

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) 1381-1390

Kevin scoffed. "Besides, Winston's always been a little wild. Letting loose is second nature to him! And now that Andy's technically his uncle, shouldn't an uncle be allowed to discipline his nephew a little?"

Quinton felt his teeth grinding to the point of cracking. Just a short while ago, he considered Andrew a nobody, just a bottom-tier loser.

But now? That same nobody had somehow become one of his dad's sworn brothers, which made his status lower than Andrew's. It felt like fate itself was playing a cruel joke on him—one designed to ruin his life.

Andrew said flatly, "Mr. Wright, I've got no problem with the whole brotherhood thing. But being your son's godfather? That, I've got an issue with. Because, let me be honest I don't want a disrespectful brat like him tied to me."

Kevin snapped, "Quinton, get over here and apologize! Can't you see you've pissed him off? Now get on your knees, apologize, and promise him that you'll be respectful from now on."

Quinton shot to his feet, roaring, "I'd rather die than be humiliated like this! Father, either kill me today or forget it-I'm never apologizing to that damn nobody. Who does he think he is?"

Asking him to consider Andrew his godfather was no different from dragging his pride through the mud. He could not take it, nor would he take it.

Andrew let out a slow sigh. "See, Mr. Wright? This kid's not just ungrateful, he's downright unruly. Handing him off to me won't change that. You heard him insult me, didn't you?"

"Looks like your family still sees me as beneath them. In that case, I'll excuse myself. I've already been invited to dinner by several top families in Blumedale-it seems they want to build connections."

Kevin instantly panicked. He had a prize catch right in front of him, and now it was slipping away. If he let Andrew walk now, he might as well hang himself from the ceiling.

Moreover, judging by Andrew's tone, he was actually offended.

Kevin knew he had to smooth this over fast. He said, "Hey, hey, don't be mad! Come on, there's no need to be upset. Listen, if you think my boy's out of line, then I'll handle it, personally."

Without another word, Kevin stood up, grabbed Quinton by the hair, and unleashed hell.

"You little bastard, I've had it with you! Who the hell gave you the guts to talk to Andrew like that? Huh? You humiliate me-you humiliate the whole damn Wright family. I'm gonna beat the living hell outta you!"

Kevin did not hold back in the

slightest. In just a few hits, Quinton's once-handsome face was covered in blood. Moreover, it did not stop there his nose got smashed, Kis

vision blurred, and stars exploded

behind his eyelids.

Meanwhile, Christina and her parents huddled in the corner, trembling.

Kevin was going full savage, and he really looked like he was about to kill his own son just to please Andrew.

Christina clenched her jaw and snapped, "Andrew, are you seriously just going to stand there and watch Quinton get beaten like this?"

Andrew scoffed. "Let me get this straight-you think Quinton doesn't deserve it, and that this is my fault?"

Christina hesitated, her voice weakening. "I'm just saying... all of this started because of you. The least you could do is say something fair."

Andrew smirked. "Sure, I'll say something fair for Quinton. Kevin, my friend... I've got a suggestion while I'm watching your fine parenting. You know what they say spare the rod, spoil the kid."

He continued, "Quinton has honestly been a spoiled, out-of-control mess for a while now. He's done some pretty filthy stuff, and everyone knows it."

Christina stared at him, stunned. "T-This is your idea of being fair? Andrew-"

Yet, Andrew did not even acknowledge her. He kept going, saying, "Discipline works best when it starts early. And if you're going to strike them, hit them hard and early. If you don't, one day that kid's gonna bite you back. s̄wnovel

"So in my opinion, a man like you—who runs a massive family empire-needs to show some damn authority. My advice? Don't hold back. Aim for the head, put your back into it! Go on, Kevin-show him who's boss!"

By the end, Andrew was literally clapping and cheering Kevin on. At that point, not only were Christina and her family totally dumbfounded, but even Yara stood frozen, staring at Andrew as if she had just come face-to-face with the devil himself.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

After who knows how many slaps, Quinton finally exploded in rage. "Stop hitting me! I said fucking stop, dammit! Do you hear me?"

His bloodshot eyes locked onto Kevin with a murderous glare, like he was ready to kill.

Kevin's fury surged right back. "You little bastard! Andy was right—you're a disgraceful, ungrateful son! If he hadn't warned me, I wouldn't have seen your true colors today! Fine! Since you're so stubborn, then let me make it official-starting today, you're no longer the Wrights' heir!"

Panic instantly took over Quinton's face. He dropped the tough act and started begging.

"Dad! No, you can't do this to me! I was just upset—I didn't mean anything by it! You can't do that to me! I'm your firstborn! I'm the rightful heir to the Wrights!"

Kevin gave a cold sneer. "Oh, so now you remember you're the firstborn of the Wrights? Then tell me if you want to inherit this family, shouldn't you be taking responsibility for its future?"

