

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1931 Andrew had originally planned to visit the Peck residence to check on Victoria. Since she had returned from Goldridge, it was only right for him to show up personally. However, George kept insisting he stay for a meal. Logan even stood by the door, refusing to let him leave. Left with no choice, he agreed to stay at the Keller residence and figured he would head out after the meal. At the dining table, George poured Andrew a glass of wine and beamed.

"Try this, it's homemade." Andrew took the glass and downed it in one go. He praised, " That's a really good wine." George laughed heartily. "You've got a strong stomach for alcohol. I'm too old for that now. I can only take small sips." Andrew smiled. "Mr. Keller Senior, you're being modest Everyone in Blumendale knows you're still going strong." George was clearly pleased and clinked glasses with Andrew a few more times, chatting and laughing along the way.

Hannah's matter was finally settling, no longer feeling like a thorn in his side. Logan shot Andrew a grateful look, deeply moved. This time, ---- Andrew had truly helped the Keller family save face in a big way. After all, if word had gotten out that Hannah had been assaulted, it would have been a complete stain on George's reputation. Just then, Emily, Freya, and Hannah came out one after another. "Dad! Andrew!

Logan!" Hannah rushed forward first, her carefully touched-up makeup making her face radiant as she politely greeted everyone. When she passed by Andrew, she casually plopped down right next to him. Andrew's expression remained unchanged as he said nothing. He had no idea what Hannah was up to, but it did not matter. Once he finished eating, he would be on his way. Freya sat across from Andrew, her eyes downcast and dim as she remained silent.

Meanwhile, Emily picked up the wine bottle and personally poured Andrew a glass. Andrew quickly tried to decline, "Ms. Emily, please, I can pour for myself." Emily insisted. "Andrew, I have to toast you with this glass, no matter what. I know you think I'm dumb, arrogant, and just an airhead of a woman. But no matter what, you saved my life and protected my dignity.

You also helped Hannah get justice, and I really have no way to repay a favor that big." ---- She said her piece and downed the wine in one gulp. Andrew was speechless. Emily clearly could not handle her alcohol, yet she went full throttle. George watched from the side, so Andrew had no choice but to follow along and empty his glass as well. George nodded approvingly. "Well done, Emily. What you did today finally made me see you in a new light.

Everyone makes mistakes, but what matters is having the courage to take responsibility and make things right. "You're not like before, thinking you're all that and unable to put aside the pride and airs of being the Keller family's eldest daughter. This shows you've made real progress. This shows real growth!" Emily hummed softly and sat down next to Logan. She understood that today was not her moment to shine.

From now on, whenever Andrew was around, she would keep a low profile and play the supporting role. "Andrew, here, try this dish!" Hannah began her performance. She kept piling food onto Andrew's plate and kept refilling his drink with a smile. At first, Andrew tried to be polite. Gradually, he started to notice ---- something was off. He realized that she was overly enthusiastic and hospitable. This kind of behavior had never happened before "Ms.

Hannah, if you're grateful because of the Hank situation, that's really not necessary," Andrew said diplomatically. "That matter is behind us now. Let's just pretend it never happened and forget about it." His message was clear: he hoped Hannah would stop putting on a show. He had not even taken the incident to heart, so there was no need for her to make a scene. Yet, Hannah did not get the hint and kept going out of her way to please him.

She even leaned in a little too close, her perfume making Andrew slightly uncomfortable. Seeing George laughing and drinking away, his face red with joy, Andrew did not want to ruin his mood. Hence, he decided to just endure it. However, Hannah crossed a line. At some point, she had slipped off her shoe under the table. Her foot, covered in black stockings, suddenly pressed against Andrew's calf. Then, it slowly started sliding upward and headed straight for his inner thigh.

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Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1932 Andrew's expression remained completely blank as he turned to glance at Hannah. However, she pretended not to notice and continued chatting and laughing as if nothing had happened. She was confident in her charm and looks. She was youthful, lively, absolutely stunning, and had a figure most women could only dream of. She firmly believed no man could resist her if she threw herself into his arms.

After all, whatever people might say about her, she knew one thing: having her in bed was pure pleasure. Unfortunately for her, Andrew possessed something ten times better than what Hannah offered. "Excuse me, I need to step away for a moment," he said, standing up and leaving the table to go to the restroom. Hannah felt both embarrassed, and she was unwilling to give up. She quickly slipped her shoe back on under the table and followed him.

