

RISING FROM THE ASHES (ANDREW AND LAUREN)

Chapter 1411

The next day, Andrew woke up alone in his king-sized bed. He could not believe those three girls had actually let someone into the house without his permission. As punishment, he had given them the cold shoulder all night long.

What surprised him was their reaction when he announced he would not be choosing any of them for the evening. Lauren and Francesca seemed genuinely thrilled and immediately voiced their approval. Even his devoted little servant, Aspen, though a bit shy about it, indirectly expressed that a night off sounded pretty good.

That was when Andrew realized something was definitely up-these three girls seemed like they could not wait for him to give them a break.

After his morning routine, he headed downstairs to find the dining table already set with a delicious spread.

Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen had all gotten up early and were dressed to kill, each one more stunning than the last. The sight of them competing for his attention was absolutely satisfying.

"Where are the Stevens?" Andrew asked casually as he sat down.

Lauren smiled sweetly. "I didn't want them affecting your mood, so I had them stay

in the guest house next door. It's got everything they need, including a full kitchen."

Andrew nodded without comment and started eating.

Then, Francesca chimed in with a grin, "Andrew, after breakfast, I need to head to Blumedale Hospital to start my shift."

Lauren batted her eyelashes playfully. "What a coincidence-I have to go to Rhodes Corporation too!"

"Lauren, does your family's company have offices here in Blumedale?" Andrew asked.

Lauren laughed. "Of course they do! Mom's got big ambitions these days. The family's entire business operations have shifted to Blumedale."

Andrew figured that made sense, given Tiana's current strength. The Rhodes family did not need to keep a low profile anymore. Plus, Jameson was genuinely talented at business and had apparently built strong relationships with several wealthy widows around Blumedale who kept referring lucrative deals to the Rhodes family.

Over time, the Rhodes family had really developed the presence of a major dynasty.

Aspen pouted dramatically, "Well, I'm not as lucky as you two! My family has no foothold in Blumedale, so I'm stuck working for some capitalist."

Lauren giggled mischievously. "That's actually perfect not only do you get to work for this capitalist, but you can wear stockings and have steamy office affairs with him."

Francesca covered her mouth, trying not to laugh. "Yeah, I'm totally jealous! Aspen, you better pack extra pairs of stockings-certain perverts love tearing those things."

Aspen blushed but said smugly, "Don't worry, I always keep several spare pairs on me."

Lauren and Francesca fell silent, their minds racing as they realized how well Aspen had figured out Andrew's preferences.

They could not just sit back and let Aspen monopolize his attention.

Both women felt a surge of competitive urgency and silently vowed to step up their game to

compete with their newest sister.

Aspen really knew how to work it, and her bedroom skills were just as impressive

as theirs. They would have to take her seriously.

After breakfast, everyone headed

out for their respective destinations. Andrew did not take Aspen with him since she needed to manage Supreme Capital Group, so he let her take the Ferrari instead.

Fortunately, Andrew did not need to drive himself today because someone was picking him up. As soon as he stepped out of The.

Sovereign Residences, a flash of

orange Lamborghini roared up to the curb.

Behind the wheel sat a woman with voluminous waves of hair, sunglasses, and a pouty mouth perched above a pert nose.

Beneath those oversized shades, her porcelain skin had an almost ethereal allure -clearly another high-society heiress.

"Get in. My brother sent me to pick you up," she said flatly to Andrew.

"Your brother? Logan?" Andrew asked, surprised.

The woman replied impatiently, "Yes, Logan. Now hurry up-Dad's birthday party

is about to start."

Andrew frowned but opened the car door anyway. As he did, another figure caught his eye.

Chapter 1412

As Andrew looked over, that person looked back at him too-Christina. Their eyes met, and he noticed she was holding what appeared to be a job resume. However, he kept his expression neutral and climbed into the Lamborghini.

Watching the Lamborghini speed away, Christina smiled bitterly. She had been trying her best to avoid going out, yet she still ran into the man she least wanted to face. The way Andrew had looked at her was not filled with contempt or disdain it was simply indifference.

Yet, even that uninterested glance made Christina's face flush red with embarrassment and shame.

The two of them who had once been together were now worlds apart—one soaring high while the other had fallen to rock bottom. Unfortunately, she was the latter.

"Lamborghini pickup service and gorgeous women around him every day. Andrew's living a life I can't even imagine now," she muttered, laughing self-deprecatingly as a cab pulled up.

