

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1686 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1686

Meanwhile, at a nursing home in Blumedale, Cillian flew into a rage and kicked over the washbasin in front of him. The hot water inside immediately spilled all over the floor.

He shouted furiously, "Damn it, I was once a billionaire, the head of the Ulrich family! Now I've been reduced to this godforsaken place surrounded by nothing but idiots! I want to make a phone call to the Ulrich family. They have to move me somewhere else!"

He gestured wildly at the caregiver serving him, ranting and raving.

The caregiver, Alyssa Carter, was a petite and cute young lady in her uniform.

She watched the raging Cillian with trembling fear, saying, "Sir, please just bear with it a little longer! Mr. Mason gave orders that after your stay here for a while, he'll move you to a new place."

Cillian became even more furious. "Bullshit! At this point, do you really think I'd believe that little bastard's promises? He replaced me, his own father, and became Andrew's loyal dog and lackey! This is a disgrace to the Ulrich family and a disgrace to my lifelong reputation!"

Alyssa mumbled quietly, "Sir, you're already lucky to be living in such a nice nursing home. Mr. Mason just took power recently, so you'd better not say such things just in case someone with ulterior motives overhears."

This only made Cillian more agitated as he shouted, "Mason, my own son, is a traitor and a disgrace to the Ulrich family! If I had known this bastard would be so heartless and ungrateful, I would've sent him away when he was born. No, I should've just had him aborted."

Alyssa looked terrified, not expecting this old man's mouth to be so vicious. Seeing her stunned expression, Cillian felt pleased, and his heart grew heated with desire.

He suddenly pulled Alyssa into his arms. "Alyssa, you've been serving me for about half a month now, haven't you? During this half month,

I've been living like a monk month,

staying

away from women. Recently, I've been feeling restless and agitated, with my whole body feeling uncomfortable. How about giving me a chance to cool down?"

Licking his lips, Cillian looked absolutely disgusting and perverted.

Alyssa struggled hard and screamed, "Sir, no, absolutely not! I'm only here to take care of you under orders. Mr. Mason didn't tell me to do anything else."

Cillian would not let go and glared at her. "What are you afraid of? Do you know what an honor it would be to sleep with me? When I get out and make my comeback, you'll be living the high life!"

Alyssa stammered, "B-But even if I gave in to you, you're so old. Can you even still do it?"

Cillian's face turned red with rage. "You little bitch, how dare you look down on me! Fine, I'll show you what it means to age like fine wine. Men in their 60s are still in their prime!"

Alyssa giggled coquettishly and seemed to half-resist, half-comply as Cillian began undressing her. Cillian was breathing heavily, feeling excited, and hurriedly began taking off his pants.

However, just as he was halfway undone, Alyssa suddenly screamed at the top of her lungs. "Help!

Someone come quickly! This et want to live anymore. Dr. Moon't

pervertis trying to rape me! I

and

all the supervisors, you have to help me!" '

Looking at Alyssa, who had been happy and willing just moments before but was now crying and playing the victim, Cillian was stunned.

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Cillian was completely stunned, then flew into a rage. "You bitch, how dare you play me!"

He raised his hand to slap her but did not succeed as someone grabbed his raised hand.

A doctor in a white coat, who was also a supervisor at the nursing home, arrived on the scene. "Mr. Cillian, what are you doing? You were once a distinguished gentleman, but I never expected you to be so vile as to sexually harass a caregiver!"

Soon, the Ulrich family was notified and rushed to the nursing home. The new head of the Ulrich family, Mason, personally brought people with him, his face extremely grim.

The nursing home director, Randy Morris, was a balding, square-faced man. His expression was grave as he said, "Mr. Mason, your father's condition is worsening! What happened today is absolutely outrageous."

Mason nodded repeatedly. "Dr. Morris, you're absolutely right to criticize him. Ever since my father stepped down as head of the Ulrich family, he's become crazy and mentally unstable!"

Randy said sternly, "That's no excuse! Out of respect for the Ulrich family, our facility has provided Mr. Cillian with the most attentive care. But in return, we get this beastly behavior. A 67-year-old man is actually sexually harassing our young caregiver! If word of this gets out, how can our nursing home maintain its reputation?"

Mason looked ashamed and asked, "What do you think should be done about this?"

Randy snorted coldly. "Either the Ulrich family takes him back and cares for him yourselves, or our facility takes measures to treat Mr. Cillian and root out his mental instability to prevent such incidents from happening again!"

Mason sighed. "Taking him home isn't realistic. My father is old and his mind isn't clear. The nursing home is his best option."

Randy replied, "Then it's settled. If he's staying, treatment is absolutely necessary, and his family members need to sign the consent forms!"

Mason asked, "Dr. Morris, what kind of treatment are you planning to use?"

Randy explained, "Oral sedatives combined with psychological counseling, and when necessary, electroshock therapy."

Mason smiled. "No need for all that trouble. Just go straight to the electroshock therapy."

Randy was startled. "Straight to the electroshock therapy? Mr. Mason, are you certain?"

Mason smiled very sincerely.

"Certain, absolutely certain! Not only

electroshock, but I suggest other

treatments as well, like whips,
syringes, and branding irons!"

