

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

#Chapter 1646

The office building Freya rented was located in the prime downtown district, and she had taken down all three floors of the entire building.

When Andrew discovered that the rent was over a million, he immediately shook his head. "It's way too expensive!"

Freya laughed dryly, "I think it's reasonable. It's 1.2 million a month, and once our company gets going, we'll definitely make more than that per month."

Andrew was dumbfounded. "So your 1.2 million isn't for a year, but just for one month?"

Freya looked confused. "What else would you think? Of course it's per month!"

Andrew decided right then and there that this conversation was over. He deeply regretted coming to check out this so-called office space with her.

This spoiled heiress was not starting a company but throwing money into the wind for fun.

Sure, the location was nice, but before the company even started, the rent and other expenses could have

bankrupted the business.

Andrew was not short on cash, but he sure as hell was not a fool who tossed it around like confetti. He said,

"Alright, that's enough for now. I'll have my assistant follow up with you about whether there's actual investment potential."

He waved her off, feeling that continuing this conversation felt like a waste of time.

Freya frowned and asked, "Your secretary? Male or female?"

Andrew replied, "Female, of course. Do you think I'd want a male secretary?"

Freya looked suspicious. "Mr. Lloyd, you're not one of those scumbags who has his secretary handle

business during the day and handles his secretary at night, are you?"

Andrew smirked. "My affairs are none of your business, Ms. Freya!"

At that moment, the elevator dinged open, and a perfectly groomed man stepped out, dressed in a tailored suit and carrying a bouquet of fresh flowers.

"Freya, you're here as I expected. I bought you flowers, and I've already arranged for the renovation of your new company and all the follow-up facilities!"

The young man flashed a charming smile, very much the perfect gentleman. However, the moment his eyes landed on Andrew, his expression turned cold.

"Freya, who's this guy?"

Without a second thought, Freya took the bouquet and tossed it straight into the trash can beside her. Then, she dusted off her hands and answered nonchalantly, "Oh, him? He's Logan's sworn brother, and he also happens to be my dad's chosen heir. And apparently, he's the guy my family wants to set me up with."

The other man's face twisted with fury as he locked eyes with Andrew. "I'm only going to say this once: stay away from Freya. Disappear from my sight, or I'll make you wish you were never born."

Andrew was completely baffled. "And you are?"

The guy puffed up with smug pride. "I'm Trent King, young master of Royal Entertainment. My family practically owns half of Blumedale's entertainment industry."

Andrew waved dismissively. "I didn't ask what your family does. I asked who you are."

Trent's smirk twisted into a sneer.

"I've given you plenty of clues, and you still don't recognize me? Must

be some no-name nobody. The name's Trent King, but going forward, you can address me as Mr. King."

Andrew nodded casually. "Got it, Mr. Peasant."

Trent's face darkened. "What did you just say?"

"I said, Mr. Peasant. Sounds about right, doesn't it?" Andrew replied, raising a brow.

Trent's expression turned deadly in an instant. "You dare mock my name? You're the first bastard to do that. You've got no idea who you're messing with. One phone call from me, and you'll never walk out of this building."

Andrew's brow furrowed as he stepped forward, his eyes sharp.

Trent chuckled coldly. "What? You scared now?"

[Rising from the Ashes \(Andrew and Lauren\) #Chapter 1647 - Read Rising from the Ashes \(Andrew and Lauren\) Chapter 1647](#)

Andrew immediately struck out, delivering two sharp slaps. He snapped, "You brain-dead moron, I don't care who you are! Royal Entertainment is just a second-rate entertainment company anyway!"

He added, "And you? Even your father wouldn't have the right to run his mouth before me."

Andrew was too lazy to waste words. When it was time to take action, he absolutely would not waste time talking.

Dealing with the Ackermann brothers to Liliana, and now this clown Trent, he had come to realize that these spoiled heirs of Blumedale's elite had one thing in common-they lived in fantasy, completely detached from reality.

If this had happened when Andrew was still keeping a low profile in Blumedale, Trent's behavior might have made sense. However, he was now the chairman of the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce and the champion of the Grand Medical Summit.