Christina opened the door and got in, telling the driver to hurry since she was running late for her job interview. This was her first time taking a cab since she had been a CEO. Compared to the luxury cars she used to ride in, she felt completely out of place.

Even so, she had to adapt, whether she liked it or not. She was no longer the impressive CEO of yesterday just another jobless worker with nothing to her name.

Andrew arrived at the Keller residence, where George's birthday celebration was already in full swing. As one of Blumedale's Five Apex Families and the most prestigious among them, the Keller family always maintained an air of elegance and class.

Logan rushed over despite being swamped with guests, greeting him with a smile. "Andy, you made it! I'm absolutely swamped today and can't spare a moment to keep you company, so I'll have Emily show you around."

He turned to the wavy-haired woman beside Andrew and instructed, "Emily, take good care of our guest here. Dad specifically mentioned that Andrew is our family's most important visitor today."

Emily responded halfheartedly, "Got it."

As soon as Logan left, she immediately changed her attitude. She gave Andrew a cold glance before saying flatly, "Come on. I'll show you around and introduce you to my two sisters."

Andrew did not move and frowned. "Meet your sisters? I don't think that's necessary."

Emily sneered "Not necessary? You're quite the actor, aren't you? I bet you're thrilled inside, but you're putting on this aloof, righteous gentleman act. Andrew, drop the pretense because it just makes me think you're a disgusting hypocrite."

Andrew stared at her coldly and replied, "I have no idea what you're talking about, and frankly, I don't get where this entitled little attitude of yours is coming from. We just met."

Emily gritted her teeth, hissing with disdain, "Still playing dumb at this point, are you? My father arranged for at least one of us three sisters to marry you, and you came here today to pick one of us, didn't you?"

"Yes, your reputation as the Grand Physician is certainly impressive these days. But that doesn't hide the ugly nature of men like you."

She continued with disgust, "I don't care what my two sisters think, but I will never submit to my family's arrangements and let a man like you touch me in any way."

If this had been any other time, Andrew would have immediately confronted this arrogant woman.

What was she thinking? Any woman he had around him was a stunner, and Emily thought way too highly of herself.

Andrew felt genuinely frustrated. George wanted to marry off one of his three daughters to him without even consulting him first. This kind of stunt was not something you could just spring on someone.

Just as Andrew was getting a real headache from the situation, two elegantly dressed women who looked similar to Emily approached.

They were clearly from privileged backgrounds and were surrounded by a crowd of wealthy young men. From the looks of that group, Andrew knew trouble was brewing.

Chapter 1413

George's other two daughters were Freya and Hannah. Together with Emily, the Keller family's three golden girls were all present.

As they approached, Emily said with a mocking smile, "Well, here's our fiance! Come on over and let him pick one of you."

Her words were clearly meant to stir up trouble.

Andrew remained silent, calmly observing the other two Keller daughters. Freya was a pure, ethereal beauty with a cool temperament. She glanced at Andrew briefly before looking away with unmistakable disdain.

Hannah had a completely different vibe, exuding sensuality and seduction. Her slightly upturned lips, pink, glossy mouth, and daringly low-cut dress that showed off her cleavage made it clear this girl had a flirtatious streak.

She immediately wrapped her arm around Andrew's without hesitation, exclaiming dramatically, "Oh my, the man Daddy arranged for us is absolutely gorgeous!"

"And everyone might not know this yet," she continued with theatrical flair. "This gentleman just won first place at the Grand Medical Summit as the Grand Physician! When it comes to the most celebrated young person in Blumedale right now, it's definitely Dr. Lloyd!"

Her announcement immediately drew everyone's attention to Andrew.

"What's a Grand Physician? Probably just some backwoods quack who treats hemorrhoids and constipation," one person sneered.

"Come on, Mr. Irving, that's harsh! The Grand Physician is supposedly the pinnacle of medical practice—surely he can at least treat athlete's foot and make a few bucks!" another replied before bursting into laughter.

"Doctors are all boring old sticks with no sense of fun. Hannah, you don't actually like this type, do you? Better not—you'd be embarrassed to be seen with him!"

Several well-dressed socialites in expensive designer brands looked at Andrew with obvious disdain.