Randy's eyelids twitched, and after a long pause, he stammered, "Well... alright then! I had no idea you were an expert in this field, Mr. Mason!"

Mason stood up with a cheerful smile. "No, I'm just making suggestions. How to actually treat him is up to your facility to decide. I'll take my leave now and go see my father!"

Watching Mason leave, Randy had a strange feeling. He could not shake the impression that Mason wanted to torture Cillian to death. In the end, he shook his head. It was just his imagination and should not be taken seriously.

With such strong father-son bonds, how could a son want to kill his own father?

In the dim room, Cillian was tied up and cursing nonstop.

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Cillian stopped cursing when he saw Mason walk in. "You bastard, you still have the nerve to come see me!"

Mason casually pulled up a chair and sat down, glancing around. "Dad, this place you're staying in has a pretty nice environment. It's just that your temper is as explosive as ever!"

Cillian struggled hard, but it was useless, and he roared, "You bastard, you're a traitor! What benefits did Andrew give you to make you treat me like this?"

Mason crossed his legs and said calmly, "Mr. Lloyd has been like a second father to me! The position of head of the Ulrich family is pretty generous, don't you think?"

Cillian shrieked, "What about me? I'm your father, your real father! How dare you treat me like this! You're completely heartless!"

Mason chuckled. "You are my father, that's true, but you were blocking my path by hogging the family head position and refusing to step aside. That was your mistake! A son can't stay under his father's thumb forever, right? It was Mr. Lloyd who gave me the chance to rise up, so honestly, I'm very grateful to him!"

Cillian gritted his teeth. "Fine! Now that you've gotten what you wanted, why don't you take me home instead of letting me suffer here alone?"

Mason raised an eyebrow. "Take you home for what? You're almost 70. Wouldn't it be better to stay quietly in the nursing home? But speaking of which, Dad, you really have become quite disgraceful in your old age! The facility called me here, and you know why, don't you? You actually tried to rape a young girl!"

He clicked his tongue and added, "Dad, you're really young at heart. If you keep this up, you'll completely ruin the Ulrich family's reputation!"

Cillian was both ashamed and furious as he shouted, "Go to hell! That little bitch was obviously trying to seduce me and then set me up!"

Mason shook his head with a sigh. "At this point, Dad, whatever you say is too late! You were once a prominent figure in Blumedale, but I never expected your later years to be so pathetic! The facility has already diagnosed you with mental instability-apparently, you have anger management issues and

schizophrenia."

He continued, "They're about to start treating you! I came to give you a heads-up so you can prepare mentally."

Upon hearing this, Cillian's face turned pale with terror, and his voice cracked. "No, I don't want treatment! I'm not mentally ill. I'm fine, perfectly fine, there's nothing wrong with me!"

He shouted, "Mason, I was wrong. I won't compete with you for the family head position anymore! Go tell the facility that I'm fine and take me home, okay?"

He was practically begging his own son.

Mason was very satisfied with this reaction and leaned closer with a sinister smile.

"Dad, begging me won't help! Look at you! You're so mentally confused that you're starting to talk nonsense!"

"Oh, and about your attempted rape

at the nursing home? I'll inform the

entire family about it when I get

back. I'm sure the family will decide for you after hearing this. At the very least, you'll be removed from the Ulrich family genealogy.

"If they're harsher, you might spend your final years dying alone in this nursing home with no one caring about you. How do you like this arrangement, Dad?"

Looking at Mason grinning so close to his face, Cillian nearly choked on his own breath.

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Cillian's eyes were wild with fury. "You bastard! You really are cold-blooded and ruthless to the core! You're trying to use this nursing home to kill me! I swear, I'll rip you apart with my bare hands!"

With a roar, Cillian swung a fist and slammed it into Mason's face, catching him right at the corner of his eye. Blood instantly began to trickle down, and Mason's eye swelled with bruising.

Yet, to Cillian's shock, Mason did not even flinch. Instead, he chuckled darkly, almost pleased.

"Well, well... seems your condition is worse than we thought. You can't even recognize your own son anymore. Looks like electroshock therapy really is necessary. Thank goodness for electroshock, am I right?"

Cillian's expression froze as he realized that he had walked right into a trap. He thrashed and shouted, but no one answered him.

Outside the isolation room, Mason covered his eye and sighed repeatedly. "Dr. Morris and all the supervisors, please immediately arrange treatments for my father and proceed with electroshock therapy!"

"I never expected his condition to deteriorate to this extent. He can't even recognize me, his own son, and attacks me on sight."

Randy and the nursing home staff were shocked to see this. "What? Mr. Cillian can't even recognize you? This is terrible! It shows that his condition is beyond hope! Make arrangements for immediate treatment!"

A few minutes later, Cillian was bound and wheeled into the nursing home's treatment room. He was then strapped to a steel chair, stripped naked, and covered with wires throughout his body.

Once the family member signed the consent forms, the nursing home specialists immediately began electroshock therapy. The electric current surging through his body brought such agony that Cillian screamed out loud.