Quinton pointed at Andrew, yelling furiously, "So kneeling to this clown and making him my godfather means taking responsibility for the Wrights? Huh?"

Kevin raised his hand and delivered another clean slap-so crisp it echoed. "That's exactly right! Kneeling and recognizing Andy as your godfather is a contribution to this family!"

He barked, "What, are you blind? Don't you see? He's the Grand Physician! He won first place at the Grand Medical Summit! He crushed Mosby, and he's tight with the Keller family and even Governor McCormick! So tell me, you little idiot, are you seriously too blind to see how powerful he is?"

The more he spoke, the more Kevin's anger spiked back up like a fire set ablaze. This disgraceful son of his was a massive disappointment. Even with such a golden opportunity right in front of him, he chose not to grab it.

Kevin started wondering if this dumbass was even his biological child.

Andrew tried to play the part of the reasonable one. "Come on, Mr. Wright, let's just drop it. If Quinton here doesn't want to do it, I won't force him."

However, Kevin's face darkened with a cold, thunderous look. "Quinton, I'm giving you one last chance. Either you apologize, address him as 'Uncle Andrew', and show him the respect of a second father,

"Or get the hell out. From this day on, Yara will manage the Wrights. You won't even be left with a single damn penny!"

A bitter laugh cracked from Quinton's bloodied lips. His face was stained with blood, and his mouth twisted with hatred and humiliation.

The sight was downright tragic.

Then, he dropped to his knees right in front of Andrew. "Andrew, you bastard, listen up, I—"

Before he could finish, Kevin's palm came down again, silencing him with another vicious slap.

Quinton let out a hoarse cry, and his eyes welled with tears.

"You're not kneeling to show off, you're kneeling to show respect, you arrogant little shit! Try that attitude again, and I swear I'll cripple you on the spot!"

Kevin jabbed his finger into Quinton's forehead with brutal force, his tone a full-blown warning.

Quinton was shattered inside. Yet, for the sake of his inheritance, he had no choice but to submit. "Uncle Andrew, my dearest Uncle Andrew... please accept your humble godson's apologies!"

He knelt, laughing and crying at the same time—it was as if he had lost his mind. He apologized again and again, his voice trembling as he shouted, "Uncle Andrew", each time louder and more sincerely

Andrew gave a theatrical sigh. "Ah, my sweet godson. I'm here. I don't have much to offer, so here, just a small token of affection."

He reached into his pocket and fished around. Eventually, he pulled out a crumpled single dollar bill—no one knew how long it had been in there. Then, he tossed it to the ground.

Quinton stared at the dollar by his feet, his whole body trembling as if his soul had just left his body. At that moment, he was so humiliated, so enraged, that he could kill someone.

Yet, he also knew that if he dared lay a hand on Andrew with Kevin around, he would be digging his own grave.

So instead, he picked up the dollar with shaking fingers, forced a twisted smile, and said with venom in his voice, "Thank you, Uncle Andrew."

Christina and her family had their minds blown yet again. They were frozen in place, completely stunned.

Quinton had caved—he actually got on his knees and regarded Andrew as his godfather.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

In front of Andrew, everyone else was not worth mentioning—just dust beneath his feet. To put it bluntly, they were nothing.

Kevin beamed. "Perfect. Just perfect! Andy, then it's settled between our families! Come on, let's raise a glass and celebrate the Wrights becoming sworn brothers with you!"

Kevin grinned from ear to ear, lifting his wine glass high. At this point, the Wrights practically worshipped Andrew, treating him like a king.

So, Andrew could not really refuse—he clinked his glass against Kevin's with a polite smile. He said smoothly, "I should be the one thanking you, Kevin. If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have ended up with such a remarkable godson. But hey, let's not get too sentimental—cheers to you. Bottom's up!"

Kevin burst into laughter. "You're too kind! Cheers, let's drink till we drop!"

The drinking went late into the evening, and it was already around 8.00 p.m. when it finally wound down. Kevin offered to take Andrew to their private country club for a full massage and relaxation session, but he politely declined.

Andrew wandered off by himself, planning to catch a ride home. However, before he could reach the curb, Christina and her family came rushing up behind him.

"Andrew, wait! Don't go yet!" Leroy was the first to speak, though he started with a scolding tone.

However, as soon as the words reached his mouth, he backed down, suddenly meek. The man who once barked at Andrew like he was nothing did not even dare raise his voice anymore, afraid one wrong word might get him decapitated with just a snap of Andrew's fingers.

"Is there something you need?" Andrew's expression was cold as he glanced at them.

Irene stepped up first, nervously smiling. "Andrew, sweetheart, I just want to sincerely apologize for everything."

However, Andrew's response was sharp and simple. "Sorry, not interested."

Irene's smile froze in place as she awkwardly backed off. Then, Christina stepped forward, her eyes swirling with complicated emotions as she looked at him.

