

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1651 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1651

There was only one day left until Andrew's showdown with Joe.

Liliana had come to find Andrew again. She said, "I hope you won't go through with this fight against Joe!"

Andrew chuckled. "It's not me picking a fight with him. He's the one picking a fight with me. Besides, what you hope for is your business, so why should I care what you want?"

Liliana was furious, grinding her teeth in anger. However, her eyes were red with tears, and she did not dare act as brazenly as she had before. After Miles had warned her last time, she had not been convinced and had run back to the Peck family, asking her father, who doted on her, to stand up for her.

Yet, what she got in return was a brutal tongue-lashing. Her father, Calvin Peck, had sternly ordered her that whenever she encountered Andrew in the future, she should either stay far away or greet him respectfully.

Liliana had finally broken down completely, sobbing hysterically and declaring that she would rather die than bow her head to Andrew. She insisted that Andrew was trash and did not deserve any respect from a young lady of the Five Apex Families.

However, what she got in return was a slap across the face from Calvin.

Liliana had covered her cheek in disbelief. "Dad, you actually hit me? You've never laid a hand on me since I was little. This is the first time!"

Calvin had roared in anger and raised his hand to slap her again. He told her that if necessary, he could provide her with unlimited slaps whenever she needed them.

After that, Liliana had become obedient and no longer dared to think of herself as some untouchable Peck family princess. Even so, she still did not want Andrew to face off against Joe.

It was not that she did not trust Joe. She just felt Andrew was not worthy of such an opponent. Doing so would only diminish the noble image of her prince charming.

"Andrew, fine. Tell me what do you want in return for backing out of the match?" Liliana asked through gritted teeth, her voice dripping with resentment.

Andrew looked her over slowly, a mocking grin spreading across his face. "You really want me to back off? That can be arranged. It all depends on what you're willing to give up."

Liliana felt a chill run down her spine. Her skin crawled as she covered her chest and snapped, "Forget it! Don't even dream of it. I'm not that kind of girl! Even if I were, I'd never stoop low enough for you!"

Andrew sneered. "So, which is it? Are you the type or not?"

"That's none of your business!" Liliana fired back, outraged.

Andrew shrugged. "Then we've got nothing to talk about. In that case, Ms. Peck, I'll have to ask you to leave."

Liliana did not budge. Her face burned with shame and rage. "Andrew, are you seriously saying that if I sleep with you, you'll throw the match with Joe?"

Andrew laughed. "You think your body's worth that much?"

Liliana's composure crumbled. "Then what do you want from me?! What's it gonna take for you to back down and call off the fight?"

Andrew tilted his head, smiled, and said, "Nothing. It doesn't matter what you do. Even if you stripped

right here and pulled some crazy tricks, I still wouldn't give a damn about your opinion."

Her eyes widened in shock. "So you were just messing with me?"

Andrew shrugged again. "Yeah, and what if was? What are you going to do about it? In my eyes, you're nothing but just another spoiled brat with no real weight."

Liliana screamed, "Andrew, I swear I'll kill you!"

He gave her a cold smile. "Then go ahead. Why are your hands shaking? Why are your knees buckling?"

Liliana burst into tears as she ran out of the room.

Halfway out the door, she spun around and shouted, "Fine! You're digging your own grave. When Joe takes you down, you'll see! He's the pride of the Driscoll family, the top

Prodigy in Gabo Creek, and a

Titan List elite! You? You're nobody! You're going to destroy yourself because you don't know your place!"

Andrew acted like he did not hear a word, still smiling. "Say one more thing, and

I'll force Miles to pay me back every cent he owes immediately."

Liliana instantly shut up and stormed off, fuming.

"Honey, who was that woman?" Francesca asked, raising a brow.

Andrew shrugged. "Liliana Peck, a delusional socialite from the Blumedale Peck family."

Lauren chimed in, "I've heard of her, but weren't you a bit too harsh just now? What if this turns into a bigger problem?"

Andrew's gaze turned icy. "Oh, it will turn into a problem. Just not for me."