Of course, she covered it well, saying sweetly, "Dad, Logan, Emily, Freya, I need to use the restroom too!" ---- George chuckled. "Go on then!" Freya quietly added, "Dad, Logan, Emily, I'll go as well." With that, she became the third person to excuse herself. George, tipsy and red-faced, laughed. "These two silly girls... Andy leaves, and suddenly they both need the bathroom too!" Logan grinned. "Freya probably wants to check on Andrew and make sure he's not throwing up from all the wine.

Hannah is a wild card. Let her do whatever she wants." Only Emily sat there, fully aware of what was really going on. George was drunk, his vision blurred, and his thoughts slow. Meanwhile, Logan was clueless when it came to reading women. But Emily? She saw right through it. Hannah had obviously gone after Andrew on purpose. She did not know what exactly her sister planned to do, but she had a gut feeling it would be bold. Hannah had always been that way.

She was spoiled by everyone at home, reckless and flirtatious, never taking anything seriously. Getting involved with someone like Hank was proof enough of that. As for Freya, she was probably disgusted by the whole thing and wanted to hide in the bathroom or outside on the balcony to cool down. She had always been thoughtful and considerate, ---- constantly giving way to Hannah in everything Emily felt a pang of sympathy. UPDATE FROM findnovel.net

She could tell that Freya also longed for Andrew and wanted to fight for herself. Yet in the end, Freya compromised again, quietly backing away and handing Andrew over to Hannah. Emily

sighed, not knowing what to do about the situation. Deep down, she would have rather seen a man like Andrew end up with Freya. Freya was much more worthy of Andrew, while Hannah was basically just a pretty face, and even that face had cracks in it now.

From Andrew's perspective, Freya was clearly the better choice, while Hannah simply was not good enough and lacked the qualifications. Nonetheless, Emily kept those thoughts buried in her heart. After all, they were both her sisters, and there was no fair way to pick sides. In the bathroom, Andrew finished his business and walked out to wash his hands. He splashed his face with cold water while trying to stay calm. To be honest, Hannah's actions disgusted him.

Still, he kept his expression neutral for George and Logan's sake. ---- Suddenly, something soft pressed against his back. It was accompanied by a flirty giggle and an overly high-pitched, cutesy voice. "Andrew, I got you!" Then two full, warm curves pushed up against him. Hannah had thrown herself at him, wrapping her arms around him without hesitation. Andrew took a deep breath. "Let go," he said, his voice becoming incredibly cold.

Hannah pretended not to hear and let her hand slide down, reaching directly for his belt area. She pouted, "Andrew, don't be so mean, okay? Don't hate me. I know I messed up. But if you say yes, I'll be your woman from now on. I'll give you everything: my whole body, my heart, no holding back." She added, "Just trust me, Andrew. I'll make you feel so good..." As she whispered, she started gasping herself, raising up on her tiptoes, trying to offer her lips to him.

To be fair, Hannah was undeniably skilled at this sort of thing. Too bad for her, she was not dealing with some desperate pervert. She was dealing with Andrew, and at this moment, he was terrifyingly calm.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1933 "You're insane. Get off me!" Andrew shoved Hannah off with force, sending her stumbling and nearly falling to the ground. "Andrew..." Hannah's attempt had failed, and now all she felt was humiliation and rage. Andrew stared at her coldly. "Hannah, are you out of your mind? Don't you feel disgusted with yourself, pulling cheap stunts like this?" Hannah gritted her teeth. "Andrew, are you seriously going to act like you don't want to sleep with me? I'm young, beautiful!"

I'm the daughter of the Keller family, and I have status; I'm from a respectable background. I'll have you know, I've got men lining up for me." She added, "If I so much as hint at it, trust me, a whole bunch of scions would be begging to kiss my feet." Andrew gave a cold laugh. "So what? You think that makes you special? Desirable? Too bad. I'm just not interested. This ends here. Don't ever pull something like this again." With that, Andrew turned and started to leave, face stone cold. "Stop! Content originally comes from find{n}ovel.net

You're not leaving!" Hannah yelled, stepping in front of him with her arms spread. ---- "Andrew, I was wrong. I shouldn't have acted so shamelessly in front of you. Can we be together? Be my boyfriend, please! I promise I'll behave, I'll do whatever you say." Since seduction did not work, she flipped to a pitiful act. Her voice trembled, eyes brimming with tears like she were auditioning for a drama. At this point, Andrew stopped trying to hide his disgust.

