

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

Chapter 1806

Victoria remained completely unmoved by his outburst. "Since you know that Andrew is his son, who gave you the courage to shout at him like that?"

Her words carried a hint of subtle mockery.

Calvin's face turned bright red as he suddenly straightened his back defiantly. "I

can't match that bastard Reginald, and I wouldn't dare cross him! But his son, Andrew? I don't take him seriously at all! If I wanted to, do you really think I couldn't destroy that little bastard Andrew?"

For the first time, Victoria's calm expression changed. She began laughing hysterically, doubled over as if she had just heard the funniest joke in the entire world.

"Calvin, oh Calvin, you're nothing but a cowardly bully who's all bark and no bite.

You think you could actually kill Andrew? Like father, like son. Do you really think

Andrew is someone you can mess with? Haven't you learned enough from the lesson he gave you last time?"

She continued, "And do you even know his true identity? Let me enlighten you.

Just like Reginald once was, Andrew is the Dragon Heir of the Lloyd royal bloodline with the Blood-Eyed Black Dragon seal marked on his body! Even if he were lying unconscious in front of you, you wouldn't dare raise your blade. Don't even kid yourself."

By the end, Victoria's voice had grown sharp, fierce, and contemptuous. Calvin

trembled where he sat, gripping the arms of his chair.

It was not just anger. He was choking on the bitterness, so much that he looked

ready to explode. He shouted, "So what? You shameless slut! You've fallen for a

boy young enough to be your son? Is that it?"

He sprang to his feet and pointed a shaking finger at Victoria, his voice cracked from rage.

Victoria shot him a cold, mocking smile. "Calvin, I saw right through you the moment you married into the family. You were a worthless man then, and you're

still a worthless man now. I gave birth to your children and helped you build the

Peck family from scratch. In the end, I even got you ranked among the Five Apex

Families!"

She continued, "After everything I handed you, you've still made no real progress.

Do you seriously think I'm like you, someone who couldn't control my desires and emotions?"

Calvin scowled. "What are you trying to say? Are you trying to tell me that you and

Andrew didn't cross the line?"

A slight flush crossed Victoria's cheeks, but she only sneered. "Idiot.

Yes, I still have some feelings for

Reginald. And yes, I feel an

indescribable closeness toward

Andrew. But do you really think I'd let

that sway me? You're right. I admire

Andrew so much that I've thought

about giving him everything, even

my body.

"Because the charm he carries... it

makes me willing. But there's one

thing I've never forgotten: Reginald

is Reginald. Andrew is Andrew. They

may be father and son, but they're not the same. Reginald took what he wanted without hesitation. On the other hand, Andrew is a man of integrity—he has boundaries.

"And because he treats me with respect, I let him call me by my first name. How

could I ever bring myself to ruin his honor and reputation?"

Calvin let out a sharp snort. "Fine. Let's say you haven't done anything with him

physically. But your feelings? They're already twisted. Maybe he sees you as family, but can you honestly say you see him as just a junior?"

Victoria gave him a frosty smile.

"Does it matter? These social rules and labels... Do you think they mean anything to me? Back then, I killed my own mentor, burned my own sect to the ground, and betrayed my family... all to choose you, a useless man.

"And after all that, I built the Peck family into what it is today by my own hand. Calvin, I may be a woman, but if we're talking about the true giants of this generation, how many do you think I actually respect?"

Calvin's mouth went dry, and his face paled. He had no words.

In front of Victoria, he had always been the one who trembled. Everything she had

accomplished in her past was things he could only dream of.

He muttered, "Fine. I believe you didn't sleep with Andrew. But what about me?

What am I to you? I'm your husband! I'm your man!"

Realizing his own uselessness only made Calvin angrier. Fueled by alcohol and

wounded pride, he snapped.

He lunged at Victoria, grabbed her by the shoulders, and stared at her like a madman.

Victoria let out a soft laugh.

She did not resist, nor did she move. She simply stood there, perfectly still.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1807 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1807

Victoria replied, "What are you to me? Isn't it obvious? Of course, you're a loser, a worthless piece of trash! Calvin, look in the mirror and ask yourself-are you even a man?"