Aspen chuckled. "I'm meeting up with Ms. Freya. Her entertainment company's got serious investment potential."

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Aspen said, "Well, honey, Lauren, Fran, you keep chatting!"

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Outside Serenity Villa, Andrew lay back on the grass by the artificial lake, soaking up the sun while quietly waiting for tomorrow's duel. His mind, however, was not at ease.

Lately, he had been fixated on how to completely break the seal inside his body. Although he could still handle Joe without breaking the second seal, having all that power but being unable to fully release it was incredibly frustrating.

Without realizing it, Andrew's gaze fell upon Francesca and Lauren.

Both women felt their hearts skip a beat and immediately blushed red.

Francesca said coyly, "Honey, it's the middle of the day! You can't be thinking that, can you?"

Lauren giggled softly. "If you are, then at least let's go inside. I'm not doing anything out here."

Andrew looked baffled. "What are you talking about? Can you actually read my mind just from a look?"

Francesca pouted. "Obviously! That look in your eyes just now was like you were ready to pounce!"

Lauren bit her lip, blushing. "Honey, your appetite lately seems a little intense. Are we not doing a good enough job taking care of you?"

Andrew waved it off and got serious. "That's not what I was thinking. Lauren, Fran. Have either of you ever thought about learning martial arts?"

Lauren blinked in surprise. "Martial arts? Oh no, count me out. I'm not good with pain. Besides, I'm not a teenager anymore. My mom always said if you don't start young, your body won't adapt. My bones are already set in place!"

Francesca frowned. "I actually do have a little martial arts foundation. I trained with Grandpa when I was a kid. But ever since I started med school, I let it slide. I've always wanted to be a martial artist, but it's not exactly easy."

Andrew chuckled. "Well, maybe I have a way."

Both women lit up. "What way?"

Lauren added quickly, "As long as it doesn't involve pain, sweat, or suffering, I'm in!"

Andrew flicked her forehead. "No pain, no sweat, no suffering, and you still want to be a martial artist? You wish! But... lucky for you, you've got me."

Lauren's eyes sparkled. "You're serious? You actually have a way?"

Andrew's smile wavered. "I might. But whether it actually works or not... I still need to test it first. So for now, I'm not saying anything yet."

Both women looked disappointed but did not push him. They knew better than to pry when he was not ready to share.

The truth was, Andrew felt a little guilty. His so-called 'method' was still just a theory, one he could not exactly bring up in polite company. To be blunt, it was dual cultivation.

In other words, the spiritual and physical union between man and woman.

He had noticed that after spending intimate nights with his three women and with Chantelle, the seal in his body loosened, just a little.

Tiana had been right. His inner martial energy was fluctuating and growing, and the seal was taking a hit from the inside. Just as curiously, every woman who had spent a night with him came out the next morning glowing, refreshed, recharged, and beaming with energy.

Once or twice could have been a coincidence. But after a few times, Andrew could not ignore the pattern. It led him to one bizarre,

unbelievable conclusion: martel.ne

just

maybe, exchanging spiritual energy through physical union really did enhance their martial abilities.

The idea still sounded crazy in his head, which was why he had not dared say it out loud.

Suddenly, the peace was broken.

"Mr. Lloyd, we've got a crazy woman at the gate! She's asking for you by name, and she's already broken through security!"

Felix, the head of security at The Sovereign Residences, came running up in a panic.

Andrew raised a brow. "She broke in? Aren't there top-level guards at the entrance?"

Felix looked like he was about to cry.

"They were useless! Totally useless!"

This woman's a monster! She trashed the whole guard booth and shattered the statues with one slap! The rubble even hit several of the guys in their sensitive areas! She said if you don't come out, she'll flatten the whole place!"

Andrew's face darkened. "Then let her in."

Just as he said that, a sharp, icy voice rang out.

"Andrew! I finally found you. This time, there's no escaping me!"

Andrew turned toward the voice and was utterly stunned. "Huh? What the hell are you doing here?"