With so many crowns on his head, there were still people who dared to swagger in front of him and act like he did not exist.

Andrew could not tolerate this anymore and decided to show them what a real heavyweight looked like. Covering his face, Trent roared, "You actually hit me? You slapped me in the face?! You're dead! I swear, if I don't skin you alive today, my name isn't Trent King!"

Freya gave a cold laugh. "Trent, for your own good, don't call for backup. And definitely don't run crying to your family."

Trent snapped, furious. "Freya, are you seriously defending this guy?! You're telling me not to retaliate, not to report it to my family. What? I'm just supposed to let this slide?"

Freya scoffed. "Idiot. I'm not stopping you for his sake, I'm stopping you for yours. Did you even listen when I said Andrew was my dad's chosen heir? That was your warning.

"He's not someone you can afford to mess with. He's the chairman of the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce. The same Chamber that holds a significant stake in your family's entertainment company. And you're stiff here barking? Where the hell do you get your confidence?"

Trent stood frozen, staring wide-eyed at Andrew. "F-Freya, are you saying he is the chairman of the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce? That's the most powerful position in Gabo Creek's entire business world! How could he have landed it?"

He had another thought he did not voice. The Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce, held one-third of the shares of their family's entertainment company, and

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Andrew, as its chairman, essentially became a major director of their family company.

Yet, here he was trying to play tough with his own boss. It was like threatening to burn down your landlord's mansion while living rent-free in the guest house.

Trent swallowed hard and forced a nervous smile. "Mr. Lloyd, I-I had no idea. That was a total misunderstanding. Please, forgive me!"

Andrew gave him a light smile. "Forgive you? There's nothing to forgive. But you got slapped twice. I hope you're not holding a grudge."

Trent broke into a cold sweat and

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shook his head fast. "No! Of course not! Absolutely not! Mr. Lloyd, you were right to discipline me just now. I deserved it. In fact, I'm grateful. Your words were like a wake-up call, a much-needed lesson in humility!"

Andrew raised a brow, a little surprised that Trent actually had some self-awareness. Sure, he had acted like a pompous jerk, but now that he had been smacked down, he pivoted fast, ditched the ego, and played nice.

He was not one of those hopeless rich boys who never learned.

Trent belonged to the rare category of entitled brats who could actually learn after getting slapped.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1648 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1648

"Alright then, if that's all, you can leave now," Andrew said, casually waving Trent away.

Trent bowed quickly and asked cautiously, "Mr. Lloyd, Freya mentioned you were introduced to her as a potential match earlier. I was just wondering if there's anything going on—"

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Andrew cut him off without hesitation. "Relax. There's nothing between us. If you want to win her over, that's on you. No one's competing."

Trent beamed, grinning from ear to ear as he backed away and hurried off like a man who had just won the lottery.

However, Freya looked at Andrew with a mocking smile. "Still the same as ever, huh? Afraid to get involved with us three sisters?"

Andrew shrugged. "Hey, those were your words, not mine."

Freya's tone was flat. "Don't worry, Andrew. I'm only here to talk business, not to cling to you."

Andrew narrowed his eyes suddenly and lunged forward without warning.

Freya, wearing a flowing chiffon dress, gasped as she was pinned to the floor, her soft body held firmly beneath him. Her eyes went wide in shock. "You..."

Andrew's face was cold and focused. He said nothing as he locked his arms around her and began rolling them across the ground.

Freya finally realized what was happening and began thrashing beneath him, her voice rising in a mix of panic and outrage. "Didn't you just say you didn't want anything with me? Now you're trying to make a move on me? Andrew, you animal!"

"Shut up! We're in danger!" Andrew barked

Just as his words fell, there was a muffled bang as the exterior floor-to-ceiling window shattered. At the same time, a huge hole suddenly exploded open less than five centimeters from where they lay.

Andrew's instincts kicked in instantly, and he could tell it was a targeted hit using a high-powered, high-precision sniper rifle. Someone was trying to assassinate him—or Freya.

Without pausing, he kept rolling with Freya, shielding her as they tumbled behind a structural column in the

corner.

Another shot rang out. The wall cracked and splintered as the bullet missed their position by mere inches.

