

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1706 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1706

Andrew shrugged. "Quick turnover's a good thing. Think of it like rotating the crown-everyone gets a turn. If the father refuses to cooperate, I have no choice but to put his son on the throne."

Logan glanced over. "Didn't Mason have three sons? Which one are you planning to back?"

Andrew smirked. "Whichever one listens best. Simple as that."

Before long, the car pulled up and everyone stepped out.

They were standing in front of an elementary school.

Logan frowned. "Dylan, why did you bring us here?"

Dylan rushed inside, "You guys wanted to find Mason's son, right? He's here. Wait a second, I'll go get him!"

Soon, a chubby little kid with a superhero backpack and a snot bubble hanging from his nose came walking out with Dylan. Though small, he walked with incredible swagger, waddling like a duck.

Rachel's expression turned stiff. "You've got to be kidding me. This little brat? You're planning to make him head of the Ulrich family?"

Andrew also looked questioningly at Dylan. "This kid is Mason's youngest son, Reece Ulrich. He may be young, but he's definitely talented. I think he's got potential!"

Dylan seemed to have quite a good impression of Reece.

Reece put his hands on his hips and looked at Andrew aggressively. "So you're the one looking for me?"

Andrew suppressed his laughter. "Yes, that's me."

Reece stretched out his hand demandingly. "First, give me a few hundred thousand in allowance money, and then we can talk terms!"

Logan sneered. "A few hundred thousand right off the bat? You little punk, you've got quite an appetite!"

Reece scoffed. "A few hundred thousand is pocket change! I'm from the Ulrich family. Do you know how powerful our family is in Blumedale?"

Logan was annoyed and wanted to teach Reece a lesson, but Andrew raised his hand to stop him. "He's just a kid. Why are you taking it seriously?"

He crouched down and asked, "Your dad is Mason Ulrich, right?"

Reece put his hands on his hips proudly, "That's right, my dad is the head of the Ulrich family, and I'm his youngest son. They call me the Handsome Prince!"

Andrew nodded with a smile. "Indeed, you're quite handsome. Even that snot bubble hanging from your mouth is perfectly shaped!"

Reece became even more pleased and urged, "You've got good taste, recognizing my charm already. Hurry up and give me some money to spend, then we can chat. Otherwise, I'm leaving. The prettiest girl in my class is waiting for me to go on a date!"

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Andrew shook his head. "No rush. Do you want to become the head of the Ulrich family?"

Reece pursed his lips, "Of course I do! I could have tons of girlfriends, unlimited allowance money, and buy endless bags of chips and snacks. I could be like my brothers and make weird noises in bed with naked ladies! But what's the point of you asking? The Ulrich family head is my dad, and I'm too young. It's impossible!"

Andrew smiled. "What if I could make your impossible dream come true?"

Reece's eyes lit up. "Really? If you can make me the Ulrich family's head, I'll call you my godfather right now! Oh, and I've got several Eastonian adult films on my phone that I can share with you for free. Pretty generous, right?"

Rachel snorted. "The Ulrich family's bloodline is wild. This one's in third grade and already binge-watching Eastonian adult films."

Logan shrugged. "What's the big deal? I'd seen countless movies by first grade!" Andrew glanced at him. "So you think you're cool?"

Logan laughed awkwardly. "I was just bragging. Continue, Andy!"

Andrew smiled at Reece and asked, "One last question. If you became the head of the Ulrich family, what about your dad? Aren't you afraid he'd be heartbroken?"

Reece did not seem to care. "His heartbreak is his problem. What's that got to do with me? Right after he became family head, he sent my grandpa to a nursing home. At worst, I'll just send him to a nursing home too. That way, his secretary with the black stockings will be mine..."

He giggled stupidly, practically drooling.

Rachel could not take it anymore and said, "Mr. Lloyd, let's go find Mason's next son. This kid's thinking is way too grown and perverted for his age!"

Andrew patted Reece's head. "Alright, we'll talk again later. If the stars align, I might just make you the head of the Ulrich family."

Reece immediately shouted, "Hey! Don't go! I swear, I can do it! Make me the head of the family, and I'll even let you have your way with my dad's secretary!"

Andrew and the others quickly escaped. There was definitely something wrong with this kid.

Chapter 1707

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Mason's second son, Riley Ulrich, was relatively normal. Well, at least compared to the youngest. However, his interests leaned on the eccentric side.

Andrew finally met Riley outside a bar. "You guys are the ones looking for me? Make it quick, alright? Don't interrupt my nightlife."