It was actually Shiloh!

The same Shiloh whom Andrew had reached out to back in Jayrodale, a mysterious figure from an ancient Torasesy lineage. Technically, she was a centuries-old nun, but her youthful appearance was that of a vibrant girl in her

early 20s.

She stood there now, fists clenched, glaring daggers at Andrew.

Lauren and Francesca did not quite know what to do.

Francesca, being more familiar with Shiloh, quickly forced a smile. "Shiloh, what are you doing here?"

"Weren't you in Jayrodale, staying at the Moonlit Apothecary with Grandpa Cedric?"

Shiloh's face was icy. "Yeah, I was with Cedric, staying at Moonlit Apothecary."

She turned to Andrew and added, "But you promised to help cure my memory loss and immortality issue. It's been so long. Do you have any updates?"

Andrew smiled bitterly. "Shiloh, both of your conditions are very unusual. For now, I don't have any good solutions."

Shiloh looked somewhat angry. "So you've made no progress at all? I trusted you completely back then, but I never expected you to lie to me!"

Andrew replied seriously, "Shiloh, I've never lied to you. I did promise to search for treatments for your two conditions, but you should understand that your illnesses are bizarre. There's no way to find good solutions in such a short time."

Shiloh looked displeased. "When you all left Jayrodale to come to this Blumedale place, why didn't you take me with you?"

Andrew chuckled helplessly. "You were settled in well at Moonlit Apothecary, and I thought that was fine. After coming to Blumedale, things kept happening one after another, so I didn't think to disturb you."

Shiloh was still unhappy and questioned him. "Well, now that I've tracked you

down, you can take responsibility for me, right?"

Andrew felt his head aching. "Since you're already here, of course, I'll take responsibility for you. From now on, I'll cover all your food, clothing, housing, and transportation!"

Shiloh's expression finally softened somewhat. "At least you still have some conscience. My memory has recovered a bit more, and I've remembered some things and information, but it is very scattered, and I can't sort it out myself. I thought of you first, so that's why I came to bother you."

Francesca was delighted. "Shiloh, your memory has recovered somewhat? That's wonderful!"

Shiloh nodded and glanced down at her feet.

Andrew followed her gaze downward and immediately froze. She was wearing a pair of sneakers that had been worn through completely, with both her big toes poking out.

"How did you get to Blumedale? Did you actually walk here?" Andrew could not help but ask.

Shiloh nodded. "That's right, I walked here. It didn't take that much time-just three days. If I hadn't gotten lost, it wouldn't have even taken three days!"

Francesca looked sympathetic. "Don't you have money? Why didn't you take a bus or train?"

Shiloh shook her head. "I don't have much money left, so I couldn't bear to spend it. Besides, I found

something good for Andrew back in Jayrodale, and that cost me quite a bit of money too."

As she spoke, she pulled out a piece of rough cloth. When the cloth was unwrapped, it revealed a dark, knotted root inside.

"It's actually a thousand-year-old Witch's Coil!" Andrew immediately recognized it.

He knew this item would indeed cost a lot of money and was extremely rare.

Shiloh handed the Witch's Coil over to him. "Here, take it. I know you can use it for your alchemy. Consider it a gift-me joining you in Blumedale and all."

Francesca was deeply touched. "Shiloh, you're incredible. You've literally walked here with your shoes falling apart and still brought Andrew a gift?"

Shiloh rolled her eyes. "Don't overthink it. It's not like I care about him or anything. It's just that he's got the brains. I'm relying on him to figure out my condition and maybe my past."

Andrew accepted the root with a rare hint of guilt in his heart.

Shiloh was not stupid; she was just incredibly pure. With no memories of her past and no experience in the real world, she often acted in ways others found hard to understand.

Like deciding to walk all the way to Blumedale using nothing but her own two feet, because she believed in him.

That belief alone meant he owed it to her to help her recover what she had lost.

"Fran, Lauren, take Shiloh inside. Let her shower and get cleaned up. Once you're all freshened up, we'll head out for dinner to welcome her to Blumedale," Andrew said gently.