" Hannah, you must be delusional to think that you're girlfriend material. You think I'm that desperate? That I'm lacking women and dying for you?" Hannah's voice cracked. "I know you've got

plenty of women around you, but can't I just be one of them? Andrew, my reputation's in shambles. A lot of people look down on me now!" She added, "If you'd just be with me, it could fix all that. Help me restore my image.

People would start respecting me again, because I'd be Andrew's woman, the Keller family's daughter." Andrew scoffed. "If you want others to respect you, start by respecting yourself. There's no shame in messing up, Hannah. But if you want to stand tall again, you have to rely on yourself. There's no shortcut." Hannah begged, "Andrew, please. I'm asking you to just give me a chance, okay? Let me be your woman. Help me move on from ---- that nightmare with Hank.

You like my dad, and my Logan too, don't you? Then think of this as a way to repay the Keller family for being kind to you!" Andrew's expression turned to pure contempt. "Hannah, you really are an idiot. I'm not even exaggerating. As far as I'm concerned, I owe your family nothing. If anything, it's the Keller family who owes me. I respect Mr. Keller Senior and Logan, sure. But that doesn't mean I respect you. Now move, or I won't be polite about it." Hannah screamed, completely breaking down.

"I won't! I won't move! Andrew, if you don't accept me today or give me a chance, I won't let this go! "What's so wrong with me? I'd take care of you, be good to you, and you'd look good with me by your side! Why do you treat me like trash, but you're so gentle with my second sister?" Andrew sneered. "It's simple: because you can't measure up to Freya! It's just that straightforward. Do you hear me clearly?" Hannah's face went pale, and then twisted with fury. "I don't believe you. I don't!

Andrew, you bastard... I hate you!" She burst into tears and ran off, hands covering her mouth. Andrew let out a sigh, completely drained. Hannah honestly made his skin crawl. If it had not been for George's sake, he ---- would have slapped her a long time ago. Back in the bathroom, Andrew washed his face again. The cold water helped cool the frustration and the rage that had been boiling inside him. However, just as he was about to dry off, he felt arms wrap around him from behind.

Two soft curves pressed tightly against his back, closer than before, like someone trying to melt into him. 'Damn it.' Andrew had had enough. He spun around, ready to slap whoever it was without a second thought. However, the moment he saw the face, he froze in place. It was not Hannah, but Freya. Her face was flushed like a blooming rose, her ears red, her whole body trembling as she looked up at him with eyes full of longing. "Freya, you..." Andrew stammered, momentarily speechless. Before he could say another word, Freya leaned in and kissed him, her arms wrapping tightly around his neck.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1934 Freya whispered, "Andrew, don't say anything. Just kiss me! Don't worry, I'm doing this willingly. You don't have to take responsibility for it!" Freya's lips pressed against his, soft and warm, but after a couple of kisses, Andrew managed to stop himself and gently pushed her away. "Don't do this, Ms. Freya. You'll regret acting like this!" Freya was already lost in the moment, her voice trembling like a frightened fawn. "Andrew, please don't say anything else.

I don't want to hear it. Right now, all I want is for you to kiss me... Kiss me like you mean it! I heard everything you said to Hannah just now! "You think I'm better than her, don't you? You don't

have to deny it .. [heard it all. Thank you, Andrew, for seeing me that way. I don't want to give you up to her. I want to be the one by your side. So please, let me be selfish just this once. I don't want to hold back anymore!" Her voice cracked as tears welled in her eyes, and she started sobbing.

However, she did not stop. She clung to Andrew with wild desperation, trying to kiss him again. --- At the same time, she grabbed his hand and shoved it inside her bra. Andrew instinctively tried to pull away, but froze. If he forced his hand back, Freya would definitely get hurt. In that brief moment of hesitation, his hand was already gripping the soft, warm flesh. The sensation hit him like a jolt, sending shivers down his spine.

Even with his composure, Andrew couldn't deny how intoxicating that touch was. Freya let out a soft moan, practically melting into him, kissing him over and over. Her tongue moved boldly, in ways that would make any censors flinch. She had just gotten back from her talent agency, still dressed in her sleek officewear: heels, black stockings, and a body-hugging blouse.

Her body carried a subtle, intoxicating fragrance, and with her flushed cheeks as she threw herself into his arms, Andrew felt his blood surge. His mind suddenly flashed with one intense thought: take her right here, right now, in the Keller residence's bathroom Freya seemed to sense his physical reaction. She gasped, her voice shaking. "Andrew, please... I'm ready. I'll do anything. Please don't pull away. Ever since we were kids, I gave ---- everything up to Hannah. But not this time.

