grinding his teeth, he stepped back. "Fine, you try. But this is Goldridge, not Blumedale. If your fancy name works here, then pigs really can fly!" Andrew ignored his sulking and faced the guards with a smile. "Gentlemen, my name is Andrew Lloyd, and I'm from Gabo Creek. I don't have much of a reputation or fancy titles. All I've got is money, and I've spent some time in Goldridge before. So, do me a favor and tell your boss I came to bring him cash." Eric scoffed loudly, his face full of disdain.

"Andrew, talking about money here won't get you anywhere. Nobody in Goldridge is short on cash. That trick is childish, straight out of the countryside." However, Andrew's grin did not fade. 'The guards exchanged a look, and one of them asked carefully, "Andrew Lloyd... Wait, are you the Mr. Andrew ---- Lloyd of the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce? The one who slaughtered his way through the McCormicks and the Hidden Dragons here in Goldridge?" Andrew adjusted his suit jacket and nodded. "That would be me.

I didn't expect you two to know my name." Instantly, both guards' expressions flipped to eager smiles. 'They were almost fawning as they gestured him inside. "Mr. Lloyd, what an honor to have you here. Please, come in. Our boss hates Riker Lamar of the Hidden Dragons; your name here is nothing short of legendary." Eric froze on the spot, utterly dumbstruck. Andrew, who had only been in Goldridge once, was already more famous than him. His head spun as he clutched his temples, feeling like he had wasted the entire first half of his life. "Why? That's so unfair!" Eric grumbled.

After venting his frustration in the empty hallway, he still hurried to catch up. He was afraid Andrew would leave first, and he would get blocked again! This text is hosted at Find_Novel(.)net

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2057 Inside a circular lounge, Andrew finally met the bar's boss, Jack Moss. He was a fat, middle-aged man with a bald head, beady eyes, and no beard. Every one of his thick fingers glittered with a ring: gold bands, stones, skull carvings, and more. The tacky display screamed of excess, so much so that Andrew nearly laughed at the sight. The two guards whispered quickly in Jack's ear, and he shoved away the woman draped across his lap and studied Andrew with sharp eyes. "So, you're Mr. Andrew Lloyd of Gabo Creek?" Andrew smiled politely. "That's right.

I hope I'm not intruding." Jack's fleshy face lit up with excitement. "Not at all. Having you in my humble place is an honor! Mr. Lloyd, you're incredible! Anyone who can fight his way out of Goldridge and crush that piece of shit leader from Hidden Dragon deserves my respect. I'm Jack Moss, also known as Big Jack." The nickname 'Big Jack' caught Andrew off guard, but looking at the man's size, it fit too perfectly. Holding back a smirk, he cut to the point. "Big Jack, I came this late to ask about something important." ---- Jack waved his jeweled hand grandly. "Mr.

Lloyd, no need to be polite. Say the word, and I'll arrange anything for you." Just as Andrew was about to ask about Shiloh, Eric stepped forward, cleared his throat, and deliberately blocked him. "Big Jack, you've got some nerve!" Jack's rolls of flesh quivered as he frowned. "Mr. Lloyd, is this your underling? Hah, he's got a bit of swagger. Normally, I can't stand people showing off in front of me, but since he's with you, I'll let it slide." Eric's face twisted in rage. "Big Jack, screw you! Are you blind? You don't recognize who I am?" The insult cut deep.