Chapter 1653

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Shiloh waved her hand dismissively. "Dinner and all that fancy stuff don't matter to me. But these sneakers are broken, so you need to buy me a new pair!"

Andrew was amused. "I'll buy you ten pairs!"

Shiloh emphasized, "No, I only want one pair. And look carefully-mine is a brand-name athletic shoe!"

Francesca chuckled. "Shiloh, we recognize the brand. When we go out later, we'll buy you the same style!"

Shiloh looked troubled. "Actually, never mind that. Let's get a domestic brand instead. I want to support locally made products!"

Francesca, Andrew, and Lauren all looked at each other in confusion.

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At the same time, in the Driscoll residence, the sinister Walter opened his hawk- like eyes from his lounge chair.

"Eagle Eye didn't succeed?" he asked in his shrill voice.

Standing before him was a bearded man who was tinkering with various firearms. Hearing the question, he replied with a grin, "Not only did he not succeed, but his whole body was hanging from the concrete wall. It couldn't have been more pathetic!"

Walter's expression gradually turned cold. "Although Eagle Eye's martial arts weren't much good and he barely ranked in the middle-to-lower tier of the Underworld Index, his assassination skills had quite a reputation internationally. I never expected him to fail!"

With a click, the bearded man finished assembling the Desert Eagle. It was worth noting that this particular Desert Eagle was made of gold, looking extremely flashy.

Squinting one eye and raising the gun in an aiming motion, the bearded man chuckled and said, "Now it's my turn to make a move, right? I've been telling you all along, Mr. Burke. If you send me, Goldfangs, that kid will definitely die!"

As he spoke, he grinned to reveal a mouth full of protruding gold teeth, radiating an overwhelming nouveau riche vibe.

Walter glanced at him. "You're my most sensitive asset that can't see the light of day. If you get involved, the Phelans or even other factions might start sniffing around."

Goldfangs shrugged nonchalantly. "So what? I'm not going to cause trouble. I'm just going to slaughter a little nobody. Besides, Mr. Burke, don't worry. I'll shoot and kill him as quickly as possible, then return to your side without leaving any trace!"

Walter slowly nodded and raised one claw-like hand. "Fine, you can go. Tomorrow, Mr. Joe will be facing off against Andrew, and Mr. Driscoll Senior doesn't like seeing such things, as it's really beneath the Driscoll family's dignity. But you need to be quick about it, because if this gets out of hand and Mr. Joe finds out, he might come after me

for answers."

Goldfangs tucked the Desert Eagle into his waistband. Then, he picked up the Colt, Beretta, Glock, and other world-famous firearms from the table.

The last one was a domestic Type 77 pistol, and he flashed a brilliant golden grin. "Foreign guns might look cooler, but I still love the homegrown stuff. Support local brands. Etharia first!"

Walter looked at him like he was watching a clown at a funeral. "Every gun you picked up, except the Desert Eagle, is unloaded. Why the hell are you carrying them?"

Goldfangs checked his belt to make sure every gun was securely strapped before smirking again. "Mr. Burke, you're getting old. You don't understand this generation. Looking cool is half the job. Image is branding. The rest is just fluff."

Walter waved him off in irritation. "Get out of here. And remember the ultimate technique I taught you."

Goldfangs was already walking away and called back without turning around, "I remember, always remember. Beyond ten feet, the gun is faster, but within ten feet, the blade is fastest!"

Walter nodded with a smile. This Goldfangs guy might look like a slacker, similar to those street punks on motorcycles, but his martial arts talent, especially his assassination skills, were exceptionally good.

He appeared to be a gunman, but in reality, after Walter's training, Goldfangs' true specialty and sinister killing move was a triple-edged dagger hidden in his sleeve. One strike from that, and death would be certain.

With this man on the job, Walter was confident that tomorrow he would be attending Andrew's funeral.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1655 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1655

Andrew arrived with Shiloh, Francesca, and Lauren at the Charm Restaurant at 8:00 p.m. sharp. There, they selected the best window seats and settled in

comfortably.