In an instant, Calvin exploded, his eyes blazing with fury. "Victoria, you're my woman! I don't care whether you ever truly liked me; you belong to me! Sure, I can't compare to Reginald, and I'm no match for Andrew either! But so what? You're still mine, and now, I'm gonna prove to you just how much of a man I am!"

Roaring like a madman, Calvin's eyes turned lewd as he stared at Victoria's pale neck and her chest with blatant desire. At the same time, he began unzipping his pants, ready to force himself on her.

Victoria stood tall and still, proud as a black swan, her chin lifted high. She did not flinch or resist, just letting him do as he pleased.

Inside the living room of the Peck residence, Calvin had his pants down to his knees. His lower body was fully exposed-pale, flabby, and pathetic. There was nothing there worth boasting about.

As for the one thing that was supposed to prove his manhood, it could not even twitch.

Victoria lowered her eyes, glanced down, and a scornful, mocking smile slowly curled on her lips. "Just as useless as always, huh? So, Calvin, tell me... Do you still think you're a man?"

With a sneer, Victoria raised her hand and slapped away Calvin's hand in disgust. Then, she turned and walked out without another word.

Calvin stood frozen, his face as pale as a corpse. It was as if all the life had been sucked out of him. "Get hard! Come on, damn it, get hard! Please, just work!"

Like a lunatic, Calvin began slapping himself between the legs again and again, as if punishing a sworn enemy. He kept shouting, begging it to rise, yelling at it to respond. Yet, nothing worked.

All it did was jiggle uselessly.

In the end, Calvin collapsed onto the floor, clutching his head and sobbing like a child who had lost his favorite toy.

This was not new. He had erectile dysfunction for over 20 years. But the worst part? He only failed when it came to Victoria. With other women, he was perfectly fine, energetic even.

Victoria's voice came from the

doorway, calm and cold. "Calvin, do you even realize how pathetic you've

been all these years? I know

been sleeping around... Don't think I haven't heard. That new college-age housekeeper in the house? You slept with her.

"Oh, and let's not forget the wives of two of our security guys... You've been with both, more than once."

Victoria paused at the door, but she did not turn around. Her voice carried through the hall, sharp and full of disdain. "I don't care how many women you've been with. Because to me, you're still nothing but a pathetic loser."

Calvin's face twisted in shock. He stammered, "Victoria... y-you knew all that?"

He suddenly dropped to his knees and began slapping himself. "I was wrong! Please, forgive me! I'll never do it again!"

Victoria just felt sick. She said flatly, "You're going to Goldridge for that illegitimate son of yours, the one you had trained under Jerome, right? Whatever. I don't care. But let me give you one piece of advice.

"Go with Andrew. With him there, the

Peck family has a better shot at staying protected. Of course, if you're stupid enough to ignore that and think you're untouchable, go ahead. But the Southern Martial Union isn't exactly stable right now. If anything goes wrong, don't come crying to me."

With that, she walked away.

Calvin slowly stood up, his face twisted in hatred. He growled, "That bitch! So, she knew everything this whole time. I really underestimated her! But so what? I'm still the head of the Reck family. If I can't have her, then I'm damn sure going to enjoy myself. And if I can't have her, then I won't let anyone else have you either!

"Reginald? Who knows if he's even alive anymore! And Andrew? Don't even dream of having a happy ending with him! Forget traveling together to Goldridge. The moment I get the chance, I'll kill him myself. I'll make you feel pain like you've never known!"

His face was twisted, his voice a low and venomous growl.

That pathetic kneeling from earlier? That was just an act to fool Victoria.

Chapter 1808

That evening, Andrew returned to Serenity Villa to find all the luggage and preparations for tomorrow's departure were completely ready. His three girlfriends were incredibly enthusiastic about this upcoming trip.

Chantelle called him, saying she and Hank had already left to investigate the parasite poison situation down south.

Andrew told her to be careful, to which Chantelle responded with a cold laugh.