Being mistaken for Andrew's lackey was. infuriating. When he tried to look cool, he liked to face people with his profile. As a result, Jack did not recognize him. Jack squinted at him again and suddenly gasped. "Eric Humphrey? Mr. Humphrey? Well, I'll be damned! You've returned to Goldridge. What a rare guest!" At last, Eric's scowl softened a little. "At least your eyes aren't as blind as your men's. Since you know who I am, then answer my questions. From now on, whatever I ask, you'll answer." ---- Fatback chuckled. "Sure. As long as you can pay the price. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT find—novel.net

Information, killings, corporate espionage, petty jobs, even dirty work like cheating investigations or surrogate scandals... Everything has a price here." Eric gritted his teeth, barely holding back. "Cut the crap. I'm only here for information. Recently, someone from Blumedale slipped into Goldridge. He's holding a lady. You know about this, right?" Jack wagged a finger. "Whether I know or not, the rules don't change. If you want me to talk, you pay one million. And if the information is especially difficult or valuable, I'll raise the price higher." Eric jabbed a finger at his own nose.

"Are you insane? Do you not know who I am? I'm Eric Humphrey. Since when do I need to pay to ask questions in Goldridge?" Andrew finally stepped in with a smile. "Maybe let me handle this. You're too worked up. Take a break." Eric snapped his hand aside. "Stay out of it. This is my turf, so just sit tight. I'll take care of everything." Andrew sighed. "Alright then. It's your turf. I'll sit back and watch the show. Don't let me stop you." He could only shake his head, thinking, 'Kids these days and ---- their fragile pride... Eric turned back to Jack, voice sharp. "Well?

I don't have time to waste." Jack ignored him and looked to Andrew with a polite smile. "Mr. Lloyd, what's your relationship with Mr. Humphrey?" Andrew answered calmly, "You saw it yourself. He doesn't need me. So just assume we have no connection." Eric immediately added, "Exactly. We're

not related. He came to Goldridge asking for my help. I felt sorry for him, so I agreed, nothing more. Now, Big Jack, stop stalling. Do you have the information or not?" Jack spread his hands. "I do. But without money, my lips are sealed."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2058 "Since you say you're not connected to Mr. Lloyd, then I'm sorry... I don't do business with you," Jack said flatly. Eric nearly exploded. "The hell is wrong with you? Do you not know who I am? I'm Eric Humphrey! I used to run Goldridge!" Jack sneered. "That was when Mr. Thornton was alive. Back then, sure, you had influence. But now the Southern Martial Union is under the McCormicks. The man in charge isn't Mr. Thornton anymore; it's the McCormicks. So let's be real...

You're nothing but a stray dog." Jack leaned forward, his voice dripping with contempt." Everyone in Goldridge's upper circle knows you're trash, colluding with Henry, that power-hungry snake. I called you 'Mr. Humphrey' out of courtesy. Otherwise, I could have you thrown out in seconds." Athis cold snort, the curtain behind his sofa snapped open, and dozens of assault rifles suddenly aimed at Eric. Eric froze, his face locked in place. Rage burned through him, mixed with humiliation so sharp it was unbearable. Jack leaned back and opened his mouth as someone lit the cigar between his lips.

He took a long drag, blowing out a thick ---- cloud of smoke. "Eric, times have changed. Without Mr. Thornton, you're nothing. Don't come here trying to throw your weight around. You're not qualified." Eric clenched his jaw so hard he nearly cracked his teeth. "Big Jack, do you seriously not fear death?" Jack's cigar glowed red as he inhaled. "Go ahead, test it. Let's see if your speed is faster than my bullets. Even Henry himself couldn't make me bend the knee if I didn't want to. And you? You're just a kid. Without Mr.

Thornton, you're nothing but a dreamer." Eric sucked in a breath, then exhaled. Again and again, until the fury drained out of him, leaving only helplessness. Sadness replaced his rage. He had tried to act like a king, but instead, he had been humiliated. The proud return he had imagined for himself in Goldridge turned out to be a cruel joke. Without Jerome to prop him up, the city showed its true face: dismissive and mocking Andrew patted his shoulder for the third time. "Don't let it get to you. Eric shook him off, eyes teary. "Don't touch me!" ---- Andrew did not mind. Read complete version only at findnovel.net

He turned to Jack instead. "Big Jack, Eric is young, hot-headed. Don't hold it against him. You said one million? I'll transfer it now. Just give me the information." Jack immediately stubbed out his cigar and leaned forward, waving his hands. "Mr. Lloyd, what are you saying? If you want to ask, it's just a matter of me opening my mouth. How could I charge you? "I know exactly where your target is. She's at the Majestic Hotel It's the Blues' turf. But I must warn you, Mr. Lloyd, that place is the most dangerous spot in Goldridge right now. Nearly 100 different factions are circling it.