This restaurant was Rachel's enterprise, and the billionaire mogul had practically monopolized all the upscale dining establishments throughout Blumedale.

After they sat down, Lauren smiled and said, "Shiloh, we'll wait just a bit. Aspen should be here any minute!"

Shiloh grinned back. "No problem, I don't mind waiting at all!"

She looked around with wide-eyed curiosity, taking in every detail. "I have to say, Blumedale is really something else. It's so much more bustling than Jayrodale!"

Lauren shook her head in amazement, "I still can't believe Shiloh is actually hundreds of years old."

The moment the words left her mouth, she clapped her hand over it and looked apologetically at Shiloh.

Shiloh waved dismissively, "It's fine, really. I am hundreds of years old!"

She sighed dramatically, "But what good does it do me? I'm still broke and always having to work odd jobs. I wish I could be as smart as Andrew and make big money in no time!"

Francesca scolded her gently, "Shiloh, you can't think like that. You're not lacking in intelligence, you just aren't cut out for business! Besides, with your memory issues, maybe you used to be wealthy and just don't remember it."

Andrew could not help but smile wryly at this exchange. Even after not seeing her for a while, this charming little nun was still obsessed with making money. Despite being incredibly powerful, she insisted on working restaurant jobs, washing dishes, delivering food, and doing whatever paid work she could find.

A little while later, Aspen arrived. When she spotted Shiloh, her eyes widened in surprise. "Shiloh, what brings you to Blumedale?"

Shiloh glanced at Aspen with a faint smile, "Yeah, I came to Blumedale to find Andrew! You know, Aspen, last time we met, you and Andrew were still enemies. I never would have expected that the next time I'd see you, you'd be his woman and sharing his bed!"

She grinned mischievously, "You're really something, Aspen!"

Aspen's face turned bright red with embarrassment. Nevertheless, she knew Shiloh's personality all too well. She was someone without memories who spoke bluntly and innocently.

Due to this, Aspen could not bring herself to be truly angry with her.

Francesca suppressed her laughter. "Shiloh, let's order some food. What looks good to you?"

Lauren quickly chimed in, "Yes, yes, let's order! Shiloh, we'll have some drinks with you later!"

At the mention of food, Shiloh's eyes lit up. "That sounds fantastic. I haven't had a proper meal in ages!"

She declared enthusiastically, "How about we order one of everything good on the menu?"

Francesca gasped. "Oh my, if we order one of everything, we'll never be able to finish it all!"

Andrew laughed, "Don't worry about it! I've got money to burn. Let's do what Shiloh wants and order one of everything. Whatever we can't finish, we'll just take home as leftovers!"

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Since their table received top-tier VIP treatment, at least a shift supervisor-level staff member attended to them. Unfortunately for everyone involved, that person turned out to be Christina.

When Shiloh saw her, she immediately perked up with delight. "Hey there, Ms. Christina. Fancy meeting you again!"

She observed with amused interest. "You know, you and Aspen sure have had some major changes. One of you became Andrew's woman in just a short time, getting cozy with him every night."

She gestured toward Christina with mock sympathy, "And here you are, Ms. Christina, working as a server. Life really is unpredictable!"

Christina's face burned like fire, the redness spreading down to her neck as she said quietly, "Hello, Ms. Greene."

She cleared her throat nervously, "Um, what would you all like to drink? I can bring it right over."

Lauren, always thoughtful, smiled politely. "Ms. Christina, you don't need to trouble yourself! Why don't you handle your other duties and send someone else to serve us?"

However, Christina shook her head, her voice barely above a whisper, "I can't do that. Your table requires premium service treatment. So, it has to be me taking care of you."

Lauren sighed in resignation. "Alright then, we appreciate your help!"

Andrew said, "Please bring us a bottle of your best vintage wine-something that's at least ten years old."

Christina bowed respectfully before stepping away, "Of course, Mr. Lloyd!"