He had a side part hairstyle, wore flashy, colorful clothes, and had heavy makeup. The second he opened his mouth, the overwhelming diva energy hit them like a brick wall.

Logan frowned hard. "Dylan, are you sure this is Mason's son?"

Dylan raised both hands. "Mr. Keller, certified and verified. If you don't believe me, ask him yourself."

Logan turned to the flamboyant man in front of him. "Is your dad Mason Ulrich? As in, the head of the Ulrich family?"

Riley fluttered his fingers dramatically. "Ugh, how rude! Calling my daddy by name like that. But since you're kinda hot, with that rugged bad-boy thing going, I'll forgive you this time."

Logan looked like he was about to throw up, his face turning two shades darker.

Rachel covered her mouth, trying not to laugh. "Mr. Lloyd, this one's yours. You've got the looks to handle a spicy diva like this."

Andrew suppressed his discomfort and got straight to the point. "I've got an opportunity for you to become the head of the Ulrich family. Are you interested or not?"

Riley was about to sassy-shout a flat-out 'hell no', until he got a good look at Andrew's chiseled jaw and piercing eyes. His entire demeanor shifted in a snap.

"Oh my goodness! How is a man this fine allowed to exist in Blumedale? And what is this? Are those abs? Can I touch them, pretty please?"

As he spoke, he reached out toward Andrew's chest.

Andrew inexplicably got goosebumps all over. He quickly jumped back with a warning look and said, "I'm asking you about serious business. If you're not interested, then pretend I never said anything!"

Riley pressed two fingers to his chin and giggled sweetly. "What I like most are beautiful men! As long as you're willing to play with me, I'll agree to any request you have!"

Logan egged him on, "Andy, I think it could Cork. Why don't you just
iney and support him a

puppet head of the Ulrich as bel

Rachel laughed until she was doubled over. "I have no objections!"

Andrew shot them both a death glare. "Get lost, both of you."

Then, he turned back to Riley. "Look, you're clearly into handsome guys. I can
hook you up, but I'm not on the menu."

Riley pouted. "Can you at least

introduce someone hotter than you?

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I'm not picky about personality

care about looks!"

Andrew pointed at Dylan. "What about him? Rugged, manly, full-on savage
man vibe."

Riley looked personally offended.

"Ew. I

like

Couldn't even glance at aunet

I want someone handsome,

gorgeous!"

preferably devastatingly

Dylan looked depressed, his face clearly saying, "Why is it always me who
gets insulted?"

Andrew pointed at Logan again. "What about him? He's handsome enough, right?"

Riley reluctantly nodded. "He's not you, but he'll do."

Andrew was delighted, "Perfect. From this moment on, he's your boyfriend."

Riley giggled and sashayed over, batting his lashes at Logan. "Babe, come help me walk. My heels are killing me."

Logan almost gagged, disgusted by Riley acting and speaking so coquettishly. He silently cursed Riley for being a freak.

However, under Andrew's sharp gaze, he forced himself forward and let Riley cling to his arm.

Andrew said, "Good. You got your eye candy. Now it's your turn to follow my arrangements."

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Riley waved his hand dismissively and grinned. "No rush! Before I hear anything else from you, my boyfriend here needs to take me to a hotel."

Logan's face twisted in horror. "Wait. What did you just say? A hotel?"

Riley batted his eyelashes, his black eyeshadow looking absolutely ridiculous. "Yeah, that's right! To get a room! I know who you are. You're Logan from the Kellers, a notorious bad boy of Blumedale's elite. Sleep with me, and I'll do anything you want afterward."

Logan snapped. His temper boiled over as he smacked Riley across the face. "Go to hell, you freak! I've had enough of your garbage. Damn it. Do you think I'm actually going to be your little backdoor plaything? What kind of sick fantasy are you living in?"

After getting slapped, Riley flew into a rage, covering his face with a cold laugh. "Since you don't know what's good for you, then get lost! I won't help you guys." He turned to look at Andrew, hope rekindling in his eyes. "If he won't do it, then you can. Trust me, I can give you an experience like no other!"

Andrew immediately turned and ran toward the car. "Sorry, we're leaving!"

Soon, the group set off again to find Mason's eldest son, Ryder Ulrich. This time, the car was unusually quiet with no one speaking.

Rachel finally broke the silence in a whisper. "Mr. Keller, maybe you didn't need to react that hard?"

Logan's face was still twisted with disgust. "Are you kidding me? How could I not? That little freak wanted me to sleep with him. Just thinking about it makes me want to hurl."

Rachel turned to Andrew. "Mr. Lloyd, it looks like Mason's first two sons are total disasters. That just leaves the eldest-Ryder Ulrich. But I'm warning you, he's not someone you can just waltz up and control."