She said, "Andrew... now that everything's happened, I've finally figured it all out. You were never just some small-time doctor back in Jayrodale, were you? You were hiding your true strength all along, weren't you?"

Andrew waved a hand dismissively. "Whatever the case, it has nothing to do with you anymore, Christina. Now, if there's nothing else, I'm heading home."

Christina bit her lip hard. "Andrew, you won't even look me in the eye now? And why... Why are you being so cold to me? Do you really hate me that much?"

Andrew chuckled, the sound icy. "Hate you? Christina, you're flattering yourself. I don't hate you-in fact, you don't even exist in my world. Do you think someone like you, with your so-called 'accomplishments', is worth my hatred?"

That sharp sting shot straight through her chest and Christina's head like a dagger. Tears spilled from her eyes as she cracked, nearly breaking down.

"Andrew, if you're so powerful-if you've always had all this strength and talent... then why didn't you show it back in Jayrodale? Why did you let me lie awake every night, drowning in regret? Why are you doing this to me?"

Yet, Andrew showed no trace of sympathy, and his gaze remained ice-cold. "Christina, I've got three words for you: you deserved it. You asked why I didn't show my abilities in Jayrodale?"

He gave a bitter laugh. "Let me ask

you this-did you ever really get to know me? Did you care about whether I was capable or not?

didn't You only cared about

your ambition and climbing the next rung on the ladder. But what you failed to realize is that you were

never strong enough for that ladder. You overestimated yourself."

He exhaled, his smile tinged with disdain. "If you'd simply stayed humble-acted like a real

woman then honestly, I could've

taken the Stevens family to the top. I could've made your family outshine even the Five Apex Families. It wouldn't have been hard. But no, you chose what you thought was the smarter route. You decided I wasn't

good enough for your dreams.

There's only one word for women like you: foolish."

He let out a small laugh as if shaking off a bad memory. Then, he sighed. At this point, Christina might as well have been a stranger to him.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Christina's expression twisted with rage as she screamed, "Fine! In your eyes, I'm nothing but a goddamn fool! Then tell me, Andrew-what about Aspen? She hurt you too! She wronged you just like I did, so why did you forgive her?"

Andrew let out a cold laugh. "Aspen and you? You think the two of you are even remotely comparable? You're the one who wrecked the Bridgefields' Stevens family, weren't you? But I'm not even interested in holding that over your head anymore."

She continued, "Let's just talk facts-Aspen's actually doing right by me now. She built a major company for me, works day and night without a single complaint, and never asks for anything in return.

"And just that alone? Already puts her far above you, Christina. Of course, there's one more reason why I accepted Aspen. After spending time with her, I realized she's pretty damn adorable."

When Christina saw Andrew's soft smile, she felt like her heart was set on fire. The pain was unbearable, and jealousy burned through her like poison.

She pointed at him, her voice trembling in disbelief. "Y-You really made Aspen your woman?"

Andrew did not try to hide it. He answered casually, "That's right. Aspen is mine now. She's obedient, gentle, and loyal. And if it comes down to it, I'll support her in taking over the Bridgefields' Stevens family and becoming the head of it all.

"Your Jayrodale branch has always been subordinate to Bridgefields anyway. Who knows? One day, you might have to show up and be at her beck and call. Of course, knowing Aspen's personality, she might just slap you a few times for fun— so don't say I didn't warn you."

Right then, Andrew's ride arrived, and he turned to leave.

Christina could not take it anymore. She broke down completely, lunged forward, and threw herself around Andrew's leg, clinging to it desperately.

"Andrew, please! I was wrong-I was so wrong! I'm begging you... Please forgive me! I won't mess with you anymore. I swear I'll stop scheming. Just give me one more chance-please, can we start over?"

Tears streamed down her pale, delicate face as she looked up at him, her eyes full of grief, begging for a sliver of hope.

Andrew gave a cold, dismissive smile as he tilted her chin up, towering over her. "This face... Once, I thought it belonged to the woman I'd spend my life with. But now? I think it's average at best.

"Let's not even compare you to others-next to my little servant Aspen, you're not even close. Even if you both carry the same last name and come from the same bloodline, Aspen's the one I treasure. So do me a favor, and let go."

However, Christina would not budge. She clung tighter, sobbing, "No! I won't let you go! Andrew, you were supposed to be mine! You're my man! I won't let anyone steal you! How about this-I'll sleep with you, be your slave, just like Aspen. Take me back, please-I'm begging you! Just one last chance, okay? Please... please..."

Andrew stood in silence for a moment, not saying a word.

Christina took that pause as a sign of hope. Her face lit up, thinking he was about to say yes.

Then, Andrew, finally spoke.

"Christina, you've become pathetic. If

you had stood your ground and owned your choices, I might have respected you a little. But now? You're just another shallow woman who chases power and status like it's oxygen.