This time, I want to follow my heart! Andrew, take me!" Andrew admitted that his heart wavered. However, his reason ultimately won. Freya was a great person and an exceptional woman. Indeed, sleeping with her and going all the way would definitely be the ultimate pleasure and extraordinary enjoyment. It was secretive, unexpected, right here in this bathroom, the kind of opportunity that comes once in a lifetime. If he did it, it would be something to remember forever.

But if he did it, he would not be Andrew anymore. First of all, he and Freya did not have a substantial emotional foundation. Perhaps there was some unintentional flirtation and Freya had ulterior motives, but that did not equal a real romantic relationship. Besides, Andrew already had enough women around him. Hence, he would let things with Freya develop naturally. He did not want to think too much about whatever she felt or hoped for because it was simply exhausting "Ms.

Freya, I'm sorry, but I can't do that," Andrew said, steeling himself as he pulled his hand back and refused her. The desire and passion in Freya's heart gradually cooled down, ---- like having a bucket of cold water suddenly poured over her head. She kept her head down, not daring to look up, just staring at her shoes. Finally, she smiled and nodded. "Yeah, I get it. You've got self-control.

Andrew, even in a situation like this, I never expected you could still maintain your composure!" She continued quietly, "I've never been able to figure out my feelings for you, but now I can say for certain that you're definitely worth my affection, even worth entrusting her whole life to. It's okay. You turned me down, fine. I'll live. But just so you know, I'm not giving up." She turned and walked out, trying to look calm. However, her heart was actually pounding hard.

That wild moment, the rush of madness, the tingling sensation on her chest, told her loud and clear: she had been playing with fire. Andrew let out a bitter laugh. Was she really falling for him? Exasperated, he turned back to the sink and splashed cold water on his face again. The desire in his body kept flaring up, over and over, and it was driving him insane.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1935 By the time Andrew returned to the dining table, George had already gone to rest, having had more than he could handle. Logan chuckled and said, "Andy, my dad's getting older. These days, he just drinks for the fun of it. You can't expect him to keep up anymore. Since he's out, come on, let's have another round." Andrew shook his head. "I'm about done, too.

I've got some things to take care of later, so I'm just gonna eat a bit and that's it" Even so, Logan talked him into two more drinks. At the table, the Keller sisters sat quietly without saying a word. They had already finished eating long ago. Nonetheless, since Andrew was still at the table, it would not have been proper to leave, so they stayed out of courtesy. Still, the silence was heavy and awkward.

Hannah sat there fuming, stealing glances at Andrew every few seconds with a clearly unhappy expression. On the surface, Emily looked calm and composed, pretending like nothing had happened. Inside, she was barely holding it together. Both of her sisters had followed Andrew to the ---- bathroom one after the other, which was not exactly subtle behavior. Something obviously went down. When Hannah came back, her eyes were red and swollen. She had clearly been crying.

As for the reason behind those tears, Emily could take a pretty good guess. She sighed inwardly. It was no surprise that Andrew had rejected Hannah. After all, a man like him probably had no interest in Hannah anymore. What confused Emily, though, was Freya. She had no idea what exactly had happened between Freya and Andrew. She had not been there, so there was no way to know the full story. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON [Find_Novel\(.\)net](http://Find_Novel(.)net)

Nonetheless, Freya's flushed face, the dreamy look in her eyes, and the way she seemed to glow with a repressed smile spoke volumes. It was as if Freya had gotten something off her chest, like a burden had finally been lifted. Emily gave a wry smile. Judging by everything, if anyone among the three sisters still had a shot, it was Freya. In that instant, she could not help but think of herself. Her past foolishness and arrogance had already made Andrew keep her at arm's length.

Now, their dynamic was reduced to mere formalities and shallow pleasantries. However, both her sisters were actively ---- vying for him: So what about her? Theo had already proven himself to be a cowardly, manipulative, spineless man. There was no chance she would ever get back with him. Even thinking about him made her sick.

While there was no shortage of excellent, ambitious men around her with good family backgrounds and looks, when compared to Andrew, they all seemed mediocre and unappealing. Every woman wanted the best man for herself, and Emily was no exception. After all, she came from a family like the Kellers, growing up with luxury and having sky-high standards. Ordinary men could no longer handle her, and she desperately wanted someone who could make her submit.