Andrew raised a brow. "What's so special about Ryder?"

Rachel straightened up, her tone serious. "He's nothing like his younger brothers. One's a spoiled, twisted kid. The other's a full-blown pervert."

She added, "But Ryder? He's got a real name in Blumedale. Right now, he's serving as an officer in the military and has a solid future ahead of him. His martial

skills are strong, and his ambition is even stronger."

Andrew nodded slowly. "So he's active in the military?"

Rachel said, "Exactly. And he inherited both Mason's ruthlessness and hunger for power. Those two weirdos we just met? Especially the one with the eyeliner? They turned out that way because Ryder bullied them mercilessly when they were kids."

Logan chimed in, "And Ryder's also tight with Xavier Haywood. In the military camp, he follows Xavier like a shadow. Don't forget your beef with the Haywoods runs deep."

Andrew let out a cool, quiet laugh. "Oh, I haven't forgotten. I already sent one of their golden boys to the afterlife."

Rachel shook her head. "That feud's serious, Mr Lloyd. Honestly, I don't think it's worth stirring up more

trouble just to recruit Ryder. Plusnet

the military district is crawling with privileged kids. Going there might put you at a real disadvantage."

Andrew's expression hardened. "Keep driving, Dylan. Let's go straight to the military base. I want to see what kind of trouble they can throw at me. And yes, I've made up my mind. Ryder's the one I'm choosing to lead the Ulrich family."

He added, "Only someone with real power and ambition would have the guts to overthrow Mason. That's exactly the kind of person we need."

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1709 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1709

Andrew and his group normally would not have been able to get into the

Blumedale military base. However, after making a phone call to Chantelle, they were immediately granted access.

At the entrance, they happened to run into Luna's aide, Leslie.

"It's you? Andrew, you've got some serious nerve coming to the military base!" Leslie sneered the moment she saw him.

Andrew replied indifferently, "Hello, Lieutenant Terrell. I'm here to find Ryder from your unit."

Leslie snorted coldly. "Unauthorized personnel are strictly forbidden from meeting our soldiers, and that's the rule!"

She added with a mocking smile, "But since you're here, Andrew, I can make an exception for you. Whether you can handle the consequences of this special treatment is another matter entirely!"

Andrew chuckled. "I'll take my chances. So go ahead and get him for me, Lieutenant."

Leslie narrowed her eyes. "Fine, but let me be clear. General Phelan is on vacation down south, and most of our senior officers are gone. If something happens here, just know I won't be stepping in."

Andrew sighed, impatient. "Just go get him. What, you want to remind me your boys are ready to rough me up? That's fine. I'd actually like to see who dares."

Leslie let out a sharp laugh. "Suit yourself. You asked for it."

She honestly questioned whether Andrew had lost his mind. The soldiers in this military base weren't the same as those street thugs and lowlives in civilian society. When they got rough with someone, they could easily put a person in the hospital!

Leslie marched into one of the training halls and shouted, "Line up!"

Immediately, a dozen soldiers stomped into formation, boots echoing against the ground. Two of them came strolling over slowly, still shirtless from training,

muscles coiled and gleaming with sweat.

"Leslie!" one of them called with a smile.

It was Xavier, the eldest of the Haywoods. He was known as one of Blumedale's golden heirs, trailing just a step behind Joe from the Driscoll family, a hardcore military man, Luna's obsessed admirer, and Andrew's self-declared arch-nemesis.

Of course, self-declared was the keyword. In Andrew's eyes, Xavier did not even make the cut to be called a rival.

Behind him stood Ryder, Mason's oldest son. A captain's insignia hung proudly on his uniform, and though he kept his expression reserved, he snuck a glance at Leslie.

It was one filled with admiration he tried hard to hide.

"Perfect timing, Xavier," Leslie said with a smile. "You'll never guess who came all the way into our base today."

Xavier's eyes lit up. "Wait... Is Luna back early from vacation?"

Leslie waved it off quickly. "No, not her. It's Andrew. Yes, that Andrew Lloyd, the one you've been dying to get your hands on."

The excitement in Xavier's face evaporated instantly. In its place was ice-cold hostility and venomous intent.

"You're telling me Andrew walked into our camp? Voluntarily? How many people did he bring? Are there any skilled fighters with him?" Xavier asked with icy calm.

Leslie replied, "He only brought three people. Besides Logan, the others aren't worth worrying about! Xavier with the General away, you're in charge of this base right now.

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Anyway, I don't want to get involved, and I'll pretend I didn't see whatever happens!"