"Keep your desperation to yourself. Aspen may be my little servant girl, but I adore her. You? Honestly? You're just not worth it."

With that, Andrew freed himself from her grip, got in the car, and drove off without a second glance.

Christina collapsed to the pavement, limp and lifeless, her tears pouring like rain. With a wail of anguish, her entire body convulsed under the weight of heartbreak and humiliation.

Blood suddenly burst from her mouth, dark and fresh-she looked absolutely wrecked. She murmured, "I hate myself... for being so cheap, so blind, so utterly useless..."

People passed by on the busy street, but she did not care. Slapping her own face over and over, she beat herself until it was a mess of blood and bruises.

Irene and Leroy rushed forward and grabbed her, holding her tight as the three of them cried uncontrollably in the middle of the sidewalk. Crushing regret overwhelmed them because they knew that from this day forward, they would live in the shadow of Andrew's name.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Just as Andrew got into the car, his phone rang-it was Francesca. He chuckled and said, "Fran, I'm on my way back now!"

To his surprise, Francesca sounded frantic. "Andrew, no! Don't come back- whatever you do, don't come back right now!"

Andrew was confused. "Don't come back? Then where am I supposed to go?"

Francesca said urgently, "Aspen left. She's following her parents back to Bridgefields!"

Andrew's face darkened instantly. "When did she leave?"

Francesca shouted, "Just now! You can still catch her if you hurry to the airport! Mr. Stevens was the one who dragged her out-he forced her to go!"

Andrew let out a low, sharp breath. "Got it. I'm going to the airport right now!"

He hung up and immediately told the driver to turn around and head straight to Blumedale Airport.

The driver groaned. "Sir, are you trying to make my life hell? The airport's a nightmare this time of day-traffic's brutal!"

Without a word, Andrew opened his phone and transferred a solid 10,000 dollars into the driver's payment app.

"How about now?" he asked, calm and cold.

The driver's eyes nearly popped out of his head. Then, he grinned. "Say no more, sir. If I don't get you to the airport in 20 minutes, I'll let you use my head as a soccer ball!"

"You've got ten minutes," Andrew replied flatly.

"Done! No problem at all!" Inwardly, the driver was still stunned he had clearly just picked up a high roller.

With that, he slammed his foot on the gas, and they roared off like a rocket.

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Meanwhile, Zephyr and Esther were already leading Aspen through the terminal as the boarding call rang out through the PA system.

"Come on, let's head back to Bridgefields," Zephyr said firmly. "Aspen, it's time for your life to start fresh."

Esther gave her beloved daughter a gentle smile of encouragement, trying to make it easier.

Aspen hesitated, glancing back the way they came. Her steps slowed, her voice soft. "But... Mom, Dad... I still want to stay in Blumedale a little longer."

Zephyr snorted. "Mr. Lloyd has already released you. What reason do you have to stay?"

Aspen opened her mouth, searching for an excuse. "N-Nothing, really. I-I just have a few work-related matters to finish up."

Esther chuckled, shaking her head. "Silly girl. With all the brilliant people around Mr. Lloyd, do you really think he needs you to get things done? Come on now, let's go home. You've been through enough-it's time to rest."

Aspen stopped walking. She drew a deep breath and clenched her fists, then turned to face them. "Dad, Mom... I'll just say it outright. I don't want to go back to Bridgefields."

Neither Zephyr nor Esther looked surprised. Instead, their expressions turned heavy, their eyes deep with emotion.

Esther said softly, "Aspen, you don't want to leave Andrew, do you?"

Aspen's face flushed instantly. She stumbled over her words. "Mom, i-it's not that I don't want to go... Maybe if I stay close to him, I could learn @few more things. Then,

maybe I can build something solid for myself here in Blumedale."

However, Zephyr cut her off with a sharp glare. "Lies! You love Andrew, don't you?"

All this talk about work and building something here is just an excuse! What you really want is to be by his side!"

Aspen shrank under his gaze,

panicked. Eventually, she found her

courage and lifted her chin. "Yes, do love him. Dad, Mom—I love Andrew. I don't want to leave him, and can't live without him. I want... I want to be his woman. I want to stay with him forever and never leave his side."

There was a long, painful silence.

At last, Esther spoke, her voice filled with sorrow. "Sweetheart, are you really sure about this? Andrew isn't like ordinary men—he's something else entirely. He's a born leader, a force of nature.

"You saw what he did at the Grand Medical Summit—you know exactly what I mean. Men like him aren't meant to be held down. Let me be honest with you, honey—you're just not good enough for Andrew.

"You try to follow him, and your father and I are afraid you'll end up with nothing. That you'll give your heart and soul and be left with empty hands."