Such men were rare, but there happened to be one right in front of her. She could not help but glance up at Andrew. Then, she quickly looked away as her face burned with embarrassment. If Andrew could be with her, would she be happy? Would she be willing? Without even thinking about it, Emily's heart raced as she imagined that if she could truly become his woman, her whole life would be worthwhile.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1936 Hannah was bold and brazen, going after what she wanted and playing for sympathy. Emily and Freya had no choice but to give in and make sacrifices. After all, that was their responsibility as Hannah's older sisters. Nonetheless, when things reached a truly crucial moment, Emily could not deny that she felt deeply unsatisfied with having to always compromise.

If she gave up everything for others, then who would give way to her when she wanted something, and who would help fulfill her desires? Now that Hannah had clearly failed, would it be reasonable and justified for her to make a move and confess her feelings to Andrew without it seeming like she was stealing him from her? The more she thought about it, the more obsessed Emily became with this suddenly exciting idea. It was like people who were afraid of heights but knew it was. This content belongs to FundNovel.net

dangerous to stand on the edge of tall buildings. One careless step and they would fall to their death. Yet sometimes, their hearts just could not resist the urge to test those limits, to walk a ---- tightrope in the sky. That was exactly the mindset Emily had fallen into. If she took the risk, maybe everything would change. If she stayed quiet, if she never made a move, then nothing would ever happen.

Her mind suddenly flashed back to the moment Andrew rescued her in Verhampton Valley, when he beat the hell out of Hank. Emily's heart raced as she pictured it, and she thought, 'Even if he demanded my body in return, if he wanted to take me completely, I'd say yes without hesitation. She had always been very proud. As the eldest daughter of the Keller family, she had always imagined her other half would be a prince charming.

That was why Theo, a scion of the powerful Fischer family, was qualified to approach and pursue her. Yet, in front of Andrew, all her pride disappeared. There was no room left for haughty airs or the dignity of a spoiled heiress. There was only one thought left in her mind: If this man wanted me, I would give him everything. The more she thought about it, the hotter her body burned "Andrew, Logan, excuse me for a moment," she said abruptly.

With a sense of urgency, she got up from the table, making her the third Keller sister to suddenly excuse herself mid-dinner. Logan looked puzzled. "What's wrong with you three today? How ---- come you're all acting like you have something on your minds, with one person excusing herself and another going to the bathroom?" He laughed, "Oh, well, Andy, don't mind her. Let's keep drinking!" After leaving the dining room, Emily did not go to the bathroom but headed straight to her own room.

She had made an extremely bold decision, one she was not even fully conscious of making. She mumbled, "Freya, I know you also favor Andrew and have feelings for him. But I'm sorry. I also want to fight for myself one last time." She reasoned with herself, "I can give way to Hannah because she's the youngest and has been hurt the most, but she failed. Andrew doesn't want her. So, as the eldest sister, I can't keep giving in anymore. "And honestly, let's be real..."

Whether it's you or me, if either of us ends up with Andrew, it'll still be a win for the Keller family." Emily was not stupid. She quickly found a way to justify her decision and wash away the moral guilt gnawing at her. Freya wanted Andrew, but so did she. So why not both go for it? ---- Whoever succeeded would bring a man like Andrew into the family, someone strong, smart, and

capable of protecting them all. Thus, she felt she was doing nothing wrong. In fact, she was being quite sensible. Then, Emily stripped herself completely naked, quietly waiting for the final moment to arrive.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1937 Finally, Andrew stepped away from the dinner table. He had had more than enough, roughly two full bottles of strong liquor. Although George's alcohol was top-shelf aged spirits that went down smoothly, two bottles of hard liquor would still affect even someone with the best tolerance. At the very least, Andrew's face was already starting to turn red. Hannah and Freya followed behind him one after the other, both wanting to see him off and do something during their goodbyes.

Logan picked up on the tension, smirked knowingly, and bowed out early. Andrew kept his head down as he walked ahead, not planning to get entangled with these two sisters any further, especially Freya. Andrew could not bear to hurt her. However, if this woman acted too boldly and got handsy again, then, under the influence of alcohol, even he might not be able to keep his thoughts clean. After all, he was still a man. And with enough liquor in his system, even a gentleman could slip.

Just then, the Keller family's old butler, Allen Phillips, approached. He chuckled and said, "Mr. Lloyd, Ms. Emily has prepared a hangover drink for you. Please come over and have ---- some before you leave." Andrew waved his hand. "That's not necessary. I didn't drink too much, I can handle it." Allen kept smiling. "Ms. Emily has already prepared it and insists that I bring Mr. Lloyd over. Otherwise, she'll bring it to you herself!"