"They say everyone is after a single woman. Even Henry and the McCormicks made their move, but they got nowhere. Whoever is inside, they're no ordinary opponents." Not only did Jack reveal Shiloh's location, but he also shared critical details about the situation. Moreover, he refused payment Andrew clasped his hands together. "Thank you. I'll treat you to dinner sometime." Jack grinned. "Dinner's nothing. Once this is done, I'll treat you to a foot massage!" After leaving the underground bar, the cold night wind hit them ---- on the street.

Outside the underground bar, the night air bit with cold. Andrew turned and stopped short. Eric's eyes were bloodshot, his jaw clenched so tightly it looked like it might break. "What's wrong with you?" Andrew asked, puzzled. Eric wanted to snap, but instead his voice broke, weak and bitter. "Don't say a word. I just want to be left alone." No matter how hard he thought, Eric could not understand it. Why was Andrew, only on his second trip to Goldridge, already more powerful and respected? And why had he, once the golden boy of Goldridge, become irrelevant?

He looked up at the night sky, his teeth grinding. "God, can't you see how unfair this world is?"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2059 Since they now knew Shiloh was being held at the Majestic Hotel, Andrew's next move became clear. "So what's your plan? Just storm the place?" Eric asked. Andrew thought for a moment. "At this point, breaking in head-on is the only option." Eric scoffed. "You're strong, I'll give you that. But Jack said the McCormicks and Henry had already tried to make a move, but got nowhere. That means there's someone powerful inside. If you rush in, it won't end well." Andrew shrugged. "You're not wrong. But time is money, and we can't waste it." Eric clenched his teeth.

"If the Southern Martial Union headquarters were still under Dad's control, no one in Goldridge would dare disrespect me." Andrew smirked. "Eric, aren't you ashamed to say that? Don't forget that it was you who betrayed him and sided with Henry. By the underworld's rules, a traitor like you deserves a slow death." Eric's face went rigid, his voice dry. "At least I don't regret it." ---- Andrew sneered. "Whether you regret it or not, only you know. Denial won't change the truth. Enough talk... Let's move." Eric narrowed his eyes. "So how do we do this?"

If you're thinking about charging through the front door, count me out. I want to live a few more years." Andrew grinned and pointed toward the street. "See them? The guys in blue trench coats carrying weapons?" Eric followed his gaze. "Yeah, the Blues' foot soldiers. They patrol every night." Andrew started walking toward them. "Then come on. I've got an idea." Eric did not understand but followed anyway. The midnight streets of Goldridge were almost empty, aside from the occasional cab or spoiled rich kid revving his sports car home from a night out.

Andrew picked up his pace until they caught up with a group of the Blues' punks. The men reeked of alcohol, cigarettes dangling from their lips as they joked crudely. "I like Ms. Melody! She's the queen of curves!" "No way. Ms. Blossom is still the standard." ---- "You're both outdated. Nothing beats the local girls these days!" They never noticed Andrew and Eric tailing them. When the gangsters ducked into a narrow alley and slipped into a shabby house, Andrew and Eric exchanged a look before kicking the door open. The place was a mess, littered with cigarette butts and beer bottles. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT findnovel.net](http://findnovel.net)

Their sudden entrance sobered the drunks instantly. From the back room, a burly fighter with sharp features launched a whip-kick at Andrew's shoulder. Andrew did not even look. He caught the man's leg mid-air and yanked, slamming him to the floor so hard he coughed up bile. His scream filled the room. Eric grabbed a machete off the table and pressed it to the man's throat, smiling darkly. "One move, and I'll spill his blood right here." The rest of the gang froze, too scared to act. The man on the ground was clearly their leader, and he roared in defiance. "Who the hell are you?"

