

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1656 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1656

Shiloh gave Andrew a discreet thumbs up. "Andrew, you're really something now!"

Andrew smiled faintly but didn't say anything in response.

Aspen turned to glance at Christina hurrying away, biting her lip as a complex expression flickered through her eyes.

Lauren chuckled softly, "What's wrong, Aspen? Feeling sorry for her?"

Aspen shook her head with a forced smile. "I'm pretty ruthless. I don't have room for sympathy. I just never expected she'd actually start from the bottom as a server and work her way up step by step."

Francesca suggested gently, "Aspen, maybe you should go talk to Ms. Christina privately? After all, you two were once like sisters!"

Aspen hesitated for a moment before declining, "No, I'd better not go over there. If

I do, I'm afraid I won't be able to control myself and might remember what

happened back then and say something cruel to her."

The food arrived, and everyone began eating.

Shiloh ate incredibly fast but maintained perfect table manners throughout. Despite being a lady, and an ageless, mystical one at that, every movement she made carried an invisible charm.

Seeing how happily she was eating, no one bothered to interrupt her.

After wiping her mouth, Shiloh set down her fork and looked at Andrew with a serious expression.

Andrew was puzzled, "What's wrong? Don't you like the food?"

Shiloh shook her head and glanced in a certain direction. "Over there... someone's got their eye on you."

Andrew followed her gaze to see a man in a leather jacket sitting by the window on the other side of the restaurant, head down as he ate.

Even from a distance, Andrew could make out the man's thick beard covering most of his face.

"He's targeting me? That guy?" Andrew did not notice anything unusual and could not help but question, "Shiloh, are you sure you're not seeing things?"

Shiloh picked up a piece of meat and popped it in her mouth, chewing thoughtfully before responding with satisfaction, "I'm not seeing things because I'm not even using my eyes to look."

She explained matter-of-factly, "I'm sensing through intuition that the man is projecting intense killing intent toward you."

Andrew raised his hand to signal them to stay calm and not blow their cover. Looking at Shiloh with a relaxed smile, he asked, "Check again. Is he still directing that murderous intent at me?"

Shiloh narrowed her eyes and grinned. "It's definitely aimed at you, and it's not ordinary killing intent either. It's extremely intense! Do you want me to handle him for you?"

Andrew stood up and headed toward the restroom. "No need. You all keep eating, I'll be right back!"

If anyone else had talked about sensing killing intent, Andrew would have thought they were full of it and showing off.

However, Shiloh was different. Her true capabilities remained a mystery to Andrew even now, but he could be certain of one thing: Shiloh's martial arts skills were incredibly advanced, at least at the martial king level or higher.

Moreover, she possessed some kind of mystical sensory abilities that were genuinely supernatural. Since she said that the man wanted to kill him, Andrew believed it was most likely true.

So, he left the table and headed into the men's restroom. His purpose, of course, was to lure the enemy into his trap.

Just as Andrew had anticipated, the moment he left his seat and walked toward the restroom, the bearded man in the leather jacket stood up. He casually wiped his mouth with a napkin, pretending nothing was amiss.

His phone was still playing a livestream of an adorable lady singing, and he watched with a sleazy smile as he casually followed after Andrew. Anyone looking at him would have thought he was a perverted weirdo in a heartbeat.

The moment he entered the men's restroom, the bearded man's perverted expression vanished completely. In its place was a gold-toothed grin that was particularly menacing.

He reached toward his waistband without hesitation. Out came a short, thick piece

of hardware-his signature Golden Desert Eagle.

He raised it with one hand and aimed straight for the back of Andrew's head. "Goodbye!"

The sound of the gunshot exploded through the restroom.

This shot came lightning-fast and vicious. If it had been an ordinary expert, they would have been finished on the spot. However, Andrew was not just any ordinary expert; he was extraordinary.

In a split second, he tilted his head to the side and dodged the deadly bullet.

With a loud crash, a urinal's water pipe exploded from the impact. Amid the spray of water, Andrew suddenly vanished.

When he reappeared, he was right in front of Goldfangs' face. He raised his hand and reached for the assassin's throat.

Goldfangs quickly stepped back and retreated, laughing, "Well, well, pretty quick reflexes. No wonder Eagle Eye fell for your tricks."

A rapid burst of gunfire erupted, decisive and ruthless. Unfortunately, all the shots hit the ceiling instead of their target.