"I'm down here working my butt off while you get to live it up. Tomorrow you're taking your three ladies to Goldridge for what's basically a honeymoon. Talk about living the high life!"

Hearing the jealousy in her voice, Andrew chuckled. "Well, why don't you come with me then?"

There was a moment of silence on the other end before she huffed softly. "No way. You and I aren't even officially dating, so why would I go?"

Andrew felt a headache coming on. "Didn't we already agree on this before? When you get back from this business trip, I'll announce our relationship to Lauren, Fran, and Aspen!"

Chantelle shrieked, "No, absolutely not!"

Andrew was confused, "Isn't that what you wanted?"

Chantelle gritted her teeth through the phone, "I do want it, but you need to give me time to prepare mentally! I've never had a boyfriend in my entire life! And besides, we did things backwards... That's embarrassing to admit!"

Andrew asked, amused, "Backwards how? What do you mean?"

Chantelle laughed in exasperation. "You really don't get it? Are you playing dumb? We got physical and slept together before making things official."

Andrew smiled, finally understanding, "Okay, that's actually a pretty accurate way to describe it! We'll do it your way. Whenever you're ready, I'll make the announcement."

Chantelle said flatly, "Andrew, I might be away for several days this time. Will you... miss me?"

He did not expect her to ask something like that after all that back and forth, but he smiled and replied, "Of course, I'll miss you."

She gave a soft chuckle but quickly tried to cover it up. Then, she added nonchalantly, "So Andrew... do you love me?"

Now that was starting to sound cheesy, but Andrew held it together and replied, "Yes, I love you. Every day, 100 times over."

Chantelle snorted. "Liar. Whatever. I'm hanging up."

The beeping tone echoed in his ear, and Andrew was left speechless. So it was official-Chantelle had fallen hard. The woman who once acted cold and aloof now sounded all soft and clingy, asking mushy questions and getting flustered.

Andrew took a deep breath and muttered, "That makes four... I'm starting to feel the pressure. But a man's gotta deliver. No backing down now gotta keep going!"

Just as he hyped himself up, his phone rang again. This time, it was Yara.

She yelled, "Daddy, so you're leaving town and didn't even tell me? You're the worst! I don't care. Tonight, you're taking me to dinner, and then we're getting a room!"

I want a proper farewell hookup!"

Andrew winced. "I've told you a million times, I'm not your daddy!"

Yara giggled. "Don't care. I want to call you that! If you're man enough, scoop me up and take me to the hotel. Spank me senseless!"

Andrew had no energy to mess around with her, so he switched gears and asked about the Wright family's recent situation. Once he was sure there was nothing urgent, he ended the call.

Yara called twice more, but he ignored both. Only then did she give up and spam him with messages, complete with angry emojis.

Meanwhile, Zachary showed up at Serenity Villa in person to confirm that they were ready to leave in the morning. Andrew told him to focus on getting in the zone and being fully prepared for the upcoming inner disciple selection.

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What surprised Andrew was that Zachary had received word that Jerome's inner disciple selection in Goldridge involved some major players. Apparently, Blumedale's two powerhouses-the Driscoll family and the Fischer family, which had been quiet lately, would be appearing.

Andrew did not react much to the news. His only goal this time was to help Zachary secure his spot as Jerome's inner disciple.

Upon hearing that Andrew would be leaving the next day, Shiloh looked heartbroken.

She pouted. "Andrew, I don't want you to go. I want you, Lauren, Fran, and Aspen to stay here and be with me."

Andrew smiled. "Come on, it's not like I'm going that far. Why don't you pack up and come with us?"

Shiloh sighed. "Forget it. I've got three jobs tomorrow. I don't have time."

Watching her walk away so drained and lifeless, Andrew frowned deeply. Her memory issues were getting worse, and her behavior was starting to resemble that of a child desperate for love.

Ever since arriving in Blumedale, her symptoms had been shifting. Mentally and emotionally, she was regressing.

Andrew made up his mind that once Zachary's situation was handled, he would take Shiloh to find real treatment for her amnesia and ageless syndrome.