Andrew's body tensed, coiled and ready. Every muscle in his core activated, his reaction time honed to perfection.

Freya was trembling beneath him, her eyes wide with panic. "W-Who's shooting at us? Why are we being targeted?"

Andrew had no time to deal with her. Instead, he just scooped her up and charged toward the floor's emergency exit.

Only by entering the emergency stairwell could he guarantee the shooter would lose their target.

Three more rounds exploded behind them, each one tearing through the air at bone-crushing speed, missing by barely a hair.

To the sniper watching through the scope, the target carried another person, flickering across the lens like a phantom before vanishing.

That speed was simply inhuman.

On a nearby high-rise, the assassin muttered coldly, "As expected... You slippery bastard! But if long-range didn't work, close-range will. I'll still take your head, Mr. Lloyd. M. Burke will get his answer."

He descended from the

30-something floor to the street level in just a few seconds. Like a shadow slipping through the cracks of reality, he dashed across the street and entered the same building Andrew and Freya had escaped into.

He did not take the elevator but found the emergency stairwell, moving like a gust of wind as he instantly shot up to the third floor, fifth floor, eighth floor, then the tenth floor.

If ordinary people saw this speed, they would have blurted, "With legs like that, he should be delivering

takeout instead of taking out people."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1649 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1649

"Andrew, wait... is someone trying to kill you?" Freya's face turned ghostly pale, and her voice was shaky. She could barely get the words out.

Andrew let her go and frowned. "You need to lose weight, Ms. Freya."

Freya flared up. "Excuse me? Are you saying there's something wrong with my figure?"

Andrew replied flatly, "It's not about looks. It's about the weight. If it had been someone else, they wouldn't have been able to carry you and run. They'd be dead already."

Freya was livid. "You-"

Andrew ignored her. He quickly headed down the fire escape with Freya in tow, pulling her into the shadows near the stairwell exit.

From below, a series of whooshing sounds suddenly echoed upward. It sounded like something was moving at high speed through the air.

Freya looked absolutely terrified and deeply unsettled. Meanwhile, Andrew remained expressionless, and when the wind pressure reached his ears at maximum intensity, he simply kicked out into thin air.

A dull thud rang out, and the wind pressure abruptly stopped.

Caught completely off guard, a dark figure let out a muffled grunt and slammed into the narrow stairway wall. The concrete wall immediately cracked with a massive dent.

Freya stared in shock. "Holy crap, this construction quality is total garbage! They're charging me over a million a month for this place? I'm definitely moving out!"

Andrew felt a headache coming on. He could not help but think Freya was an idiot.

Did she seriously think the wall cracked because it was poorly built? No. That damage came from the sheer force of his kick.

And the guy he kicked? He was no ordinary thug.

Dressed in a black trench coat with the collar turned up, the man looked plain and unremarkable, but he was nearly at the level of a martial king.

With his battle-hardened body, hitting the concrete wall was like an ordinary person bumping into a sponge-it didn't faze him at all. He cracked his neck from side to side, making popping sounds.

The assassin sneered. "Guess I underestimated you. You actually caught me off guard, but it doesn't matter. You're still dead."

He spun a knife in his hand until it blurred like a fan. Then, he roared and lunged at Andrew.

Freya gasped and screamed, "It's a hitman! Andrew, run!"

She bolted without hesitation, abandoning her purse. But after just two steps, she slammed face-first into the metal emergency door at the stairwell, collapsed backward, and passed out cold.

Andrew raised his arm, blocked the assassin's strike, and drove his knee up in a brutal uppercut to the man's ribs.

The assassin pushed off the floor with both legs and leapt back, dodging the blow. Then, he swung his blade again and again, slashing within two centimeters of Andrew's face.

The stairwell was only about six feet wide. With two men engaged in mortal combat in such a confined space, it was easy to imagine how cramped the fighting conditions were.

Nonetheless, it was precisely because of this limitation that the assassin with his deadly weapon had the advantage in close-quarters killing. He figured that within three seconds at most, Andrew would be carved up into pieces.

However, the assassin gradually realized he was dead wrong.

No matter how close he pressed his attack or how frantically he spun his knife,

Andrew always managed to dodge by mere millimeters.