Meanwhile, various rich heirs stood around with their drinks, enjoying the spectacle. Of course, some who had experienced Andrew's capabilities firsthand kept their mouths shut, like Elon from the Goldings family-that guy was standing far away, not daring to get close to Andrew.

"Ladies, it's our first time meeting," Andrew said calmly, ignoring the mocking comments around him.

Looking at Freya and Hannah, he continued, "But you're trying to intimidate me right off the bat, which I find completely unnecessary. Honestly, Logan and I have a pretty good relationship, and I have even more respect for your father-I truly admire the old man."

Emily, who had been watching the show with her arms crossed, sneered at his words.

"Andrew, Logan told me you were supposed to be some kind of tough guy! What's wrong? Can't handle this little scene? Are you name-dropping my dad and Logan to get us to go easy on you?"

The crowd burst into laughter at her comment. Their looks toward Andrew became even more openly dismissive and contemptuous. They all thought he was a coward and a weakling, all talk and no action.

A tall young man with a buzz cut and bleached blonde hair, wearing a tank top, pushed through the crowd. He tossed his wine glass to a waiter and looked down at Andrew condescendingly, cracking his knuckles loudly.

"I'm Spencer Irving from Blumedale's Irving family we own over 50 luxury car dealerships! Andrew, right? I'm giving you two choices: either wise up and go back where you came from, or shake my hand and let's be friends. How about it?"

Spencer was putting on quite the show, flexing his muscles while sporting a smug

smile and announcing his family background.

Chapter 1414

The rich kids around them immediately started sucking up to Spencer. Someone said, "Mr. Irving isn't just rich—he's filthy rich. You should be thanking your lucky stars he's even glancing your way, kid."

"Don't you see Mr. Irving already held out his hand? What the hell are you standing there for?"

One of the socialites chuckled. "Everyone who tried to be friends with Mr. Irving ended up with a broken wrist and a hospital stay. Hey, Dr. Lloyd or whatever, I suggest you crawl back to wherever you came from. It might be embarrassing, but it's still better than ending up half-paralyzed!"

Hannah smiled sweetly and said, "Andrew, don't tell me you're actually too chicken for this. If that's the case, then we're really gonna lose all respect for you."

Even the usually cold Freya frowned and gave him a warning. "You should just turn around and leave. Mr. Irving is undeniably strong—he could easily knock out a bull. Don't overestimate yourself."

Andrew stayed expressionless but suddenly extended his hand. "Alright then, Mr. Irving. You want to be friends? Perfect, 'cause I've been curious whether you even qualify to be mine."

Spencer was caught off guard for a second. Then, he burst out laughing in rage. "Damn, talking big huh? If you're not in the ER tonight, I'll take your last name!"

The young heirs and socialites around them were shocked by Andrew's arrogant words. It was suicide—literally just two words: pure suicide.

Freya glanced off to the side and sneered. "Trying to show off at an event like this? Only one word fits: idiot."

Andrew and Spencer were already gripping hands.

Spencer's arm was thick as a tree trunk, and his muscles bulged as he squeezed with everything he had, trying to crush Andrew's bones.

He growled, "Enjoy your hospital stay, punk. You'll be laid up for at least two weeks."

Around them, the other rich kids raised their glasses, jeering with anticipation. It was like they were already watching Andrew's hand split open and shatter from Spencer's grip.

Then, a sharp, blood-curdling scream suddenly pierced the air. However, it did not come from Andrew. It came from the big guy, Spencer.

Everyone saw the veins on his arm violently twitching like they were being shocked with volts of pain. His face contorted as his eyes bulged and bloodshot lines streaked his sockets. The agony was unbearable.

"What the hell..."

The whole crowd froze in disbelief. Even the three Keller sisters blanked out for two solid seconds.

Andrew, calm as ever, tightened his grip just a little more. With a series of sickening cracks, Spencer's hand completely caved in.

He let out a wild howl and dropped to his knees in front of Andrew. "Stop! Please! Let go! Please, my hand-"

His pitiful begging left everyone utterly stunned. The Keller sisters finally snapped out of it, and each of them stared in shock.

Spencer, that beast of a man, had just been crushed by Andrew?

Judging by their sizes, Andrew looked like a featherweight compared to Spencer. How the hell did that even happen?

From afar, Elon let out a cold scoff as he kicked up his leg in amusement.

He muttered, "What an idiot. With the kind of pathetic money the Irving family has, they're not even worthy of shining that monster's shoes."