Later that night, Logan showed up alone, driving himself to Serenity Villa.

The moment Andrew saw him, Logan said grimly, "Andy, Hannah got completely played by that scumbag Hank. Now she's broke and devastated."

Andrew had expected something bad, but still asked, "Played how? What exactly did Hank do?"

Logan's face turned dark. "He

scammed her out of over 800 grand. Took all her money. On top of that he sweet-talked her into sleeping. with him a few times. And the worst part? That bastard gave her an STI. Hannah's talking about ending her life now. What the hell are we supposed to do?"

Andrew's expression stayed calm. "What about Mr. Keller Senior? What's his reaction?"

Logan looked defeated. "You know how it is... Hannah is Dad's late-in-life daughter. He's freaking out. She's threatening to hang herself, and he's completely at a loss. He's losing it."

Andrew did not hesitate. "Let's go. I'll come with you to the Keller residence right now!"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1809 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1809

The first scene Andrew witnessed upon arriving at the Keller residence was

Hannah threatening suicide. She held a fruit knife to her throat, tears streaming down her face as she sobbed uncontrollably.

Emily and Freya stood nearby with anxious faces, desperately trying to talk her down.

Emily pleaded, "Hannah, put the knife down first. Whatever happened, I promise I'll make it right for you."

Freya added anxiously, "Think about Dad, me, Emily, and Logan. Don't do something stupid. We'll find that bastard Hank no matter what."

Yet, Hannah kept crying and shaking her head. "No! I don't want to live anymore! I'm so ashamed! I never thought he'd turn out like this... I feel dirty now. I'm no longer a little princess. I'm ruined!"

Hearing that, Andrew could not help but shake his head. Out of the three Keller sisters, he had always predicted that sweet, naive Hannah would eventually run into trouble.

Logan stepped forward and said firmly, "Emily, Freya, move aside. Let Andrew talk to her."

Freya immediately nodded like she had just been tossed a lifeline. "Yes, please say something to her. You have to save her!"

However, Emily's eyes were red as she glared at Andrew and snapped, "You knew she was getting involved with that piece of garbage Hank, didn't you? Why didn't you stop her, huh?"

Her tone was filled with rage and blame, as if Andrew were the root of all evil.

Andrew frowned. "I did warn Hannah. Ask her yourself if you don't believe me. But she didn't listen, and I can't force her."

Emily shouted, "Hannah's just a kid, but you, Andrew, you should know better! You're a man, and not just any man-you're Logan's sworn brother, someone my father respects deeply!"

"The Keller family has always treated you like one of us, and you just stood by and watched Hannah walk into disaster? You did this on purpose, didn't you? You wanted this to happen!"

Her voice had risen to a full-blown shriek, dumping all the guilt onto Andrew without any logic.

Logan frowned, and he barked, "Emily, are you out of your damn mind? Do you even know who Andrew is? Apologize to him. Now!"

Freya was stunned too. She never imagined Emily would go so far as to say something so outrageous.

Emily retorted, "Apologize? For what? If you ask me, Andrew's at least 50% to blame for Hannah being pushed to this point!"

She truly believed she was right, eyes bloodshot, glaring at Andrew like he was the enemy.

"Logan, Freya, think about it!

Hannah's always been the most innocent of us. We've all spoiled her since she was little. But now? Her body's been tainted. She's sick. How is she supposed to face anyone after this? Andrew has to take responsibility. If he doesn't, then I swear, I won't let this go!"

Freya sobbed. "Emily, I feel awful for Hannah, too, but I really don't think this is Andrew's fault."

Logan gritted his teeth and turned to Andrew. "Andy, she's in full meltdown mode. Don't take it personally."

Andrew waved a hand, his face cold as he stared at Emily. "Something this serious happens, and instead of helping your sister, you look for

someone else to blame? E

your

sister Hannah is naive. But I didn't expect you to be just as stupid." Content

Emily exploded, eyes blazing. "What the hell did you just say? Say that again-I dare you!"

Andrew's eyes narrowed. "I said, you're just like Hannah. Both stupid, both idiots. Get it now?"