"Too slow and too weak!" Andrew's

cold voice reached the assassin's ears just as he was beginning to doubt himself. "Tell me who sent you. Give me a straight answer, and I'll let you die peacefully."

The assassin roared back, "Stop running your mouth. I'm Eagle Eye. Do you think someone like me is afraid of you?"

Andrew's punch came from a strange, low angle. It was completely out of Eagle Eye's blind spot, and a massive chunk of the stairwell wall exploded, concrete flying everywhere.

However, the strike did not lose a bit of its momentum.

[Rising from the Ashes \(Andrew and Lauren\) #Chapter 1650 - Read Rising from the Ashes \(Andrew and Lauren\) Chapter 1650](#)

Andrew's punch landed squarely on Eagle Eye's chest. With just that single blow, he spat out a massive mouthful of blood, his face filled with terror.

Eagle Eye's instincts told him that all the ribs on his left side had been completely shattered. However, that was not even the worst of it. He could feel that the organs beneath his ribs were hemorrhaging severely.

That pain delivered one crystal-clear message-Andrew was way out of his league, and he had screwed up.

Eagle Eye let out a fierce roar, spinning his knife in a defensive circle to block any possible attacks. Meanwhile, he shifted his weight, preparing to turn and flee. However, Andrew's figure merely flickered in front of him before vanishing like a phantom.

When he reappeared, he was already behind Eagle Eye's back.

At that moment, Eagle Eye had just started to turn his body around but had not even begun to build momentum for his escape.

"I'm screwed!" he managed to squeeze out those words from his mouth. Then, he felt an irresistible force suddenly strike his abdomen.

Blood spewed everywhere as Eagle Eye's body contorted into a grotesque position. His rear end thrust backward while his head and lower limbs bent forward, embedding him into the concrete wall.

"Got any last words you want to share?" Andrew asked casually. He straightened his suit that had been messed up during the fight as he looked at the bloodied Eagle Eye stuck in the wall, his insides practically spilling out.

Eagle Eye's eyes were filled with panic. He opened his mouth, trying to beg, "P- Please... don't kill me! I've got a mom in her 80s... a wife... kids... I don't want to die, please—"

He did not even finish his sentence before a golden needle pierced his forehead. Eagle Eye's eyes bulged, his breath cut off in an instant.

"Too many last words. I don't have the time to listen." Andrew clicked his tongue and turned away, glancing at Freya like she was just another casualty of the chaos.

He had initially planned to interrogate the guy to see who sent him.

Based on recent enemies, it could have been the Ackermann family, maybe Cillian, or even Trent. However, as the fight went on, Andrew lost interest in digging.

It did not matter who had sent Eagle Eye. Since they wanted to kill him, they should not blame him for striking back.

Andrew went downstairs and got into Freya's sports car. Seeing that the woman still had not woken up, he pressed on her pressure point.

With a soft moan, Freya opened her eyes. There was a large red mark on her forehead from when she had panicked and crashed into the door earlier.

"What happened to that assassin?" Freya asked urgently, ignoring the throbbing pain in her head.

Andrew replied casually, "Taken care of. Let me drive you home."

Instead of responding, Freya immediately began checking her body for injuries. After nothing was wrong, she

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embarrassingly pressed her legs together and checked her lower body.

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There was no pain, no discomfort, no itching. Overall, nothing seemed out of the ordinary.

Andrew was about to start the car, but stopped. "What are you doing? You think I took advantage of you while you were out?"

Freya's face turned bright red with embarrassment. "It's always better to be cautious! Ladies have to learn to protect themselves when they're out and about."

Andrew started the car and drove to the curb across from the building. Then, he stopped.

Freya looked puzzled. "Why aren't we leaving? Didn't you say you'd take me home?"

Andrew replied calmly, "No rush. Let's see if any suspicious people show up to collect the body."

They waited for quite a while, but no one appeared.

Andrew seemed thoughtful as he hit the gas and drove away. It looked like Eagle Eye had been a lone wolf, So

ere was no need to waste effort

investigating his background.

Obviously, whoever was behind this had hired a lone wolf specifically to prevent being traced through counter-surveillance.