Goldfangs had gotten too close to Andrew when he drew his weapon. Since he did not have enough distance to shoot properly, Andrew grabbed his gun hand and shoved it upward.

This caused the barrel to point straight at the ceiling.

"Son of a bitch!" Goldfangs cursed and decisively dropped his expensive golden Desert Eagle. His other hand swept out in a vicious arc, seemingly aimed at Andrew's neck.

However, hidden in his sleeve was a triple-edged blade, waiting to ambush Andrew's body.

Unfortunately for him, Andrew ducked low and avoided the treacherous strike. At the same time, he delivered an uppercut that slammed straight into Goldfangs' jaw.

Teeth and blood flew out in a spray.

For the first time, Goldfangs' smug face turned grim. He let out a roar and lunged forward, slicing through the mist of shattered water like a beast. His speed was fast enough to leave afterimages.

However, Andrew stood completely still. At the last moment, he grabbed

Goldfangs by the arms and pivoted, flinging him forward.

Goldfangs flew headfirst into one of the toilet stalls. For some god-awful reason, in this supposedly upscale restaurant, the stall looked like it had not been flushed.

The hit did not physically harm him, but the insult was devastating. His entire face was now smeared with human waste, like someone had slapped a mud mask across it. Even worse, some of it had gotten into his mouth.

The taste nearly knocked him unconscious from sheer disgust.

Still, as a professional killer, having poop on his face did not faze him much. He only had one job, which was to finish the target.

He raised his boot high, and violent energy exploded from his arms, revealing bulging muscle and a set of cold, steel combat spikes strapped to his forearms.

Andrew let out a short snort and did not back down. Instead, he met the charge head-on with a powerful kick of his own.

The two collided mid-air, their legs slamming into each other with a bone-cracking crack.

Goldfangs flew back again, right into the same disgusting toilet bowl. This time, he let out a furious, guttural scream.

His bladed spikes lashed out like lightning, jabbing at Andrew's face, groin, ankles, chest, any spot that could kill or cripple with a single touch.

Each strike was ruthless. If even one landed, it would have meant serious injury or worse.

This kind of weapon was not for amateurs; only military specialists or high-level assassins could wield it with such terrifying accuracy.

Yet, Andrew danced through the strikes like a shadow. He weaved spun, ducked, and slid with breathtaking agility, each evasive move flowing seamlessly into the next.

Goldfangs grew more and more shaken with every second. "Son of a bitch. You've gotta be a martial king at least, huh?"

Andrew slipped under his opponent's ribs and flicked a finger at his armpit, striking a nerve.

Goldfangs grunted in pain, the sharp stab making it feel like a venomous snake had just bitten him. Even so the man powered through the pain. His arm nearly dislocated, but he twisted his body and sent the spiked

blade stabbing toward Andrew

again.

Andrew brought both palms together and caught the incoming weapon between them.

Goldfangs grinned viciously and twisted the weapon hard.

## Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) #Chapter 1657 - Read Rising from the Ashes (Andrew and Lauren) Chapter 1657

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Goldfangs grinned viciously and twisted the weapon hard.

The triple-edged dagger gleamed with wicked barbs and backward hooks, and grabbing it barehanded was practically asking to be shredded.

Yet, no matter how hard Goldfangs pulled or twisted, Andrew's grip did not budge. His hands were like iron clamps, completely unshakable.

"You've tempered your body to this level? Invincible skin? That's impossible!" Goldfangs shouted in disbelief, his face twisted with shock.

Andrew gave his wrists a sharp twist, and Goldfangs was yanked into a spin like a ragdoll caught in a tornado.

Then, came a brutal kick straight to the chest.

The impact sent Goldfangs flying, blood spurting from his mouth, and something in his spine cracked with a sickening pop.

Panic set in instantly as he realized this was not about Eagle Eye being weak. In truth, their target was just terrifying.

In that instant, Goldfangs understood that this Andrew was completely untouchable. Probably only Walter, that ruthless bastard, would be capable of taking down someone like this!

"I'm not quite invincible," Andrew finally said, calm and casual despite the chaos. "Just tough enough to be bulletproof and bladeproof on a good day."

"You and the last idiot were clearly working together. So tell me, who sent you? If you cooperate, I'll make sure your last meal is served right here... maybe even a bite of this restroom's signature dish: steaming yellow sludge."

Goldfangs was furious but did not dare speak out. "I'm no match for you, but if you think you can kill me, you're not qualified enough!"