Hannah and Freya were both reluctant to give up, but since Emily was the one making the hangover drink, not them, the two sisters abandoned their pursuit. Following along would only make them look inconsiderate compared to their thoughtful older sister. Hence, Andrew, reeking of alcohol, went alone to Emily's room in the west wing. Follow current novels on [find\(n\)ovel.net](http://find(n)ovel.net)

The Keller residence followed a classic layout, with George in the center and his eldest son and three daughters living separately in the east, south, west, and north sections. Children from wealthy families enjoyed great independence in all aspects of life, especially when it came to having their own private space. When Andrew entered Emily's reception room, he found it completely empty. "Ms. Emily!" he called out, feeling somewhat uncomfortable about the situation.

---- Coming to someone's room after drinking seemed inappropriate, and seeing no one there, Andrew turned to leave. "Andrew, I'm in the back. The drink is almost ready!" Emily's voice came faintly from the bedroom, soft and delicate. Andrew frowned, walked past the partition screen, and stepped in. All this effort for a drink? What on earth was Emily up to now? As soon as he entered her bedroom, a wave of warmth and subtle fragrance hit him. He looked around but still did not see her.

Suddenly, something soft pressed against his back. "Andrew, I-I have something to tell you..." Emily's voice trembled behind him. Andrew sobered up almost instantly. "If you've got something to say, then say it. Why are you holding me? Let go first!" He was beyond speechless. He had already been ambushed multiple times at the Keller residence. Were the Keller sisters taking turns

trying to make sure he could not leave the place in one piece? ---- He felt both creeped out and overstimulated.

He forcefully pried Emily's hands off and spun around, only to be completely blindsided. Emily stood there, fully naked, with absolutely nothing on. As his shocked eyes met hers, she froze like she had been struck by lightning. In a flash, she wrapped her arms across her chest, her face turning crimson. She was utterly embarrassed. "I..." She stammered for a long time, but could not string together a single coherent sentence.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1938 Andrew felt deeply disturbed and forcibly suppressed the restlessness in his heart. Turning to leave, he said, "Sorry, I didn't see anything. Ms. Emily, I'm leaving now!" Seeing him about to leave, Emily threw herself at him again. Her feminine scent filled his embrace as she clung to Andrew. "Andrew, don't go yet! I want to talk to you." Andrew was speechless. "Talk about what?

How am I supposed to talk when you're acting like this?" Emily said anxiously, "I don't know what I was thinking. I just took off my clothes! Andrew, I actually wanted to thank you for saving my life!" Andrew's head was spinning. "You already thanked me, Ms. Emily. If someone saw you like this, I'd never be able to clear my name." Emily quickly replied, "It's not like that, Andrew. I just wanted to ask if you'd please consider me. Let me be your woman.

I know you find me annoying, but don't worry. From now on, I'll be good and won't bother you." Andrew was completely baffled by how eager and hopeful she looked. He replied, "What's going on with you three sisters ---- today? Did someone spike your drinks or something? Ms. Emily, why are you doing this? "There's nothing between us. I helped you, yes, but you don't have to repay me like this. I already told you that there's no need to thank me. It wasn't a big deal.

Why won't you listen?" Emily bit her lower lip and said softly, "The truth is... my feelings are just like Freya's and Hannah's. Andrew, you're everything a man should be. If I miss my chance with you, I don't think I'll ever find someone like you again. I don't even know what I feel for you... But I know that right now, I'm completely willing." Right now? Andrew wanted to ask what she meant. However, when he glanced down, he realized he did not need to.

Emily's skin was pale and smooth, her chest full and feminine. Her figure was not overly dramatic, but it was far from lacking. His eyes trailed lower to her unshaved mound and those soft thighs. Any man in his position, with this woman throwing herself into his arms, would be tempted. However, Andrew gritted his teeth and forced himself to shove the thought away. "Emily, go put your clothes back on. The past is the past. I'm not sure what you're really feeling right now.

But I want you to know ---- that I already have people I care about." Emily froze, her breath catching as her lips parted slightly. "Andrew... you really won't consider me? I said I'd behave. I'd listen to you. I know you hate women who are impulsive and self- centered. I can change, Andrew. I really can." Andrew chuckled softly and shook his head. "You're misunderstanding something. I'm not rejecting you because of what you've done. I just don't think we're a match. Chapters first released on [find\(n\)ovel.net](http://find(n)ovel.net)

There was never anything between us. "What you're feeling for me right now is all an illusion. It's simply because you think I helped you, helped Hannah, helped the Keller family, and achieved extraordinary things in Blumendale, way better than most scions." He explained patiently, "I know you women are attracted to strength. Whoever's strong, that's who you think you like. While this is understandable, Ms. Emily, I'm not the type to accept everyone who comes my way.