Tears shimmered in Aspen's eyes, but she shook her head fiercely. "Mom, I know you're saying all this because you love me. But no matter what happens, I won't regret it. Even if the day comes when he doesn't want me anymore—I still won't regret a thing."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Zephyr's face turned red with fury. "Aspen—"

Esther stepped in quickly. "Zephyr, that's enough. Let it go. Aspen's our daughter. I understand her, and I understand her feelings. Think about it—men like Andrew? How many girls in this world could actually resist someone like that?"

Zephyr sighed and nodded. "You're right. No ordinary woman can walk away from a man like him. Aspen, we won't force you anymore. If you truly want to stay with him, then stay. All we ask is that you take care of yourself."

Aspen broke into a tearful smile, the joy on her face was obvious even as tears spilled down her cheeks. "Thank you, Dad. Thank you, Mom, for understanding me. I know I'm being an ungrateful daughter for not going back to Bridgefields

with you...

"But I really, really like Andrew and I've never felt this way about anyone in my life. If I leave him... I don't know if he'd be sad, but I know I'd be devastated. I'm sorry I have to go back to him."

Zephyr and Esther stood there, faces full of conflicting emotions, unsure how to respond. Yet, before they could say another word, both their gazes shifted behind Aspen-and froze.

Noticing their strange expressions, Aspen turned around and instantly stiffened— there, drenched in sweat and breathless, was Andrew.

No one knew when he had arrived, but he was there, his handsome face lit with a playful smile, eyes locked right on her. "Aspen, really now? Leaving without a word? That's just cold.

"I'm your boss. Even if you wanted to quit or take time off, a little notice would've been nice, don't you think? Anyway, I never approved your departure, so it's not happening. So come on. Let's go. You've got a mountain of work waiting for you."

Without giving her a chance to argue, he grabbed her delicate hand, pulling her toward him.

Aspen's heart thudded wildly, but she did not resist. Instead, she melted into his arms, tears streaming freely down her cheeks as she sobbed against him.

Andrew held her close, breathing in the soft scent of her hair. Then, he turned to Zephyr and Esther with a sheepish smile.

"Uh... Mr. and Mrs. Stevens... I guess we could call each other on a first-name basis now?"

The couple was stunned and flattered, waving their hands in panic. Zephyr stammered, "No, no, absolutely not! Please, Mr. Lloyd, don't joke like that!"

Right now, Andrew's influence in Blumedale was on par with the Five Apex Families.

If someone like him called them on a first-name basis, Zephyr and Esther genuinely did not know if they could handle the honor-or the pressure. Andrew did not press it. In truth, he was not quite sure what else to say. "Mr. and Mrs. Stevens, don't worry. I promise I'll take care of Aspen here." Hearing that, Zephyr and Esther finally relaxed, smiles breaking across their faces. What they feared most was Andrew mistreating Aspen, but those words had provided him with assurance.

Zephyr knew a man like Andrew

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would not make promises lightly. When he spoke, his word was iron and a vow from him carried the weight of mountains. With that, their precious daughter was in safe hands.

"Mr. Lloyd... Aspen... then this is goodbye," Zephyr said warmly. They waved and turned to board their flight.

Andrew stood beside Aspen, arms around her, both of them quietly watching her parents walk away. Even from a distance, they could still faintly hear Zephyr and Esther's conversation.

"Honey, do you think... Aspen and Mr. Lloyd have already, you know, done that?"

"Zephyr, how would I know? And honestly, does it matter at this point?"

"I'm just worried Aspen might be taken advantage of, that's all."

"Well, whether she is or isn't, we can't interfere now. And honestly these days, young people are pretty open Who knows-give it a year or two, and she might be visiting us with a kid in tow!"

Their voices faded as they disappeared into the terminal.

Aspen, beet red, slapped her hands over her face. "Ugh! They're so embarrassing!"

Then, she peeked at Andrew, a mischievous glint in her eyes. "You jerk! Tonight, Fran and I are going to drain you dry. Oh, and Lauren's here too. You won't have the stamina to handle what we've got planned!"

Chapter 1387

Andrew and Aspen walked out of the airport and made their way to the curb.

Andrew glanced at the sky, realizing it was already 10.00 p.m. He suggested with a smile, "How about we take a walk?"

Aspen bit her lip, cheeks slightly pink. "I don't mind."

Their hands remained clasped the entire time, like a couple lost in the glow of new love.

After a few minutes of strolling in silence, Andrew glanced at her and asked, "Your parents left. Are you going to miss them?"

Aspen responded softly, her voice like a breeze. "Of course I will... How could I not? But I want to be with you even more."

Warmth surged through Andrew's chest, and he tightened his grip on her hand, pulling her a little closer.

He said, "Aspen, I heard most of what you said earlier. I never realized my little servant girl was bold enough to secretly fall in love with me."

Aspen flushed scarlet and quickly shook her head. "Ugh, can we not bring that up again? I didn't mean to... It just happened, okay? And now that you've said it out loud, it sounds so embarrassing."