With a roar, he crossed his twin arm spikes and slashed toward Andrew like a madman.

Andrew did not flinch. Instead, he gave him a charming smile.

"Freeze." Somehow, without anyone noticing, Andrew had already picked up the golden Desert Eagle that had fallen earlier.

Now, the weapon was in his hand, the barrel aimed directly at Goldfangs' head.

They were so close, practically point-blank range.

Goldfangs froze. Then, he burst into wild laughter. "You just made your biggest mistake! Haven't you heard that beyond ten feet, the gun is faster, but within ten feet, the blade is fastest!"

Filled with glee, he thrust both spikes forward with lightning speed. At such close range, they reached Andrew's face and chest almost instantaneously. He attacked both high and low, determined to kill with one

strike!

The Desert Eagle's muzzle burst with a flash of fire, accompanied by the faint smell of gunpowder.

A small dot of blood appeared on Goldfangs' forehead, and it immediately spread, revealing a thumb-sized hole.

His body collapsed softly, his eyes still filled with disbelief and confusion. He gasped weakly, "Why... How..."

Andrew blew on the gun barrel and did not even glance at the dead Goldfangs. He said to himself, "Haven't you heard that beyond ten feet, the gun is faster, but within ten feet, the blade is fastest?"

Stepping over Goldfangs' corpse, Andrew exited the bathroom. Standing in front

of the mirror, he washed his hands and straightened his hair and clothes.



The kill had looked effortless, but if it had been anyone else, Goldfangs might have actually succeeded.

Using a gun at such close range was indeed awkward and risky. Nevertheless, Goldfangs had overlooked one crucial detail the person wielding the gun was not just anyone; it was Andrew.

Even at three inches, let alone three feet, Andrew could have fed Goldfangs a bullet before those spikes ever reached him.

## [Rising from the Ashes \(Andrew and Lauren\) #Chapter 1658 - Read Rising from the Ashes \(Andrew and Lauren\) Chapter 1658](#)

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## Chapter 1659

As expected, the fighting and gunshots drew a crowd.

The Charm Restaurant manager rushed over with Christina and several other staff members. Lauren, Francesca, and Aspen also accompanied them.

In front of the three women was Shiloh, who said casually, "I told you all Andrew would be fine. Guess I was right!"

The three women were still shaken. "Honey, where's the assassin?"

Andrew glanced casually over his shoulder. "He's lying in there. Probably halfway to his next life by now."

The restaurant manager was a short, chubby man. Drenched in cold sweat, he said nervously, "Mr. Lloyd, if something had happened to you, we'd all be finished!"

Andrew rolled his eyes. "Don't jinx me like that. Anyway, don't make too big a scene and have Rachel send someone over to clean up the body."

The manager nodded nonstop. "Yes, yes, I've already contacted her!"

Andrew casually tossed the gold-plated Desert Eagle toward him. "The restroom's kind of a mess now. This should cover the damages."

The manager caught it and nearly wet himself. "Sir, there's no way we could accept compensation from you! And I wouldn't dare touch it!"

Shiloh's eyes lit up, and she snatched the golden pistol without hesitation. "You just said you didn't want it. So, I'm claiming it!"

Without shame, she tucked it away like she had just scored treasure. She was already calculating its value. It was solid gold, and selling it off later could bring in a small fortune.

Andrew shook his head. "Alright, we've finished dinner. Let's head home and rest."

Shiloh darted back into the men's room, her voice echoing out cheerfully.

"Wait, wait! Don't leave me behind! I'm still looting!"

Francesca looked absolutely baffled. "Looting?"

Lauren let out a helpless laugh. "I think it means taking valuables off the dead."

Aspen was dumbfounded. "Is Shiloh really that desperate for money?"

Andrew twitched at the corner of his mouth. "Maybe it's not about the money. Maybe she just gets a kick out of looting corpses."

By the time they were ready to leave, Shiloh had walked out with a Rolex watch, a Chanel leather belt, several collectible handguns, and a hundred-plus bucks in cash all looted off Goldfangs' corpse.

She sighed as she tossed away a few credit cards and muttered, "What a waste..."

If I knew the PINs, I could've inherited his entire fortune."

Francesca shivered. "Shiloh, don't you feel anything taking stuff from a dead guy? Doesn't it mess with your conscience?"

Shiloh sat in the backseat of the car, happily sorting her loot. Without looking up,

she replied, "Nope. It's not the first time I've done this. Piece of cake."