"You're actually quite wonderful, and you have a long life ahead of you where you can become even better!" Emily suddenly started crying and said pitifully, "Enough, Andrew, stop talking! All you're saying is just to comfort me.. that I'm not bad, but you just don't like me, right?"

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1939 Andrew said nothing, but that was exactly what he meant. Tears welled up in Emily's eyes and rolled down her cheeks. " Andrew, what if... I mean, if I were willing to take everything off and sleep with you? I'm willing to give myself to you. Would that change how you see me?" Andrew looked straight at her. "Ms. Emily, is this really worth it to you?" Without hesitation, Emily replied, "It is. I think it's completely worth it.

I know Hannah and Freya have already confessed to you, haven't they? You probably turned down Hannah already, didn't you?" She pleaded, "So, Andrew, why not give me a chance? If you have me, it's like having half of the Keller family in your corner. With that kind of support, you'd be unstoppable in Blumendale. Moving up would be a walk in the park!" Andrew smiled faintly. "That's a tempting offer, but unfortunately, I've never cared much for status or power. Mainly because... The rightful source is FindNovel.net

I'm already doing fine on my own. Now, get dressed. It's freezing out. Oh, and don't worry. I won't tell a soul about what happened today. I'll keep your secret. Goodbye." ---- With that, Andrew turned and walked out of Emily's room, leaving the Keller estate without a second glance. It was not until the cold air hit his face outside that he finally felt like he could breathe again. Damn it. Those three Keller sisters really were a handful.

If he were a little more of a scumbag, none of them would have stood a chance. Andrew could have easily taken advantage of the family's trust in him and slept with all three, one after another. Hell, he could have gone even further and had them serve him together. Few men on earth could say they lived that kind of life. He hailed a cab and headed straight for the Peck family estate. Some thoughts were better left unthought. If he dwelled on it too long, they would just spiral into madness.

Back in Emily's bedroom, she listlessly began putting her clothes back on, She had actually sensed Andrew's rejection would come beforehand, but when it actually happened, it still stung. She had never been so forward in her entire life, never thrown away her dignity like this. Yet, this man had still heartlessly rejected her. ---- Strangely, Emily could not muster even a trace of anger or hatred toward him. Instead, she felt wronged, dejected, and tinged with self-mockery.

It was clear now that Andrew was no longer someone she could reach for. "Emily!" The sudden call made Emily jump, and she quickly fastened her bra. Looking up, she saw Freya standing outside her room, now walking in. "Freya, you..." Emily felt both embarrassed and annoyed. Freya really had a knack for showing up unannounced. What was she supposed to do now? "Emily, you don't need to hide it anymore.

I heard everything you and Andrew did just now from outside," Freya said calmly, her eyes full of meaning. Emily's hands froze while getting dressed. She exhaled deeply and admitted honestly, "Fine, Freya. Since you already know, I won't say much more about it. Hannah probably doesn't have a chance anymore, so I thought maybe we could work together and give it a try." Her voice grew uncertain. "Are you angry with me?" ---- Freya smiled. "No way." Emily looked surprised.

"You're not mad that I'm competing with you for Andrew?" Freya nodded. "Not at all. I'm not like Hannah. I'm not that petty. We've both seen what kind of man Andrew is. If I want to be his woman, it's only natural that you'd want the same thing; we're both women, after all. I have no right to blame you for that." Emily smiled bitterly. "Too bad I ended up getting rejected just like Hannah did. I used to be so arrogant, never taking him seriously."

Now I'm getting exactly what I deserve!" Freya covered her mouth and giggled. "But I still admire your courage! Just now, I thought Andrew might lose his self-control under the influence of alcohol. If that had happened, you would've been in for quite a treat!" Emily flushed with indignation. "Shut up! Stop talking nonsense!" Freya huffed. "I'm not talking nonsense! You stripped naked! What you wanted to do was pretty obvious, wasn't it?"

Emily, weren't you afraid that Andrew really might lose control and take you right then and there?" Emily's face burned red as she gritted her teeth. "If he dared to, then I would've gone all the way with it." ---- Freya pursed her lips. "You might as well forget it. That would just be giving him a free advantage." Emily gave a knowing smile and shot back, "So you want to be the one to give him that advantage instead..."