He already knew that Spencer was not just going to lose—he was going to be utterly humiliated. Not just him, but every other spoiled heir in the room was going to get wrecked.

Anyone dumb enough to mess with Andrew—the Devil himself—was bound to come out peeled and bleeding.

Elon was honestly impressed. The

guy did not earn the title of 'The Grand Physician' by luck—he took it with raw power. These clueless, coddled heirs were clearly mentally challenged.

They knew Andrew was ruthless, and they still thought they could show off in front of him?

Then again, Elon could not really

blame them. He used to be just like that—young, dumb, and full of ego. When he first stepped out of

Blumedale, he thought he was

invincible, too, believing he could just stomp on anyone.

Yet, instead of crushing some pushover, he had accidentally pissed off a wolf in sheep's clothing and paid the price for it.

Emily shouted, "Andrew, can't you see he's at his limit enough? Let go right now!"

Hannah was furious, "Andrew, I'm ordering you to release him immediately! If anything serious happens to Mr. Irving, no one can protect you!"

Freya did not say anything but frowned as she glared at Andrew with a warning look in her eyes. She thought Andrew had to let go immediately and apologize to Spencer, or else when the Irvings came after him, he would definitely be in serious trouble.

However, Andrew's next move was completely beyond what the three sisters expected. He raised his hand and delivered several vicious slaps across Spencer's face, instantly leaving him bloody and screaming in agony.

Andrew said coldly, "Who the hell do you think you are? Do you seriously think a trash like you is worthy of being my friend? You think running car dealerships makes you hot shit? In my eyes, you're absolutely nothing. Get lost!"

He released Spencer's hand and calmly pulled out a handkerchief from his suit pocket, wiping his hands clean. He did not even spare a glance at Spencer, who was writhing and wailing on the ground.

Someone shouted, "Andrew, you're fucking dead! You won't make it out of here tonight for hurting Mr. Irving!"

"Damn! Who gave you the balls to touch Mr. Irving? His father is here too. You're about to get what's coming to you!"

After their initial shock, the other rich kids erupted in fury and pointed accusingly at Andrew with harsh words. The three Keller sisters also stared at Andrew with unbridled anger.

"You better leave now, because Mr. Irving Senior will be here soon, and then you'll have to beg my father to save you!" one of them warned.

Andrew was genuinely getting annoyed and shot the Keller sisters a cold look. When his gaze swept over them, all three sisters shuddered involuntarily, feeling an inexplicable chill run through their bodies.

"For the last time, I'm doing this for Logan and Mr. Keller's sake, not you. And let's be clear: I don't know you. I don't want to know you. Now, please move aside."

After delivering those cold words, Andrew straightened his suit and walked away. The Keller sisters were livid, grinding their teeth in frustration.

"Emily, did you hear what he said? That he doesn't care about us? Like we care about him!"

"Enough! This is all your fault for insisting we test him-now look at the mess we're in!"

"So what? We're not the ones who crossed the Irvings-he is. He thinks he's so cool? I'd love to see how he handles this situation!"

Andrew noticed that while many of Blumedale's big shots had come to George's birthday celebration, a lot of them were people he did not

recognize. For instance, Derek

other members of The Five Apex Families were notably absent.

He headed to the dining area, grabbed some food, and did not think much of it as he started eating to fill his stomach.

Elon approached with an awkward smile, his chubby cheeks jiggling as he forced out a laugh. "Dr. Lloyd, sorry to bother you!"

Andrew looked at him with amusement, "Fatty, what do you want?"

Elon chuckled anxiously. "Nothing special-can't I just chat with you? If you find it bothersome, I'll leave right away."

Andrew wiped his mouth and smiled

slightly, "Alright, quit acting so scared and have a seat. Actually, I was just wondering why I haven't seen people who are close to the Kellers today, like Governor O McCormick and others, at Mr. Keller Senior's birthday."

Elon shook his head. "Governor McCormick and the other four power holders from The Five Apex Families wouldn't be appropriate guests today."

Andrew let out a soft "Oh?" clearly intrigued. "Go on, I'm listening."

Elon glanced around and lowered his voice. "Dr. Lloyd, you might not know this, but while today is Mr. Keller Senior's birthday, that's just the surface. In truth, it's an internal executive meeting for the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce... one that the Kellers are leading."