The entire car went dead silent, and even Andrew had no words.

Late that night, out in a remote burial site on the outskirts of Blumedale, a small group of men dug feverishly into the earth, shovels slicing dirt with heavy thunks. The area was pitch black, lit only by the headlights of a parked SUV nearby.

"Found him!" one man called out.

A few more shovelfuls of dirt revealed a corpse. Then, they hauled it up and dropped it on the ground.

A tall, lean man stepped out from the backseat.

Walter, face half-covered with a silk handkerchief, wrinkled his nose in disgust at the stench.

When he saw the corpse's face clearly, his expression turned

absolutely murderous. One of his carefully trained men had been kissed just like that. Moreover, the body had already been buried by the time he arrived.

If not for the tracking device the corpse always carried, he might have thought Goldfangs had betrayed the Driscoll family and fled the country to live it up somewhere.

"Mr. Burke, who could possibly have the strength to take down Goldfangs?" one of the men asked in a trembling voice, his face pale with fear.

[Rising from the Ashes \(Andrew and Lauren\) #Chapter 1660 - Read Rising from the Ashes \(Andrew and Lauren\) Chapter 1660](#)

Walter narrowed his eyes and hissed in that sharp, nasal voice of his, "Whoever it was... they're dead."

Suddenly, Andrew's image popped into his mind. However, he gave a dismissive shake of his head and scoffed.

"That little bastard? Nah. No way he could've taken out Goldfangs. If someone really did it, then it had to be someone else. Maybe someone from the Keller family, or one of Derek's elite guards."

Nonetheless, guessing did not matter anymore.

Walter ordered his men to bury the body right there on the spot. Then, without saying another word, he climbed back into the SUV and returned to the Driscoll residence with his crew.

After a moment of hesitation, he gritted his teeth and decided to face the music. He was going to see Maurice, even this late at night.

"Sir," Walter reported, head bowed, "the two assassins I sent after that brat are dead."

Maurice sat under the harsh overhead lights, the black mark covering half his face exposed in full view, making him look even more terrifying.

"Two failures in a row? Walter, you've gotten sloppy."

Walter trembled and immediately bowed deeply. "I'm sorry, sir. It was my negligence entirely!"

While he was a terrifying figure to his own subordinates, in front of Maurice, head of the Driscoll family, Walter was as humble as a dog with its tail between its legs.

The reason was simple.

Maurice was not just the family head, but he was also a formidable powerhouse on the Titan List.

On the Titan List, where everyone was at least martial king level, Maurice ranked 35th, proving just how strong he was.

But more importantly, Maurice was an extremely ruthless and merciless man.

Walter's physical disability came from a grave mistake he had made in his youth, when Maurice had personally castrated him.

Even now, despite holding a high rank and commanding the Driscoll family's Shadow Division, Walter still had nightmares about that traumatic loss.

"Forget it. Just don't let it happen again," Maurice muttered, waving a hand dismissively. "I don't have time into the details. Tomorrow,

Joe will face that punk in the ring."

He did not press further, nor did he need to.

Walter slowly raised his head, eyes gleaming with icy resolve. "Sir, we still have time before tomorrow comes. Would you permit me to deal with him myself-end it personally?"

Maurice shot him a glare. "Don't be stupid. If you make a move, Joe will notice instantly. And if that happens, he'll accuse us of sabotaging him. Knowing Joe, he'll throw a tantrum, maybe even turn on you."

Walter let out an awkward laugh. "Well... that does sound like something he would do."

Maurice did not smile. He spoke

with finality. Since we failed, let it

be. Joe will take care of Andrew with

himself tomorrow. Our job is to keep the match quiet. We don't need this getting out and dragging down the Driscoll family's name."

He paused for a beat. "Still, with all the talent in your division, how did both men fail?"

Walter's face darkened. "I'm not sure yet, sir. Truthfully, even Goldfangs is gone." Maurice's brows twitched in visible surprise. "Even Goldfangs? Is Andrew playing dumb while hiding his strength?"

Walter shook his head. "Doesn't look like it. My guess is he has someone powerful backing him. Or... maybe it's one of our old enemies, secretly meddling again."

Maurice let out a chilling snort. "Then investigate. A couple of dead men mean nothing to the Driscoll family. But tit for tat... blood for blood... we won't let this slide."

Walter lowered his head in reverence. "Understood, sir!"