Freya and Logan both let out helpless smiles. Neither knew how to step in or who to defend.

Logan, especially, found himself in awe of Andrew. He never had the heart to yell at his sisters, always treating them like princesses.

But Andrew? He did not hold back at all and insulted them right in front of their faces.

Emily screamed, "Andrew, I'll freaking kill you!"

Andrew took two steps toward

with a smirk. "Go ahead. I'm

standing right here. Out of respect for Mr. Keller Senior, I won't even fight back. But Emily, do you dare?"

Emily's eyes were bloodshot as she raised her hand, but she did not dare make any move.

George was sitting in the shadows on the second floor nearby. His sharp eyes were locked onto her with no trace of warmth.

Even Hannah, who had been the center of the chaos, suddenly froze in place. She was stunned to see Emily fighting with Andrew.

Andrew turned to her sharply. "Drop the knife, then get over here. You're part of the Keller family, not some useless waste of space. A little setback and you're already talking about suicide? Hanging yourself? Hannah, do you even realize how stupid and pathetic you look right now?"

Tears streamed down her face as she shouted, "Andrew, who gave you the right to talk to me like that? I'm the victim here! If you're so amazing, why don't you find that bastard Hank and make him pay?"

Andrew let out a cold snort. "Why should I go after him? To be honest, you brought this on yourself. I warned you, didn't I? But did you listen? No."

Hannah's shame turned into rage, and she gripped the fruit knife tightly. "Andrew, are you trying to push me to my death? Is that what you want?"

Andrew gave a chilling laugh as he spread his arms out, holding back Freya and Logan. "No one's going to stop you now. If you want to die, go ahead and do it. Honestly, you're just an embarrassment to the Keller family anyway."

Hannah trembled with fury, her hand shaking so badly she could not bring herself to do it. She never imagined Andrew could be so heartless.

"If you're not ready to die, then drop the damn knife," Andrew snapped.

Then, without giving her another second, he strode forward and snatched it out of her hand.

Overwhelmed with shame and frustration, Hannah collapsed to the floor, sobbing uncontrollably. "Logan, Dad! Andrew bullied me! He doesn't care if I live or die!"

Instead of rushing to her defense, Logan and Freya let out deep sighs of relief. They quickly gathered around her, ignoring her complaints entirely. Just like that, the storm was silenced, thanks to Andrew.

Logan looked at him with admiration. "Andy, you really know how to handle women. Look at me! I'm over 200 pounds of useless muscle. Couldn't do a damn thing."

Andrew said flatly, "If someone really wants to die, they don't do it in front of an audience. The truth is, you all spoiled her too much."

Logan opened his mouth, about to agree, when Emily cut in with a sneer.

"Andrew, Hannah is a Keller daughter. She deserves to be

spoiled Instead of blaming her why make Hank pay for what he did?"

don't you figure out how t

Andrew replied indifferently, "I actually don't think Hank needs to pay for anything. In fact, I think you should thank him. He gave Hannah a real-life lesson in how cruel this world can be. He punished her vanity and stupidity better than any lecture ever could."

Emily was seething. "You..."

She was ready to explode, but Andrew had already turned away and could not be bothered to acknowledge her.

Then, George's voice echoed from upstairs, low and commanding. "Andy, Logan, and you three girls. Come in. I've got something to say."

Emily threw Andrew a smug look. "Just wait. After how you treated me and Hannah, my dad is definitely going to put you in your place."

Andrew shrugged. "Emily, you may be the old man's eldest daughter, but you seriously don't understand him at all."

Emily scoffed. "Oh, please, Andrew. Don't flatter yourself. At the end of the day your last name's Lloyd, not Keller, My dad may like you, but you're nothing compared to us, his real daughters."

She was fully confident that, after what Andrew had done, George would take her side.

However, as soon as they entered the room and stood in front of George, a heavy slap landed squarely across Emily's cheek.

She clutched the side of her swollen face, tears instantly welling up, and stared at George in disbelief. "Dad... you actually hit me? Shouldn't you be slapping Andrew?"

She looked completely stunned.