His wails soon turned into high-pitched shrieks, like an animal being abused. By the end of the 'treatment', his eyes bulged unnaturally, and his body twitched violently in the chair until he fell completely limp, barely alive.

Outside the room, Mason stood still, expressionless, waiting in silence.

Hours later, the medical staff emerged. The lead doctor said, "I'm sorry, but we've done all we can. The treatment failed, and Mr. Cillian may never return to a normal state again."

The care team was visibly disappointed.

Mason smiled dryly. "The Ulrich family appreciates all your efforts. We know you did everything possible."

Then, he instructed his attractive secretary to donate a million dollars to the nursing home, handling everything very thoughtfully.

After leaving the nursing home, Mason's face still showed no

emotion. Only when the car door net

opened and he got inside did he begin laughing loudly.

"That old bastard is finally finished, finished!"

Alyssa, the caregiver who had been taking care of Cillian, was already waiting in the car.

"Mr. Ulrich!" she said to Mason with utmost respect, even with a seductive charm on her face, hoping for Mason's favor.

Looking at Alyssa, Mason was very pleased and nodded approvingly. "Good, you did an excellent job! Continue staying at the nursing

home to take care of my father

Remember, you must take care of him meticulously without the slightest mistake.

"Give me at most one more week. Make sure the old family head passes away very peacefully. Do you understand?"

Alyssa smiled alluringly. "Understood!"

Mason gave a lecherous laugh and unzipped his pants. Without needing any instructions, Alyssa automatically leaned over and got to work.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1690 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1690

"Today we're continuing with physical conditioning training!"

The morning breeze was harsh as Andrew led his four top disciples on another day of hellish training just after 6 a.m.

Francesca and Aspen had already dropped any hint of goofing around. After two intense sessions under Andrew's ruthless command, both women finally understood what it meant to have their bodies pushed beyond their limits.

At first, they thought that by being Andrew's woman, he would go easy on them. Unexpectedly, he showed zero favoritism.

If the training called for running, they ran. If it called for holding positions, they held them.

Even at night, there was no rest. Every evening, they had to spread their legs and be tormented until the middle of the night before being allowed to sleep.

Andrew's exact words?

"Day-and-night training sharpens your martial foundation. Everything I do is for your own good."

This earned him a series of eye rolls.

"You're just a pervert; you're completely full of it!"

"Honey, are you trying to kill us in bed and on the field?"

Compared to them, Dylan and Natasha handled the abuse far better. After all, they were both from the underworld. They were used to the bleeding and suffering.

Across the man-made lake, the figure in white appeared again, right on schedule. Like a lamp post planted in the ground, he stood and watched Andrew's training in silence.

Andrew ignored him and slapped Francesca's hand, shouting, "Hold your arms straight out at 90 degrees to your body. Focus your center of gravity in your lower abdomen, breathe into your lower energy core, and build up your energy!"

Francesca jolted like she'd been zapped and immediately fixed her posture. After standing for just half an hour, she was drenched in sweat and swaying unsteadily.

She wanted to cry, not knowing where Andrew had come up with these training methods. It was simply hellish.

Walking over to Aspen, Andrew nodded with satisfaction. "Good, your flexibility is finally acceptable. Keep this up for another week, and you'll be ready to learn the assassination technique I designed."

Aspen, meanwhile, was doing a deep inverted pose on the grass. It was something between a handstand and a full-body twist.

The only goal? Compress her body as tightly as possible.

It was exhausting and excruciating, but Aspen endured it with a different kind of mindset.

Aspen had a serious psychological issue known as Stockholm syndrome. The more Andrew tormented her and manipulated her tender body, the more excited and stimulated she became.

Dylan and Natasha's training was a completely different scene.

Andrew's requirement was simple: attack each other with lethal intent. They had to keep fighting, not

fearing injury or crippling

but they could not target vital points.

Stepping aside, Andrew yawned and began eating breakfast while his four top disciples could only stare hungrily. They could not eat a bite until training was complete.

Grabbing a bun, Andrew leisurely walked to the lakeside. Meanwhile, Joe was across from him, watching expressionlessly.

Stuffing the bun into his mouth in one bite, Andrew asked, "How did you get in here? The Sovereign Residences doesn't seem to allow random people to wander around."

Joe replied flatly, "I'm not a random person. The spot where I'm standing is the backyard of my house."

Andrew immediately understood. "Oh, so you also have property in The Sovereign Residences."

Joe looked up and said, "That Serenity Villa you're living in now? If I had wanted it, I could have grabbed it long ago."

Andrew smiled. "So what? Even if

you had grabbed it, you'd still be alone, while Lauren is living with me now. Even if we were living in a rental apartment and eating Street food, we'd still be happy together."

Joe's face immediately flushed red as he clenched his fists. "Andrew admit you have the ability to win over her heart, but don't you think your smug attitude is a bit petty?"

Andrew shrugged with a brilliant smile. "Not at all! You clearly don't know how sweet my Lauren smells. I hold her while sleeping, and she's so soft and warm!"

Joe gritted his teeth hard. "Andrew, you're such a bastard!"

With a cold huff, he spun around and stormed off.

Andrew threw his head back and laughed out loud.