Touch the Blues and you're asking to die!" Andrew brushed off his hands and turned to Eric. "Hurry up. Time to show off your specialty." ---- Eric smirked, pleased. "See? Even you need me sometimes." Andrew chuckled and let him have his moment of pride. Eric's Phantom Mirage activated, ripples swirling in his eyes. The leader stiffened, then his gaze went hollow, vacant. "Go ahead and ask!" Eric glanced at Andrew, signaling that Andrew could begin questioning. Andrew looked at the already controlled man and asked, "What's your name?"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 2060 The thug answered in a flat tone. "Billy Bob." Andrew nodded. "Nice name. Next question: Can you get inside the Majestic Hotel?" Billy replied, "Yes. I'm the one who delivers meals to the VIPs inside." Andrew smiled. "Good. Then you'll take us in with you on your next delivery." However, Billy shook his head. "Not now. The VIPs don't eat until six in the morning." Andrew glanced at his watch, noticing they had three hours to go. "Fine.

Then we'll wait until six and go in with him." Eric lined up the rest of the Blues' lackeys and used his Phantom Mirage, mesmerizing them one by one until they all stood with glassy eyes Grinning wickedly, he ordered, "You, strip him and penetrate him in the ass!" A grotesque scene followed, and Andrew grimaced. "Seriously? We've been up all night, and you can't just rest? You ---- have to waste energy on this crap?" Andrew asked, frowning Eric's eyes gleamed with excitement. "Don't you get it? This is the fun of Phantom Mirage. Controlling people and making them do whatever you want!

It's endless entertainment." He snapped his fingers, forcing two bearded thugs to embrace and make out. Andrew rubbed his temples, wondering if Eric was insane or just a flat-out pervert. Meanwhile, up at the villa on Mount Zircon, Henry was also planning how to breach the Majestic Hotel. "This is a mess. The entire hotel is locked down tight, packed with the Blues' fighters. Even their Goldridge branch leader, Heath Perry, is there in person. If we attack head-on, we'll have to face both him and that Crimson Flame Cult zealot. We might stall Heath, but the zealot is too powerful.

That's on you." The one speaking was Riker, the leader of the Hidden Dragons, now one of Henry's recruited underlings. Henry's face twisted with irritation. "Even I can't guarantee holding him off in a straight fight. Think! We need another way. Can we sneak in? Bribe someone inside the Blues?" Riker shook his head with a bitter smile. "Mr. Fischer, I've tried all that. No use. The Blues are fanatically loyal to the Crimson ---- Flame Cult." Henry's tone dropped to a growl. "That idiot of a gang boss practically worships them... It's no wonder. If Eric were here, it'd be easy.

With his Phantom Mirage, we could control one of the Blue Gang grunts and slip right in." Riker's voice was dry. "Mr. Fischer, he already left you. He's with Andrew now. No point clinging to false hope." Henry roared back. "Shut your mouth! Do you need to butt into my affairs? Eric is mine. We've fought through life and death together. I don't believe he betrayed me. Andrew forced him, that's all!" Riker nodded submissively, not daring to say more. "Yes, Mr. Fischer, you're right. I won't speak out of turn again." But inside, he rolled his eyes. Went through life and death?

It was probably more like a physical relationship. Two grown men being all lovey-dovey made him want to vomit just thinking about it. Still, he only dared to think it, not say it aloud. Henry had been in a foul mood lately, killing at the smallest offense. He growled, "No matter what, the Greene family's last saintess must fall into the Fischer family's hands! I can't keep failing. I ---- should

have finished Jerome last time. This time, I won't miss. Send word to Madam Valencia. I'll pay whatever it takes for her to make a move." Get full chapters from FindNovel.net