Is that what you're thinking?" Caught in her scheming, Freya first felt annoyed. Then, she brazenly admitted it without batting an eye. She said, "Yes, I want to give my body to him, too. That's the only way to tie down a wild horse like him." They were both smart women. Truth be told, most heirs from wealthy families were not exactly geniuses, but they were not idiots either. When it came to protecting their own interests, none of them were pushovers.

The only real tactic was to trap him and lock him down so he could not escape if he tried. Freya bit her lip. "I don't want to give up. If I get another chance in the future, I still want to have him." Emily's heart was also stirring restlessly. "I don't know what to do about my situation either. I'll just take it one step at a time Andrew probably has no interest in me anymore."

I can't bring myself to force myself on him because that would look too desperate!" ---- Freya suggested, "How about this... Andrew should at least end up with one of us three. That way, we'd at least secure him for the Keller family." Emily nodded. "Yeah, I was thinking the same thing. Freya, we both need to keep trying!" While the two sisters were pumping each other up and plotting, Andrew had already arrived at the Peck residence. As soon as they met, Victoria frowned.

"Andrew, you reek of alcohol. Plus, I can smell three different perfumes on you. You were up to no good before coming here, weren't you?" Meeting Victoria's knowing smile, Andrew immediately protested his innocence.

Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren)

---- Chapter 1940 Andrew said, "Victoria, would you believe me if I said I didn't do anything?" Standing in front of this sharp yet quietly elegant woman, he did not dare play games. Victoria

wore simple loungewear as she walked to the coffee table and smiled softly. "Silly boy, you're young and full of energy. Romance, passion, even going at it ten times in one night, would be perfectly normal for you. I won't judge." She brewed a cup of tea and handed it to Andrew. "Here, drink this.

It'll help with the alcohol and clear your head too!" Andrew did not hesitate to take the cup and drink it in one go. Then, he turned serious as he looked her over. From the slight pallor in her complexion, it was clear that she was injured, and not lightly. She raised a hand before he could speak, as if she already knew what he was going to say. "It's nothing major. I just need some time to rest and recover." Andrew shook his head. "No, Victoria. Let me check your pulse.

I won't feel right unless I examine you myself." Victoria gave a soft laugh, her expression blooming like a rare ---- orchid. "Alright, go ahead. But Andrew, do you know something about women? We can't handle too much kindness. If you treat us too well, we'll start thinking you're into us. And then? Either we'll start playing games...

or testing you." She added, "And the really cunning women will use your feelings to string you along, keeping you hooked but never letting you have what you want!" Andrew's face darkened. "I have zero interest in women like that!" Victoria arched her brow. "So, you're the impatient kind. Either you want everything right now, or you walk away. No patience, no effort... Am I right?" Andrew was speechless. Talking to Victoria was harder than dealing with Tiana. These two women were insanely sharp. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY findnovel.net

With just a few words, he had fallen into their trap without realizing it. He seriously wondered how Reginald ever survived dealing with someone like them. As he checked her pulse, Andrew could tell it was steady and strong, but it carried a deep, penetrating cold. Her internal energy was present, but it kept breaking off and returning in uneven waves. He pulled his hand back, looking serious. "Your injuries aren't life-threatening, but they're not light either.

Victoria, have you hit a bottleneck in your martial training? Or did you suffer a serious ---- internal injury before?" Victoria's expression stayed calm. "There's an old issue, yes. What did you find?" Andrew met her gaze. "You have a chilling force inside your body. It's deep, extremely cold... and dangerous. A lot of top martial artists, after surviving serious wounds, end up with long- term damage." He explained, "But your condition is different. That cold force isn't just lingering...

It's alive. It knows how to hide. We can't let it stay. I need to find a way to remove it." Victoria chuckled. "I've had this since my early days of training. It's not something that can just be removed. Don't worry about me. I'm only one step away from reaching martial saint level. Suppressing this Pale Specter energy is easy enough for me." She made it sound casual, but Andrew knew it was not that simple. He paused for a moment, then said, "Victoria, maybe I can help. Right now.

I might be able to weaken or even expel that Pale Specter energy." Victoria immediately shook her head. "Don't. If you try, it'll backfire on you. You should know that the Pale Specter energy is buried deep inside my meridians. In my case, it's not just in ---- the meridians. It's already invaded my energy core." She continued, "Getting rid of it? That's impossible in this lifetime. The only way is to overpower it, keep it suppressed, and never let it flare up." Andrew gave a bitter smile.

"That sounds exactly like something you'd say, treating the symptoms, not the root problem. But still, let me try. I really do have an idea that might work."