Her words were vague, but Xavier caught the meaning immediately.

"Understood. I know exactly what to do. This arrogant little bastard finally stuck his neck out, and I'll be sure to chop it off and use it as a soccer ball."

Xavier grinned, teeth clenched tight with hatred.

Ryder stepped forward eagerly. "Let me handle it, Xavier. This is a

line

military base. Civilians who trespass aren't protected. If something happens, well... it's just protocol."

He let out a cold chuckle as he spoke.

Leslie nodded. "Captain Ulrich, that works out perfectly. Andrew's actually here to see you."

"Me?" Ryder blinked, then smirked.

"Oh right... I've heard of Andrew. My dad mentioned him. He's the

Chairman of the Gabo Creek Chamber of Commerce, a big shot with a big reputation. Even my old man's wary around him. But me? I'm not just some spoiled rich kid."

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Ryder said, "I'm a military officer, one of General Phelan's key personnel! Andrew might have money and power, but in the eyes of the military folks, he's absolutely nothing!"

Xavier ordered, "Ryder, gather 50 men and come with me to meet Andrew. Remember, go all out when the time comes."

He added coldly, "Whatever the consequences, I'll take responsibility!"

Leslie spoke up, "Xavier, don't kill anyone. As long as no one dies, you can rough him up however you want. That's exactly the effect the General wants anyway, to knock this punk down a peg!"

Xavier replied coolly, "Luna isn't here, so I'm in charge right now! Leslie, stay out of this. Whatever disaster befalls this little punk, he brought it on himself!"

Leslie hesitated, clearly uneasy. But in the end, she said nothing. If someone really died, she could spin it as Andrew's own fault.

Luna would understand.

Meanwhile, Andrew and his group stood by the training field, bored, casually watching soldiers drill. When they turned around, they saw Xavier and Leslie leading 50 fierce soldiers straight toward them in a tight formation.

Whenever enemies met, emotions would flare.

Xavier looked thrilled. He said smugly, "Andrew, you've got guts, I'll give you that. Walking into a military base like this? You really think you're untouchable?"

Andrew did not even look at him. "It's just a military base, not some flaming death trap. And honestly, Mr. Haywood, you're making it sound way more dramatic than it is. Fun fact: I used to clean house in bases like this all the time."

The entire group went silent for a second. Then, they burst into wild laughter, full of disbelief and mockery.

Leslie sneered. "Are you serious right now? You beat people up in military bases? What are you, a general?"

Andrew's tone did not waver. "Wrong. I'm not a general. But I do have the authority to command them."

A new wave of stunned silence rippled through the group.

Xavier slowly shook his head. "You delusional idiot. You think you can command generals? What's next, you dream of becoming Supreme Commander?"

Ryder stepped forward, a cocky smirk on his face. "So, you're Andrew Lloyd? I heard you were looking for me."

Andrew gave a slight nod. "You're Ryder Ulrich, right? That's right. I'm here for you."

Ryder pointed at the ground, his grin turning icy. Well, if you're here for me, you'd better show some respect don't care what you want, but before we get to that, you need to get on your knees and sing about you surrendering. Then, we can talk about the rest!"

As soon as he said this, the soldiers behind him all smirked and started cheering him on.

Rachel said sternly, "Lieutenant Terrell, your soldiers are acting like complete thugs!"

Leslie shrugged. "Sorry, but I can't control these tough guys! With General Phelan away, they run this base right now!"

Rachel was furious. "Do you realize that this man is the Chairman of our Chamber of Commerce? And every year, our organization donates massive supplies and equipment to the military!"

Leslie felt somewhat guilty but looked at Andrew with a cold laugh, "Andrew, are you going to play the coward now? Since you don't have the courage or strength, you're bringing up old connections to try and save your skin?"

Andrew gave a cold smile.

"Donations? Survival? You're the one bringing up history, not me. Let's drop all the old stories and irrelevant titles. I'm standing right here. You all think you're so damn tough just because this is your turf? Eine. Then show me. Who here thinks they can take my life? Come on. Step up!"

With that cold shout, Andrew's aura became powerfully intimidating.

Xavier, Leslie, and the others were all enraged.

Xavier said mockingly, "Mr. Lloyd, what an arrogant temper and attitude you have! My men don't know how to hold back when they fight! They've been cooped up in this base for so long without any entertainment, so they're all pretty wild!"

"If there's any... roughness in what follows, I hope you'll be understanding."

Just as he finished, Ryder got the message. He stepped forward, dropped into stance, and lunged at Andrew with a punch that roared through the air.