Andrew looked at her seriously. "Well, I don't think it's embarrassing at all. Actually, I'm really happy you feel that way."

Aspen lowered her gaze, suddenly too shy to meet his eyes. "Well... what about you? Do you like me?"

Her voice was soft and uncertain like she was afraid of the answer.

Andrew grinned. "Does it matter whether I do or not? Either way, you're mine. From now on, you're sleeping in my bed-for the rest of your life."

Aspen's entire face turned crimson, the blush reaching down to her neck. Her whole body heated up, and her voice turned sticky-sweet.

She said, "Andrew, I know. I've always known. I'll always be yours. But I still want to hear you say it. Just once. Do you... Do you like me?"

Andrew chuckled and answered softly, "I guess... I do. A lot, actually."

Aspen's eyes lit up as she looked up at him, glowing with joy. "Really?" "Really," he replied, smiling.

The moment the words left his mouth, the weight in her chest vanished.

She confessed, "I never thought I'd end up with you like this. That one day, I'd fall for you so deeply, so hopelessly. I was such an idiot back in Jayrodale... I should've loved you from the very beginning."

Her tears welled again, glistening in her eyes as she looked at him like he was the only thing that mattered.

Andrew gently wiped away her tears, his voice warm. "No crying. You don't look pretty when you cry. You, Fran, and Lauren are all gorgeous women. You shouldn't waste that pretty face crying."

He teased, "Besides, back in Jayrodale, you were so smug. Always giving me a hard time. I never even considered dragging you into my bed. I figured you'd bite me!"

Aspen giggled shyly, then whispered, "Master, I want it now..."

Andrew glanced around with surprise. "You're serious? Right here on the street, and you're already thinking that?"

Aspen gave an exasperated laugh and swatted his arm. "That's not what I meant, you perv! I meant... I was thinking you'd kiss me."

It was nearly 10.00 p.m., and the

streets around the airport were

quiet, almost empty. Staring at

those soft, pink lips of hers, Andrew could not resist and leaned in,

kissing her without hesitation.

Aspen let out a delicate gasp, her hands instinctively clutching at his shirt as she closed her eyes. She let him take over, let him taste her, own her-every movement sent tremors through her legs.

Her body quivered, overwhelmed, and Andrew's own fire surged to the surface, tempting him to take her right then and there.

Aspen finally pulled back, her breath shaky, her eyes glistened. In a voice barely above a whisper, she

murmured, "Master... let's wait till we get back to Serenity Villa. Then, you can have me all you want."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Aspen reminded softly, "Fran and Lauren are still waiting for us. They see me as one of their own now, and I can't just be selfish and keep you all to myself."

Andrew raised a brow. "So, what you're saying is the three of you... against one of me?"

Aspen's cheeks turned pink, but she smiled proudly. "That's right. What, Master- are you scared?"

Andrew gave a slow, dangerous smile and leaned in close, his breath warm against her ear. "Tonight... I'm going to make you beg for mercy."

The words struck like a jolt of electricity, making Aspen's whole body tingle. She trembled slightly, torn between embarrassment and the heat spreading through her. She had a masochistic tendency, and Andrew's darker, commanding tone was her weakness-it would only make her heart race faster.

If he pressed just a little harder, she knew she would completely melt.

Just as Andrew reached for his phone to call a ride, it buzzed-Lauren was already one step ahead. After a quick exchange of details, she and Francesca pulled up in their car to pick them up.

Together, the four of them returned straight to Serenity Villa.

Inside the softly lit living room, the mood shifted. The four sat quietly, exchanging glances, not a word spoken. In fact, it was getting a little awkward.

Even Andrew found himself scratching his head, slightly uneasy. Truth be told, this was the first time he had encountered such a situation. For once, his usual composure and confidence faltered.

Thankfully, Lauren, the "first wife", acted with her trademark decisiveness and grace.

"Aspen, Fran, since all three of us are here tonight, I propose none of us gets exclusive privileges. That wouldn't be fair-don't you agree?"

With a knowing smile, Lauren cut straight to the point. "Aspen, Fran... since all three of us are here tonight," she said, her voice light but commanding, "I think it's only fair no one tries to keep him to themselves. That wouldn't be very nice, right?"

Her gaze was playful, but her tone left little room for debate.

Francesca nodded shyly. "Agreed!"

Aspen immediately followed, flustered but eager. "Yes of course, I agree too!"

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Lauren clapped once, decisively. "Perfect. It's just past 11.00 p.m. So, I say we start with me. Andrew you'll attend to each of us in turn. Sounds good, girls?"

Francesca let out a quiet giggle, covering her mouth. "Sounds great to me."

Aspen ducked her head bashfully. "I'll go last... I don't mind waiting. You two go first."

Her sincerity warmed both Lauren and Francesca, and they liked her more for it.

Lauren sent Andrew a sultry glance before rising smoothly to her feet and heading upstairs without another word. Meanwhile, Francesca and Aspen followed shyly.

Serenity Villa was huge, and the three women had already picked their own room-three adjoining rooms on the second floor. Officially, this was for "Andrew's convenience", but unofficially, it meant he was expected to start again and again.

With heavy footsteps, Andrew approached the first door. From inside, the sound of a running shower could be heard.

"This might be the most demanding job I've ever taken on, but luckily, I'm a professional," Andrew muttered with a wry smile.

After silently giving himself a pep talk, Andrew pushed open the door. He already knew-tonight would be no ordinary night. It would be a challenge-a test of endurance, a war waged in whispers and skin.

Nonetheless, Andrew was no ordinary man, and he had every intention of planting his flag in every corner of this conquered kingdom-one room at a time.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

As Andrew entered the warm-lit room, a fragrant, towel-clad figure crashed into his arms.

"Andrew, tonight... I'm taking what's mine," came the breathy whisper against his ear.

Andrew turned around and grabbed Lauren by her slender waist. The usually composed seductress now trembled against him, her gaze shyly averted, cheeks burning crimson.

This was it-the night she would surrender her virginity to him.

"L-Let's... move to the bed first?" she stammered, fearing he might claim her right there against the door.

Andrew chuckled. "Patience! Though I have to ask... How did you escape Mrs. Rhodes' watch tonight?"

Lauren huffed. "Why? Don't you want me here?"

Andrew's gaze softened as he took in her radiant, blushing face. "Of course, I do! I love having you here. But Mrs. Rhodes always feared leaving us alone together. Did you sneak over here tonight?"

Lauren giggled mischievously, slipping free from Andrew's arms as she bounced onto the bed. She glared at him, pouting.

"Mom's done interfering in our private matters. She said if she kept holding me back, Francesca and Aspen would snatch you away, and that was absolutely unacceptable. So, I'm claiming you tonight!"

Andrew was caught off guard by the reply. So, Tiana had only allowed Lauren to come over out of competitive spite, not some sudden romantic enlightenment. He thought she had finally stopped playing the stern chaperone.

Sliding under the covers, Lauren shyly tossed her towel at him. "You jerk, I'm going to sleep. Enjoy standing there like an idiot!"

If Andrew missed that invitation, he deserved eternal bachelorhood.

Heat flashed in his eyes as he moved to pounce, only for Lauren to press a palm against his chest, her snow-white shoulders trembling.

"W-Wait," she pleaded, doe-eyed. "Let me... undress you!"

Even though she was obviously shy, Lauren proved to be surprisingly attentive. She carefully undressed Andrew, folding his clothes, even unbuckling his belt with deliberate slowness.

However, when her shy gaze accidentally dropped to his "formidable friend", she gasped, covering her mouth in shock.

Andrew feigned helplessness. "It's... quite big. Try to endure."

If ever there was a time for masculine bravado, this was it.

Lauren burst into laughter. "Andrew, yours isn't the largest I've seen!"

Andrew's expression darkened instantly. "You little devil-you've been looking at others? I'll have to punish you thoroughly!"

Lauren wriggled behind him, pressing her ample chest against his back. "Silly Andrew, I was teasing! I'd never look at others—they're all so... unappealing."

"But... I should admit that I've seen Captain Meurico's online once. Even pixelated, it seemed slightly... bigger than yours."

Then, she giggled, knowing full well this playful provocation would only ignite his primal desire. She wanted to ensure their night would end with an intense climax.

Andrew could not help but chuckle wryly. Sure, he was well-endowed, but even he had to concede defeat to Captain Meurico's legendary proportions. He silently cursed their genetics and their evolutionary advantages.

"It's my first time, Andrew... Be gentle, okay?" Lauren whispered, her voice thick with nervous anticipation.

The air between them had grown heavy with desire, thick enough to slice. Finally, came the inevitable next steps.

Andrew gave her round backside a light pat, only to be met with wide, confused eyes as she bit her lip in a

mix of shyness and longing. He a

immediately realized this

inexperienced seductress did not understand the signal. Francesca, that seasoned veteran, would have assumed position instantly from just that touch.

Then again, there was a unique charm in each woman-different, yet delightful in their own way.

Lauren's adorable naivety had

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Andrew thoroughly enchanted. Compared to Aspen and Francesca, her passionate nature certainly lived up to its reputation-meeting Andrew's vigorous pace without retreat and enduring every thrust with determined grit.

A few rounds of their passionate entanglement left even Andrew sweating and breathless, nearly losing his rhythm. When the final moment arrived, both collapsed, staring wordlessly at the ceiling as they caught their breath.

Lauren finally giggled, "So tired... but so good. Night night! I'm claiming the bed now. You... do whatever."

With that, she wrapped herself snugly in the blankets and drifted off with a contented smile.

Andrew rubbed his slightly aching back as he stepped out, wondering if Lauren had been playing him all along. Her stamina seemed impossibly formidable, rivaling even Francesca's seasoned expertise.

Moreover, this was her first time.

A terrifying thought struck him: once Lauren was fully accustomed, just how insatiable might she become?

Andrew did not rush to Francesca's room just yet. Leaning against the hallway wall, he took a moment to replay the experience.

He thought Lauren truly had a volcanic passion, offering a flavor distinctly different from Aspen's submissive eagerness or Francesca's voluptuous playfulness.

Eight words summarized it perfectly: mind-melting, soul-shaking, and utterly addictive.

Steeling himself with a deep breath, Andrew straightened his shoulders. Opportunities to conquer all three in one night did not come often. Hence, this first round demanded nothing less than absolute dominance. Otherwise, how could he possibly maintain authority over these three scheming, strong-willed women in the future?

The second door creaked open, only for him to faceplant directly into two impossibly bouncy peaks.

"You greedy bastard!" Francesca pouted, arms crossed beneath her chest for maximum emphasis. "Took you long enough with Lauren! Mark my words-you'll spend double the time here, or I'll haunt your dreams like a vengeful succubus..."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Their reunion after the long separation from Jayrodale reignited sparks neither had forgotten. Distance makes the heart grow fonder, and the body more desperate. As a result, Andrew held nothing back.

Soon, the buxom beauty was gasping in familiar ecstasy. Whether for Andrew's convenience or her own whimsy, she had even tied her hair into two thick ponytails that now bounced tantalizingly with every movement.

Andrew grabbed them and thought they made perfect handles. The whole experience felt even better.

"Andrew... faster..." Francesca whimpered, eyes fluttering shut as waves of pleasure overtook her.

Unlike Lauren's restrained passion or Aspen's bashful surrender, Francesca was fearless in bed, granting Andrew complete dominion over her curves. The quiet, bookish girl the world saw hid an unexpected vixen between the sheets.

About 40 minutes later, the battle concluded with Francesca collapsing against him, her doll-like face flushed and smiling in exhausted satisfaction.

"Don't... wake me tomorrow. My legs are too weak... I need... sleep..."

Andrew gave her impressive bosom an appreciative squeeze. Under normal circumstances, he would never let her off so easily-he would have her back on her feet for another round until she was begging for mercy, utterly spent.

Nonetheless, tonight was different. His little servant was waiting eagerly in the next room, and he still had one final "peak" to conquer.

Without hesitation, Andrew decided to test his limits. Pushing open Aspen's door, he strode in to find her reclining on the bed in a sheer nightgown, revealing just part of her chest.

At his entrance, she immediately flushed crimson. "Shouldn't... shouldn't you rest first? You're all sweaty..."

Ever since her first time with Andrew, Aspen had grown increasingly attentive. Her concern for his well-being was both touching and amusing.

"No need," Andrew declared, his stamina undimmed. "They say lust wears down the bones, but mine are tempered steel."

With a giggle, Aspen handed him a glass of water and two unassuming pills cupped in her other palm.

"Master, drink!" Aspen urged, pressing the glass to his lips.

Andrew arched an eyebrow. "What, you think I need help?"

Aspen's cheeks burned crimson as she fidgeted. "N-No! These are your Titan Essence Pills! I heard they're effective. Why don't you have them just as a precaution?"

Andrew nearly laughed. Conquering these three amateurs" hardly required performance enhancers. However, the way Aspen worried her lower lip between her teeth-that shy yet scheming look-told him everything.

This little flirt did not doubt his stamina she wanted him enhanced and unleashed. Now, this was deviousness surpassing even Francesca and Lauren's tricks.

With a knowing smirk, Andrew swallowed the pills. Though he had formulated the Titan Essence Pills himself, he had never personally field-tested them.

The reaction was instantaneous as scorching energy surged through his veins, merging most potently in one region.

"Good girl, get on all four. Let's begin," he growled.

Aspen clutched the sheets, her plea dripping with delicious contradiction. "Before that... Master, I need you to... punish me first."

Of course, Andrew knew Aspen's tastes ran uniquely twisted. "How do you want it?"

She replied, "Spank me. Dominate me, then claim me."

Whether from the pills or her wicked provocation, Andrew felt something primal snap. Within moments, Andrew had Aspen teary-eyed and whimpering, yet this was precisely what the little servant craved.

Even as bruises bloomed across her porcelain skin, she begged for more of his punishing attention. Only when thoroughly unraveled did she finally yield.

"Master... let's do it now," she gasped, giving the awaited signal.

What followed was a fierce battle of wills-one that left Aspen utterly vanquished,

her pleading eyes the only remaining strength as words failed her.

However, Andrew remained tireless.

"I told you not to dose me," he growled, watching her collapse. "You may be spent, but my night is just getting started."